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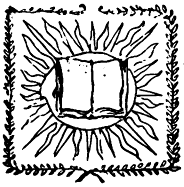

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# ELIZA BEERS

## *A Nature That Divined an Inner Order in the Universe*

### ZONA GALE

I OPEN the journal of my mother, written between the ages of fourteen and twenty-nine, and thereafter having occasional entries until shortly before her death, at seventy-six. And from this journal, I divine that which books unnumbered and priceless have been written to witness, namely, that there is an inner order, which a life may touch, become aware of and thereafter express. Such expression in conduct, these unnumbered and priceless books seem to say, is the highest known form of creative art. Both this theory and that of the behaviorists I accept as the process by which there is poured into the race, into the human being, the slow ichor of his growth. If he can begin to be aware, to carry on this growth consciously and with a technique, so much the better. He has then found the only short cut known to evolution, in flowers, fruit, conduct and the like. If he cannot be aware, Nature lets him be a behaviorist and will take care of him in spite of himself.

My mother's journal documents her way of awareness of an inner order, and her effort to take part in such an order.

One hundred and nineteen pages are all that she needed to record the reactions of twenty-seven years—of over seventy years, if one counts those few entries of the many years when preparation had given place to participation. The slender green "marbled" volume, with red leather back and corners, holds thin faded words, inscribed with a delicate gold and pearl pen now in my possession. Begun in 1858 in New York State, continued in 1861 in Wisconsin and in 1872 in Minnesota, the book naïvely defines her own hour, names the cups from which she drank of life, and offers that taste of both the different and the unchanging derivable from the forgotten and the reclaimed.

And then it is a moving thing to come upon so minute a record, written without self-consciousness by one without distinction save in her own group—and there she always had distinction. A pure form of self-expression this, intensely lyrical, recounted not by another, but by the self. The stream of consciousness.

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The first entry, July 21, 1861, written when she was fourteen, is this:

"July has almost gone and winter will soon be here, with its icy hand. I went to Sunday-school and church, and after church went home with . . . Oh, how thankful I should be if they would never enter our door again. It is well enough for them to come here once in a while, but they come every Sunday. I know it is wicked to indulge in such thoughts, but who can help it. I often think, and so does my dear friend Sue, that it would have been better if we had never seen the boys. Little did we think at first that we would love them so. But, Eliza, you had better stop. I see my mind has run too far. I do want a long, long talk with Sue. The world is cold and dark, and I groping my way in darkness. I wish I could do as the Lord says. Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden and I will give you rest. Oh, for that rest."

Here, at fourteen, is star-dust for all the planetary movements of later years: friendship, love, withdrawal, aspiration, despair, religion—and climate. A fortnight later:

"To-day I feel as though I wanted to write something and I do not know what. I am lonely. What would I not give if Sue would come in and we could have one of our good long talks. I enjoy them so much. I feel I shall not always have her—we shall have to part, perhaps to far distant lands and perhaps by death. But am I prepared to meet my God? I fear not and I pray the Lord to help me in my weakness and strengthen my heart that I may live and bless his name."

I see my mother at twelve, arriving from her native New York State, with her mother, lately widowed, turning with her five children to her father's farm near Middleton Junction, not many miles from Madison, Wisconsin. But my mother's grandfather, Joseph Taylor, of Sussex, England, who with his sons had come to Wisconsin in 1849 and had taken up two hundred acres of government land, died while the family was en route to the West. They reached "the Junction" only to visit his grave and that of his wife, Constance Hoath Taylor, those two who had come from Rotherfield, near Tunbridge Wells, to the New World where they had sought life and had found death.

The manner of that exodus from England of my great-grandparents has always thrilled me. They were small farmers, and were greatly annoyed by the riders to hounds dashing through their fields and garden, trampling down the growing things, a violation for which there was no redress. One night a cry went through the village that the smugglers were coming, riding up from the sea, at the mouth of the Rother River. Horses galloped through the village, there were the wagons of the smugglers and the officers in pursuit; and the smugglers began throwing down the smuggled goods, hoping to divert attention of the law. But the officers shouted to the villagers to take the property into their houses, and continued the pursuit, returning next day, after the arrest of the marauders, to gather up the goods. And now the officers insisted on searching the houses of the Rotherfield folk, and they pushed by Joseph Taylor and his wife Constance, standing on their door-stone, with the cloths which they had collected from the cobbled street, and had held and were faithfully returning—and now the officers entered their home and searched it. And it chanced that there was a bolt of new cloth which Joseph Taylor had bought for Constance to stitch for him some white shirts; but the officers would not believe that this was not a bolt of the smuggled goods, and they seized it and took it away. This was not to be borne by the Taylors. Hounds and hunters they had withstood, and Joseph had been "impressed" into the army and had served at Gibraltar, and had cut off the thumb of his own right hand, so that he could not load a musket, rather than go back into the colonial wars. But the theft of this bolt of cloth was not to be borne. Joseph and Constance and their five small children came to the New World, a six weeks' journey by sailing-vessel. And for all their wrongs, their preoccupation en route was perhaps chiefly for a great meat "pasty" prepared for the voyage and left on a cupboard shelf. I look at some dishes that Constance brought with her—the pitcher of "flowing blue," the Staffordshire sugar-bowl, a cup of the first royal Worcester made in England, the ten-sided plate. I look at the graves of these two in the Middleton cemetery. I read my mother's journal. Ache and shine of the past are in them all. On that farm, the Wisconsin harbor of the Taylors, my mother's family remained; a farm where stands to-day, erected by Joseph Taylor and his sons, the barn of oaken hewn timbers, now as hard as metal, still wearing the wooden pegs and the marks of the adz, the shingles of 1850, the great ancient hinges and the hasps. There too stands an apple-tree, planted by Joseph Taylor, and yielding a fruit of smooth yellow, cheeked with rose—a giant tree, its middle eaten away, a sapling twelve feet high thrown up violently from the parent root, a tree nearly eighty years old, and still bearing its kind.

Here was Wisconsin in the decade following its admission as a State, when the influx to America had brought to it many Europeans, attracted by its easy residence requirement for citizenship. Here colonies of Swiss, of Dutch, of French were settling, but "the Junction" was a settlement of the English descended: the Sandfords, the Clewetts, the Gordons, the Smiths, the Slaughters, the Williamses—descended from Roger Williams; and the Taylors, seven families strong, comfortably housed, including one who began a great house which he was never able to finish. Sturdy, religious, thinking people they were, hard-working, loving the land, content with little, but ready for more. For social life there was church three times a day on Sunday, the worshipers plunging through drifts in winter, or, in summer, nibbling fresh caraway in the drowsy air. Their drama was the drama of family life, of birth, death, friendships, feuds. Their originality was unaware and unique. There was my mother's Uncle James, who conducted family prayers, kneeling to petition for the liberation of the slaves, and continuing the identical prayer for years after the Emancipation Proclamation; and there was my mother's Aunt Ephia Taylor, who would never wear narrow skirts when they came in style, but continued to wear full skirts so that these could be cut over into bed comforters. They had the pageantry of the fields, they had choir music in the little white church and the fresh young voices about the cottage organs, they drove off behind meditative bays and sorrels, in buggies, or in great sleighs, belling their way to a chicken-pie supper or to a donation. It was at one such donation party at "the minister's"—where they took the minister's wife a white dress "with a sprig in it"—it was at such a party that my mother and Flavia Camp met, the mother of Dorothy Canfield Fisher, at home from her school to visit her family at Black Earth, the rich name of a village near "the Junction."

* * *

Eliza Beers, at sixteen, was dark-skinned, pink-cheeked, gray-eyed, black-haired, with a contralto voice and a pretty wit and, in the Eastern fashion, skirts coming to her shoe-tops, so unlike "the Junction" girls whose skirts fell only to the knees. The country-side soon knew of the contralto voice. In the small white church, close to the cross-roads, with caraway blowing in the grass and a stile leading to the churchyard, little Eliza Beers sang her way into many hearts. Once, in my little girlhood, I walked with her in a garden where caraway grew. She picked a spray, savored it and said piercingly: "This used to grow round 'the Junction' church." I hardly listened then, though now, when I pick caraway sometimes round that little church, still standing, I remember. That scent, that taste of caraway *which used to grow round "the Junction" church.* But when she said so, with her youth in her throat, no one cared.

"There is," she wrote (August 31, 1862), " a certain person that I love, yes, know that I love. Perhaps it is all folly, my placing my affections on him, but I can never forget him."

This was the little lad who had drawn her on his sled to school. Him I saw, at seventy, living in California, and he said to my mother, "I can see you yet, just as you looked when you first came to 'the Junction' church." And I heard them sing together, once more, "There's Music in the Air" and "How Sweet the Happy Evening's Close." They did not meet again.

My mother always detested the farm life. She was urban-minded, and her thought went back to her first home, a white house built by her father, Thomas Cook Beers, and still standing on the maple-shaded street in Cuba, Allegany County, New York, where she was born. Her thought went back, too, to the long two-day drives to her paternal grandfather's home at Pittsford, New York, outside Rochester, where there still stands, at the foot of Armstrong's Hill, having changed hands but once in the one hundred and twenty years, the great red brick house built by that grandfather, by Edward Beers, about 1800, with its two hundred acres, its hawthorn hedges, its peach-orchard, sugar-bush and family burying-ground. And at the top of the hill there stood, within my memory, the house built by her great-grandfather, the Rev. Mr. Thomas Billinghurst, the first Baptist clergyman in the county, whose portrait, done in oils, with his wife, Ellen Brown Billinghurst, still hangs in the little Baptist church at Pittsford. The sisters, Maria and Frances, were content enough at "the Junction," and the brothers, Fred and David, were busy with the farm. The mother, Harriet Taylor Beers, always an invalid, was bearing her share in the frontier life and already at forty-three was gray-haired and lace-capped, and dreaming back to the log-cabin, at Lyndon, New York, where her first baby had been born—and she alone at the time. But Eliza Beers was dreaming ahead. When she had finished the district school, she set out to find herself a school to teach, and at fifteen appeared before her family with a first-grade certificate and a school of her own, at Pine Bluff, a dozen miles away. There, in a room twenty feet square, she taught fifty pupils, ranging in age from five to boys of eighteen, three years her senior. But she was tall and of dominant presence, with an English carriage and a certain austerity that never left her. When the five-year-olds fell asleep, she could be very tender; but when the "big boys" baited her with a difficult problem in algebra, she could go without lunch, spend the noon-hour on the problem, triumphantly—but how casually!—explain it to the boys, and receive as slaves those young giants who, on the same problem, had driven out every previous teacher.

Nine dollars a month for a school year, and with this in pocket the young teacher announced that she was going to Madison to attend school. Not yet had the State university opened its doors to women, though the struggle had begun, and President Chadbourne was saying that if women were admitted to the University, he should resign. It is amusing to note that in forty-odd years, a woman's building at Wisconsin University was named Chadbourne Hall; and that, although the university would have refused to admit Eliza Beers because she was a woman, her daughter became a trustee of the institution.

Eliza Beers and the Sue and the Anna of her Journal—her cousin Anna Taylor Noyes, and Susan Smith Goodwin—went to Madison, rented a room on the Capitol Square, and entered the Tullis Academy. This school was reminiscent of the Young Ladies Select Seminary which little Eliza Beers had attended in Cuba, New York, when public schools were yet in bad odor.

"I wanted to learn," Eliza Beers said, years later. "I wanted to know everything. I wanted to go into a bank—but nobody had ever heard of a woman in a bank."

Then came the Civil War. At "the Junction," Vicksburg and vows were one. "Will the war ever cease?" my mother wrote December 14, 1862. "It hangs like a dark cloud and why do I not have a letter from Chester."

∾

Fred and David Beers enlisted, Eliza Beers came home from her school. As the war wore on, year after year, and the times became more difficult, it was necessary that Harriet Beers and her three daughters go where they could earn. Their mode of choice of that new home has often shaken me. Harriet Beers sat before a map of Wisconsin and ran her finger about upon towns.

"There," she said, "is Portage. I have heard that Portage is a pleasant place to live."

On no more than this they chose

Portage. On no more than this, Eliza and Maria came forty miles in a stage-coach, taking two days for the journey, the coach once overturning in the snow. On no more than this, one who was so intimately concerned, myself, finds personal existence to depend. On my grandmother's finger, poised above a map and she remembering a chance word about Portage, spoken by whom?—a neighbor, a stranger, perhaps a peddler. Then that one, whoever he was, went on his way unaware that a footless shadow was clinging desperately to his spiritual skirts, since it was in Portage, three years later, that Eliza Beers met my father. My agitation is natural when I read two entries in her journal:

"February 17, 1864. Here I am, away up in Portage. (Portage is forty-four miles from 'the Junction.') Maria and I came here, rented a house, and expect the family next week.

"December 30, 1866. Christmas has come and gone. I received a splendid album from Mr. Gale, a gentleman I have never spoken to."

My father had danced in the same set with her, in the lancers, at a Good Templars' ball. But he had not met her and had been called away soon after; and returning toward Christmas he had sent her the gift, with a spirit direct and daring for those decorous days.

When the Beers family had arrived, driven from Madison with their household goods by a Taylor uncle—this was years before the Madison railway line was built—the three daughters, who were skilful with needle and scissors, bought a fashion magazine, cut out the colored plates, hung them in the windows of their home and announced themselves ready to do dressmaking and millinery. To such purpose did they work, the mother keeping house, that when the two brothers, Fred and David, returned from the war, their soldier pay and their bounty—all of which, save one dollar a month, the boys had sent home!—lay wrapped safe in the depths of a trunk, awaiting them.

My mother had not lost her longing to finish school. She went to the Portage high school and entered. She was a ready student, delighting in mathematics, but English was my mother's bane. When the time came for the first theme writing, she appealed to a Middleton cousin, later one of the first women to graduate from Wisconsin University, the "Anna" of the journal, and asked her help in writing a "composition." Anna replied that she did not think this would be honest. So my mother gathered her books together and walked forlornly away from school. It was her last attempt to get "an education." I have thought that my own wistfulness to write may have been a secret compensatory urge because of that girl, walking down DeWitt Street with her books.

She was as far as ever from being a scholar or a banker; but preoccupations were many. She was the contralto singer in the Presbyterian choir, a choir which during the sermons sat and swung its handkerchiefs low over the floor, to warn away the mice. A young choir which, seated under a rose-window behind the minister, laughed out one Sunday morning when he said, "Heaven is before me and Hell is behind me," and pointed, absent-mindedly, in both directions. A choir whose melodeon used to lose a peg at critical moments in the anthem, when it was my mother's accepted duty to whirl, stoop and replace it, without interrupting her part in the quartet. There was singing too on summer evenings, the songs of wartime, "Bonny Heloise, the Belle of the Mohawk Vale" and "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," and neighbors and passers-by gathered outside windows to listen. And on summer mornings my mother, and a girl with a clear soprano, a girl now dead for many years, would be driven forth at dawn by an urge that they did not define, and sitting on the open bridge across the Wisconsin River, they would sing together at sunrise and take the applause of the raftsmen drifting down the river with their logs of virgin pine. For winter evenings there were the dances and promenades—walking promenades—of the Good Templars in Pettibone Hall, parties to which the county came. Even from so far as Johnston's Creek young Ella Wheeler came—the Ella Wheeler Wilcox of later days—entering the hall shyly in the calfskin shoes of the farm. And there was the excitement of public protest against the scandalous new dance, the waltz—a group of Madison women were appealing to the Legislature to stop these shocking exhibitions.

By now my mother's journal bears this entry:

"September 15, 1867. Mr. Gale has been paying particular attention to me of late. Can it be that he is sincere? Do I love him? I shall wait until I am sure. He told me last Wednesday night that he had been pleased more and more with my company and would like it when convenient. He comes for me to go to church to-night. I suppose he is as fine a young man as there is in town."

Through the winter of 1867, which she spent in New York State, this fine young man is much in her thought. October 20, she writes:

"I had a very singular dream last night. I dreamed that Charlie [Mr. Gale] proposed to me."

~

It is in the entries throughout this winter in New York, as in the entries of those earliest Middleton days, not more than in the days of the courageous Portage years, that the deeply religious note in the nature of this light-hearted young girl expressed itself. That note which I have called the recognition of an inner order and the urge to join in its operations. As I read, it seems to me that these expressions are less inheritance, less the Presbyterian or any other influence than, shall one say, chemical—a kind of chemistry beyond the spiritual, beyond the emotional. It is as if she had within her elements which could combine with some great planetary chemical change which she divined, without being aware of. There was, to be sure, also the explicable religious yearning. At eighteen an engagement had been broken, and she wrote:

"If I could only cast my burden on the Lord. How I have prayed that I might be at rest. I feel like exclaiming with the poet, 'The light of heaven to regain, alas, how difficult.' Teach me, Lord."

There had run on the recital of vows to love always, of partings immediately after, of reunions, and then of final separation, and in the midst of all:

"Shall I ever be a Christian. I pray God that I may. Help me, Lord, to love and serve thee. I sometimes think Jesus does love me. I shall try after this to serve him and by the grace of God I shall succeed."

She has told me that after weeks of a sense of burden, weeks filled with prayer, she was descending the stairs at her home when it was as if a voice said to her, "My strength is sufficient for thee." She said that there came to her then the realization that she need not find release herself, but that she need only claim it; and this was followed by the usual phenomena of relief and joy. She united with the Presbyterian church and was accustomed to relate, "And I have never been so angry in my life as I was that afternoon." This never ceased to cause her sadness.

She writes from New York: "I have been deprived of church privileges very much, since I have been here. Do I live as becomes a child of God? I have given myself to Christ for time and eternity. After making the vows I have, should I go back into the world and forget, as I have often done, my obligation to the glory of God? Should I become pleased with the trifles and pursue like the worldling the vain things of this life? But how shall a fickle treacherous heart like mine be kept from wandering? How shall I ever be able to keep the solemn covenant I have entered into? It can only be through him whose strength is made perfect through weakness. And I do hope that by his assistance, I shall be able to live more to the glory of God than I have done. Blessed God, fill my mind with thy glorious perfection."

On New Year's Day of 1868, there is entered the following:

"Tremble, O my soul, at the review of the past year. Think of the faults that have rapidly accumulated during one short year. O Lord, cover me with a robe of righteousness that my misimproved years may not rise up in judgment against me. Examine, O my soul, the foundation of the hope to which thou art still clinging. Remember, there is a hope that perishes. O may my hope not be of this kind. May I strive to do better this year. May I love the Lord with all my strength and my neighbor as myself . . . Went for a cutter ride this afternoon which I enjoyed very much."

A girl of twenty-two, filled with joy of life, of music, of adventure, tribal in the extreme, romantic and with abundant food for romance, cannot be said to turn to religion because of isolation, loneliness, lack of active life, driving her to turn to real or imaginary spiritual experience. The explanation of abounding creative life, seeking outlets where it might, in romance, in religion, is less interesting and less final, and to me, knowing her later life, less probable, than a basis presently to be suggested. And given the stimulus of aspiration, she seems to have realized that aspiration is not enough, and always to have been seeking a technique.

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On her return from New York in April, 1868, the circumstance of her engagement to my father deepened her search for "the good life."

"Next to my Creator, Charlie. Is there any such thing as loving one too much. O there cannot be. My prayer is that I may continue to love God most and Charlie next. Keep me from having my treasure on earth, but in heaven.

"I think of him so much and have so many happy thoughts of our future. *Our future*—how queer that sounds. Over a month since we were engaged and the love seems to grow upon me.

"God forbid that I should ever think less of him. And when I think that we are both trying to serve one God, how much happiness it gives me. He is so good. May I prove a true and loving wife. Deep unutterable joy . . . I must just accept it all and love God and every one more than ever."

A week after their marriage, four years later, she writes from Minnesota: "If the rest of my life I can be as happy as I have been thus far, I shall have no cause of complaint, and not for all the wealth of the worlds would I go back where I was.

"O Lord, wilt thou guide me and direct me. Keep me that I may be a living example of what a Christian should be. Help me to see clearly. Put words of wisdom in my mouth. I can do nothing without thy aid.

"O God, grant that I may see my first plans in married life, my first hopes, include a true love to God and a true purpose in serving him. It will not be enough that I love my husband. He must be my head in the Lord. He must interpret to me God's love. But he is not God. If I hope in any besides God, my ladder will be on the ground, but too short to reach farther than the storm clouds and ere long the wind will blow it down. Nothing is so beautiful as the temple that love builds. O may our house be built of love. It must be God in me that shall maintain me in that dignity and nobility which shall hold *his* love . . . Make me pure, Lord, and fill my heart with godliness . . ."

There is in the volume not an entry of any length which does not center about this urge for perfection in life and love. From the first expressions of her little girlhood—"I pray the Lord to help me in my weakness and to strengthen my heart"—on to that lyric utterance, "Nothing is so beautiful as the temple that love builds. O may our house be built of love . . . ," the whole record speaks an awareness of an inner order, an aspiration to combine with it, and a search for a technique in that delicate progress. Her reaction to most of experience bears evidence of this uninterrupted awareness of its spiritual interpretation, and of constant seeking to deepen that awareness. She writes:

"One of God's most beautiful days. How good he is to us and how little I do for him."

Also: "What a beautiful night, the moon shedding its pale light down on the earth while frost glimmers from every branch and twig. Beautiful world, and do we appreciate it as we should? Do we return thanks to the giver of all good for this beauty? How much we have to thank him for—pleasant home, friends, the Bible—oh, how little I do for him in return."

She sings at a concert in Madison, and "was spoken of very highly," and continues:

"I thank God he has given me my voice. May I use it to his glory."

There are two mob lynchings in

Portage in September, 1869. She records the events and that which led up to them, and ends:

"What are people thinking of? 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

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In other ways besides in the impulse to be articulate in the journal, she had a creative urge. She had not a dozen music lessons, but she mastered the organ and melodeon sufficiently to play for the church singing at times, and she had some skill at the piano. Her voice was her greatest means of expression, and she sang and played her own accompaniments all her life, the rich tones persisting until long past middle life. She studied painting in oils: "I have finished another painting—a scene on the Rhine." "I have painted a pastoral scene." "I have painted Goodrich Castle, England." This castle hangs now in my room, simple and direct, like an English primitive, and almost modern. She was much in demand at "private theatricals," that early mother of the Little Theater movement—I recall her in jet, singing in "Lost and Saved," at the Portage Opera House. The poetry which found its way to her she read eagerly: Miss Mulock, Bayard Taylor, Thomas Moore. She copies out a poem of Moore's and prefaces it:

"Do I deserve this happiness? God knows I do not—why is it I am so cold in his service? Help me, gracious Lord, that I may be more faithful, help us *both* that we may be found ever ready to work for Thee, and, Heavenly Father, wilt Thou watch him and guard him . . . I shall try to look on the bright side, but if anything should happen that I should never be with him, what would I be without him.

"'How sweetly does the moonlight smile
To-night on yonder leafy isle.
Oft in my fancy's wanderings
I've wished that little isle had wings,
And we within its fairy bowers
Were wafted off to seas unknown,
Where not a pulse would beat but ours
And we might live and die alone.'"

Her aspiration and a search for a technique for its expression in conduct, never ceases. Two years after marriage she writes:

"It seems as if the love grows stronger every day of my life. Do I love him too much? Surely not, for did not the Good Father so constitute us that we are to love . . . Bless us, Heavenly Father, in our love for each other, and in that love may we not forget that all these earthly blessings come from Thee."

Following my birth, every entry has to do with the responsibility felt by her—"may I teach her so to live . . ." and "Can I bring her up as he would have me." But there is no entry of that which she has told me, that in the months of waiting my arrival, countless times daily she would leave the room, where she sat sewing with her mother and sisters, and would pray, not for her safety or mine, but for the usefulness of the young life that she awaited. "I was possessed to pray for this," she would say.

From 1876 to 1889 there is no entry, but when one is made, these thirteen years have not breathed upon the bloom of her desire. Nor upon her activities, which now include eight years of service as treasurer of her church, the only woman to have held the office. The journal entry is intimate, the religious note is the same. She adds:

"This is the last I shall write. I shall copy here some of my daughter's poems, for she has developed a talent for writing." And I am interested to note, in those uncommonly bad contributions, their inevitably religious cast. The first page of quatrains, after one about a millinery shop written at six years, is "The Soul," written at thirteen. I mention this because I do not feel that the religious atmosphere of her daughter's upbringing was alone responsible for this choice, but rather something other—shall we say something chemical?—communicated by the mother. I do not mean by her body, before the birth she awaited, but by the totality of her presence. I do not mean scientific or pseudoscientific terms for this effect, but something which we may know more about or may discard, as time suggests.

* * *

Twenty-eight years later Eliza Beers Gale writes: "What can I say of my past life? I have tried so hard to do right." And then this sentence, as from a saga: "It is wonderful to look back over my life, and to see the changes."

She recounts the friends who have gone, and now, at seventy, she says: "Where, where are they? Will I ever see them again. Yes, I believe."

In the final entry, January 1920: "O, I have tried so hard to be a good wife and mother. I do not know if I have succeeded, but I do know that I love them both with an everlasting love. Help us, Lord, to believe. . . ."

It is necessary to have in mind that all who have known her have known first of all a laughing, fun-loving, mischievous, and popular girl, albeit with a dignity upon her from her earliest years; and then a young woman of beauty and charm and gaiety, the number of whose suitors was the despair of her mother. And I myself have known her as a woman of joyous humor, a delicious wit, a happy attitude toward every circumstance of her life; as one who, to her last day, was the spirit of every party and who, literally in her last hours, jested with us all. She had great magnetism, and her face was always as if illumined from within.

Here was no religion which "found God and turned plain." It was a religion which lighted a lamp in a vessel. Here was a nature that, on the food of formal religion, loved and served God, did divine an inner order in the universe, did attempt all her life to bring herself into harmony with it and, or so it seemed to us who looked on, did succeed.

# THE CANAL IS THE ANSWER

## *International Significance of the Nicaraguan Tangle*

### CYRUS FRENCH WICKER

DURING the past twelve months extraordinary events have been happening in Nicaragua. Up to a year ago we were reading without undue excitement of revolutions in that country, of bandit leaders, insurrections and political disturbances, accepting these events, when we thought of them at all, as a customary part of the political life. Revolutions, we had learned, were almost as frequent in Central America as earthquakes and were hardly more dangerous. The lives and property of foreigners in particular were not seriously affected, and if injury occurred it was usually the result of accident rather than of deliberate intention.

In the year just past, however, the complacency of our attitude has been disturbed in a manner that challenges our more thoughtful consideration. We read of United States war-ships being sent to Nicaragua; of American marines landed at Bluefields, at Bragman's Bluff and at Corinto; of squadrons of bombing-planes sent out to locate and exterminate groups of alleged rebels, bandits and "outlaws"; this last word reviving, disquietingly, a method of settling political disputes that has long since passed away in civilized countries.

Many Americans, otherwise well informed on world events, are asking themselves what it is all about. Why is the United States now sending its armed forces to Nicaragua? Is intervention in the internal affairs of a sister republic justifiable? If so, what are the objectives to be gained and are they worth the risk we run in inviting criticism not only by our Latin-American neighbors but also by all the world?

It is by no mere accident that our forces are now in Nicaragua, and the reasons for the present intervention go back for nearly a century. All Americans are aware that it is the canal route that gives to Panama its position of importance in our foreign policy; but few are aware that up to the time the Panama Canal was built, the Nicaraguan route was considered the better, as it is the nearer, cheaper and more practicable of the two. So the basic fact of the whole Nicaraguan tangle, the cause of the recent disturbances and the reason why United States marines are now there and have been with short intermissions ever since 1912, is that Nicaragua is the site of the only alternative interoceanic canal which might be constructed in the future.

As every event in Nicaragua now presents a question, so every question has one answer—the "canal." This may seem strange, now that the Panama Canal is in operation; but we must remember that long before the present canal was built the United States was determined on exclusive control of any interoceanic canal route. Commission after commission was sent down by our Government to study every possible route, and of these commissions the majority favored Nicaragua.

Originally four routes were considered worthy of study. The most northerly was that across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in Mexico; important because it would be the route nearest to the United States and the shortest by over a thousand miles. The Isthmus of Tehuantepec, however, is more than 150 miles wide and the obstacles to a ship-canal of this length were unsurmountable; so the project was abandoned. The second route and that most favored by our engineers and canal commissions was the Nicaraguan route; the third, the Panama route; and the fourth the route following the Atrato River in Colombia. This last, a broad and navigable river flowing northward through Colombia into the Gulf of Darien, on the Atlantic coast, comes at one point to within twenty-two miles of the Pacific Ocean; but on top of these twenty-two miles is piled the backbone of the Cordilleras, the northern peaks of the Andes mountains, some of them 17,000 feet high, so that it would be necessary to dig a tunnel under and through the mountains—a project involving stupendous engineering difficulties.

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So there remained only the alternative routes: Nicaragua or Panama. Of these the Nicaraguan still offers great advantages, particularly climate—in which it is far superior to Panama. It is, moreover, 750 miles shorter, or about three days sailing, between New York and San Francisco. The Nicaraguan route offers in addition the advantage of the large natural lake of Nicaragua, 120 miles long by forty to sixty miles wide, ensuring that abundance of water essential to the operation of a lock-canal. This lake comes to within eighteen miles of the Pacific Ocean, and is connected with the Atlantic by the broad and navigable San Juan River, 110 miles long with a drop of only one foot to the mile. It is a matter of history that Lord Nelson, when a lieutenant, sailed his vessel up that river and was wounded in a battle at Fort San Carlos, commanding the point where the river leaves the lake.

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As a further argument in favor of a Nicaraguan crossing it is said that the Panama Canal is now operating at about seventy per cent of its capacity, and in the near future, it is possible that a single canal will be unable to handle the growing commerce.

These things together, shorter distance between American ports, abundant supply of water from a lake fifty times the size of that at Panama, the healthful climate and the demands of increasing world trade, all tend to make the early building of the Nicaraguan Canal an economic necessity. When it is considered that the highest estimate for building this canal is $160,000,000, as compared with $412,000,000 already expended in Panama, the case for the Nicaraguan route becomes increasingly evident.

Its value is clearly understood by

our Government—quite apart, moreover, from the final and all important argument in favor of the alternative canal route as essential for our defense in time of war. It would be a disaster if the United States should be involved in a war with one of the great powers and any accident or injury should happen to the locks at either end of the Canal. The precious water, which takes two years to impound, might then, in spite of the emergency dams, run away and our fleet be left stranded among the Cordilleras or divided by the long voyage around Cape Horn. It is vitally important, therefore, to the protection of the United States and to the maintenance of our trade and commerce, that the Nicaraguan Canal be built.

It is, in this connection, the manifest policy of the United States that all strategic points in the Caribbean—in Mexico, Central America, Panama, as well as in Cuba, Porto Rico, Haiti and Santo Domingo—should be dominated by the United States or at least remain in control of comparatively weak republics, and should not be allowed to fall into the hands of any power, European, Asiatic or American, by which they might be used as a base of operations against the United States. This is the modern expression of the Monroe Doctrine, which began as a notice to Europe that America would not allow the extension of the monarchical system to any part of the Americas, but is now interpreted as the duty of the United States not only to prevent intervention by any foreign power in the financial or political affairs of any American republic, but to intervene itself and if necessary control the affairs of these sister republics until foreign claims and interests are entirely satisfied.

This is what has occurred in Haiti and Santo Domingo and less obviously in other disturbed areas; and it is the application of this doctrine that leads the United States now to intervene in Nicaragua, to secure the undisputed control of the alternative and preferable canal route.

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Before any canal can be built, the right to build it must be obtained by treaty from the government in possession of the desired route. In the case of Panama this right had to be obtained from Colombia, then sovereign over the Isthmus, and this right was refused. All the world knows the result of this refusal and the events which in 1902 led to the separation of Panama from Colombia, the recognition by the United States of the new republic and the subsequent signing of the treaty. At that time negotiations were undertaken with Nicaragua to the same end; but were in like manner rejected and the building of the Nicaraguan route indefinitely postponed.

Nicaragua was at that time under the control of a typical Central American dictator, Zelaya, who steadfastly refused to sign any canal treaty whatever with the United States. Zelaya—in character resembling Diaz of Mexico—with Cabrera of Guatemala and Castro of Venezuela, was one of the Big Four of the Caribbean rulers. He was the leader of the designated Liberal party in Nicaragua and, as usual in Central American politics, he suppressed the adherents of the opposing Conservative party and drove their leaders into exile.

In Central America the "ins" are really in; and the "outs" would better get out, figuratively and literally. Just over the frontier of any Central American state there are bands of exiles, waiting only for some show of weakness by the existing government to enter and by revolution overthrow that government and in turn drive out their own political opponents. To speak of fair elections in such a state of political autocracy is to speak of something unknown to the Central American citizen. With such a dictator, opposed to signing any canal route treaty with the United States, negotiations were completely blocked.

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Our opportunity came in 1912. In that year a revolution broke out on the east coast of Nicaragua; that restless region always trying to break away from the central government and declare its independence, so that it might sell its valuable canal rights to the United States or to any other power that would recognize the new republic and pay the required price.

Due to the lack of roads or other land transportation across the country, the only communication between the central government on the western side of the mountain divide and the East Coast, was across Lake Nicaragua and down the San Juan River, following exactly the route of the proposed canal. On the outbreak of revolution, therefore, Zelaya like a prudent ruler embarked some eight hundred soldiers on his troop ship *Victoria*, that number being quite sufficient to put down any insurrection, and sent them down the San Juan River.

It so happened that two Americans, Groce and Cannon, had joined the revolutionists, and being experienced mining men they knew how to lay mines under water. Although not in uniform or belonging to any recognized military force, these two men laid a mine in the San Juan River and attempted to blow up the troop ship with eight hundred soldiers on board. Fortunately the current of the river carried the mine a short distance down stream, so that it exploded fifty yards in front of the *Victoria*. A few of the Nicaraguans were washed overboard and drowned, but the greater number managed to scramble ashore. Groce and Cannon took to the woods, but came out three days later, starving; hailed one of Zelaya's launches going up the river, were fed and carried to the fort at San Carlos where, after a court-martial, they were sentenced to be shot. A delay of eleven days followed, during which efforts were made through the United States Consul for their release; but the crime was too base; Zelaya refused to countermand the order and Groce and Cannon were executed.

The result of the execution was of course to stir up feeling between resident Americans and Nicaraguans and, in order to protect the interests of United States citizens—whose lives and property it now appears were in no real danger—American marines were sent to Nicaragua. Resistance was offered by Zelaya with the result that the intervention became a war in which some two thousand Nicaraguans were killed, the principal cities, including the capital were captured, and Zelaya forced into exile.

With his flight a Conservative

party came into power and its leader, Adolfo Diaz, was elected President. This office has been held by members of the Conservative party, under the protection of American marines, ever since. Their mere presence in the capital, although reduced to 110 officers and men and called a "Legation Guard," has exerted such moral effect on the Nicaraguan people that until this past year no serious revolutionary outbreak has occurred.

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The most important result that followed directly upon the war with Zelaya was the preparation of a treaty giving to the United States the exclusive right to build a canal across Nicaragua, which treaty—identical with the one rejected by Zelaya—was promptly signed and ratified by the Government of Adolfo Diaz. Under this treaty the right to construct, operate and maintain a canal was sold to the United States for three million dollars, a great part of which sum went to pay certain claims of Americans against the Nicaraguan Government; so that more than half, it is estimated, came directly back to citizens of the United States, while considerably less than half went to Nicaragua. Of this, part was used for the needs of the new Government and part for the conversion and stabilization of the currency on a gold basis and the creation of a National Bank.

This treaty, known as the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, was negotiated and signed with the leaders of the Conservative party. The whole trouble now centers in the fact that the Diaz Conservative party is apparently in the minority, that the great bulk of the people of Nicaragua are Liberals. Of course, as the party in power has the means of controlling the elections it is difficult, in the absence of a fair election, to determine which party is in the majority. According to the American point of view, this fairness is possible only through supervision of the elections by American marines stationed at the polls to prevent interference. In such supervision, however, the Nicaraguans, not unnaturally, see control of their internal affairs by a foreign government; and if in such a supervised election the Liberal party were returned to power, its first act might be to abrogate the Canal Treaty as having been signed by a government that never had the support of a majority of the people and that, even while in power, was sustained only by the presence of American marines.

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There in essence lies the difficulty. We have acquired for a mere three million dollars a very satisfactory treaty giving us the exclusive right to build the only feasible interoceanic canal, to begin its construction whenever we please, and in the meantime to prevent others from building it or even acquiring the right to build it—the possession of which right alone might disconcert us greatly. Together with the canal rights we acquired the lease, for ninety-nine years with extension for another ninety-nine years, of Great Corn and Little Corn Islands, near the Atlantic entrance to the proposed Nicaraguan Canal and essential for its defense; and, most important of all, we acquired the right to establish a naval base on the Bay of Fonseca, on the Pacific coast of Nicaragua.

This Bay of Fonseca is the third finest harbor on the Pacific Ocean and the only first-class harbor on the west coast between San Francisco and Valparaiso. Situated less than five hundred miles from Panama, at the point where three Central American states—Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua—come together, its entrance guarded by two volcanos, like giant pillars to a greater Gateway of the Gods, the Bay of Fonseca is at once a most beautiful harbor and a most valuable strategic port.

On the Nicaraguan shore of this bay our Government acquired by the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty the right to establish a naval base the guns of which, while protecting the harbor against enemies of the United States, would dominate not only the entire bay but also the coasts of the three republics bordering on that bay and the principal Pacific ports of two of them, Amapala and La Union.

As this treaty, therefore, signed with the Diaz Government, gives the United States not only the exclusive right to the canal route, but also the defense of the Atlantic entrance and a naval base second to none in the Pacific, it is with no little misgiving that the United States contemplates a possible overthrow of the long continued party rule of the Conservatives. Especially is this the case if there should be returned to power those who hold that the treaty was acquired under duress and is invalid, and who might even throw the whole matter into confusion by openly proposing the abrogation of the treaty and the submission of the question of its validity to an international tribunal for consideration and decision.

If twenty-five million dollars were paid to Colombia in compensation for her loss of the province of Panama, what sum might be demanded by a new government in Nicaragua which, after fourteen years of waiting, came at length into power and denounced the treaty as negotiated with an invader, signed during occupation, and ratified in the presence of the military forces of the victor occupying the national capitol? Though the decision of the court and the opinion of the world might support the fact of the treaty, the nature of the challenge would be such as to disturb the well-formulated policy of the United States toward the countries of the Caribbean and particularly those in the neighborhood of the canal routes.

The United States has had difficulty enough already in maintaining the rights acquired under the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty, in the face of critical neighbors. With regard to the Bay of Fonseca, the republics of Salvador and Honduras have protested that the treaty between Nicaragua and the United States gives the latter the right to establish a naval base the guns from which, although on Nicaraguan territory, dominate their shore-line, their territorial waters and their principal Pacific ports. They claim that as their shores border equally with Nicaragua on the bay they are entitled to equal rights and use in the whole of that nearly land-locked harbor, and that the Nicaraguan Government had no right to cede to the United States a naval base which would control and dominate their shores.

A parallel case might be advanced in the event—most improbable of course—that Mexico signed a treaty with Signor Mussolini giving Italy the right to establish a naval base at Matamoros, just across the Rio Grande in Mexico. The United States would certainly oppose an act designed to create a naval base on its immediate frontier and would resent the placing of guns there to control the mouth of the river and American shores and waters. Yet this is exactly what has happened in the case of Nicaragua and her two neighbors on the Bay of Fonseca.

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Again, Costa Rica claims that Nicaragua has infringed Costa Rican rights in granting to the United States the right to build and operate the Nicaraguan Canal utilizing the San Juan River, in as much as the route must of necessity follow that river which for the greater part of its length is the natural boundary between the two republics. By most ancient law, in the case of river boundaries, each state owns to the middle of the stream, and in the case of navigable rivers both states own equally, for purposes of navigation, the whole of the navigable waters. Neither can exclude the other; neither can part with or be forced to relinquish a right enjoyed jointly. Costa Rica having equal rights with Nicaragua in the use of the San Juan River, including its use as a canal, is justified in claiming that Nicaragua could not, without the consent of Costa Rica, grant exclusive rights in a canal route to a third nation.

These arguments carry great weight and have already been presented before the only tribunal which at the time was competent and fully able to decide a question of international law and relationships between the Central American states: the Central American Court of Justice.

This Court, established in 1907, was created under the auspices and at the invitation of the United States. Although not a member of the Court itself, the United States invited representatives from the five Central American countries to meet in Washington for the purpose of creating a Central American Court of Justice which should determine by judicial processes any controversies that might arise between the respective countries. The Court itself was established at San José, Costa Rica, and Andrew Carnegie gave one hundred thousand dollars to build the Palace of Justice, which still stands in the capital city.

To this court, therefore, created at Washington, four nations of Central America presented their claims against Nicaragua in the matter of the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty; Salvador and Honduras, with Guatemala, protesting that Nicaragua had no right to sign a treaty granting to a foreign power the right to establish a naval base dominating their coasts and coastal waters in the Bay of Fonseca, and Costa Rica claiming that Nicaragua had no right to sign a treaty granting rights in a canal route in which, as a joint boundary, Costa Rica had an equal share.

The Court held four to one, Nicaragua alone dissenting, that Nicaragua had no right to enter into the treaty without the other parties to the suit consenting. But Nicaragua refused to abide by the decision and the United States kept silence. As a result, the Central American Court of

Justice ceased to function, its prestige was ruined and the doors of the Palace of Justice were closed; while by keeping silence the United States abandoned its position as upholder of the international tribunal which was at once its ward and its creation. Can any one doubt but that the return of a Liberal government in Nicaragua, even though it involves the abrogation of the treaty with the United States, would be hailed with delight by the neighbors in Central America?

* * *

That is one side of the story; the other, brighter in every way, is equally the result of the treaty. Since 1916 the Republic of Nicaragua has enjoyed such freedom from revolutions and from civil war as has never been known since her independence. There followed logically an increase of prosperity, of well-being and of progress such as to make her the envy of her neighbors. Railroads have been extended, highways built, trade and commerce fostered, while the customs receipts, under American administration, increased many fold and are collected at a cost of under three per cent. In addition the conversion of the currency from the depreciated paper peso to the gold Cordoba has put the exchange of Nicaragua on a parity with the gold dollar. There is no doubt but that Nicaragua is many times better off under the treaty, and that when the canal is built, its construction and operation will bring a flood of prosperity to that little country exceeding even that of Panama.

The objections of the Nicaraguans to American intervention are political rather than practical; just as the purpose of the United States is not the subjugation of a neighboring people, but only the maintenance of acquired rights. If these should be withdrawn, or denied, and made the basis of possible complications with foreign nations it would create difficulties and involve new and complicated doctrines of guardianship and control. To avoid opening the peculiarly American question of the Nicaraguan Canal to European discussion and decision, the United States may consider its stand well taken in placing some restraint on the political enthusiasms of its neighbors in the interests of themselves, of the United States and of the world at large.

In that light the attitude of the United States is clear. Our country recognizes the inestimable advantage to the entire world in keeping the canal—a supremely strategic point of the Caribbean area—under the control of the United States and thereby be precluding it from ever becoming a cause of war, or the possible site for hostile action against the safety of the United States. Abrogation of the treaty would disturb the present peace of the Caribbean, the very safety of the Central American countries themselves. By controlling the strategic points, the possible naval bases and in particular the canal routes, the United States will ensure its own safety and that of the American republics surrounding the Caribbean area and make it, in truth a peaceful sea.

# SIB TO WE'UNS

## *The Bullet-Proof Alibi of Wait-Still-on-the-Lord Lowe*

MARISTAN CHAPMAN

THE hills that fold around Lowe's cabin above Glen Hazard were heavy with night and storm, and where the clouds broke apart there came a slice of white sky that served to streak the blackness on the slopes and to lighten the water where White Oak breaks into Big South Fork, so it showed gleaming and alive. The woods path, shoulder-high with laurel thicket, rustled with the slow wind, so the woman in the house came time and yet again to stand in the door to listen did some person push his way betwixt.

Now Barsha Lowe waited with her ears sharp set toward the path, while the storm wind plucked at the lamp she held. She peered up to the rim of Cragg Hill that overshadowed her, and she said, "Hit's gone dark this night even up top—a wicked night!"

Back in house again, she shoved the door shut, lifting it a little where it scraped the uneven floor, and she spoke to the two men who dozed by the wood fire.

"You, Rashe, wake up and go to sleep!"

Horatio, who had long habit of this saying, stretched himself full length from his slat rocking-chair, and drifted to the bed in the far corner, where he went sound off asleep again.

"My old man gets that wore out cutting ties for the railroad," Barsha made excuse to the guest.

"That's all right, Mis' Lowe," the man said. "Used to be a time"—he spoke with solemn words, all slow with sleep—"used to be a time when I didn't care to cut tie timber myownself, before I was voted to office."

Time went by, the man drowsing, and the woman with one ear lifted toward the door, hoping—or fearing—for a step without.

When she spoke she only said, "Pick a quilt and wrop yourself where you fancy."

"Thank you, Mis' Lowe, but I'd as lief set by the fire. I don't choose ary bed."

Barsha Lowe, knowing this nought but manners, urged further. "You'd a sight better lay you down a spell. They's—they's Waits's bed won't be used this night."

The officer drowsed before the dying wood ashes on the hearth, but he looked up now at the woman and studied about her words. Barsha tended the wick of the smoky lamp, and her face was turned from him.

"Well, 'twon't do harm to stretch awhile," he gave way. And he took up a quilt from the pile in the corner of the room and wrapped himself on Waits's cot that stood across the

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foot of the big bed. Soon he was snoring.

Barsha went to the door again, and dragged it open and looked out. The night was pitmirk, but a single star glinted in a cracked cloud beyond the mountain.

"O Lord," she prayed, speaking to the star as the outward sign, "O Lord, don't ever you hold it against Waits! And efn he's bound to go with that crowd, O Lord, make 'em run the other way from trouble!"

There was a noise up the trail and Barsha's face lighted that way. But it was not her boy. It was the sheriff, his hunter, astride a vast white horse.

"Evening, Mis' Lowe," he greeted, solemn. "Is the deputy here?"

"Reckon he is," she answered. And then, "Light 'n' rest you, Joe Marks—stay all night."

He might guess by that that Waits was not here, yet he might choose to linger.

"No'm, I thank you, I got to push on. I only stopped by to get Sam to come with me."

Barsha went in and roused the deputy, and directly the two officers rode away.

"You told me to stay to see did the boy come in," the deputy complained, sleep-thick and tempersome.

"No need now," Joe Marks answered. And when he was outside the mother's hearing, he went on, "Reckon we'll get him rounded with the rest in the hollow by Ansen's Cove."

* * *

Communion with the Lord comes easy to those who have small to-do with their earthly kin, and Barsha Lowe, standing in the doorway, shielded the lamp with a wing of her gray cotton shawl and prayed again. "O Lord," she said, "lead him to come home now, whilst they's a chanst."

With the falling of the steady wind a smirr of rain had started, and was whirling across the clearing in fretting gusts. The lamp-chimney cracked and fell tinkling to the log step at Barsha's feet, but she yet stood for a while, and the smoky flare of the bare wick lighted up her lined face and its frame of white hair. And when the flame went out she looked up to the top of Cragg Hill, where a light still showed in Tom Carr's house. Any folk so curious that they'd build on a crest likely would sit up all night. Barsha gave over trying to explain outlanders and went sadly indoors.

* * *

Yonder side Cragg Hill there was work this night, the way the sheriff cast his men in a ring to close on the gang of wastrel boys. The hollow was loud with men's trampling and running, and where in the darkness they took prisoners by mistake from among themselves, there came ill words and blows. A tinsey chap fell howling into Marks's own hands, and informed shrilly on his mates. "They gone up Ansen's Cove—leave me loose! Over that way they said they'd go—leave me loose, I ain't done nothing—yonder's Waits Lowe—" But Marks yet held on to the child while he took off up Cragg Hill, where one of the boys was climbing by an overhung rock. The sight of him being lost when he came upon the ridge, he fired his gun into the air to show that the business was serious. Back down the hollow the hantle of men cast about with great noise and the ill-doers fled with mocking shouts betwixt the widespread net and were mostly clean gone away.

Wait-still-on-the-Lord Lowe was pushed close by the law-officer; he had little breath left to holler in at Carr's house when he gained the crest of Cragg Hill. To ask aid of an outlander was a sharp and sorry thing, but a man will do what next offers when he's hard driven. So Waits made a shambling knock and flung open the door. Betwixt his blinking in the light of the gasoline lamp, Waits could see the outlander and his wife the way they'd jumped from their chairs by the table, and the books newly thrown down; and he noticed the woman's store-boughten clothes and the man's Sunday coat before he heard Tom Carr say to his wife, "Unusual haste for a mountain neighbor! What on earth—"

Waitstill drew back from the half-laughing voice and pulled the door shut again, but the outlander was quick to follow and he came upon the porch place where Waits was going out into the rain.

"Come in, boy! Come in! Whatever's the matter?"

And Waits would yet have gone his way, only the woman came out and also called him to enter.

Inside the house again he stood hunched and ragged, and pulled off his wrecked hat, so his wild hair stood all ways. He held himself ready to be scarce of this place if need was—though where he'd go with the officers abroad for him was a puzzle. His dark eyes searched fearfully in shadowed corners of the room.

"Thought maybe efn I come house-wanting, you'd keep me the night," he said. "Don't anybody around want such trash as me."

And then, as a far-off shot startled them, he went on with a glint of fun, "Less'n maybe it's the sheriff."

Yet standing at the door, his right hand back of him and clutching the knob, he told without haste of the shooting scrape the boys had mixed themselves into. One had been bad hurt—happen even killed dead—in a sprattle where rough play had grown to a jower. Two of the boys who owed him ill-will had vowed to put the damage on him should they be caught. He made it very clear that there stood no more wholesome and harmless man in shoes than himself—Waitstill Lowe.

The outlander, Tom Carr, looked solemn enough by this time. He said, "Can you swear you had no hand in this trouble?"

"I never done no harm saving run with 'em," Waits said. "May I never leave this spot efn 'taint so."

"Well, *somebody's* done harm," Carr said. "Who was it?"

Waits drew himself upright and told this outlander: "Not my news to tell. But whosoever it was has safely took out to the dark corners."

"Good lad!" Carr said. "You, I mean, not the other chap. Now—"

Steps sounded on the front porch and Waits made a quiet way across the room and slid easily out toward the back of the house.

It was the sheriff, holding yet to the luckless little boy, who cried out, "I seen Waits come in hyar—I seen him!"

Carr stood before the sheriff, not letting him enter.

"This intrusion is unwarrantable," he said sharply.

"I got a warrant all right," the sheriff answered. "A warrant for them ten devil's tools that got away after we had 'em rounded; and efn you're aiding, harboring, concealing, or—"

"Nonsense, man!" Carr broke in. "You don't have to recite at me. You know I'm a stranger—foreigner you call me. What do I know about your suspects? If you can't round them up, that's your affair, not mine."

"But this boy said he saw—"

"That boy is scared enough to see the cow jump over the moon. Take him away."

The door was closed on a suddenty. The sheriff, full of ill-temper, stood rubbing his nose as if the door had shut hard against it.

"I don't blame nobody," he said aloud. "They ought to be left to theyself, folks like that. See what you got for us!"—he turned on the boy and shook him by the collar. "Hark now! I don't want you should see ary foreigner's house again—hear?"

Inside the closed door, Carr said cheerfully, "That man will be back in a minute. I've a feeling he'd like to search the house. I believe I'll take Waits for a ride."

"What on earth for?" his wife asked him.

"Why, I had it in mind to run over to Sunview and see old Todd. You know he's prosecuting attorney for this district. I'll pay him a brief informal visit, take Waits with me to introduce him, and then come home."

"What a crazy creature you are—it's nearly ten o'clock! And I still don't fathom your idea." Mrs. Carr spoke from the bedroom, where she was sorting out a dry coat and hat for Waits.

"My dear, it's a question of alibi. How can Wait-still-on-the-Lord be involved in criminal proceedings when he is paying a social call on his prospective prosecutor?"

"Talk sense, Tom—do! How about the *time*—"

"Are you not prepared to swear that Waits was already at the house here when we heard the first shot?"

"Yes—but that was the sheriff's gun, after all the trouble."

"You are getting mixed. What business is it of ours what gun it was? It was the first shot we heard, wasn't it?"

"Yes—but—"

"And Waits was here, paying us a visit at that time?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Very well then. You forget I'm a match for half a dozen Todds."

"But," Mrs. Carr argued, "if the boy hasn't *done* anything, why bother? The law can't hurt him if he's innocent."

"Can't it, though! The devious ways of justice in these mountains is not made simpler by the mixing in of outside law. You know a trial in court settles nothing; it's merely a period of preparation, and the judge's decision is the prompter's bell that rings up the curtain on the play. So Waitstill Lowe is equally in danger, whether innocent or guilty. Where's he got to, by the way?"

Waits was found on the back porch and brought withindoors and given cake and coffee that both tasted uncommon and different from home, but welcome enough.

While he was eating, Carr went on: "My grandfather, when he lived in these parts, was always dubious of the law. I inherit his prejudice. Besides, I think Waits is not guilty—eh, Waits?"

"I *know* I ain't," Waits said.

By the woods road it is only five miles to Sunview, but the rains had made the road little more than a string-out of ponds, so Carr made his mind set to take his automobile twelve miles around by the graded way.

"Also," he said, while he lighted a cigarette, "the woods are full of sheriffs and things. Get in, Waits."

Waits was unwilling, but he had gambled on the help of the foreigner, and he was now in his power. It was no use to break and run where happen he'd be caught. And for all this outlander's careless ways with a man's life, he seemed easy-hearted. So Waits made himself into a sulky bundle in the corner of the front seat, curling as far from Carr as he could, and holding the door on the catch, ready to jump any minute.

While they went along he puzzled about this outland man. Neighbors told where Mr. Carr had book-learning by the ell-and-yard, and could write a book as soon as read one—but did he have good sense? Waits was shamed by this notion, for he was beholden to Mr. Carr and both he and his wife were fere and kindly spoken, for all they bothered a person with curious talk. So Waits shut the door and sat him down in patience to be cared for. And holding on for the rough places took up all his mind.

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Sheriff Joe Marks turned out of his way next morning to go by Lowe's place. Rashe was sitting on a home-made chair tipped back against the side of the house. His shot-gun rested beside him and his eyes were fixed on the trail.

"Morning," he grunted.

"Morning. How you making out?"

"Very middling, I thank you. Light and set."

"No, I guess not. Just come on by to tell you we got some of the boys last night, but hit's a sorry tale."

No sign from the old man—too proud to ask if his boy was among the captured. The two men, lifelong friends, made enemies this day by the law, measured each other for a full minute.

"I was right pleased not to see Waits," the sheriff said.

"Reckon you was."

"Gin he'd been handy, I'd have took him."

"Reckon you would."

"But he warn't."

"No, he warn't."

"Well, good day to you, Rashe Lowe!" And the sheriff rode off.

Rashe sat by his house door and watched the herd of shadows grazing over the hills southward, where doubtful sun played with the leftments of last night's storm, till the topmost clouds thinned back from a pale white sky and noon was nearly come.

When he heard the strange high voices of the outlanders, he made no move, but called to his wife that company was on the way. Barsha came front and waited beside him till Mr. and Mrs. Carr drew near. Then Rashe moved to sit himself on the step and gave his tilted chair to Tom Carr, while Barsha said to the woman: "Step in and choose a chair.

I been looking for you to cry in at my house any day since you took up in these parts."

"Then why didn't you come and say so?" Mrs. Carr asked.

"Hit'd be pushing for us to visit first. We'd be liable to be not wanted."

Mrs. Carr said that where she came from it was the habit for settled people to tell new neighbors welcome.

"You're foreign," Barsha owned.

"Foreign? What do you mean?"

"Why, foreign, of course. I was a foreigner when I come here new wedded, being I was born over to Brimstone, nigh twenty mile from this place. But I've gotten used to it and I'd kind of hate to leave 'n' go back to my own country."

Mrs. Carr thought about this, but it hadn't any answer. "Where is your son?" she asked, willing to get at the thing that caused her visit.

Barsha said carefully, "The good Lord knows—he's not liable to tell."

"I know, too," Mrs. Carr said, wondering if this claim to sharing the secret sounded too bold.

"Then don't tell me," Barsha ordered, "and I'll not need to tell a lie if asked."

"But he's on the way home," Mrs. Carr told her.

Barsha's heart took a spasm. "Hurt?" she said, fearing Mrs. Carr was holding back news.

"No, indeed—and not only safe but free. Mr. Carr made him what he calls a bullet-proof alibi—"

Knowing Waits was ansund, Barsha was ashamed of her feelings. "Safe, is he!" she said sharply. "*I'll* learn him to be safe hereafter! What was that you said Mist' Carr give him—bullet-proof—?"

"Alibi," Mrs. Carr said.

"Kind thanks," Barsha said. "I'll make him wear it all the time."

And now came Waits himself from out the laurel scrub, leaning sulky sullen on the gate, yet hoping to be asked to come in home.

There was no worked-up meeting betwixt the Lowes and their son. The black night was over and done with. Rashe looked the boy up and over as if he unliked him and said, "Go clean up, scatterwit!" And Waits went around the house.

Then, not to come short of manners, Rashe said to Carr: "With a new friend made, past troubles ride light. And I'm thankful to you—he wasn't scarce worth your while."

"Couldn't do anything but take the lad in," Carr told him. "Neighbors, you know—"

"Fair fortune for me 'n' Barsha you feel so. Must be you take after your grandsir. Hit remembers me of the time he stepped betwixt me 'n' the Law. Days gone by—I was a most survigrous young-un. Likely your folks think our folks is in trouble as a habit."

Barsha swept up the hearth, then went out to the lean-to kitchen and came back tying on a clean apron.

"Old woman!" Rashe told her. "Make kind thanks to Mist' Carr. We made a mistake. He's only outland skin-deep."

And Barsha made her thanks by taking the foreigners in home. "We'd be best pleased did you 'n' your old man take a meal with us," she invited Mrs. Carr. "We'd treat you clever as we can, and maybe you'd not care to eat common by token you're sib to we'uns."

# THE WOMAN GOES TO COLLEGE

## *After Which, Must She Choose Between Marriage and a Career?*

BESSIE BUNZEL

THERE is one aspect of the problem—college and careers, education and marriage, professional work and motherhood—that has received very little attention, except to some extent in the medical literature which the layman ordinarily does not see—and which may prove to be the gist of the whole matter. May we not raise as the real questions at issue the following: Why do women go to college, what type of women go there, what is the aim of the college, and finally—a question that has rarely been openly stated—is there some obscure reason why women whose tendency is away from the usual direction of marriage and maternity choose professional training and the pursuit of a career? This last query is concerned with the formulation of life values which college women lay down for themselves, and suggests that in the last analysis careers perhaps are a sublimation for other desires. More obvious and direct is the inquiry why more college women do not have husbands or a greater number of babies, and the criticism of the curriculum or organization of institutions of higher learning, which claims that thereby women are steered away from matrimony. But perhaps if we can throw some new light on psychological motives, the question of non-marriage will automatically resolve itself.

We will not attempt to review here the history of the educational advance of women, except to record that in 1926 there were well over 300,000 women enrolled in the colleges, universities and professional schools reporting to the United States Bureau of Education. This entire movement has been limited to the last few decades. After surmounting really serious obstacles, the higher education of women in this country began with the opening of Mount Holyoke Seminary in 1837, the admission of women to Oberlin and Antioch in the fifties, and the founding of Vassar and Wellesley shortly after the Civil War. Fast and furious has been the growth since that beginning; and if women have not been welcomed enthusiastically by the recognized graduate and professional schools of the nation, they are now at least tolerated in most cases—though all barriers are not yet down. For example, a current announcement of the Public Health School of Harvard University states that women are admitted as special students, but not as candidates for regular degrees. Nevertheless, the battle for equal educational rights is almost won.

In the beginning, the colleges for women sought to demonstrate the mental equality of the sexes. The more rabid feminists may even have wanted to prove their own intellectual superiority. Emphasis, in the early years, was placed on abstract and theoretical knowledge, especially the value of classical learning, literature and languages. Only recently has interest in the sciences, social and natural, been evident in college curriculums. The girls in the early classes were characterized and cartooned, with more than a little justice, as "bluestockings" lacking in feminine attractiveness, dowdy in appearance, devoid of what we now glibly call sex-appeal. Spectacles and the earnestness of life were much in evidence on the campus; education was a solemn process, almost a mystic rite; light, without its concomitant sweetness, the common slogan. Naturally with the greatly increased registration of the last few years, the homogeneity of the group and its seriousness of purpose has markedly diminished, and now there are many and mixed motives for girls going to college. Though in the past only the exceptional girl or the one who wanted to teach went to college; now it is the accepted procedure among even moderately well-to-do parents to send their daughters to the sources of higher learning. It fills up the time between high school and marriage very agreeably; it furnishes valuable social contacts; it is the stepping-stone to lucrative employment—and so on.

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The purely intellectual impetus, the divorce from practical affairs, and the rigor of discipline in the early colleges held no appeal for any but the most independent, intelligent and strong-minded. And such girls are not typically the marrying kind. Going to college was a form of self-dedication; the desire for careers, discussed with bated breath and spelled in capital letters, was something new in feminine circles. Probably unconsciously much of the intense interest in knowledge per se and in extending the mental horizon was but a compensation, a method of coping with a misunderstood and only vaguely defined unrest. Dissatisfied, incomplete lives and a vivid feeling of the futility of existence have always been present in human affairs. But in the past, women could see no escape and hence were forced to make the best of a bad bargain. Above all, they were bound by their economic dependence on the men of the family; and naturally, whoever pays the piper calls the tune. To such intelligent, restless and dissatisfied girls, college seemed to offer a way out and promised to add deeper meaning and richness to life, and, even more important, professional training would provide the means for earning a livelihood. This attitude still prevails, although the desire for gainful occupation and a career is not the sole animating purpose behind the unusual increase in college registration.

Nor was this desire for economic freedom limited to college women. The last forty years have been marked by a far-reaching exodus from the home to the office, store and factory—and the end is not yet in sight. As the nineteenth century progressed, one by one the traditional domestic tasks of women were taken over by machines. Smaller families and release from the former household drudgery, which included candle-making, baking, spinning and weaving, as well as cooking, sewing and caring for the children, brought leisure for outside interests and activities. At the same time, there developed an era of industrialization unprecedented in history; the tremendous expansion of the factory system with its incessant call for people to tend the machines brought women in large numbers into new occupations. Not only was an additional labor supply needed, but a low-paid and unskilled one would answer all requirements. On many jobs, the labor of women was as efficient as that of men and also much cheaper. The official census figures tell the story of an ever-accelerating growth. In 1870, the first year for which we have occupational statistics, there were in the United States, 1,800,000 gainfully employed women, of whom nearly a million were engaged in domestic and personal service. The number had grown to over two and a half million by 1880; to more than five million by 1900; and to over eight and a half million by 1920. The rate of increase has been faster than that of men. For, in the United States from 1880 to 1920, the proportion of males ten years of age and over engaged in gainful occupations has remained nearly stationary, about 78 per cent of the total male population ten years of age and over; whereas the corresponding proportion of women gainfully employed increased from 14.7 per cent in 1880 to 21.1 per cent in 1920.

Although the great majority of the eight and a half million employed women is engaged in industrial pursuits because of stringent economic necessity, the class about which the wildest and most impassioned controversy has raged is that of the professional worker, who is almost always a college graduate. And it is this group that is increasing so very rapidly. In 1910 there were 725,000 women in professional pursuits and in 1920 over a million, an increase of almost 40 per cent in the decade. Many of these women are not obliged to earn their daily bread, but instead they work because of the personal satisfaction and sense of power they thus derive. There is real joy in a job that calls for all one's latent capacity and that provides opportunity for self-expression. But the movement from the home to the wider world of business and the professions has profoundly affected feminine psychology. Instead of idealizing the old virtues of renunciation and self-sacrifice, there is an increasing emphasis on self-development and the supreme importance of the individual in society. This shift in values does bring us face to face with a real dilemma.

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Women have generally been considered the mental and social inferiors of men, and only as wives and mothers could they gain any standing whatsoever. This made marriage the only method of winning recognition and prestige, and home-making their only career. Granted that virtually all women still look forward to marriage and maternity as their ultimate goal, that they long for babies and regret the incompleteness of their experience in the loss of maternity, it is none the less true that their present field of activity is not nearly so limited as it was fifty years ago. Even without marriage it is now possible for a woman to fill her life with interesting and valuable pursuits. The very diversity and complexity of modern life, however, present new and perplexing problems and bring inevitable conflicts. Though there is no reason why a woman should have to choose, any more than a man, between marriage or a job, a profession or motherhood—all too often she is confronted with just such a decision. As a consequence, there is voluble complaint that college women are not marrying and that they are producing far less than their quota of children. There is much truth in this assertion and it must also be admitted that this is a serious state of affairs. From all records it would appear that only about fifty per cent of women college graduates marry and that their families average less than two children each, which is far too low a number to allow replacement in the next generation. Of the women in professional work, according to the 1920 census, only about twelve and a half per cent (125,000) were married. Thus undoubtedly careers have proved obstacles to marriage and maternity.

There are many reasons why this is so. Perhaps the most obvious is the economic independence which frees these women from the necessity of marrying in order to obtain a roof and a meal-ticket. Gainful occupation, at the same time, gives them a high standard of living, one which they are unwilling to lower. Furthermore, present economic conditions necessarily prevent marriage, or at least decidedly retard it. The high cost of living makes it impossible for the average young man to assume family responsibilities at the age when sex impulses become strong. This spread between the biologic and the economic age of marriage acts, of course, as a deterrent, which, though highly important, has no bearing on the question of education, although it colors the entire situation. Turning now to non-financial factors, the college girl is apt to be very critical of men; and they, in turn, fear her superior mental attainments. There is also the seclusion and artificiality of the women's college, which, at the critical moment when the girl first attains maturity, takes her away from her home, her familiar surroundings and places her in a cloistered world of women. Opportunities to meet men are more or less curtailed; so instead of normal heterosexual relationships, her contacts for four years are predominantly feminine and consequently unwholesomely one-sided. In fact, one of the most harmful tendencies fostered by the isolation of the women's college is the impetus it gives toward homosexual relationships. There is little accurate information regarding that side of college life, although there is apparently much justification for the feeling that it actually does exist to a greater or less degree. This certainly is a serious matter and one calling for further investigation.

But the crux of the matter probably rests upon our changing conception of marriage. Beyond question the educated woman makes many demands of marriage and has high standards up to which her mate must measure; nor will she, as in former times, accept weaknesses and inferiorities. There is also a great emphasis on individual development;

the old idea that the woman must merge her personality in that of her husband's and lead her life as he designates, is fast being discarded. And again, as Dr. Beatrice Hinkle has pointed out, the intelligent girl because of her mental endowment is generally less appealing sexually than the more emotional, less thoughtful type. And so the relationship between husband and wife is forced upon a new and better basis, in which the intellectual aspect of marriage is as important as its physical side. It has, moreover, changed from a union in which the woman had everything to gain to one in which there is a mutual give and take. Whereas the modern woman does not at all disregard marriage, she will undertake it only upon her own terms, with the frank recognition that even if, in consequence, she never marries, she at least does not have to accept a position of indignity in somebody else's home. Apparently, therefore, the non-marriage of college women results from a spirit of self-respect, as well as a different philosophy and new demands in the marriage relationship. Perhaps the ideals after which women are groping may turn out to be valueless. Nevertheless, such experimentation is a necessary component of all progress.

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Now how do these changing social concepts bear on the problem of the higher education of women? It is a truism to say that the purpose of the college for both men and women, is to prepare its students for a happy and successful life; but when it comes to pointing out specific causes of failure and suggesting methods for better achieving the aim in view, critics disagree so radically that no clear-cut program has ever emerged from the discussion. Repeated attention has been called to the futility of the traditional classical learning, the lack of correlation between scientific theories and their practical application, the students' failure to master the fundamental principles of the subjects taught, the tendency to teach catch phrases in a parrot-like fashion instead of how to think logically, constructively and unprejudicedly. Above all, the colleges have not provided the training which will enable students to face difficult situations in life with a serene confidence of being able to solve them satisfactorily. They have been too far removed from practical affairs and mundane concerns. College should be a link in the continuity of life, not as it often is, a disrupting interval preceding an exceedingly painful period of adjustment when a new set of values has to be reconstructed. All of these objections pertain as much to the men's as to the women's institutions; but they become especially serious when applied to women because of the importance of their biological function. A sound system of education for girls must take this fundamental purpose in life into consideration. Emphatically, we do not urge or even suggest that the college teach only cooking or the science of nutrition in its chemistry classes, or merely those theories of psychology relating to the upbringing of children! But we do consider as absolutely essential a course of study bearing directly upon the problems of everyday life. History, economics, ethics, biology, hygiene, statistics—and so on down the whole long list of courses in the catalogue—all have implications throwing light upon the unsolved social questions to-day confronting our ablest leaders; but this is not the place to discuss in detail the college curriculum. Of course, we believe that education must provide each individual with a richer cultural background, a wider mental horizon, a broader social vision and the delight gained through diversified interests, to the end that every dormant capacity for creative and happy living may be fostered. The cultured person is the one who responds favorably to the greatest number of stimuli, and it is certainly the function of a liberal college to provide those stimuli and in the greatest possible variety.

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There is, however, one subject which has been woefully neglected in the past, upon which more attention must be focused. Happiness and efficiency are not rooted primarily in our intellects, but rather in a harmonious and vigorous functioning of our entire organism—physically, emotionally and mentally. Hitherto the college has been interested solely in the last named. Recently the relatively new science of mental hygiene has begun to demonstrate that the greatest cause of individual failure is psychic maladjustment, the conflicts, inhibitions, anxieties, fears and other emotional disturbances which may cause serious mental disease, and which certainly are responsible for warped and distorted lives. Our most important decisions are based on an emotional and not a rational basis; our intellectual processes merely tend to justify decisions already made. What we most need is not more brains, but rather better use of the brains which we possess. A prominent psychiatrist has said that we all carry "psychic scars" of adolescence which impair our efficiency and cause our downfall. Whereas we assign all sorts of reasons for our failures, when all is said and done, it is not inadequate intellectual ability, but instead emotional reactions—our prejudices, antagonisms, strong likes, habits of thought and stereotyped methods of responding to a given situation—which hinder us.

In this connection there is another subject which must be raised and that is the necessity for a saner sex education. All too often the college girl (and the boy too for that matter) reaches the age of twenty-two and attains intellectual maturity, but at the same time has absolutely no knowledge of the vastly important matter of sex adaptation. Fortunately, some of our college presidents, deans and professors are realizing that the prevailing system of education has been most deficient in directing emotional impulses into healthy channels. One professor, for example, has written that we must provide a thoroughly scientific method of sex instruction which will square completely with the known facts of biology, psychology, sociology and medicine, and be free from the theological considerations that have guided conduct in the past. And another one has pointed out that "the business of the college certainly includes the function of enabling students before they quit its precincts, to find some peace in their own souls and some steadying adjustment to their world. . . . It is pathetic to observe undergraduates going four years through college without receiving any help whatsoever in understanding those conflicts and disorders which render them so often lost souls and lost irrevocably." No physician in daily contact with the mentally sick could speak any plainer.

Thus there is a growing recognition that the faculty of every college should include a trained psychiatrist and that each student should have the opportunity of consultation about his or her personal problems before it is too late. Beyond doubt, one branch of education is teaching people to understand themselves; and herein lies the psychiatrist's field of service. If individual misconceptions are not straightened out, they rankle and may even result in complete mental and emotional paralysis. How can the mentally maladjusted individual act as a leader of men or even as a useful citizen? The method of approach in mental hygiene work in the colleges as elsewhere should be from the point of view of the individual—what the student thinks, desires, hopes or fears. Comprehension of our own psychology and of the underlying reasons why we react in a given manner to a particular situation, together with expert assistance in resolving the conflict between instincts and judgment, faith and uncertainty, desires and inhibitions, would prevent much ineffectualness and avert much mental suffering. Probably no activity which could be undertaken by the colleges would yield results as valuable as would the right kind of mental hygiene guidance.

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The newer medical knowledge has likewise direct bearing upon our problem of the relationship between colleges, careers, marriage and babies. Apparently, as the researches of Dr. Katherine B. Davis indicate, there is good reason for believing that much of the non-marriage of college women is directly due to the ignorance which exists regarding their own biological make-up. Though a knowledge of the laws of sex is so all-important, no other subject is more foggy in the minds of many college graduates. Were there more intelligence in this matter, there would be less complaint of non-adaptability. Not only the single women, but the married, as well, suffer from self-imposed restrictions which are at the basis of much of the present unrest and the blind groping after unattainable objectives. In addition, the married woman who would combine home-making and maternity with the pursuit of a career has another very real conflict on her hands. The solution of this problem is far from a simple task, as those who have tried to work it out have often found to their cost. Success in professional work necessitates rigid concentration and long hours—it is a full-time job—and so, during many years, is home-making and motherhood. Academically the battle for equal opportunities may have been won; nevertheless, in actual practice the gainfully employed mother finds herself being pulled in opposite directions. We all know only too well the complicating factors and mixed motives—the new responsibilities and demands of child-training and the advance in psychology and pedagogy which have been superimposed upon all the traditional cares and duties of motherhood; the dwindling supply of domestic servants; the glamour and interest in professional work; the need for money so that greater opportunities can be provided for the family; and the conflict caused by emotional ties which for centuries have bound women to their homes.

And yet, granting the difficulty of the problem, some satisfactory answer must be sought; for hundreds of women are struggling at the present time, to combine a job—which cannot always be dignified by the name of career—with the responsibilities of marriage and the care of children. Also, many women have learned that neither a career nor home-making alone absorb all their energies or satisfies all their needs. We are now suffering from the growing-pains which accompany all periods of transition and this dilemma is one aspect of our changing social order. But in spite of the expressed fears that society is headed for perdition, that the sanctity of marriage is disappearing, and that the very foundations of family life are seriously threatened, we shall survive this era of flux and arrive triumphantly at a stage where education will be sounder, where existing conflicts will be resolved and where there will be no antagonism between careers and home-making for women. Why should not a woman round out her life, as does a man, with many interests and with many activities each of which contributes to the fullness and richness of her experience? But above all, let us not lose sight of the fact which Mrs. Bertrand Russell, an ardent feminist, has pointed out, that no matter what success women may achieve in the arts and sciences, it is in maternity and child nurture that they make the most important political and cultural changes. Consequently all the various needs and desires of women—intellectual work, economic and sexual freedom and maternity—must be drawn together. Due honor should be paid to the home-maker and the mother, for hers is the greatest service. To the producer in other fields of endeavor let honor also be given; but let us strive to break down the partitions which in the past have separated these two activities to their mutual disadvantage. Let us utilize to the utmost every natural impulse of love and service which women possess in order to bring about happier human relationships.

# AN INTERESTING WEEK

## *Hours Spent with Mrs. Besant, Sir Oliver Lodge, Louise Jordan Miln, Dr. Harold Laski and Lord Haldane—Probably the Last Interview with the Distinguished Statesman and Scientist*

S. T.

### *July First*

ARRIVED in London. Hasty dinner, and off to a political meeting at Young Men's Indian Union. Looking back, this seems significant, as I came here not for India or politics, but to see some scientific men. But my young Indian friends at the Club bore me off with them—and of course when I heard that Mrs. Besant was to speak, I wanted to be there.

The hall was packed—with Hindus, Mussulmans, Sikhs, Ceylonese—only a handful of Europeans, in the heart of London! It gave me a strange thrill, all those dark young faces massed against the wall. A very definite change had come over those faces since I last saw them: resolute, determined, stern—the dreamy, meditative, "classic" Hindu type was conspicuously absent. These Hindus of to-day are silent, somber, full of brooding storm.

Suddenly the storm lifted. As one, the young Indians came to their feet, one smile irradiated the entire assembly, and every hand was raised in the characteristic Hindu salutation—"I bow to God in thee!"—with the quiet entrance of a white-haired woman.

I am a sedate middle-aged person, who by this time has seen a good deal of life and causes and personages; I am not a Theosophist, I do not share Mrs. Besant's religious views. Yet I confess I never can behold that gallant white head without a rush of emotion. Round it one seems to see the cohorts of the poor and miserable and oppressed, whom Annie Besant has succored and fought for, ever since she went out into the world penniless with her children, at the age of twenty-seven—miners, match-girls, omnibus-workers, dockers, hungry school-children, oppressed nationalities—finally, India. And now at eighty-one she is still fighting.

Few in America know anything at all of Mrs. Besant's practical life and activities. Her name is associated with mysticism, New Messiahs and exotic creeds. Few people know of the schools and colleges and homes of service that she has established and for years maintained, throughout India. Few know that the Indian National Congress—that powerful body now influencing the political destinies of the nation—had its birth at the end of a Theosophical convention in 1887; that the whole Indian Home Rule movement was organized by Mrs. Besant and her Theosophical friends; and that Lloyd George said of her, "If ever India gets Home Rule, she can thank Annie Besant!"

Is there any other such figure moving through the drama of our time? Does it matter one iota whether or not you agree with her views concerning the attainments of a very fine and earnest young Hindu?

She talked about the present political situation in India, and what it portends—not only to England, but to the whole European and American world. She said that the boycott of the Simon "All-White Commission" had been a complete success, and that it would continue, until India's right to representation should be recognized. She, of course—unlike many of the Nationalists who started out under her political leadership has steadily contended for keeping India a Dominion within the British Empire. She feels that this is supremely important—that India shall remain a link between the white and colored races.

But she thinks that—within that proviso—every right and privilege of a self-governing people should be theirs. Better conditions prevail in various ways in the States that are native-ruled. There are no riots in these States. It is to the interest of the Hindu rulers to keep their Mussulman subjects contented. But it is to the interest of the Christian government to stir up the Hindus and Mussulmans each against the other. Riots came, she said, from political—not religious—causes. (I had heard this from Hindus and Mussulmans, too, scores of times.) People excited by recent books on the subject, might be interested to know that in the Indian-governed States, the age limit for marriages is sixteen to eighteen. Whereas bills for such age-regulation have been shelved or postponed, in the British-governed States.

In conclusion, there is only one white man in seven, in the British Empire. Yet the great mass is governed by the small minority. The prosperity of the few is built on the subjection and unhappiness of the many. This cannot go on. She warned her hearers—and every person I have seen lately from India says the same—*it is not going to go on.* It is simply a matter now of *how* the change to self-government is to be brought about. Not *if*, or possibly. But when and by whom.

There is a man who holds one key to the solution of the problem: the King of Afghanistan. "A quiet man, a very powerful man—simple, silent, greatly beloved by his subjects." The King of Afghanistan is preparing to organize a League of Asiatic Nations—or, if China is not ready, a League of Islamic Nations; since the League at Geneva is a League of White Nations only. Persia already will not allow British airplanes to fly over her territory. Persia—Turkey—Egypt—North Africa: all Islamic. "What," asked Mrs. Besant, "becomes of your Suez Canal, *then?*"

She closed with a powerful appeal for Dominion status for India, as the only alternative to the unimaginable horrors of a War of Color.

### *July Second*

Mrs. Besant's statements were confirmed in a talk here at the Club to-night, by H. S. Polak, a prominent lawyer and business man just back from India, and by C. F. Andrews, the Englishman who has labored so devotedly at Dr. Tagore's school and with Gandhi and others, for thirty years. He went out as a Christian missionary, and India (as he says) missionaried him!

Mr. Polak has been to India many times, on matters of delicate international negotiation, and is the trusted friend of all the Indian leaders. He bore out everything Mrs. Besant had said, including the menace of a League of Asiatic Nations. But perhaps the most dramatic thing he said—for an American—was this:

"Two things stung the Indian National Congress into their demand for complete independence. One was the appointment of the Simon All-White Commission. The other was Miss Katherine Mayo's book. People over here simply cannot realize the flaming indignation that has swept India over that book. It used to be thought that America was a friend, or at least friendly to all struggles and strugglers for freedom. But first the anti-Asiatic legislation, and now the heaped-up insults of this book by an American woman, has brought Indians to believe that America is as imperialistic and as unsympathetic as Britain. So strong is this feeling, that an American nowadays, even with the most irreproachable introductions, has great difficulty gaining admittance to any Indian home. Such a state of affairs, considering the past friendly feeling, is infinitely to be regretted."

Mr. Andrews spoke on the social, rather than political side. Underneath all the political agitation, he said, a tremendous social reform is going on in India—Brahmins working side by side with Pariahs, young students of wealthy families giving up brilliant careers to go off to teach in some humble agricultural village. As for the women, their advance in the last few years has been simply tremendous.

After the meeting I said, "Mr. Andrews, you tell us all this, and I go back to America and repeat it to our people. And they say, 'Yes, Mr. Andrews tells us this, and Miss Mayo tells us something quite different.' They find these contradictory reports very confusing. And what can one say?"

"You can say"—for once his kindly face took on an unaccustomed sternness—"that Mr. Andrews has lived for twenty-nine years with the people of India, living their life and sharing their fortunes—in the villages, where as Miss Mayo herself says, the real life of India is—not in the cesspools that are the same in all cities. Miss Mayo stayed four months in India, in luxurious British hotels entertained by British officials. Sensible people can take their choice—which to believe."

For my own part, I should like to ask how many Americans shuddering over Miss Mayo's current sentimentalities, know that more girls are sold into white slavery in the East from the ports of New York and San Francisco, than from all the other ports in the world? Before we shed too many tears over Indian morals, it may be a salutary experience to read the report of the International White Slavery Commission for the Far East. It is a terrible thing that one utterly careless American writer can with a few smart strokes of her pen give such a false picture of a great and complex nation, jeopardize a friendship of long generations, and stir up bitterness that it may take many other generations to assuage.

### *July Third*

I went to see Sir Oliver Lodge at his flat in Westminster. It is eight years since our last talk together, in Boston. He has changed remarkably little. The same big, genial wise man. One thinks of the delightful name of Lao-tsze—"*The Old-Young One.*" From year to year I hear all the semi-patronizing, semi-disdainful allusions to Sir Oliver, and yet each time I see him, I am more deeply impressed with him as a great man of science, a conscientious and careful inquirer, with a scorn of credulity and amateurishness, a profound respect for accuracy, and for impersonal and impartial judgment.

We talked of the practical results of psychical research during his fifty years of pioneer experience. Sir Oliver of course feels that the greatest practical accomplishment has been the proofs of personal survival.

"How many members of the Society share your convictions?"

"Do you mean," he asked, smiling, "how many *actually* share them, or how many would come out and put their names to it—for that's quite another matter?"

He himself seems serenely indifferent to criticism or derision. People of real assurance—whether social or spiritual—usually are. I asked about Eva C., the medium who has interested me most of any—and who, according to the Encyclopædia Britannica, has never been detected in any sort of fraud. (If you want to spend an exciting evening, get Dr. von Schrenck-Notzings' "Phenomena of Materialisation" and read his report on Eva.)

Sir Oliver says that she still holds her enviable record. He thinks "Margery" in America a still more remarkable medium, and says that the Australian biologist, Tillyard, who went to America a complete skeptic, was convinced by Margery in spite of himself; and is writing an article about her in the scientific magazine "Nature."

We talked of the work of the Frenchmen. "You must see Richet and Ostey in Paris," said Sir Oliver, "and René Sudre. There is good work being done at the Institut Metapsychique."

So is there in England. Each time I come in contact with the British and European Societies for Psychical Research, I am more impressed with the quality of the men and of the work.

The first time I visited the British Society, they had just received the remarkable pictures of their first experiments with Eva C. I remember the fine calm and detachment of the secretary and of the others. "Yes, it is very interesting—yes, it does look as though the phenomena are genuine. But of course, we must make further tests. We can't take these few pictures as final."

All the difference between the scientific and the spiritualistic attitude—the impartial and the partizan. It is this that has constituted the great value of the work of these men and women as contrasted with the usual eager spiritualistic "circle." The British Society for Psychical Research has made a great contribution to mankind. In another fifty years we shall perhaps begin to appreciate how great.

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Tea with Louise Jordan Miln, who writes those colorful Chinese novels. She, like Sir Oliver, has been for many years interested in spiritualism, but unlike him, she is not "convinced"—though still perfectly open to conviction. She told me she had gone for months to one of the famous mediums in America, and had been considerably impressed with some of this woman's achievements. They became good friends.

Just before Mrs. Miln left the city where this medium lives, she said to her, "Look here, I'm going away. I shan't be back here for years—perhaps never. You know I'm your friend, I wouldn't hurt your business for the world. Tell me—is there anything in all this? Do the spirits really come?"

The woman gave her a long and equally frank look. "I don't know. I can't tell you. Most people tell me everything about themselves before they've been in here five minutes. But there are times when—certainly there's *something*. But I don't know what it is!"

This seemed to me as interesting as any "proofs" I had ever heard.

### *July Fourth*

Spent the morning with Mrs. Besant. She is staying at Westside House, Lady De La Warr's, at Wimbledon. Every one in the train was going to the tennis finals, and obviously thought me quite mad to be getting off at a farther station. Yet I am sure I was the most excited person in the train, and had the most entertaining morning.

Westside House is a lovely English mansion, with wide lawns and glowing gardens, spreading away into green fields. The last time I went to find "A. B.," was up the grubby stairs of her newspaper office—"New India"—in the middle of the bazaar, in Madras. Now she came to meet me down the stairway of this gracious English house—looking quite delightful in her soft white silk robes, with her beautiful white hair, and her expressive vital hands outstretched in welcome.

"Where will you sit?—oh, it doesn't matter about *me!*" She scorned the cushions, and took a straight-backed desk-chair. We talked. India, Ojai, Theosophy, feminism, new civilizations, old human nature.

Ripe wisdom, sweetness, humor—and that strange, strong peace of those who have come *without bitterness* out of great tribulation and have reached that high ground where they can never be hurt or hurt any one again. Doesn't the strength of the really strong lie in the fact that they require nothing, and are ready to give everything—*are* giving all that they have?

She told me of a gracious thing she meant to do for a friend of ours. Some years ago, an attempt was made to discredit this man—one of her representatives in a far country, who was eleven thousand miles from her at the time. Hundreds of letters were written her, denouncing him and requesting his removal.

During all this—I happen to know—he wrote to her one letter: "Dear Mother—I shall be very glad to answer any questions you may want to ask me about this unhappy business."

She replied: "My dear son—you are my trusted friend. There is nothing I want to ask."

On another occasion, a man whom she had educated and befriended, and who owed all that he was and had to her, spoke and wrote of her most shamefully. Every one who loved her was up in arms. All that she has ever been known to say on the subject, was: "He is working things out in his own way. We must all stand by him."

No one can be as great as that, and be small in anything. We were speaking of a slighting article written in an American magazine by a man who had made much money out of her visit to our country. I was properly indignant. All she said was—thoughtfully—"It seems odd he should have written that. He was quite charming to me all the time we were together."

Do you think it really matters what philosophy develops a character like that? Doesn't such a character make one want to investigate the philosophy that produced it, with a new respect?

And one day she will be gone, and our obituary editors will get out their scrap-books and adjectives; and tardily we shall be told that we had among us one of the great statesmen; —one of the finest minds, and one of the noblest humanitarians. And what is rarer still, perhaps, and more precious: a very great lady.

### *July Fifth*

Anglo-American Peace Meeting, to urge action on the Kellogg proposals. Hall packed—all nations, types, parties. Mongols and Javanese, as well as Lancashiremen and New Yorkers. Evening dress, and red ties. Behind me sat some Russians, a Singhalese, and two buyers from Chicago. And the man I had just decided on as the most "typically British" of the entire assembly, turned out to be the President of the American Chamber of Commerce!

It was rather tremendous—all of us from every corner of the world, and every sort and grade of life, all there *and united* together. I remember riding home on an army-truck through the mud of gashed French roads, on Armistice Day, and wondering if there could ever be anything that would unite men in peace, as fear and indignation had united them in war.

Here it was. The passion for peace, itself—the universal loathing and terror of war. And you had this amazing collection of people and interests coming together: Colonel Buchan (Conservative M. P.); Mr. Clynes—Labor; Francis Powell—the aforesaid Chamber of Commerce President; Henry Wickham Steed, editor of the British "Review of Reviews," and Mrs. Besant. These were the speakers, with Lord Parmoor in the chair.

The key-note on which he opened the meeting might, it seemed to me, be usefully introduced into many meetings and many situations in life: "Where a principle is unquestionably right, to insist upon settling details before accepting the principle, is a piece of destructive criticism." All the speakers urged immediate acceptance of the Kellogg proposals "without reservation or complication."

Mr. Powell gave a good description for the British of the different sections of America, their naturally very different interests, and the growth of public opinion to the point where the Kellogg proposals were possible. He rather spoiled an otherwise good talk by an unfortunate reference to "the Pacific slope, which protects the rest of the country from the oncoming hordes of Asia!" As one side of the hall was at that moment lined with those hordes—silently studying this meeting for World Peace, at which they and three fourths of the world's population have no place and no recognition—one could not help wondering what they were thinking! Incidentally, all through this meeting, I was struck with how very *passé* the "stand-pat" note has come to sound. As some one recently wrote, "the person seeking the selfish interests of one man or one group, to-day, is an anachronism."

Buchan, Clynes and Mrs. Besant all gave fine talks—Buchan pointing out that Peace is going to be no passive *dolce far niente*, but an adventure as strenuous and almost as difficult as war. Wickham Steed said that he had discussed this whole matter with President Coolidge last year, for three hours and a half. I longed to say that in that case, he had extracted more conversation from that gentleman than any visitor in history!

Applause was generous, enthusiasm waxed high, resolutions were passed urging the British Parliament to accept the Kellogg proposals without reservation and without delay—and Colonel Buchan and Mr. Clynes hurried back to the House to lend their voices to the discussion at that moment going on.

As the meeting broke up, and the great crowd poured out into Westminster, toward the lighted Houses of Parliament, Yorkshire rubbing shoulders with Kansas, Philadelphia linking arms with Liverpool, it was interesting to remember that it was July 5, 1928—scarcely one hundred and fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence—that the two once hostile nations came together in this great confession of interdependence, and to sign a pact with all the world for peace!

### *July Sixth*

Went to see Lord Haldane, at his house in Queen Anne's Gate. A deep rich mind, and delightful personality. His great subject, of course, is "relativity"—and Einstein is reported to have said that Haldane was the one man in England who really knew what *he* was talking about!

Lord Haldane is interested in relativity in its wider and more philosophical meaning. He states his position somewhat in this fashion: "What has Einstein taught us? He has taught us that space and time are not fixed things apart from the mind. He says that what we mean by space and time is really relations in which things stand to us living here as particular existences on an earth which is moving through space at eighteen miles a second. If we are quite still, things will seem quite different from what they are when we are moving with a huge velocity.

"Einstein says that space and time, when you work that out, turn out to be nothing more than relations established between the mind and the things that it observes, and the relations vary according as the observant mind is still or moving. If I look out of the window and continue to observe, I see the sun moving across the heavens, and apparently going round the earth; and that is what people believed to happen, for thousands of years. We know now that the earth goes round the sun, and that it was only the relativity of our position that made us fancy we were at rest and that the sun had a circular motion round us.

"This conventional view brings about relativity. Now reflect on the truth that applies to a great many other things besides the motion of the sun. It applies to our ideas on the great subjects of God, freedom, and immortality. If the point of view that I have been putting is true, then we should rather think of the passing away of the world than of the passing away of our own minds. If space and time are relations belonging to the world which the mind has created, then the mind itself they cannot affect. I do not say we can conceive a mind after death carrying on the sort of everyday existence which is carried on in this world. But I think the power of mind transcends time and space, and I regard death as an event which happens to the body, an event over which we triumph, and through which we feel ourselves at one with God."

### *July Seventh*

Went to see Dr. Harold Laski, Professor of Political Science at the London School of Economics. This, as you probably know, is a rather remarkable institution. The professors believe in teaching the students to think! This is done by turning them loose among the best brains of many different parties and points of view.

At ten o'clock the student hears a lecture by a brilliant Conservative. At eleven, he hears the Conservative exploded by a member of the Labor Party. At twelve, he hears them both riddled by a Liberal.

"But isn't this very confusing to the youthful mind?"

"It doesn't work out that way," said Laski. "Almost no young man leaves this School without a very clear-cut and definite philosophy of his own, and a practical plan for carrying it out. Furthermore, he has developed a definite and vivid interest in the politics and affairs of his country. Politics with us in England is a vital thing that concerns every individual —not something low and apart, to be parceled out to a set of clever ruffians who don't mind getting into the muck. There are in the London School of Economics, seven hundred Conservatives, one thousand Labor men, and five hundred Liberals. During elections they take an active part, working with their respective parties. Public questions are debated—and this training sends the students out into the world feeling that government and the affairs of their country are most tremendously their concern. They never lose that feeling."

Under the English tutorial system, the student meets once or twice a week with his tutor and two or three other boys, in a more intimate group than the public lectures. The tutor gives essays, launches discussions. The student makes statements.

"Why do you say that?" "Professor So-and-so said it." "Yes—well what do *you* think?" (Certainly that is one question I never was asked during my whole four years at college!) Here the student is challenged, probed, drawn out—*educated!* Not the young assistants, but the best professors and biggest men are kept for this—as the British feel—most important work.

Dr. Laski taught at Harvard for three years, and has things to say about the difference in the lot of a professor, too; he also worked with President Wilson at Washington during the war. His picture of Wilson, by the way, is an interesting one. He saw never a sign of the autocracy, of the overbearing ways so often ascribed to our late President. "He was most delightful and considerate to work with," said Dr. Laski. "More than any American politician I have known, he was like the best type of English and European statesman."

We talked about the future of politics. I have been seeing rather a lot, lately, of psychologists and psychotherapists—including ministers who, like Dr. Fosdick, are finding it more and more necessary to introduce analytical methods into their spiritual confessionals. Their work, while fine, has seemed to me a good deal like the efforts of the doctors in our hospital during the war: patching people up, to send them straight back into the same old firing-line. The same economic, emotional and spiritual *mess*. I asked Laski if he saw any hope of a change in the economic and political situation.

He said, yes—that he foresaw a very decided change, and saw it coming about already. He thinks that government will be by small groups of people with like interests, running their own affairs according to the interests of the group. That formal government will be almost entirely international. Certain things, he said, such as police, control of raw materials and so on, *must* be handled by formal government. But most things are better handled by the groups whose special affairs they are. In England they are being very successful with the advisory boards appointed (in the civil service) to arbitrate between such groups and the government. Lloyd George said these boards could never possibly be made to work. Six weeks later he appointed some of them. They have worked very well indeed. Laski sits on one. They have just had up the case of the typists for the government. The typists were getting fifty-two shillings a week. The board heard their case and gave them seventy-four shillings. Similarly with the decorators of palaces and public buildings. These were getting three hundred pounds. They demanded six hundred and got five hundred and thirty.

This group government of course means organization—but it is natural organization; and if properly instead of unwisely directed, it will prove the best sort of governmental machinery we can get. The professors are organized too. In the London School, they have much more control over the curriculum—which is what they are supposed to know about; and a professor cannot be dismissed for the expression of any opinion—social, political or religious. If his conduct comes up for criticism, he will be given a fair trial by a jury of his peers. He cannot be arbitrarily dismissed by a despotic president, on the recommendations of a handful of disgruntled alumni whose "interests" are threatened by his plain speech.

This is why, Laski says, men will take one third the salaries offered them in other countries, to stay on in such an institution, for here, as President Wilson so expressively put it, "we are not simply puppets earning a livelihood, but men living a life!"

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If there is one thing I have been impressed with this summer, it has been the constant recurrence of that word "International." At Brussels, where I was attending a convention made up of Dutch, Belgians, Russians, Czechs, Spanish, Italians—in the amazing Babel of the convention restaurant, the one word constantly popping up and that everybody could understand was "*internationale—internazionale—internacional*—" In all languages—where every other word is different, that word is the same. Isn't that in itself rather significant?

Down on the Isle of Wight, where I spent a fortnight, there were many Germans—teachers, and professors from various colleges, on their holidays. We used to sit after dinner and have great talks. And no matter where we began—tariff, passports, labor, non-employment, immigration—in two minutes we were back at the same thing: international organization, a United States of Europe—ultimately, of course, of the World.

"*We* shall not see it," one of the Herr Doktors said earnestly, "in our time, no. But soon—yes! It is inevitable. Not because of high ideals or noble principles (we should like to think so!); but because this present way is too confoundedly inconvenient."

I believe it. If for no other reason than the fact that we were there in an English drawing-room, ten years after the war, discussing our common problems.

I am going next month to the preliminary meeting of the Universal Congress of Religions at Geneva—the eleven great religions of the world joining to work for unity and peace. It is an age of conventions and congresses—"getting together." There may be too many of them. Some may be sentimental, some futile. The most important thing is not the formal "causes" for which people officially come; but the friendships that are made, the understanding that is cemented, the feeling of closeness and coöperation, where once suspicion and hostility ruled.

I remember hearing a very fine speaker—the Rev. John Murray—say to one of the great crowds that came to hear him: "I often think, in preparing my talks, that it matters very little what I say here. It is the spirit in which we all come here, that counts."

It is the spirit carried to, and carried back from these international meeting-places, that is the real accomplishment. That spirit will one day make peace on earth and good-will to men not a temporary emotion or remote ideal, but a sustained and permanent state of consciousness.

# NIGH ON TO THIRTY

## *Looking Back on a Young but Active Life*

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

NIGH on to thirty! No chitling precisely, but still so young that if we are a surgeon we have yet to perform our first 'pendectomy; if a lawyer we still quake at the peremptory gavel of a circuit judge. So young indeed that a few thin wisps of illusion persist in trailing behind us as we come. But the adolescent blur is gone, and something like perspective rises out of the fog. Health and good appetite wait upon our pleasures, power cracks its electric whip, and the dark vizor of failure has not yet been drawn over our eyes.

What does Nigh On To Thirty see as he "swings the world a trinket at his wrist"? Now that a cooler gale has tempered the heats of adolescence, what loves remain, what visions persist? What institutions might he wish to qualify, eradicate, cherish? Academic questions? Not at all! If it is important to know what any one thinks—and we go on that assumption in a thousand interviews a day—it is important to know what Nigh On To Thirty thinks of politics, poetry, education and life in America. In another ten years he will be well up on the engineer's box, pushing the rattletrap old planet for all her boilers will carry. And it would be a false humility which prevented him—even in the presence of Well Past Forty and Nearing Sixty—from uttering a Delphian inventory of his affairs in the year 1928.

Nigh On To Thirty has no desire to reform the world on a basis of this inventory, nor does he care to slide into the facile pessimism treading on the heels of early piety. His preoccupation is that of a detached and (he hopes) good-tempered observer. Just so far as a geodetic survey is without social implications, he proposes that these observations be without them. An irrational affection for the United States, plus a wild optimism springing from Celtic ancestry and a Tory blood-pressure, prevent him from attacking or lamenting anything. Isaiah, not Jeremiah, is his prophet; Epicurus, not Schopenhauer, is his philosopher. He cannot imagine himself being permanently happy in any other country than America. Vermont seems to him a lovelier State than Provence; the dory a nobler craft than the gondola. He intensely admires his industrial contemporaries, but is glad he doesn't have to work in their factories. When General Motors jumps twenty points he is delighted, even though he realizes it is not jumping for him; and conversely, when the bears rush in to depress the market he exults to think that he will never get caught holding the bag. Concerning beauty contests, tabloids, trombone-evangelism and political conventions, he has opinions too; but since these things do not matter anyway, he will speak of them no more.

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Nigh On To Thirty painfully remembers the shock of his first collision with the blunt edges of democracy. He was at the time barely out of his seaman's uniform, and his faith in popular assemblies was as new as the suit of civilian clothes that signalized his return to private life. Now whether he had been reading too many of Webster's speeches, or whether life on a destroyer was too hazily idealistic, is not quite clear. At any rate, he had dedicated himself to the Public Service, and was pining for the opportunity to make orations, write platforms, and in the not too distant future, hold office. As he sniffed the sawdust and sorghum of the political arena, a large altruism swelled within him. He would engage in politics not so much for personal gain and glory, as for the cause of the People. Ah, yes, the People! He would define their position, and restate their case in the halls of government. He would be their spokesman, their champion.

Then the People did a surprising thing and lost a perfectly good champion forever.

On September 11, 1920, the Boston Police walked out on strike, leaving a great city to the mercies of a looting, rioting mob. The elements of that mob will never be analyzed; whether it was composed of professional loafers and criminals, or whether a chunk of the proletariat was temporarily shaken loose from its law-fearing foundations, will never be known. But within an hour after the police laid down their badges, the life and property of some half-million persons were threatened by a reign of terror. Hordes of bullying rascals swarmed up from the North and South Ends; flying squadrons of petty thieves pilfered the small shops, assaulted pedestrians and played dice in the middle of Court Street. Tradesmen stood armed before their stores, and platoons of private detectives guarded the banks in the financial district.

Because Nigh On To Thirty loved Boston as the city of his birth, he immediately tendered his services to the Mayor, as a volunteer policeman. He was straightway armed with a revolver, a club, a nickel-plated badge, and was despatched to Scollay Square, the vortex of the rioting tornado. Here he met the People, twenty-thousand of them, milling about in their raw unbolted state, throwing their stinking night-caps in the air, and in brief, acting like all mobs since and before Cæsar. The Volunteer had been directed to keep the trolley-tracks clear; with some faint notion that his orders should be followed, he managed to get one trolley-car through that human puddle; then the tidal wave of mob-rage broke. A cobblestone whizzed out of the crowd and traveled in a lethal arc toward the Volunteer's head. "Scab," they were calling him now. The cobblestone came within six inches of its mark, and was intercepted by the cheek-bone of a hunchback who was flailing the Scab with his great fists. The hunchback slumped to the ground unconscious, and the mob leapt for vengeance upon the Scab. "Kill the bastard," they cried, stripping him of his coat and shirt. They knocked him down upon the cobbles of his native city, they covered him with their filth of mud and language—a slime that no years can ever wash away. Finally when he was prostrate on the stones and was being kicked to death by his people, he drew his revolver and, in language he'd a little rather not repeat, announced that the next mobster who touched him would die of acute lead-poisoning. The crowd opened like a fan, and the Volunteer stood with his back to a subway kiosk for six mortal hours while his potential constituents hurled abuse and garbage at his head.

The next night—having grown old in wisdom—he stepped discreetly into a narrow doorway and let the mob whirl past him in pursuit of another Volunteer, who had made the fatal mistake of shooting and running away. No bronze plate marks the spot of this second Boston Massacre.

And after forty-eight hours of crashing disillusionment, the Scab heard a wizened little man in the State House utter a belated proclamation about law and order. The State troops were called out, and the Volunteers were permitted to go home without the formality of being thanked, or of having their names recorded as defenders of their city. Needless to say they were never reimbursed. There was only one Hero in that Boston Strike!

In the light of his experiences that week, the Volunteer decided not to write out his great Defense of the People. He felt then as he feels now—that the people would not be interested in anything he might say or do for them. When he sees some honest and dignified candidate catching the cobblestone of defeat flush on the chin, and when he hears the rabble shouting, "Give us Barabbas, give us Barabbas," he knows he does not care what becomes of that rabble, that its path is not his path, and that for better or worse he is not strong enough, earnest enough or concerned enough to see his political ideals pilloried and mangled at the hustings.

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Nigh On To Thirty had a great time in college. Two years of iron ships had put him in prize-ring shape, and when the last submarine mine had been swept out of Massachusetts Bay, he was a ravening wolf for ideas and high debate. At the University of Legerdemain he got both. For the first time he heard the syllables of many a beloved name; Shakspere and Chaucer spoke to him, and the ferment of Thoreau's yeast worked through his brain. The spirit of emulation rose within him; the spark of hero-worship that sets young flames roaring skyward found passionate tinder in his heart. He conceived something of an eclectic ideal—a strange mixture of Roosevelt, Pater, Brummell and Thomas a Kempis. He yearned to be all things at once, and the violent expansion of so many incongruous ideals nearly blew him to pieces.

On the football field he imitated the corkscrew plunges of Walter Koppisch, his All-American idol; sartorially he aped the plus-fours and pebbled-grained brogues of a rare young professorling whose dandyism was expanded to cover all the exigencies of life. From this academic Beau, the Freshman learned to savor Horace and to reverence the six-dollar cravat. And resolving, if industry could make it possible, to be another Keats, the Freshman learned the master's poems word for word. He wrote his first sonnet (oh pathetic, sedulous years) with Keats's works opened at, "*Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art*"—reasoning that few poetry teachers, living or dead, could do better by him than the maker of that sonnet. For a long time he carried Keats in his pocket, made lists of lovely inebriate words, and fingered every jewel in "Lamia," shimmering like a medieval carcanet at the throat of English poetry. Then he chanced upon "Prometheus Unbound"; the mortals departed and the gods took possession. Next, Geothe led him to the edge of the Faustian precipice and showed him the chasm that every man must bridge for himself. That winter he read nothing but Germans, and consequently flunked two important courses in mathematics. And just as everything was clearing up nicely, he was ambushed by Homer and his Greeks. A year of Greek grammar was a cruel apprenticeship, but at last he was rewarded by being able to touch the "Iliad" in the original and march with the Ten Thousand out of the Persian interior. One of his great unfinished tomes of this period is a note-book translation of the "Anabasis."

Then one day he fell into the hale fellowship of Zappa Chi, and within six months was blown further off his course than he ever cared to calculate. Exactly how it happened, he never knew, but the blandishments of one Homomagnus Phipps, a plausible upper-classman and the great man of the campus, somehow diverted him from the monastic footpath, and led him only half unwillingly out upon the broad highway of undergraduate racketeering. Bridge, bull-leagues and fraternity politics bleared his vision with febrile shadows; under Phipps's influence his day became a restless scrimmage, a succession of caucuses, conferences, plots, rallies and organized cheers. In a welter of social and political activity he lost the last shreds of leisure and individuality to which he had so pitifully clung. He knew it was better for him to have his own reading-lamp in a closet-like dormitory room, but when Phipps flatteringly suggested "that he could do a lot for the brothers" and "raise the tone of the house by his scholarship" he surrendered the privacy of his quiet cell and went to live with his brethren in the halls of Zappa Chi. Here he held dress-shirts, razors, raccoon coats and nine tenths of his ideas with the other eighteen men who lived in the menagerie. Regretfully, he laid aside his vague intimations of immortality and began to think in terms of "the House." He no longer pondered the five glorious mysteries; the big problem of the sophomore year was, "Shall we get a new piano or redecorate the foyer? Gamma Phig's done both. If we want to keep on attracting the better type of man, we've got to do the front hall over in blue and gold."

And so the Sophomore's head began to simmer with projects of costly bric-a-brac that neither he nor his fraternal playmates could afford. He put his violin in hock, that he might lay on correct raiment for the mid-winter dance. He sold his four volumes of Jowett's "Plato" to a second-hand dealer to pay the extra spring assessment of Zappa Chi. Then he lost his way altogether. Of solitude, of pleasant afternoons spent in refreshing meditation, of quiet evenings given over to friendly intercourse, he knew nothing. Peace, intellectual preoccupation and the leisurely examination of conscience were held to be monastic attributes, unworthy of undergraduate attention. In a bootless fury he stoked the boilers of his college life; for brains he substituted footwork, and the wear and tear of college came not on his intellect, but on his rubber heels. For a year he enjoyed as much privacy as a bus-boy in a cafeteria. Only in rare moments of compunction and sanity did he retire to the mellow serenity of the library book-stacks for a momentary reshaping of his course.

At such times he saw about him the hundred staple types generated by all universities. Troglodytes, dilettantes, hat-racks, grubmen, heelers, hand-shakers, solipsists and gentlemen drunks—they were all present. He observed however, that they fell into two major divisions—men of his own age who had seen military service and were prime for the experiences of living and learning; and a pimply, fledglingesque kind of creature still wet behind the ears, whose milk-teeth were wholly incapable of chewing the solid food of college. And from this contrast of types, a thesis was evolved: *No man under twenty years of age, no matter how studious or well-disposed, is ready to enter college.* In the class-room and fraternity hall the sixteen year old bleater pules like a spindle-shanked foal. None of us were especially well-seasoned, but these pubescent marvels were like green plums in sourest April. Two years before the mast, behind a counter or astride a steam-drill would toughen their muscles, stiffen their necks, and give them a relish for the ambrosial dishes set before them in college.

Which brings Nigh On To Thirty to the only conclusion he can form on the subject of American colleges. Despite the tons of literature written about the theoretical function of the A.B. course, it actually has but one function. It is a game-preserve, or if you will, a kind of incubator which undertakes to shield and warm the embryonic man until he develops an integumental covering stiff enough to protect himself. No one in college is deluded about this. The students know it, the trustees, deans and instructors know it. Gravely, they go through the motions of being serious and constructive about it all. Curriculums are plotted, fodder prepared, grades and scholarships ostentatiously awarded. But this is merely the mechanics of the business. In their hearts, college administrators know that society has made a compact with them. "Tend the sheep while they graze," says society. "Keep them busy gamboling to the tabor's sound. Shunt them casually into the public meadow of the good, the true and the beautiful (no one else is using the land, anyway)—and perhaps a blade or two of the lush herbage may nourish their woolly tenderness. In other words, get them ready for the market."

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Still, to a young man with a lode of sentimental asceticism running athwart his days, the life of an instructor offered a green-shaded refuge not to be found in the humid quarries of merchandizing or law. He knew several instructors who sat contentedly in their cool cubicles, surrounded by reproductions of Monet and Sisley, ate their frugal dinners with dandiacal elegance, and made a rather fine life of it. So after a year of soaking in M.A. brine, Nigh On To Thirty emerged as an instructor in English. He had been well-pickled in a strong History of Literature solution, and consequently knew just what Ruskin and J. S. Mill thought about everything that Ruskin and J. S. Mill *had* thought about. Which, between them, was everything. At first the young instructor was harrowed by his responsibility as a molder of youth. He remembers his priggery in recommending Royce for morals, Addison for style, and touch-football for stubborn skin diseases. He made out reading-lists for his students, heard their confessions during long walks, had them in to tea and out to dinner. Oh, it was a variously pleasant year. But the privilege of talking all day about Coleridge and Dante (and getting paid for it) was too excruciatingly joyous to last. The thrill of getting dressed up for a lecture on Byron (at Legerdemain we tried to harmonize costumes and subject matter; Byron was done with a shampoo and roll collar) began to pall when the young instructor realized that he was exhibiting at the rate of six dollars a day, the inner membranes of his soul for the benefit of some pre-medical and journalism students who considered Spenser a damp smack and P. B. Shelley an International Playboy. So after burning for a whole year on the altar of hopeless enthusiasm, the instructor began to dilute his emotional histrionics with frequent quizzes, class-room discussions and other well known substitutes for creative interpretation.

During the tutorial conferences he had with his students, he found himself discussing neither literature nor philosophy, but rather, the economic problems that were strangling his students to death. Seventy per cent of them were working their way through school, which meant that seventy per cent of them were unable to devote a third of the minimum time to the realities of college life. When a chap totes cafeteria trays three hours a day for his meals, and takes charge of a boy's club every afternoon for ten dollars a week, he is not likely to bring a shiny new edge of originality to his paper on Wordsworth's "Prelude," Bks. I, II and III. The instructor tried to interest prominent alumni in the budgetary problems of underclassmen who were suffering from the baneful effects of a strictly hash-house diet, or who were teetering on the verge of pneumonia after a month of taxi-chauffering in cotton underwear. Obviously the instructor could not buy woolens for every collegiate taxi-driver, or subsidize all pale youths who ate their cheap and nasty food in Greek crulleries along Amsterdam Avenue. He was aware that something was wrong somewhere, and suspected that the economics of higher learning needed a thorough overhauling. Finally, in talking with the Dean about the case of an acne-faced sophomore who had robbed his room-mate of some forty dollars, the instructor dared ask:

"Why was he ever admitted to college? Who let him in, anyway? What did he bring us but an underfed body, and a quarter-baked notion that he wanted to enter the overcrowded halls of medicine, a profession for which he was economically and physically unfitted; yet he was only a trifle lower grade than most of his brethren—say, what are half of these fellows doing here anyway, Mr. Dean?"

The Dean mumbled something about opportunity, democracy and other kindred verbifuge. Politeness kept the instructor from suggesting that a college education, of all mortal processes, is the most aristocratic and individualistic. Traditionally and really, all men are not born to the sheepskin. Simple experience should have blasted the democratic fallacy off the American campus long ages ago.

"Witness the flunkees of the entering class each year; a good forty per cent isn't it, Mr. Dean? We have to disqualify that many in sheer self-defense—we'd be stampeded otherwise—but if we put the screws on as hard as we could, another forty per cent would be squeezed out too. Then we could begin to talk about educational standards, and incidentally could keep our own self-respect. Look at these C minuses I've been giving my students. Two thirds of them should have been straight zeros. But I'm playing the game, Mr. Dean; oh, yes, I'm playing the little game of 'Be Kind to Mediocrity.' If I flunked every one, we'd both be out of jobs, and a college-full of academic equipment would be lying idle."

"Well, what's the answer?" asked the Dean, less than half good-naturedly.

"In four words, Fewer and Better Students."

The Dean shook his head. "I'm sorry," he began, more in sorrow than in rebuke. "I thought you had the makings of a sensible sheep-tender. Perhaps you will when you get older. But right now, you don't seem to understand just what we're trying to do here at Legerdemain."

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A pathological flair for editing has always kept Nigh On To Thirty in water several degrees above the boiling-point. Of the daily prints, the trade-journals and collegiate periodicals he has been immersed in, he says nothing, but hurries on to the last and most morbid of his editorial lapses—"Extemporary Verse," a magazine of poetry. For almost a year he *was* "Extemporary Verse," which means that in addition to reading a thousand manuscripts a week, he solicited advertisements, donations and subscriptions; read proof, pasted up dummies, wrangled with boss printers, and once a month addressed and mailed twelve hundred copies of the magazine. Unlike Harriet Monroe, he could not get himself endowed or even encouraged, and so the monthly deficit had to be paid out of the huge profits accruing to him as instructor in English. Within six months he had read twenty-five thousand poems, lost fifteen pounds, five hundred dollars—and naturally—all respect for American poets and poetry.

From eight in the morning till two the next morning—usually eighteen hours a day—he was never free from the combined duties of editor and instructor. Classes in the morning, lunch in his room as he read manuscripts, then an hour of hasty preparation for the morrow's lectures. From two till five he dictated letters to contributors, subscribers, rejectees, printers, advertisers—in fact, to every one connected with affairs of poetry. At five o'clock, no matter how these affairs stood—he got into his spiked or cleated shoes, and played football or baseball according to the season of the year. This feature of the daily program would now most certainly be omitted, but he fancied at the time that it was keeping him in shape. (Didn't Roosevelt swim the Potomac every day before breakfast?) A shower and dinner, the pleasantest part of the day, brought him to eight o'clock. From eight till ten he tried to write his own poems, study, or read a book-length manuscript from the publishing house that employed him as reader. Sometimes he varied the evening by taking a whirl at the movies, or lecturing to ladies' clubs on the Secret of Poesy. This lecture was a wow and could be heard for as little as fifteen dollars—which weekly sum he promptly handed over to a part-time secretary for taking the afternoon letters. But no matter where the evening had been spent, and sometimes it was spent in none of the ways mentioned, he unfailingly sat down at midnight to cull the day's shipment of verse. Once he let three evenings slip past without opening a single envelop. During the rest of his editorship he could never catch up with the procession, and was forever afterward some five hundred manuscripts below par.

Of every one hundred poems, ninety-eight would be utterly valueless—not worth the rejection slip that accompanied them back to the author. Three poems in a hundred were conceivably deserving of a letter of encouragement; actually, the editor wrote to any one who showed even the slightest gleam of poetical intelligence. His job, as he viewed it, was to unearth new poets; he dug and sifted mightily, for he was determined not to let a single manuscript go unassayed. But he rose from many a night's sifting without having discovered a single bubble of poetic yeast in the sterile batch of language on his desk. He was forced, however, to average one per cent acceptances on all contributions, else there could be no magazine.

Who wrote these thousand poems a week? What were their excellencies and defects? What rôles did they play in the lives of the obscure fumblers who wrote them? The answers to these questions are the most humbling revelations the editor ever made; to this day he cannot forget the brutal blows of these first auricular confessions. The vast unpublished bulk of American verse contains the material of countless sagas, the covert yearnings of ten thousand mute inglorious housewives, the rudest expression of man's perennial dreams. Powerfully banal and tritely tragic, these poems are the broken utterances of a submerged, inarticulate race.

The great majority of the poems were written by married women over thirty-five years of age, living in small towns and villages of the South and Middle West. Apparently New-Englanders write few poems and the Westerners have their own magazines. These verses were easily divisible into three classes, and of these the Unrequited Love theme was most frequently invoked. Running sixty to the hundred, the burden of this lay was: "When I behold a buttercup, or see a cowslip sway, I think of you and wonder, Love, just why you went away." This form in its many variations is usually cast in quatrains, often in a hand-adzed sonnet. But in any form it is the universal "best-writer," and brings the solace of art to many a blighted life.

Next in frequency comes the Cosmic Question poem, to which male poets are mightily addicted. In a bushel of manuscript there will be three pecks of cosmic question verse. The formula runs something like this: "The poet, standing beside a booming (foam-capped, wintry, storm-tossed) sea, studded with millions (or if the poet's mind is unusually active, billions) of stars, hears the chill north wind, strident as a lone gull's cry, presage the breaking storm." Why? What? Whence? and Whither? are the questions fired at the heavens in this octave. Of course no answer is forthcoming: the sonnet would be ruined if it were; so we plunge at once into a somberly pessimistic sestet in which some perfectly unoriginal ideas about Life, Death and Immortality jostle for a good ending. Answered or unanswered, the Cosmic Question poem claims many a foot-pound of editorial energy, and in the end gets no one anywhere.

A scattering ten per cent of poems come wrapped around the following themes. One: I sought for Beauty in the field and wood. Two: the little boy I used to be. Three: sleep, sleep, lullaby baby, breast, nest, glowing west, and so on. Beauty, lost innocence, and the peaceful sleep of infancy seem to be potent stimulants of the poetic imagination, chiefly because they are usually inaccessible to the kind of person who writes about them.

The Editor explained, to himself at least, that the modern phenomenon of universal poetry-writing, together with the machinery of poetry magazines, poetry societies, and paid publication of anemic volumes, were all by-products of the woman's movement. Poetry used to be written about women; now it is written for and by women. Granted that one can do it at all, one needs only a surplus of sentimentalized emotion, and a rhyming dictionary to set up as a lady poet. Thousands of them clog the lyric highways, outnumbering the male jongleurs twenty to one; and even a cursory examination of any current magazine or anthology will prove that American poetry is in an advanced stage of effeminization. The sugary metamorphosis of the very dew of heaven goes on apace; we wriggle and cry out as the syrup descends upon us in torrents. But in vain. We are a lady-ridden race of dapple-grays due for a good lacing yet awhile. Sometime a Petruchio-critic may arise among us and do a bit of shrew-baiting—but that is merely a distant hope. For the present, one might as logically expect sumac-leaves to play Beethoven sonatas. And when Thomas Hardy died, the visible supply of anthracite poetry dwindled to almost nothing at all, and the winter of our discontent seemed very cold indeed.

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The summer of his twenty-eighth year saw the beginning of the happiest interlude in the Editor-Instructor's life—an interlude that is not yet ended, and which by careful husbanding and a little good luck, may joyfully go on forever.

At the end of the school year, Nigh On To Thirty had almost twenty-five dollars, and a great weariness of the allied industries of editing and teaching. His own poetry—the thing he (theoretically) cared most for in life was evaporating under the forced draught of his existence. He was as completely and hopelessly bogged as any of his faculty colleagues. The daily stint of reading a hundredweight of manuscript was giving him critical ophthalmia. Sincerity in the class-room, interest in a too-heavy schedule of lectures, zest for the midnight revelations of freshmen, seemed no longer possible. Resolving not to teach in summer school (as financial expediency dictated) he turned renegade and fled to an isolated, rent-free mountaintop overlooking a northern spur of the Hudson. Here amid a thicket of birches he pitched a second-hand tent and set up his fireplace of fieldstone. Some mountain deity guided him aright, for the tent did not blow down, and the fireplace still serves him.

He had long believed that no one could starve to death in America, and suffered no pain in putting his conviction to the test. Some rye bread, corn-meal and coffee, added to the perch he pulled out of the lake, kept him full fed for the first week. He split twenty cords of maple for a farmer and got more cash, butter, milk and eggs than he knew what to do with. He sold a sonnet to THE CENTURY and lived for fourteen days on the proceeds. If he could have sold the long narrative he had just finished, he would have been independent for life.

Living alone amid his thicket of birches, freed for a time of desire and ambition, Nigh On To Thirty forgot that he had no money, that he was condemned to tread an endless belt of academic routine. He even forgot he was a poetry editor. He read nothing, talked to no one, swam much, and wrote three of the best poems he will ever write. The uninterrupted calm of his birch thicket fell like a leafy unguent on his rasped nerves. Leisure, that unpurchasable water of life, ran past his ragged tent; he lay beside the stream, listening to its amber purl of idleness. And, having nothing to do, for the first time in his life he began to think.

He thought of the University, the huge business of Culture, Inc., to which he would return in the fall. He thought of the miserable wage he would get for the privilege of haranguing a regiment of pre-law students, commuters, unbelievers all. He saw himself once more in the squirrel-cage of the class-room; he heard again the academic inanities of his colleagues. Around his neck he felt the millstone of a third-rate poetry magazine.

He thought of the warm stars that had been the guides of his first youth. They were no longer in his firmament; nothing of that earlier sky remained. Where was that new Scholar-Poet of the first magnitude who by this time should be rising in the East? Where indeed, but buried in a little wrinkle of a university, his work not even begun, hesitating and listening for little voices to tell him what to do—that the foyers must be painted in green and gold, that he must first get his Ph.D., and that he must print poems that would please ladies' clubs in Wigbo, Arkansas, and Nimmish, Tennessee.

Then one day the strange and beautiful idea of living life for its own sake, of doing only the things one likes to do, and of shunning the needless complexity of organized relations, floated in through his open tent-flap, and hovered like a fresh dream above his head. What had he been doing for nearly thirty years? Why had he deluded himself so long, mixing with the sweetness of youth the barren bitterness of false ideals? Had he lost sight of the pure and tranquil stream of life that wound somewhere beneath the yellowed froth of other people's business? Must he run forever with the panting mob, chasing ephemeral shadows, neglecting the business of eternal life while the numbered days of his youth shriveled and died like flowers beside a dusty road?

He rose and went out into the grove of birches. A little wind ran close to the ground and the triple note of the bobolink fluted up from a corn-field in the valley below. He lay down upon a carpet of wild flowers and looked up at the cloudless sky. He had spoken to no one for a week; his watch had stopped and he had not wound it for days. He closed his eyes and sank down upon the pillowing flowers.

Then the husk of his old life fell away from him. No thunderbolt cut the asters beside him—he heard no voice cry *Tolle lege*, but he knew that he would never again be a college instructor or an editor of poetry—that he would never again read a manuscript he did not want to read.

He knew that he was through with universities and women's clubs, with deans, sophomores, office-seekers, back-alley rooms and other people's affairs. He would mind his own business, write his own poems, think his own poor thoughts. He would live his own life, as simply, as steadily, as honestly as he could. He was too young to let the prison-shades close about him yet. He would wander in the fields a while longer—

When he sat up again the evening was windless and still. The birch-leaves were quiet, the sky was quiet, the earth was quiet.

And for the first time in his life, Nigh On To Thirty was quiet too.

# THE TRIBES THAT SLUMBER

## *Queer Creatures Have Walked the Earth Who Walk No More*

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.

FOR more than one hundred million years the earth had enjoyed good health. Fever, chill and convulsion no longer racked her bones as in the days gone by. Life, the offspring of her distempered youth, had somehow survived, and had developed vigorously in the calm that followed. For more than one hundred million years of the Paleozoic era, warm shallow seas, teeming with simple animals and plants, had flowed and ebbed over the low continents. Bare lands had been clothed and peopled; the maturing earth had smiled as she moved through space. But nothing can last forever. Slowly the ills of the past crept back. Mountains, the wrinkles of suffering, changed the smile into a frown. Fever made deserts of gardens, and chill brought glaciers into tropical seas. Whole tribes of living creatures, softened through æons of easy existence, returned to the dust. They will never rise again, for the moving finger, having writ, moves on.

Death is the penalty for life. From mole to man, all who live must pay. Rocks are the graveyards of the past, and the student of fossil shells and bones sees the grim phenomenon in every guise. He sees not only individuals but entire races cut down by the Reaper's blade. Queer creatures have walked the earth who walk no more. Like men who give a part of themselves to their children, some extinct animals acquire a modicum of immortality in living descendants. But many others are hopelessly dead. Like men who leave no children, they have left no offspring species. Their blood has dried forever. What were the causes that brought them to their doom?

Such changes in climate as those that came with the close of the Paleozoic era must be one cause of the blotting out of races. Cold alone has repeatedly taken a heavy toll. When glacial climates fell upon the earth, whole orders of backboneless marine animals, grown weak and sluggish under a torrid sun, sank into icy graves. A few of the more active ones found salvation in distant seas, far from the deadly currents off the melting glaciers. On land the story has been the same. With the coming of ice-sheets, many creatures perished, others were driven to more friendly places. At times a species stood by its guns and won. The Siberian mammoth of the last glacial period, almost alone among the tribe of elephants, gave battle to the blasts from the Arctic, while relatives fled to greener pastures in the tropics. Unfortunately for heroism, the Siberian mammoth is now extinct from other causes.

Desert climates have often shifted the channel of the life stream. Aridity helped the backboned animals to free themselves from the water. The Devonian fishes would never have ventured from their pools if a desert sun had not threatened death by suffocation. Waters soured and dried up, many creatures died, but a few learned to breathe air and were saved. From them came the first amphibians, who walked on legs and breathed through lungs for part of their lives.

With the return of moist conditions the amphibians multiplied. They never lost their love of the water, for they spent their early childhood in it, breathing through gills. This habit was disastrous when the desert came again. Whole tribes of amphibians croaked their version of the swan song. Others escaped and lingered to the present, but they were never conspicuously successful. A few adaptable ones gave rise to the reptiles who breathed air throughout their lives. But even the reptiles were destined to make their offering to the desert, for aridity came once more, reduced the food supply, and starved many sluggards to death. The more resourceful survived and gave rise to the active, warm-blooded birds and mammals. Desert ages, like ice ages, drive the elect over the graves of their less fortunate brethren.

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Underlying the hostile climates that bring suffering and death to the flesh, are the periodic convulsions in the rock body of the earth itself. The globe is slowly shrinking, and from time to time, the surface is thrown into wrinkles. With each period of wrinkling, the circulation of air and ocean water is changed. Climates in their turn are changed, and the lives of plants and animals. Streams are quickened so that mud and fresh water are borne far into seas that were clear and salt before. Many animals, such as corals, cannot stand the change. They are poisoned by the mud and choked by the freshened water. Some escape but others die. A few remain and fight it out, only to become dwarfs, travesties of their former selves. And too, on newly made islands, competition grows with the growing hordes and the waning of the food supply. The small stature of Shetland ponies testifies to the rigors of island life. In one place a mountain barrier is raised, closing an area to the rest of the world. Animals increase, foods decrease, and death comes to the weak. In another place a barrier is lowered, allowing a tribe of vigorous foreigners to enter and exterminate the native inhabitants. Near the middle of the reign of the sabertooth tigers, a land bridge was established between North and South America. Eager for new hunting grounds, the great beasts crossed from the northern to the southern continent. Even in those days, cats liked the taste of a weakling's blood, and the giant sloths of South America soon became extinct. These and many other examples show how intimate is the relationship between the destiny of living creatures and changes in the earth on which they live.

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But no change in the environment, however disastrous to individuals, can fully account for the extermination of whole races. Probably a few members would escape to hand on the flickering spark of life. Death comes ultimately from within. Tribes, like men, may make mistakes and pay for them with their lives. Like men, they may grow old and die a natural death.

From the time when living creatures first began to move in different directions, it was inevitable that some should choose paths that lead quickly to the grave. Over-specialization has ever been the curse of aspiring flesh. Soon after the fishes moved down to the sea from the rivers, they experimented with many body styles. The members of one tribe were small, heavily armored, but unburdened with jaws and limbs. Another race was composed of large individuals, well fortified with bony plates and terrible shears for lacerating the flesh of their victims. They were the only fishes that could ever boast a jointed neck. For a time these bizarre creatures were successful. But they were mistakes and Nature eventually buried them. Conservative races were less ornate but more capable of molding themselves to the demands of a changing environment. They were the stuff that real fish are made of, and their virtues live to-day under the scales of descendants.

Later the roof-headed amphibians had their day. But they also paid the penalty for over-specialization. They were too stupid and too sluggish to meet the great crisis when it came. At a time when the drive of life was toward the land they lingered by the water. In time the desert swallowed their pools, and the roof-headed amphibians died.

Reptiles ruled over land, air and ocean during the Mesozoic era. Among them were the largest and the most rapacious animals that ever roamed over any land. Many were beautifully fitted to their environment and mode of life. But when conditions changed, the proudest representatives of the reptiles were too rigid to meet the new demands. When the swamps were drained and cold weather rolled in at the close of the era, all the dinosaurs gave up the ghost. With them went all the great serpents of the sea and the haughty dragons of the air. Only the simple reptiles were able to carry on to the present.

Mammals, modern protagonists of the life drama, have not come up from the past unscathed. Their history has clung to the pattern established by their predecessors. The tribes that vanished were not those who remained simple and ready for change, but the ambitious ones who built for permanence in an impermanent environment. The archaic titanotheres with their browsing teeth starved when the forest dwindled and there was nothing to eat but grass. The clumsy hoofed amblypods stumbled into extinction when life became synonymous with speed. Like others before them they succumbed when their world became unfriendly. But they would have survived in spite of vicissitudes if the germ of death had not been growing in their bodies.

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Degeneration, like over-specialization, usually heralds the passing of a race. A tribe of Paleozoic snails decided to sacrifice respectability for comfort, and took to living as parasites on the hard-earned flesh of their neighbors. They dwelt in ease for a long time, but finally met the fate they deserved. For when the crucial moment came they were too weak to make the changes that alone could save their lives. Many races have shown marked physical degeneracy before the coming of death. Several species of dinosaurs lost their teeth and then their lives. The toothless turtles, sturgeons, and birds once possessed an impressive armament of teeth. With the possible exception of the birds, the claws of extinction are closing upon them.

When animals become larger than their ancestors and their relatives they are marked for death. Growth force has repeatedly run amuck in the past. The fable of the frog who tried to puff himself up to the dignity of an ox, only to shatter his bones as well as his ambition, is a fact often repeated in the history of living things. A clam is not a colossus and only dies when he tries to become one. Yet many tribes of Paleozoic shell-fish, finding life inglorious, tried to become giants. But they burned out with the effort. The massive sauropods of the Mesozoic, sixty to eighty feet long and weighing more than thirty tons, were the largest but also the last of their race. Whales, elephants, the hippopotamus, and the gorilla are the largest animals of their kind that ever lived. All are fighting losing battles with death. A living dog is better than a dead lion, but the dogs in Nature's menagerie have seldom learned to appreciate themselves.

A faultless indicator of ebbing vitality in a race is the development of spines. Many lines of simple animals, notably among the brachiopods, cephalopods and trilobites, ended in species highly decorated with spines and pustules. Certain fishes now extinct were living pincushions. One Carboniferous lizard was rigged like a sailing vessel, but he soon disappeared beyond the horizon and was never seen again. A dinosaur of the Mesozoic was a walking citadel of flesh, entirely covered with armor plates and spines. He could sleep through the attack of any foe. But he was a scion of a race that had spent its vital force, and was soon to sleep forever. His bones were his only offspring.

The past has buried its dead, but the tribes that slumber in the bosom of the earth tell a story alive with meaning. For the story they tell is the all embracing, little varying story of life. Not only tribes but also individuals, not only the dead but also the living, all tell the same tale. Every man in his growth from a simple cell, through the gaining complexities of youth and maturity, to the inevitable decline of later years, retells the saga of the flesh. The rise and fall of civilizations is just a larger version of the same monotonous story. Only a few tribes have been able to escape playing their parts in Nature's tragic trilogy of birth, life and extinction. The death that lurks in the offing has failed to claim only a few creatures for his own. Yet these immortals also pay a penalty. They must live in endless mediocrity. Primitive, unstriving, content, they know neither the joy of success nor the pain of failure. But there are few to bear them envy, for a full life is worth the price of death.

# GALATEA TO PYGMALION

ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

Pygmalion, you were a daring one—
To wake a woman from the dreaming stone!

It was a male intrusion to evoke
Me from the marble with a chisel stroke.

Alone there in my virgin tenement,
I was serene, untroubled, quite content—

With no possessive one to say, "Do this!"
"Stay here!", "Go there!", or "Come, my love, a kiss!"

I am bewildered now; I find it strange
That hearts of flesh should have so wide a range;

That human life should hold so much of stress,
Of pain, of wonder and of wistfulness.

It is a great adventure to be human—
A greater venture still to be a woman.

In my bewilderment, it comes to me
That there was peace in immobility.

*But what has marble that can match the bliss*
*Of lips, warm lips, beneath a lover's kiss?*

*And how can peace compare to hot, sweet pain?*
*What flesh, love-wounded, would be stone again?*

It was a gesture of male arrogance
To break my dream, to wake me from my trance. . .

You were a daring and intrusive one—
*I bless your chisel, my Pygmalion!*

# THE GREAT AMERICAN DELUSION

*"The Strictest Law Sometimes Becomes the Severest Injustice"*

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

Of a fine spring morning two gentlemen took a stroll through the winding ways of what was then the seventeenth-century village of Boston. They were gloomily arrayed in black clothing and tall black hats, and they felt as gloomy as they looked. It irked them to hear the laughter of children playing by the roadside, to see the smiles on the faces of lads and lassies less mournfully arrayed than they, the contentment of burly men jesting together as tobacco smoke wreathed lazily from their lips. Happiness and pleasure had unmistakably invaded the little settlement on Massachusetts Bay.

The two somber strollers—who needed no label to identify them as Puritan clergymen of the ultra-prohibitory school—were profoundly shocked. Had they braved the perils of the deep to inaugurate in the New World an era of exuberant joy in merely being alive? Were the Mediterranean skies of the New England springtime, the fragrant flowers, the leafing trees, the blue waters and the rolling hills of New England—were these to be permitted to cause God's creatures to forget that they were one and all miserable sinners?

Out of such forgetfulness, their hypersensitive consciences warned the shocked clerics, would soon grow inclinations to diabolical wrong-doing. Well they knew the innate depravity of mankind, their whole schooling had prepared them to look splenetically for the worst. And it had taught them that there was only one way—absolutely only one way—to nip misthinking and misbehavior in the bud and insure rectitude of thought and of behavior. The taller, the leaner, the gloomier-looking of the two ambulant witnesses of demoralizing joy, had no doubt as to the one way of prevention and salvation. His form aquiver, his eyes agleam with the steely glint of fanaticism, he hissed to his companion:

"There ought to be a law against all this."

"You have said it," was the clucking response of the first of America's mighty present-day army of "yes men." "There will be a law against it. There will be a whole bookful of laws against it."

There was. Throughout the period of Puritan autocracy laws accumulated. It became criminal in the eyes of the law to smoke, to wear clothing other than that of a strictly stipulated sort, to ornament one's self even if it were only by the wearing of a ribbon, to work in one's garden on Sunday, to do much of anything on Sunday except go to church, read the Bible, and sing hymns.

To be sure, as you smilingly remind me, these laws were honored more in the breach than in the observance, and one by one passed to the dust-heap of the outgrown and forgotten. That is true enough. What also is true—and not to be smiled off—is that the Puritan passion for making people good and keeping them good by enacting laws, is still a dominant dogma in the land of the Puritan's successors, the sovereign people of the forty-eight commonwealths constituting the United States.

Not merely is it dominant, but of recent years it has been so violently asserted as to justify Charles Evans Hughes's description of the United States as "the greatest law factory the world has ever known."

It was only four years ago that Mr. Hughes lamented our reliance on laws to secure righteousness, and in the brief subsequent period the law-making tendency has been still more accelerated. The climax was thought to have been reached in 1923, when forty-three States of the Union enacted 15,000 new laws. But last year, in forty-four States, according to figures assembled by the National Industrial Council, some 50,000 bills and resolves of various kinds were introduced into State legislatures, and more than 17,000 of these became law. Add the 1422 laws adopted by the Sixty-Ninth Congress, which fortunately expired by limitation March 4, 1927; add, too, the 1927 crop of from 150,000 to 200,000 new laws and ordinances of cities, towns and counties, and you will appreciate that the ancient Puritan faith in law-making as the cure-all of social difficulties and shortcomings is still regnant.

It is still regnant despite the lamentable truth that as laws have been multiplied lawlessness has increased. So greatly has it increased that, not foreign observers only, but native-born investigators do not hestitate to pronounce the United States of to-day the most lawless of so-called civilized lands. It was not a foreign observer, for example, but a committee of the American Bar Association that lately reported that "the criminal situation in the United States so far as crimes of violence are concerned is worse than in any other civilized country." With an annual average of 12,000 known murders—God alone knows how many other killings pass unrecognized as murder—there is reason for the newspaper paragrapher's cynical jest that the United States is fast becoming the home of homicide.

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Against all classes of criminals, slayers, highwaymen, burglars, pick-pockets and the rest, the traditional remedy of many laws and harsh laws continues to be applied, but only with the result of swelling the total of executions and the prison population, the occurrence of crime not abating one whit. And lawlessness is far from being confined to those stigmatized as criminals. It is to be found in all social elements, being not unknown even among persons officially intrusted with the making, the administering or the enforcing of laws.

This has become peculiarly true

during the past few years, or since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States and the enactment of the Volstead Law designed as an enabling act for the Amendment. No prophet was needed to foretell that this curious reversion to frankly and aggressively Puritanical law-making would be about as popular as were the kindred measures the early autocrats of Massachuestts Bay tried vainly to put into effect. Few were prepared, however, for the amount of lawlessness the Volstead Act has directly engendered.

In large sections of the country it is openly flouted, alcoholic beverages being sold as in the pre-Volstead years, but of a poorer quality and at a much higher price. Even where the Volstead Act is supposedly in favor much alcohol is secretly consumed, the consumers including not a few with a strange proclivity for voting dry and drinking wet. And there has developed an entirely new industry, the industry of providing prohibition liquor for the multitudes who want it, an industry capitalized in the millions, ably organized, and carried on by an army of executives and workers.

Against this army another army, that of the prohibition enforcement agents of the United States, is in ceaseless action—often, alas, in lawless action. In theory, as everybody knows, even persons accused of crime have sundry rights under the law, and certainly they have the moral right to humane treatment by officers of the law. Again and again, if newspaper reports are to be accepted, the legal rights of Volstead Law breakers are ruthlessly invaded, and they themselves treated with despicable brutality.

Only a few days ago I noticed a despatch detailing the shooting of a sixteen-year-old Indiana boy, who failed to get out of bed fast enough to suit a hot-headed member of a prohibition enforcement squad. The boy survived, though an arm had to be amputated, and the agent was promptly exonerated by a superior. The national conscience will not be equally ready to exonerate him. There have been altogether too many shootings by prohibition agents in a hurry, too much black-jacking by prohibition agents intoxicated by an overweening sense of official power.

None but a fanatical prohibitionist can approve of authorized lawlessness such as this, or of the authorized enticing of supposed liquor vendors to commit acts contrary to the Volstead Law. It is perhaps easy enough for the fanatical to suppress any lingering sense they may have of right and justice, and to condone the acts of official thugs with a smug reiteration of the oft-quoted phrase, "I believe in the enforcement of the law." But can any reasonable person imagine that lawless enforcement of the law will do other than intensify lawless resistance to it? More than this, do those who so unctuously voice their belief in law enforcement where the Volstead Act is concerned, exemplify unfailingly the same belief with regard to other laws?

I have known prohibition zealots who noticeably tossed their law enforcement zeal into the discard when they clambered into the driver's seat of a high-powered automobile. Woe betide the unfortunate who crossed their path when the speedometer started climbing. Which actually is the greater crime—to take a glass of wine or beer contrary to the Volstead Law, or to blot out the life of a little child by illegal speeding? Every year many men go to jail for Volstead Law violations. Uncommonly few are jailed for automobile killings. Yet these average yearly around 23,000, "most of them," I now am quoting George W. Kirchwey, former dean of Columbia University School of Law, "the work of 'good citizens' wilfully violating the law and contemptuous of the rights of their victims."

On the other hand, we have the spectacle of substantial citizens, men of intelligence and character, scrupulously obedient to the laws of the road, but unscrupulously disobedient to the liquor law. Among my own friends and acquaintances are several who were total abstainers before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, but who now delight as keenly in an occasional social glass as any veteran of pre-Volstead freedom. One does not have to ask them their opinion of the Amendment and its enabling act, they volunteer it:

"It is a fool law that should never have been foisted on the country. It is so foolish that it will never be found workable, and the Government is only wasting time and money in trying to enforce it. It will fade out, if only because it is too drastically repressive of personal rights."

Recalling the fate of the similarly repressive laws of the Puritan epoch, one cannot dispute this last statement with any confidence. And if one inclines to venture the suggestion that disrespect for the Volstead Law must tend to breed disrespect for laws in general, one holds one's peace, or ought to hold one's peace, recollecting that the same may with greater force be said of disobedience to automobile laws or any other specific law of more intrinsic merit than the bitterly opposed measure named after Mr. Volstead. Not only those who drive too fast, but those who pride themselves on evading customs-duties after a money-spending orgy abroad, who violate community health laws to suit their own convenience, who conduct their business affairs with scant regard either for statutory laws or for the dictates of common honesty, should in sheer decency refrain from throwing moralistic stones at violators of the Volstead Law.

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Years ago, when I was a very young man, I chanced one evening to pass a soap-box orator on a New York sidewalk during a political campaign. I have forgotten whether it was a local, State or national campaign, but some unpopular law must have been an issue. For I well remember one sentiment vehemently affirmed by the orator, "Laws are made to be obeyed only so long as people want to obey them." At the time it struck me that this was an atrocious sentiment, and that it could not possibly be shared by many persons. In the interim I have learned that, in practice, it is shared by a great many; and that, inevitably, when a people are burdened with too many man-made laws, and especially when these include laws weighing too heavily on human nature and conflicting with the instinctive sense of the right and the just, the soap-box orator's philosophy will be the philosophy of multitudes, with a resultant plague of lawlessness.

I have learned also that lawlessness may spring, not only from a mere multiplicity of sensible and senseless laws, but also from the manner of their administration.

Reference has already been made to the brutality of prohibition enforcement agents as a factor in making for greater lawlessness. Cowardly policemen who delight in clubbing helpless prisoners, venal policemen who expect as well as accept petty bribes for winking at law evasions, they likewise are lawlessness-breeding factors. "Treat 'em rough" may be an accepted adage in police circles, but policemen who live up to it are doltishly short-sighted even to their own interests. It has had for fruit, and so long as it is practised will have for fruit, the vengeful killing of many a policeman and the aggravating of the crime situation in general. Never has brute force accomplished, never can it accomplish, anything but evil, even though it may at times seem to achieve desirable ends.

And what is to be said of those higher officials, district attorneys who browbeat the friendless culprit, and suavely nol. pros. the case of the wrong-doer with politically or financially influential friends? What of hectoring judges who sentence lightly or heavily according to whim or according to the social status of the criminal who stands convicted? Do such district attorneys and judges, do grafting mayors and aldermen, imagine that their maladministration of the law has no reverberating echo in the production of lawlessness? For any officer of the law, any representative of constituted authority, in any way to make a mock of justice is to incite a contempt for all laws, even more surely than for a plain citizen to disregard some law of which, perhaps not without reason, he disapproves.

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Often, still further, we hear it alleged that the great reason lawlessness is rampant to-day in the United States is because foreign-born elements bulk large in the population of the United States. The foreign born may be somewhat conspicuous in the lawlessness evinced in crimes of violence, but they cannot be even plausibly indicted with regard to the great scandals of graft and corruption that have shaken the nation the past few years. Those were not foreign born who played an unsavory part in the Teapot Dome conspiracy, and neither were they foreign born who divided the loot in the Continental Trading Company affair. What responsibility have the foreign born for Ku Klux Klan lawlessness and the official lawlessness that ravages Chicago and other cities? Even conceding foreign-born proneness to crimes of violence, it is not susceptible of denial that injustices born of race prejudice have had at least some part in weakening among the foreign born a proper respect for the laws of the land of their adoption.

Not so many years ago some merchants of Greek and Italian origin opened stores in a small New England city. Their prices were attractive, so were their wares, and trade began to drift to them. Other storekeepers, alarmed by the competition, took counsel together.

Somebody remembered that there still were on the statute books various Sunday observance laws, outmoded and forgotten, but unrepealed. Of a Monday morning the district judge found seven or eight Greeks and Italians brought before him for trial. They were accused, it appeared, of selling fruit and soda-water on Sunday, contrary to the law. The judge looked at them, then at the prosecuting attorney.

"I don't see Mr. So-and-so," he remarked, naming one of the little city's leading druggists. "Why isn't he here?"

"Why should he be here?" demanded a startled prosecuting attorney.

"Because I myself saw him selling soda-water yesterday. You can proceed against these men if you wish, but first you must send out and bring in the others too."

Here was a judge who distinctly was not a one hundred per cent American of the Ku Klux sort, but distinctly was an American who put justice above racial likes and dislikes. The same could not be said of the men who had engineered this persecution that failed, or of those who in other parts of the country, whether as officers of the law, plain citizens or skulking sheeted Ku Kluxers, have engineered other persecutions that have not always failed.

Nothing is more surely established than that hatred makes for hatred, lawlessness for lawlessness. So that, quite conceivably, the current menace of foreign-born gunmen who defy constituted authority in our great cities, may have a root in past and present injustices in native-born treatment of the foreign born. Incidentally, it is only fair to add, by no means all the gunmen are of foreign extraction. And in any case, only in some small part can one lay at the door of the foreign born the blame for the steadily rising tide of American lawlessness.

Nor is there the slightest sense in our continuing to try to cope with it by the familiar, but none the less absurd method of calling legislators into regular or special session and enacting still more laws. What we actually need, and sorely need, is fewer and wiser laws, more insight into human nature, and, above all, more conscience and more kindliness.

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Too long, generations too long, have we unthinkingly adhered to the Puritan principle of dealing with whatever annoys, offends or dismays, by passing a law against it. The marvel is that we have so long adhered to this delusionary method of reform when the Puritan theologues to whom we owe it had its futility forced upon them. Ponder, if you please, Gustavus Myers's summary of what happened to a semi-Volstead Act of 1647, a Connecticut decree that aimed at exorcising the demon nicotine by permitting citizens only one smoke a day, and that at home and quite in solitude. I quote from "Ye Olden Blue Laws," a book that will bear wide reading to-day, particularly by those who still regard Volstead legislation as symbolic of progress:

"The tradition that the New England settlers were a law-abiding people is one of our cherished inheritances. So they were when the laws suited them. When they disliked laws they simply evaded, circumvented or defied them. That is what they did by various devices in this case. No laws nor any amount of preaching could convince them that they did wrong in inviting a few boon companions to take part in a smoker. They fastened doors, used cellars for tobacco parties, and did homage to Lady Nicotine in secluded woodland spots or in boats anchored at a safe distance from shore. Within three years this law fell into such disrepute that when the Connecticut Code of Laws of 1650 was drafted, only the sections forbidding youths to use tobacco and prohibiting smoking on the streets were repeated. The first of these had a certain effectiveness, while the other was increasingly dishonored."

How quaintly descriptive this is of what is taking place at the present moment in violation of the national anti-liquor law. What has not yet developed with regard to the latter law, however, is official appreciation of the folly and danger of trying to maintain as law a measure that stigmatizes as criminal something which all men of good sense know is not criminal. To get drunk is one thing, merely to drink is quite another, and laws against drunkenness have always commanded popular assent. Whereas a law that strikes alike at the drunkard and at the man who can drink like a gentleman, necessarily provokes antagonism by outraging common sense, the sense of justice and the sense of fair play. Such a law is, of course, essentially lawless, no matter how enacted or how rigidly it be enforced. The way of wisdom is to find some means of getting rid of it before it irreparably damages the national morale.

The way of wisdom too, is to profit from the lesson the great mistake called the Volstead Act has so grievously brought home, and for the future forego all Puritanic experimentation in remolding human nature by legislative fiat. Not through legislation, but through education is betterment to be achieved. Some statutory laws will doubtless always be needed, it would be idle to think otherwise. But in proportion as effort is honestly and intelligently concentrated—in the home, the school, the church, the newspaper and magazine press, even in the marketplace—on educative action to help men think aright, desire aright, and act aright, both lawlessness and the need for statutory laws will lessen.

That is a terrible dictum of Tacitus, "The more corrupt the State, the more laws." Truly, though, it does not as yet apply to us. While there is no denying the presence of corruption, of a growing corruption, in the national life, it is not corruption that is responsible for our present unenviable distinction of being "the greatest law factory the world has ever known." We have gained that distinction simply through tragically prolonged faith in the efficacy of statutory laws, man-made laws, as the prime agency of social wellbeing. It is not that we are corrupt, simply that we have been foolish. Only we do need now to awake to the truth that to continue in this delusionary faith can only be to invite worse troubles than those that today torment us.

# THE VALLEY OF SILENCE

## *And He Gave All That He Had, All That Was in Him*

ELISABETH FINLEY-THOMAS

THE dry snow crumbled under my feet like stale bread. There was no hint of thaw in the blue shadow of the valley between the high mountains darkly etched with the climbing regiments of pines; and the brook frankly garrulous in its intercourse with green banks when I had passed this way in summer, if it moved at all now, must be sleeping songless and clandestine beneath the big bunches of icicles that covered it, clustering like the frozen grapes of a crystal vineyard.

And there were no other sounds. The naïve music in which untemperamental Switzerland finds simple expression, was stilled. Inside the huts, cuddled in the blanketing drifts on the steep hillsides, the cows were no doubt chewing the long cud of winter in the rich dark warmth of their stalls, their bells hanging silent until they could tinkle a welcome to the truculent spring, which would have to fight for every inch of foothold on the mountains.

The last five kilometers on a flat frozen road had tired me more than the hard climb that had preceded them; and anxious to reach Dreibäume by tea-time, I was glad, when at a sudden turn in the highway, my hastened step brought me in sight of the village lying pocketed below, its houses huddled together like a flock of dingy sheep. Above the roof-trees a church-spire raised a white exclamation point, in Calvinistic comment, perhaps, upon the ways of men. A ray of light caught a window flashingly and presently the green shutters of the sienna-tinted chalets gave a note of color to the bleak landscape which encouraged in me the absurdly optimistic hope that the tea at the *Wirtschaft* would be brown and hot instead of dirtily gray and lukewarm; or that, if I chose coffee instead, my cup would not be flavored with the wormwood and gall of chicory. I hurried forward. Far down the road ahead of me, I could see a small black speck moving in the same direction as myself. A solitary figure makes a barren landscape more dreary. Compressed between the towering eternities of granite and snow, humanity looks so impotently infinitesimal and temporary. The figure, as I began to overtake it, revealed itself as that of a woman. I noticed, casually, that she did not carry on her arm the inevitable basket of the Swiss housewives, nor had she the curiously lurching gait that takes them striding stumblingly over stick and stone. About her feet flopped no encumbering folds of thick woolen petticoats. She was neatly dressed in a straight black coat of moderate length, well worn, but of urban cut; and her boots, though stout, did not suggest the handicraft of the village cobbler, who works for time and eternity. She was hatless and the coil of pale gold hair shone above her coat-collar with a burnish that could only be due to frequent brushing. So much I noticed from the mere habit of observation, but there was nothing in her appearance to excite an interest beyond my passing "*Grü'zi*," that salutation of uncertain etymology which is obligatory in wayfaring courtesy.

I had come abreast of her and as she turned her head, she answered the greeting with a "*Guten Tag*" in pure German. The accent trailed with a sort of soft indolence in the minor key, quite unlike the clod-hopping gutturals of dialect. It occurred to me that I would ask her if there were no adjacent short cut by which I could beat the maddening reluctance of mountain roads to reach their destination without first going round the world.

"Unfortunately," she answered, "the only path would be sheet-ice at this season, even if the lady could find it. But"—her glance sought mine through her gold-rimmed spectacles with an expression of wistful sociability—"I will gladly show the way since I too go to Dreibäume."

Obviously the gleaming white serpentine lying outlined on the descending slopes needed no sign-post, human or otherwise, but something in her manner silently besought from me the largess of a few moments' comradeship.

"Do you know Dreibäume?" she asked when I had fallen into her rather mincing step. "The English and American *Herrschaften* are usually interested in the church of St. Aloysius. It dates from the fourteenth century. If you cared, perhaps I could get the key."

We were arriving at the first of the chalets that straggled down the hill to join the procession of the houses in the main street. "What queer little carved figures those are over the doorway!" I said by way of continuing the conversation without committing myself to a sight-seeing tour in Dreibäume.

"That's not the only thing that's queer in this part of the world!" She spoke with a sudden tartness that ended with a short bitter laugh. "I've lived here eight years," she added.

A flat sledge was coming slowly toward us, drawn by a bony horse. We had to step out into the deep crusty snow to let it pass. The driver walked by the side to ease the pull on the up grade, and on the coarse sacks at the back, sat a woman holding a baby so wrapped and bundled that it lay stiffly across her arms like a bag of grain.

"*Grü'zi*," said I. The man looked at us, stolidly cracking his whip; the woman stared blankly; neither replied.

Perhaps I should scarcely have noticed the unwonted lack of civility—one could not reckon with the reactions of besotting solitude on these yokels—if my attention had not been called to it by the sudden flush that suffused the cheeks of my companion.

"The people of the Neckar valley

have better manners," she said. "That is where I was born not far off forty-eight years ago and where I lived forty of them."

"The air of the Neckarthal must keep its women young," I commented not untruthfully, for the trim solidity of her embonpoint had nothing of elderly flaccidity, and I had noted the freshness of her rosy skin, even before that unaccountable blush had heightened her color. She was as appetizing and sound as a piece of ripe fruit.

"I was in Heidelberg this summer," I said casually, quite unprepared for the effect upon her of so simple a statement.

She stopped short and her hand, which was fair and plump, clutched my arm in a grip that reminded me of the *Ancient Mariner.*

"You were there, *there!*" Behind the gold-rimmed glasses the tears welled. "My Neckarthal, my valley," she said. "Then you know, then you can guess what it means to live here! It is magnificent"—she made a gesture toward the dark circle of the wintry mountains—"but it is hard, cold. The beauty of Switzerland is a scentless beauty."

I glanced at her surprised. She had crystallized for me what I had often felt vaguely. The remark had the lucidity of good literature whose province is to interpret common thought uncommonly.

My curiosity bested my tact. "How did you happen to come here?" I asked.

"A home was offered me." This time her blush was like the crimson stain of a birth-mark. "I married!"

Feeling that I had probed too abruptly, I retreated hastily to the safe shelter of commonplace. "I suppose that the nostalgia for the native soil is natural to all of us. It sweeps over me too in my wanderings sometimes."

She looked up. Her gaze seemed to beat against the wall of the mountains and to fall defeated.

"But you are free!" she said. The dull agony of a lifelong sentence was in her tone.

We had reached the village. "This is his house." She stopped before an unusually elaborate chalet. Burned into the wood of the façade, I could decipher a blurred motto:

> Herr Gott segne dieses Haus
> Und die da gehen ein und aus.

Above it in the angle of the roof, the date 1874, and beneath the family statistics:

> Johannes und Katrina Stübli u.
> Ihre Kinder
> Zimmermeister Johannes Stübli.

"He is a master carpenter and fitted every board of it himself when he married his first wife."

There was an unexpected pride in the voice at my elbow. "The chalet is the finest specimen of a real Simmenthal wooden house in Dreibäume—nothing but wood, shingles and floors all of wood. Visitors often photograph it, and it has been portrayed on colored post-cards. He put in modern improvements in the interior just before I came. We have luxury, a bathroom, the best stoves, electric light. Up there among the fruit-trees on the hill behind us, he built me a summer-house."

Not once had she alluded to her husband except with the use of the pronoun.

"My vegetable garden!"—she pointed to the right—"I take care of it myself and I preserve the fruit for winter when I can get the sugar. In the Neckarthal, compote and sweet pickles taste good with meat and salad."

She had seen me glance at my wrist-watch, and she began to chatter with a sort of desperate garrulity. Several people had passed us as we stood chatting, but in her preoccupation, as I thought it, she had greeted none of them.

"Perhaps"—she opened a small gate that separated, most unusually for Switzerland, the chalet from the highway—"perhaps the lady would care to visit the cottage."

I was tired and thirsty, but there was an hour before the train would take me back to Gstaad, and my predilection for passing the thresholds of other lives, made me assent.

"Nowadays," she said, clambering up the steep outside staircase and looking back over her shoulder at me, with a smile so radiant that I could hardly believe it attributable simply to the pleasure of my visit, "we occupy the top floor only. It's easier to heat and costs less in every way. He's tried to rent the lower stories, but the people here are superstitious—they—" She stopped suddenly. Her face shadowed. "Living in the smaller quarters gives me also less to do," she resumed, "though I don't mind housework or cookery, when I have the right materials. In Heidelberg my *schweinschlögel* and my dumplings were well known. At first when I came here, I tried such dishes for him, but it was no use. Cheese and clotted milk with a hunk of bread were more to his liking. Though at that time he could have afforded the best."

* * *

A little breathless she threw open the door at the head of the steps. A neat entry gave into a large sunny room with sloping eaves. At a big round table in the center sat an old man bending over a newspaper. He was coatless and above the coarse woolen collar of his shirt, dark lines of wrinkles made a deep criss-crossed pattern on his neck. A beard yellowish white, hung far down over his chest and his small eyes, as he raised them and took off his glasses, were deeply caverned beneath brows thick as underbrush. He was at least thirty years her senior.

*A home was offered me*—I remembered the phrase.

He rose at her introduction: "A foreign lady who is interested in seeing your house."

"*Grü'zi*," he said courteously and then, his voice rasping cumbersomely against his palate as if rusty from lack of use: "A *schönes Hüsli!* The finest in Dreibäume or in the whole Oberland!"

We were standing and she did not ask me to sit down. In her manner there was a strange hurried embarrassment. The large low-ceiled room was comfortably carpeted and a big German porcelain stove accounted for its cosy warmth. Linen curtains embroidered heavily in a cross-stitch design of red and blue hung at the windows. From the book-shelves along the walls, volumes, cheerily bound in red, announced their contents in gold letters: "Don Carlos," "Minna von Barnhelm," "Die Räuber," "Faust," "Goetz von Berlichingen," "Nathan der Weise."

The name of the publishers, Verlag Müllenhausen, Heidelberg beneath the titles, was not needed to tell me that they were importations from the Neckarthal. It was difficult to conceive that Herr Stübli would ever have consorted congenially with Messrs. Goethe, Schiller, Lessing and company.

Frau Stübli intercepted my glance, before I could remark upon her good taste in literature, by somewhat nervously demanding my appreciation of an intricately ugly escritoire fashioned from many colored woods, which stood in one corner.

"His work," she emphasized proudly. The old man hobbled toward us and opening the closed flap of the desk, displayed the elaborate inlays on the inside. As he pulled out one of the tiny drawers, with his left hand, I noted that the fingers on his right were missing and that the stump was as smooth as if it had been planed off by one of his carpenter's tools. With this rounded end, he stroked the grain of the fine woods lovingly explaining to me in his curiously labored dialect, their qualities, degrees of hardness and suitabilities to certain uses with the enthusiasm of a good craftsman. The desk was evidently his chef-d'œuvre, his last too no doubt since the exercise of skill must obviously have been limited by his accident.

"I will accompany the lady to the station. It will give me a little walk," announced Frau Stübli when he had finished his exposition. She seemed as anxious now to cut short my visit as she had been to invite it.

"*Ad-je*," the old man saluted me and dropping heavily into his seat returned to the perusal of the newspaper which I had perceived was two weeks old. At no time had he directly addressed to his wife a single word.

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She made no comment on the visit as we went out past the spotless kitchen, where I half expected the hospitality of a cup of coffee; but when we were again on the road, she said:

"He's years older than I, of course. That and his having been born here and living shut up between these mountains is what has made it hard for him to understand. The Neckarthal is broader than his valley." She sighed.

"Wont you have tea with me at the Inn? I hate taking it alone," I said, feeling suddenly that at the risk of missing my fast train, I must turn another page in this human document.

"It's I who should have made coffee for you," she stammered, "but I longed so to talk—freely—you can't think—"

"I know," I said, "a man is always *de trop* between two prattling women. Shall it be the Black Bear or the White Swan?" I hesitated before the creaking rivalry of two sign-boards.

"Most foreigners prefer the Bear." She was as pleased as a child on an outing from school. There were no other guests in the bleak coffee-room. We chose a table near the window. I had to overcome her reluctance to accept more than a *café simple* and even with a slice of *marzipan torte* before her, she had more appetite for speech than for food.

"You see you're being a stranger and knowing Heidelberg too, I can speak. A person who has actually seen it can understand how I felt. I really shouldn't have blamed him for not comprehending. But you see when he never allowed me to go back, even on a visit, it seemed so cruel! It wasn't that he was not rich enough to let me make the trip, or to have gone with me for that matter. All those fields up there used to be his." She pushed aside the short muslin casement curtain. "And he sold out his carpentry business at a big profit after his accident and long before I came. His children, by his first marriage, were all settled prosperously and he could have afforded not only to keep a new wife, but to live largely at home and travel a bit too, to see the world.

"Perhaps you will think it strange, but I married him through an advertisement. I can remember every word of it by heart to-day: An elderly widower of ample means offers a fine home in the Bernese Oberland to a thoroughly healthy Frau in the middle years. Weight, if possible, not to exceed seventy kilos and with her own teeth. Must be competent housewife and possessor of contented disposition. No dowry required."

The grotesque wording did not even make her smile.

"We were literally starving, mother and I," she went on. "Hans, my dear brother was killed in the war. He had been a teacher in our gymnasium with a good salary, and I had kept house for *Mutter* and for him ever since I was sixteen, when mother had her first stroke after father died. We'd saved where we could, but the tiny income from the capital we had been able to put by, scarcely sufficed to buy her medicines after the second attack. You know where the mark was in nineteen eighteen. I can't bear, even to-day, to think what we went through, nor of the misery of denying her the things she needed when she was helpless. I had to lift and turn her in her bed at first and feed her from a spoon. However, by and by, she improved physically through some miracle, but her mind remained quite blank and she no longer knew me. That, of course, made what I had decided to do, easier! I scraped every pfennig together and bought her a place in the Old People's Home. 'There is light at Evening' was the text over the door, but it nearly broke my heart to leave her there. At once I began to look for employment. But nobody wanted what I could do. Household things, you know. Even the nobility was serving itself. After a while I answered the advertisement in the 'Garten Laube.' It was the only one that had not demanded a dowry. I'd never been flighty nor wild. The way things were, I could not marry, but brother was very strict about sweethearts. I did receive one offer from a small apothecary in the Hauptstrasse, but it was impossible to leave mother, though I'd had my *ausstattung* ready —four dozen of everything—since I was fifteen. I embroidered all the initials myself in the years after. But—

"'Es wär zu schön gewesen
Drum hat's nicht sollen sein.'"

"You know the song?" she asked.

"I think every soul has hummed it," I said sympathetically.

It is almost a law of nature that to some one sometime the heart must tell its whole story and she went on:

"At that we were happy. One often does not know what one is missing until long after. Of course, in the *backfisch* years, I knew some of the corps students. Such a *schwärmerei* as I had for one of the Green Caps. His nose had been sewed on crooked after his first big *mensur*, but he was of a stately figure and could drink much beer. He and my brother and I used to make excursions, the Molkenkur, Neckarsteinach, Dilsberg. *Ach*, Dilsberg at sunset!" Her broad face melted with German sentimentality. "Summer in Heidelberg!" she sighed.

"And there was the *fackel* parade! What a sight from our little house in the Thiergasse when the students passed over the old bridge! The light from their torches striped the Neckar with gold. I loved that procession even better then the illumination of the Schloss." The tide of words flowed on in a hurried release.

"And there were the winter evenings when my brother read aloud from the poets. Those books you saw came to me on the birthday table each year as gifts from Hans. On occasions we went to the theater to see the pieces we knew best—'Kabale und Liebe,' 'Don Carlos.' 'Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez sind nun zu Ende'—how often I've whispered that line here about my own life. And sometimes I try to comfort myself as I look at the mountains with that verse of Goethe's:

"'Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh;
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur! Balde
Ruhest du auch!'"

She halted a second. "However, to go back! After some preliminary correspondence through the 'Garten Laube' about the advertisement—mother was well settled in the Old People's Home by that time—I promised to go to him. There are many prejudices that one reasons away when there is strong motive for an action. The decision was easier than I expected. It was the endurance that was to be the test.

"I got through the journey fairly well, what with excitement and the sense of adventure. He had sent me his photograph in exchange for mine, a strong-looking man in middle life. It turned out that that picture had been taken twenty years before! He met me at the station and well—" She paused, the spoon rattled in the saucer as she raised her cup for a sip of coffee, and in the silence I could see a pulse throb in her throat. "He had paid the expenses of the trip and I was in honor bound." She had checked her rising hysteria and could go on now. "We left my bag at the White Swan, where I was to lodge till next day, when we were to be married. He had made all the arrangements. The story he'd told his people was, that I'd come to him through a friend who'd moved to Germany years before. It would save the talk of the neighbors he said. Then we walked on down the road. He wanted to show me my future home. It looked nice and cosy from the outside at least, and I thought it was kind of him to have had the summer-house built for me. 'A wedding present,' he told me as he pointed to the fine pattern of the open woodwork. It was then that I noticed his hand; I had only thought he was left-handed at the station. Everything had been so strange and unexpected and the hand added to the strangeness. I could have screamed! An old crippled man and the mountains so near and high that one could see no distance! The horizon right on top of one and his few words in that odd dialect that I could scarcely understand! Over and over I read the motto on the front of the chalet to give me courage to go in:

"'Herr Gott segne dieses Haus
Und die da gehen ein und aus.'"

"But I was shaking from head to foot when I crossed the threshold. We were married quietly next morning. 'No need for a big wedding at our ages,' he had written beforehand. Well, there was enough to eat, warm rooms, a good bed—" Again the staining blush darkened her whole face. "Sometimes, you know, God forgive me, I hated his unsightly hand. He was not unkind in his way, but with my terrible homesickness upon me I was not a good wife to him even at first. He was a taciturn man and we of the Neckar valley love talk and laughter and song. Often he answered me with a monosyllable long after I had finished speaking. If souls think in the same language many words are not necessary, but our spirits were out of hearing of each other."

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"Several times in the early months to relieve the monotony I made little parties in the summer-house and asked in a neighbor or two. A *baum-kuchen* is soon beaten up and does not cost much—I had found that he kept me close on expenditure—and a cup of coffee in the free air is *gemüthlich* and loosens the tongue almost as well as a glass of wine! But I soon discovered that he disapproved. The people I had not invited carried the news of my extravagance to his mother. She is ninety-eight now and she still lives in the big farm on the way to Altdorf; she has never left it in her whole life more than to step into neighboring fields, except once, when hatred brought her to Dreibäume.

"She thought ill of my harmless *kaffee-klatsch* and gradually she set him against all my little plans for amusements. The neighbors, she told him, laughed at him because his new wife was putting on the airs of a fine lady and no doubt wishing him in his grave. It ended in his forbidding me to ask company. Soon his mother and her friends were criticizing my dress and my ways, which were not those of a Bernese *Oberländerin;* they ridiculed my high German and made fun of my attempts to speak Switzer-Deutsch.

"The days were long for I had little work to do and my fine kitchen arts were neither appreciated nor wanted. One hour was like the other. And though the seasons changed they brought no variety. I heard regularly from the *Heim* about my mother. I was not sorry I had done what I had. There had been no other way. But the things that can't be helped are the only deep sorrows. He had promised me in the first week of our marriage, that I should go back to see her sometimes; but whenever I broached the subject there was always some excuse. 'What good would it do,' he argued finally, 'since she would not even recognize you?' 'The journey would be costly, better save the money for some greater need. Her burial belike would take a pretty penny.' He meant no deep unkindness, but the coarse tactlessness of the words made me burst into resentful tears.

"Once I asked him for money to buy books. Some of the new romances, I thought, would carry me away from both past and present and satisfy the *wanderlust* that made me shuffle my feet under the table as we sat dumbly through the long evenings. But he only pointed to the full book-shelves and shook his head. 'Why did I not read those?'

"Boredom can become absolute pain. In Heidelberg my brother and I used to play chess and I now offered to teach him. We had no board and he refused to buy one.

"Regularly each Sunday we tramped up the field paths to his mother's farm. For hours her sharp gaze would examine every detail of my clothes as she questioned him minutely as to my abilities in household economy. Always she discovered that I was spending too much and then she would advise me as to how I could manage differently in order to add, weekly, a few more *groschen* to his savings account in the bank. 'For,' she said one day, her eyes boring into me like gimlets making peep-holes into my very soul, 'a man must take care of his first litter in his testament. The childless woman of his age has received plenty if she be housed and fed till he dies and then left with enough that she may not become a charge to his family.'

"As we walked back in the chill of the darkened valley that afternoon, I was cold with anger, desperate too. A broad open country where one can look across the plain eases the heaviest heartache, but the mountains turn sorrow back upon itself. And the sun sets early!

"Swallowing my pride and my anger, I once more besought him with every persuasion at my command to let me go to Heidelberg if only for a few days to see my mother. Perhaps a premonition gave my words an added vehemence. He was shaken, but he yielded only to the extent of a vague, 'We'll see! We'll see! Maybe when spring comes!'

"It was that evening that the telegram arrived. The reluctant half promise had come too late! She was dead now and I could never see that swift flash of possible recognition from cleared eyes, for which I had hoped and prayed on my return. But, at least now, at last, at last, I could go to her there beyond the mountains, follow her to the *friedhof*, lay my garland of immortelles upon her grave!

"Still holding the telegram, I turned toward him. 'When is the first train?' I said. 'There is enough of the housekeeping money in the drawer of the escritoire to buy my ticket. Give me the key!'

"He always kept it in his pocket. He did not move.

"'There is no use now,' he said, 'money is better spent on the living than the dead!'

"It was then that I threw the lamp at him. It cut a zigzag gash in his forehead, I saw the blood trickle as he put up his stump of a hand to stop it; but I did not care. It was winter with the deep snow on the ground and I rushed out of the house. I think I was a little mad, for I began to walk and walk straight ahead of me. I was going to the Neckarthal. For two days I kept on without food or rest. I had only the few coins in my pocket that he doled out daily.

"A carter found me lying by the roadside. I was quite light headed and singing:

"'Und stechen mir die Dornen
Und wird's mir d'raus zu kahl
Geb' ich dem Ross die Spornen
Und reit in's Neckarthal!'"

A sob caught below her breath. "You remember the last verse of 'Alt Heidelberg!'"

◆

"I was in a sanatorium for months. He paid the best doctors. He did not reproach me. There was only the scar on his forehead to remind me of the evening when the telegram had come. After my return to the chalet he was more silent than ever; and I brooded, planning to run away again if I could only find some means to get money. The thought of my mother's lonely grave in the *friedhof* haunted me, and I saw in my dreams the red towers of the Schloss and the green lush of the Neckarbanks.

"The silence had thickened between him and me. Scarcely a word got through now, never a thought. And then came the great trouble.

"One day, when I was at the hospital, he had eaten some tinned meat. He had been very sick at the time and the illness, a kind of poisoning of his whole system, kept recurring. People began to talk, they had been all against me from the first. They said—" She stopped suddenly. She had spoken rapidly without self-consciousness, but now she halted before lowering the ultimate curtain of reticence that hid the crucial fact in her existence.

"It was his mother who finally accused me openly. They made a good case against me. I had wanted his money. I had already thrown the lamp at him. They found a will that mentioned me as sole beneficiary. They talked of undue influence. Well, he did all he could—that was what astonished me. He fought for me, defended me everywhere, quarreled with his mother even after she had succeeded in—He spent his money too, more than he had ever spent in his whole life, almost more than he had earned in years of labor—hundreds of times more than it would have cost him to give me that journey to Heidelberg! He believed in me and he saved me!

"All that was six years ago. But when it was over, the effort had been too much; he resented what I had cost him in fortune, in suffering, in his family relations, in honor among his neighbors. It all came out at the trial, even the way we had become acquainted. I had injured him beyond all reparation. Though he did not cast me off, he could not forgive me and he has punished me in his own way. *For six years he has never spoken to me one single word!*"

Her head was bowed between her hands now. "And the villagers have followed his example. A hard man among a hard people. Sometimes I go almost mad. You will understand now why I had to speak to you a stranger. Yet he believed me against them all—after the lamp—after everything. And he gave all that he had, all that was in him. And now that he is poor and broken by the trouble I brought him, I cannot leave him, though often when I start to walk in the mountains as I did this afternoon, knowing that beyond them is my home, my mother's grave in the Neckar valley, I think that I could die almost happy if I could see it once again and hear friendly German voices speaking kindly to me in the old way. And at such times, I say to myself too that I will never go back to Dreibäume. There are lakes to drown in and cliffs from which one could fall. But something stronger than memory draws me and turns my feet again. He needs me and maybe my care of him now when he is poor and broken, when the chalet is mortgaged and his testament will bring me nothing, may show him at last that he was right to have faith in me. And some day perhaps at last he will speak—" Her hands fell to her lap. "And anyhow, I could not go, for *he is all I have to love!*"

* * *

Through the window-panes of the Black Bear I saw the white flakes falling thick and fine. By to-morrow Dreibäume would be snowed in. There was nothing I could say, but I leaned instead across the little deal table and kissed her like a sister.

At the station she stood waving after the train, and as I looked the curtain of the snow grew heavier until she was hidden behind it and winter had again turned its icy key, locking her in the valley.

# QUICKENING

### IRWIN EDMAN

The language lovers use is this,
Half pæan, half periphrasis;
They do not know, they do not dare
The word that lays their quickening bare;
They cannot speak, they cannot find
Sweet purports they have half divined,
Nor could a warm clear music give
Voice to the glow by which they live.

So had they better kept their lips
Shut, and in their finger tips
Discern the tingle, the bright heat,
And trust their hearts—and hear them beat.

# THE ASS AND THE ELEPHANT

## *The One Blinks Benignly as the Other Fans Himself Nervously*

DON C. SEITZ

THE cartoonists have made the jackass, or, to speak more decorously, the donkey, a symbol for the Democratic party and the elephant that of the Republican. Side by side the effect is comical but the symbols are not so far from the mark as may seem. The ass has been for ages the burden bearer of the people, frugal, patient and efficient; docile, except behind, and always reliable; strong and subject to few ailments. The elephant on the other hand is a huge, extravagant beast useful in a limited way as an imposing steed for regal Indian rajahs and as a compelling feature in the circus. Where the donkey is faithful, the prodigious pachyderm, Mr. Artemus Ward said, is "as treacherous as a Tuscarorous Injun with six inches of corn whisky in his stummick."

Where the donkey can thrive on a bunch of thistles, the elephant devours lush grass and foliage to the extent of half his weight per day and tramples down as much more, while it is hard to locate his rival's hoofprints on the soil. Fifty or seventy pounds of ivory can be had from a bull elephant. That ends his value, beyond a ton or two of tough meat, though African potentates use his tail for a fly-brush.

Just as the donkey is the cheapest of all useful beasts to maintain, so the elephant is the most expensive. There again the fitness of the symbol demonstrates itself. In a year that sees the two parties following their band-wagons in an election it is worth while to consider contrasts.

When that sage Swiss, Albert Gallatin, who elected to be an American, went abroad in 1813 to begin the negotiations that were to end the War of 1812, he took his young son James with him as secretary, and while waiting for affairs to shape themselves improved the time by giving the young man some good advice.

"He warned me," wrote the youthful James—he was seventeen—in his diary, "as to my future life—that is, if I decide to remain in America—never above all things to forget my birth and the duties that birth brings—never to do anything to dishonor a name that for centuries had never borne a stain—always to remember that true nobility was simplicity—always to be civil, particularly to those who were not my equal—to guard against the horde of adventurers who were certain to swarm to America—that the country was so vast that the hidden wealth in minerals, et cetera, must be enormous—adventurers would come in with the lust for gold—men without scruples or conscience or education—that there would be a terrible corruption—never to mix my name with any man who did not carry on his business or speculations in an honest manner—far better to die poor and honored than to sully my name—that the country would suffer years from corruption—immense fortunes would be made and lost and men of evil repute would, on account of the power of their money, keep corruption and dishonesty afloat."

The sapient seer spoke truly, but he gave too much credit for rascality to the flocking adventurers and not enough to the homegrown crop of rogues. Where he put his finger down correctly was in pointing to the vast stores of hidden wealth which have been the source of a national prosperity—dug from the soil by robust immigrants who seldom shared in the spoil—and which, though they daily grow less, are constantly being capitalized anew and now bear such a mortgage as to promise soon a colossal collapse.

Because of the fundamentals so clearly disclosed by Gallatin, politics and prosperity have become closely interlocked. Patriotism and public service have been prostituted to profits. The theory that America was to become a haven for the oppressed has been perverted into making it a nation of oppressors. That this could come about under the terms of the Declaration of Independence and the principles of Thomas Jefferson might seem incredible. These are still much quoted and but little used. Why?

The original plan of the government as described in the Constitution (designed to a too great extent by Alexander Hamilton—Jefferson having no hand in the making, though tinkering it afterward) provided for what is the fact, a federal republic, not the democracy it pretends to be.

It was to be operated by the "best minds." The people were to select the best minds they could find as electors, who were in turn to seek out still better minds for President and Vice-President. To Senate and House of Representatives were assigned law-making powers, but over them was set a carefully planned United States Supreme Court of nine members to keep the legislative powers within bounds. So it has befallen that the vote of one man in this court can and often does govern the United States in great vitalities. The Constitution fills ten pages of type; its interpretations more than a thousand.

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By universal consent George Washington and John Adams were the first choices of the electors for President and Vice-President. When Washington wearied of the job and set the fashion for two terms in the high office, John Adams succeeded him, with Thomas Jefferson, miles away from him in beliefs, as Vice-President. Adams could hold on but a single term. Jefferson pried him out and established an era. It was rather a dynasty. The people continued to select electors, but a Congressional caucus picked the "best minds" for the electors and Jefferson picked them for the caucus. Thus we got James Madison and James Monroe, who with Jefferson "best minded" for twenty-four years.

During this time a feeble Federalist party had come into being and died. Jefferson founded a Democratic-Republican party which still survives under the first half of its name—mainly in name. King Caucus ruled. Upon the scene in 1824 came the furious Andrew Jackson who had picked up a considerable collection of electors instead of waiting for them to pick him. He failed, thanks to Henry Clay who put John Quincy Adams in the White House, leaving Jackson to gnash his teeth without. Adams and Clay began to create a new party, but for the moment without name, merely a schism. By and by it became known as the Whig party. The Ass was among the nettles. Jackson saddled and bridled him and rode into the White House, as a Democrat—the "Republican" part of the name had disappeared. Eight years Jackson ruled in person and four through Martin Van Buren. Though a strict disciplinarian he had a kind heart and the animal was well fed, at the public crib. Some snippy persons say this was the beginning of the Spoils System. Whatever it was it gave folks an interest in politics. The Ass grew sleek.

Business, however, did not fatten. A Bank of the United States, owned largely in England, had a grip on the finances. Jackson saw this was making too few prosperous at the expense of many. Old Hickory had a fool notion that people should earn money and not make it out of the money that others gained by perspiration. He throttled the bank and the bankers offset this with a panic, which sent the Ass back to his thistles. He had thrown Prosperity and deserved a beating.

The man who did it knew no more about money-making than the dullest of donkeys; but he had a reputation as an Indian killer. He was washed into the White House on a flood of hard cider. This was a Democratic beverage to which he was addicted. He also lived in a log cabin. Van Buren was a gentleman and drank wine. The result was obvious. Healthy as hard cider may be, it, or something else, was fatal to William Henry Harrison. He only lived a month. His successor, John Tyler, had a sneaking idea that Jackson was right. He would not revive the bank. Then the Ass took heart and bore James K. Polk into office. By annexing Texas and fighting Mexico he doubled the size of the United States, if that could be called an improvement, and the Ass dwelt in comfort for four years. A soldier without real politics got in for his share in walloping Mexico and for personally starting the war. Zachary Taylor did not live long but the Ass was out for four years. He came in again and dwelt decorously under Franklin Pierce.

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Do not think that all this time there had been no effort to break two-party monopoly. The predominating power in both was slavery. Both stood by the Institution as guaranteed by the Constitution—if this thinly veiled clause which is still in that revered document can be said to justify it:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

Slavery had played out in the North not because it was wicked, but because it did not pay. In the South the slave-holding class was small—not more than 40,000 were magnates—but it represented prosperity, and with the leisure due to it, raised statesmen as well as chattels. Virginia mothered Presidents and serviles—selling the last at a profit where the soil no longer paid, and furnishing rulers in Washington.

To offset slavery the North had pushed through a tariff. This took a slice of Prosperity from the South and almost led to secession—one State, South Carolina, actually voted to disobey the exaction. Some misguided persons led by James G. Birney, an Alabamian, created a Liberty party in 1840, and there cropped up another in 1848 called the Free-Soil party, which objected to extending slavery into the West.

The Whigs crumbled. They represented wealth and culture in the North and a little of both in the South, which was by no means solid in their day. In the North, Irish immigrants began tincturing Democracy, especially in New York and New England, furnishing cheap labor and a lot of votes. Protection squeezed the South, where slave-farming soon exhausted the soil and sought to move on. If slavery dominated a new State it meant its political aggrandizement. North and South were pretty evenly balanced by a device which counted negroes as a factor in representation and denied them everything else. It was to prevent this sort of domination that the Free-Soil party was created. This was led by a New York Democrat who had been President, Martin Van Buren. Free-Soil represented politics, abolition, humanity. Humanity received the smallest support at the polls.

Then another party developed, called Know-Nothings in common parlance. It labeled itself the Native American party and proposed to put none but one hundred percenters on guard, meaning to shut out the invading Irish who voted the Democratic ticket and were believed to obey the Pope in secret. They made much noise, did some mobbing and then were skilfully drawn into a net by Thurlow Weed and William H. Seward who had gathered into the same web the first Prohibitionists, the Free-Soilers and many Abolitionists. Seward was the only Whig statesman openly to advocate the abolition of slavery. Weed was purely political in his aims. They made, if they did not originate, the Republican party. That credit belongs to Alvan E. Bovay, who gave it a start at Ripon, Wisconsin.

Abraham Lincoln, an Illinois politician of great discernment and skill, who had been a Whig Congressman, joined the new organization. He saw the effort the South was making, not only to maintain its balance of power, but to increase it unto perpetuity. The negro was an incident, party control a necessity. Sectionalism had long been apparent, but it now became active in the South. The North awoke to the danger—that is, the parties did. The people were either in the dark or indifferent. They harried the

Abolitionists as trouble-makers. Free soil was different. That interested the politicians.

So it came to pass that in 1856, John C. Frémont was selected as the first Republican candidate, getting 1,341,246 votes. Millard Fillmore, who had been President, ran as a Native American. He got 874,536 ballots. So the Democrat, James Buchanan, was therefore elected with a poll of 1,838,169. It is clear that he was in the minority 377,613. The Elephant was thus foaled.

The next Congressional election, that of 1858, gave Congress to the new-comers. The election of 1860 was another minority affair. Abraham Lincoln had 1,866,322 votes, Stephen A. Douglas 1,375,157 and J. C. Breckinridge, on a "constitutional" ticket, that is pro-slavery, 845,373. To add to the complexity John Bell had 549,581 supporters, Whigs called from the party grave. So Abraham Lincoln was nearly 1,000,000 behind being a majority victor.

Civil war followed. Its great generals were mainly Democrats. One, George B. McClellan, became a candidate for President in 1864. He was beaten. Another, U. S. Grant, was taken on as a Republican to save the party in 1868. He did it. In 1872 a Republican turning Independent secured a Democratic indorsement against Grant whose administration had been a scandal. This was Horace Greeley. He was beaten, but died before the electors could put it to vote.

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With slavery gone, Protection and Privilege took its place as political potencies. The Confederate cruisers had chased our flag from the seas. Ship-owners transferred their craft to foreign flags. Protection would not let them come back, in the interest mostly of Bath, Maine, a ship-building town with James G. Blaine in Congress to uphold its demands. So the flag, that once ruled the waves, became next to invisible. Kerosene killed the whaling industry. Nobody cared. More than one "Coal Oil Johnny" sprang into being. One kept his money and all of the oil—John D. Rockefeller. Railroad building became the rage. Pacific roads were greased with great grants of land. Grant and Congress showered largess.

Zachariah Chandler, Ben Wade and Thaddeus Stevens were Grant's elder statesmen. The saintly Sumner was tossed aside. All hands wallowed in the trough. It was steadily enlarged to accommodate them. The Elephant took on the credit mobilier, a scheme for smoothing the ways for the Union Pacific. Out of this grew a scandal, tiny compared with some that were to follow, that gave Congress to the Democrats in 1874. The poor things did not know what to do with it. The Ass having become used to his diet of prickly weeds, knew nothing better. Then in 1876 Samuel J. Tilden won the Presidency because of National disgust with greed. His supporters lacked the acumen to secure his inauguration. He timidly thought insistence would bring on civil war. It might have. The "old soldiers" were in line, kept there with liberal pensions, the "bloody-shirt" waved high and the Ku Klux Klan gave reason to believe that the South was gathering for a new assault. The timid Ass was content to bray.

In 1880 the outraged Democrats made another essay with a distinguished general. He said the tariff was a local issue and was much laughed at for telling what has proved true. Probably he would have been elected but for the success of a fusion in Maine with a rising Greenback party. This scared the money-bags. The State election was in September and in the two months that followed, cash did its work.

James A. Garfield's plurality over Winfield Scott Hancock was but 7918 on the popular vote. A party split followed that, in Grover Cleveland, gave the Democrats their first President since Buchanan, though the Ass did not profit. Cleveland called public office a public trust and no place for the hungry. The Elephant kept most of his fat. Cleveland was beaten for reëlection by a schism in New York. David B. Hill won as Governor, but Cleveland lost the State and the nation.

Another animal got a good deal out of it though, the Tammany Tiger. After four years of a decent administration under Benjamin Harrison, during which the Elephant grew a trifle lean, Cleveland triumphed again—but not through the exertions of the Ass. He was boosted in by a Populist rising to face a crisis of Republican devising—a flood of silver bought by law, that refused to circulate, and depleted the country's store of gold. The treasury was paying twice the market value for the white metal. Cleveland stopped this and bred Bryanism. That is to say the doctrine of sixteen to one.

In 1896 this burden was piled on the Donkey's back. Though created by a Republican statesman, John Sherman, for the benefit of the Nevada bonanza kings and indorsed by William McKinley, the Elephant got from under and left the Ass mired in the mud. Having dug the hole the cunning pachyderm floundered out and the long-eared quadruped fell in. He stayed in the pit sixteen years and then did not crawl out by exercising his own limited intelligence. No indeed. Dissatisfied with the pace of the elephant, now fat and old, Theodore Roosevelt mounted a bronco and scared the poor old pachyderm into a fit of trembling. Woodrow Wilson came in, but not the Ass. Nominally, of course, he was in the stable but could not reach the crib. Civil service and a scholastic mind kept him bereft, braying dismally, but his appeals brought no help. Then his President benignly rewarded him by keeping out of the World War long enough to be reëlected himself and presto, the poor little beast had on his haunches the greatest load ever placed there, or anywhere else. You should have heard the Elephant snort! He contrasted his broad beam with the tiny proportions of the donkey, and one of his mahouts, Elihu Root, stood up in Carnegie Hall and demanded that the load be transferred to "we who are competent." Colonel Roosevelt came riding up on his bronco and offered to relieve both of the burden. The bronco bucked so that he could never get anywhere with the animal and the Donkey pulled through.

No, he did not muddle either. The little runt knew how to fetch and carry. He came home with the goods.

You would have thought nothing could have been fine enough as a reward. When the Elephant "saved" the country in the years 1861–65, it became sanctified. Now the Ass had saved the sphere, yet was denied even a laurel wreath.

Mr. Wilson created fourteen points that had in them the salvation of the Universe. The Elephant squatted on them. They did not so much as prick his hide. Then the grateful country did do something for the Ass. It took off his harness and turned him out by the roadside to pick up what he could. Great, yes? There were plenty of thistles.

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Well, the Elephant came back of course. He was a bit thin but that was soon remedied. The Ass, unused to luxury, had overlooked a lot of things. His short legs could not lift him up to the plum-tree branches. Besides, his ears got in the way of his eyes. The Elephant's height was enhanced by a pervasive and prehensile trunk that reached up into the farthest limbs and soon packed the fruit into his maw. Privilege and plunder were his unto repletion. And how pleased the country was! Every time an oil reserve went between his tusks there was loud applause, not unmixed with envy that "they" had not been "in" on the deal. That the Elephant was pillaging did not make any difference. He was a good fellow and knew how to create Prosperity. Prosperity being the nation's God, all was well. Indeed the public was so pleased that half of it quit voting. "A mark of confidence" the mahouts proclaimed this seeming negligence. It was—also of confidence men. Prohibition came in with Prosperity. The Ass complained of this but was curtly told that aridity was good for his morals. Men worked harder to feed the Elephant when not distracted by drink. He had his own private supply of arrack and his tongue was wet even though his heart was dry and hard. The Ass's nether lip quivered a little at this but he was used to rebuff and went back to his thistles. He is there yet.

The health of the Elephant is not good. Outwardly he looks well, but his bowels rumble and his eyes have grown furtive. He has the jumps. Like his cousin in the menagerie he starts when he hears a rustle in the straw. He is afraid of mice. He wishes Coolidge had chosen to remain his keeper. The new man may not have any forage or arrack—nothing but bootleg laced with wood-alcohol. The voters who haven't voted for eight years may decide to do so and goodness knows what may happen. So the pachyderm putters about hoping for the best, but fearing the worst. He hopes they will decide to keep Mr. Mellon. Then all will be well. Wall Street agrees with him.

The Ass is not quite sure that any one wants a small mouse-colored animal, who lacks speed and spirit, but he pricks up his ears at the sighs of the Elephant and blinks benignly as the big fellow fans himself nervously with his own ample auricular appendages. These evidences of discomfort he tries to translate into symptoms of despair out of which he may gather cheer. Weight for weight the Ass has the advantage. He does not even carry a pack-saddle!

# HAVE A GOOD TIME WHILE YOU CAN

## *An Impression of the Carnival in New Orleans*

LYLE SAXON

## II

CANAL Street was so tightly packed with people that it was impossible to move forward at more than a snail's pace. About half the crowd was masked, the others dressed in everyday garb. High above the streets the balconies, the windows and even the roofs were massed with spectators. Flags fluttered everywhere. Bedlam! A happy roar hung over the heads of the throng, a hum of voices punctuated with cries, whistles, cat-calls. And everywhere the tinkling of little bells, an undercurrent of sound infinitely strange. Color everywhere: red, purple, blue, arsenic green, and the glitter of spangles and metal head-dresses in the sunlight. There were clowns of every size and color of costume, ballet-girls all dressed alike in white and black. There were animal disguises—men wearing purple elephants' heads of papier-mâché, or huge donkeys' heads. Two men had combined to represent a comical spotted horse—two others constituted a violet cow. A man passed by, high on stilts, his pink and white striped coat-tails blowing out behind him. Two men wore black tights painted in white to represent skeletons, terrifying in their macabre aspect. A fat woman dressed in the uniform of a United States marine accompanied them; she dragged a squalling child by one arm. "That's only your papa," she said wearily, indicating the larger of the skeletons; but the child, unimpressed, continued to yell.

Suddenly I became conscious of a swelling whisper that ran through the crowd. Necks were craned. Maskers stopped their antics and stood on tiptoe, all looking in the same direction. Robert, my black guide and guardian, shading his devil mask with white-gloved hand, tiptoed also. Then he shouted, his voice muffled behind his mask, "It's de parade!" Then, almost upon us, I saw twelve blue-coated policemen on horseback riding abreast. The crowd moved back before them, men falling over each other in their haste.

Elbows came in contact with my forehead, feet smashed down upon mine; I was buffeted about, almost thrown down. But Robert dragged me back to him, and in another moment I found myself seated with my legs around his neck, high above the heads of the others. I had the feeling of a swimmer rising upon the crest of a wave. There before me, stretched out as far as I could see, was a mass of maskers, and beyond them a series of glittering mountains was moving toward us. The carnival king was coming.

Behind the mounted police who cleared the way, were masked outriders on black horses; they wore gold plumes on their hats, and their purple velvet cloaks trailed behind them over the flanks of the horses; they wore doublet and hose and carried gleaming swords in their hands. Their masks were black. Behind them a brass band tooted lustily. Two negroes carried between them a large placard emblazoned with one word, "Rex."

The first float in the procession seemed to me the most wonderful thing I had ever seen. It was a mass of blue sky, clouds and a glittering rainbow. Under the rainbow's bridge were masked figures in fluttering silk, men and women who held uplifted golden goblets. This was the title car, and along the side was written the title of the parade—a subject which I have entirely forgotten, except that it dealt in some way with Greek mythology. The glittering float towered as high as the balconies which overhung the street from the second floors of the houses. As the gay-colored mountain came gliding past it seemed fragile for all its monumental size, and it swayed as though mounted on springs. The car was drawn by eight horses draped in white.

A blaring band followed the title car, and then came more outriders in green and gold and wearing purple masks. Behind them came a car even larger than the first. It was like a gigantic wedding-cake and at the top, on a golden throne, was Rex, king of the carnival. Such a perfect king he was, with fat legs incased in white silk tights, a round fat stomach under shimmering satin, long golden hair and a magnificent curled yellow beard. His face was covered with a simpering wax mask, benign and jovial. On his head was a crown of gold and jewels that sparkled in the sun; he carried a scepter of diamonds which he waved good-naturedly at the cheering crowd. Behind him a gold-embroidered robe swept down behind the throne, cascaded over the back part of the float and trailed almost to the ground, its golden fringe shaking with the movement of the car. There was gauze and gold-leaf everywhere and spangles glittered in the sunlight. At the feet of the monarch two blond pages stood, boys no larger than I, with long flaxen curls and white silk tights, rather wrinkly at the knees. How I envied them!

Robert and I—like every one else—were screaming with delight. I clapped my hands. The blond king, so high, yet so near me, leaned out and with his scepter pointed directly to me as I sat perched upon the shoulder of the big red devil. He said something to one of the pages, and the page with a bored smile tossed a string of green-glass beads to me. It swirled through the air over the heads of the people and dropped almost into my outstretched hands; but my clumsy fingers missed it and it fell to the ground. Immediately there was a scramble. Robert stooped; I fell from his shoulders, and found myself lying on the pavement as though swept under a stampede of cattle. Hands and feet were all around me, but somehow I managed to retrieve those beads, and triumphant I scrambled up again and Robert put me back on his shoulder.

This had taken only a moment, but during that time the king's car had moved on and another car was in its place. I could see monstrous golden pythons which twined around white columns, and there were nymphs with green hair who held up bunches of purple grapes as large as oranges, grapes which glittered in the sunshine with iridescent coloring. The car with the serpents and grapes came to a swaying halt before us. I had an opportunity to examine the snakes at close range and was relieved to find that they did not move but remained twined about the fluted columns.

Robert was pinching my leg. With the other hand he was pointing toward the carnival king whose throne was now a short distance from us. The king's back was turned, but I could see that he was greeting some one on a balcony opposite. I had not noticed this balcony before, oddly enough, but now I saw tier after tier of seats rising from the second to the third floor of the building, the seats filled with men and women, not maskers but ordinary mortals dressed in their best. At the moment their hands were stretched out in greeting and they were cheering. There in the first row on the balcony was a beautiful girl in a floppy pink hat; she stood with arms outstretched toward Rex as he sat before her. They were separated by a distance of perhaps twenty feet, but his high throne was nearly level with her. He was saluting with his scepter. And then from somewhere came a man with a high ladder which was leaned against the king's chair. Up the ladder the man ran nimbly, balancing a tray covered with a white napkin. He presented the tray to the king. A bottle opened with a loud pop, and I saw champagne poured into a wineglass, champagne that spilled over the edge of the goblet and ran down into the street below. Rex was toasting his queen. Years after, I heard the story of this, why it was done and how old the custom was; but then the small boy who looked upon it saw only another fantastic happening in that mad dream of Mardi Gras.

The ceremony was soon over, the step-ladder was whisked away and Rex on his swaying throne was drawn slowly down the street. I could hear the cheers as they grew fainter in the distance, drowned in the blare of bands. One by one the gorgeous floats passed before us, each telling some mythological story. There were satyrs, fawns, mermaids, centaurs, the like of which I had never dreamed before. Fairyland had become reality. I counted the cars as they passed; there were twenty of them, and nearly as many bands of music. And always that unreal quality, that gaudy, blatant thing that I could not define then, of course, and which I cannot define even now, except that it gave to me the feeling of seeing a thousand circuses rolled into one.

The parade had passed by, the maskers had the street to themselves again. Horns blared, tambourines banged. The dance was beginning afresh. "We got tuh leave dis place!" cried Robert, clutching my hand and beginning to make his way through the crowd.

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We went down a narrow street beside a railroad station. Men filled the street, men going from house to house. The curtains were drawn, but now and again I heard the sound of music through open doors. Deaf to my questioning, Robert continued to stride along. We passed cafés where I could hear the shuffling of feet, banging pianos, shrill cries. What a good time the people were having!

We turned a corner and went along Iberville Street. Here beautiful ladies leaned from windows, calling out friendly greetings. They were all a little fat, it seemed to me, and their lips were very red; but they smiled and held their kimonos around them, and they all kept crying out for the passers-by to come in and see them. Some of the men stopped to talk with these friendly girls, and some went up the steps and into the doors, which closed after them. The structures in this street were peculiar, I thought—long houses only one story high, divided into small apartments, each with one door and one window. Only pretty ladies seemed to live in them, and to make the matter stranger still, many of these ladies had their names painted on the doors. As we went along I read the names aloud: "Laura" and "Wanda" and "Anna" and "Bessie," and sometimes the names were prefixed by a title, such as "Chicago May" or "French Marie," and some of the doors had additional notices: "Come in!" which was very nice and hospitable I thought.

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The Zulu King was holding his ball in the High Brown Social and Athletic Club, which turned out to be a negro saloon. Robert did not linger in the bar-room, but led me through a rear door into a smelly courtyard. Behind heavy doors I could hear the booming of a drum and the whine of fiddles. And when this door was opened that breath of air was so stifling that I fell back for a moment. We went in, but it was like entering an oven.

The room was large and tightly closed; electric lights shone bright. The ceiling was a mass of red and green streamers of paper, rather reminiscent of Christmas. The place was thronged with negroes, and upon the dancing-floor many couples were moving in a slow, shuffling dance; pressed together so that they seemed as one.

The Zulu King was lolling on a dais at one end of the room. He was laughing and showing his white teeth. He lay back in his chair, and upon his knee was a mulatto girl with a short red dress. She was drinking from his glass. The room smelled of stale beer.

Robert found a chair for me, and then, cautioning me not to take off my mask, he was gone. A little later I saw his red devil costume and realized that he had joined in the dance. With arms entwined around some dusky damsel he was gyrating with the best of them, and his squirms and bumps were something to see!

It was not long before the music stopped and a shout echoed through the room: "Time foh de contes'!" Presently the floor was cleared and the dancers ranged themselves around the hall. The members of the orchestra laid aside their instruments. The drummer moved his big drum farther out on the dancing-floor and began beating a measured rhythm.

A thin quadroon came to the center of the floor and began to shake with the drum-beats, first a shoulder, then a hip, faster and faster until she was shaking all over. The drum-beats became more rapid; her gyrations became more violent. Suddenly the drumming stopped and she stood limp in the middle of the floor. There was wild applause.

She retired and another girl took her place. This time the dancer was a Congo black. Her movements pleased the crowd extravagantly. The drumming was done in the same fashion as at first. When she had finished she was followed by a third girl, and so on until the contest was ended and the winner was acclaimed—a large, fat black girl, her face shining with sweat and success—for this meant that she would wear the crown of the Zulu King. A mystic ceremony was then performed with much hugging and buffoonery, and at last the king rose and led his queen to the center of the floor. Some jargon was repeated, there was more loud laughter, and dancing began afresh.

It was quiet enough in my corner. The music lulled me. My head drooped lower and lower and at last I slept, worn out with fatigue.

I awoke with a start. Shrieks rent the air. A general fight was in progress. I could not see Robert anywhere. Women were knocked down; men threw chairs. A big negro knocked a smaller man sprawling and kicked him in the face. The man lay still, his mouth open. I saw the Zulu King, a razor in his hand. He was slashing at some man who was trying to hit him with the butt end of a pistol. I saw the razor glitter in the light and a moment later I heard a scream that ended in a gurgle. The tall black man fell backward on the floor. The razor was red in the king's hand. Panic!

Men and women rushed for doors and windows, knocking each other down. A mulatto girl screamed shrilly as she was trampled upon. A minute later there were only three people in the room; one was the negro who lay with his throat cut, the other was the man who had been kicked senseless, and the third was a small red devil holding with both hands to the chair on which he sat. Outside I could hear shouting and the sound of a police whistle. I was frightened. The dead man on the floor seemed to be looking at me with his wide open eyes.

It was then that I saw Robert again. He emerged inch by inch from behind the piano. He took one look at the men on the floor, then he cried out something I could not understand. He grabbed me and we ran. It was just in time, for as we plunged down a long alley, I heard the whistle repeated and the sound of a door being battered in.

"We got tuh make haste!" Robert shouted as he dragged me along. I could not see one negro that had been with us in the hall. They had disappeared. We walked rapidly down the street. Robert had snatched off my mask and was carrying it in his hand. His own mask was in place. He did not say anything until we had gone several squares, and turned four corners. Then he sat down in a doorway and fanned himself with my mask. "Jeese! but dat wuz a close call!" he said.

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It would be impossible for me to tell you all that happened in that long and gaudy afternoon. I have a blurred remembrance of mad and futile flights from one part of the city to another—of maskers contests, of small parades, and of celebrations that centered around open-air markets. The whole city was filled with masqueraders, and we went from neighborhood to neighborhood, observing their antics. We visited big hotels and sumptuous saloons. Years later I understood why Robert showed me so many things: masked he could not be distinguished from a white man, and holding a small white boy by the hand he could gain access anywhere. It is highly probable that Robert saw places that day that he had never seen before and never saw afterward. We strolled nonchalantly through the St. Charles Hotel, I remember, where a dignified grandeur reigned that Robert said was "genteel." We crossed the street and visited the old Ramos bar where twelve barkeepers stood in a line shaking the silver containers which held the famous gin-fizz. In the Ramos saloon there were many women, beautifully dressed, women who leaned against the bar with one foot on the brass rail and who imbibed absinthe or sipped fizzes. One incident remains clearly in my mind. A beautiful girl with a corsage bouquet of orchids called me to her—while Robert stood back modestly—and gave me a sip from her glass. It was the first time that I had tasted absinthe, and the flavor made me wrinkle my nose and cry out, "Paregoric!" This description was greeted with shouts of laughter.

Later we went back to Robert's room and rested for a while. I think that I took a nap from sheer exhaustion. But by nightfall we were afoot again.

Lee Circle is an open circular space at the intersection of St. Charles and Howard avenues. Here the ground has been built up into a sort of circular hill, an elevation surmounted with a large stone column which supports a bronze statue of Robert E. Lee. At the base of the column is a pyramid of stone—a sort of giant's staircase, each step a yard high. We scrambled to the topmost step and seated ourselves there. From our perch we could see far up the avenue to where the twinkling lights diminished in the distance. And as I grew accustomed to this godlike point of view, I saw that crowds lined both sides of the avenue as far as eye could see. And the crowd was humming like a swarm of bees.

As I sat there in the cool dimness I could hear various sounds rising above the murmur of the throng: the shrill whistle of air escaping from balloons, the irresponsible whine of harmonicas, the jangling of tambourines, the cries of street venders, the shouts of policemen who rode by clearing the street. While stretched out to infinity, it seemed, was the crowd.

There came a whisper that turned into a cry. The parade was coming. At first I could see nothing but the flickering rows of lights as they converged far away, but then I became conscious of a red glare in the sky, an aura which seemed to rise from the ground, or to emanate from the air itself. Smaller lights became visible in the glare, bright pin-points of flame, yellow, blue and green. Then, as the endless stream of lights moved nearer I was conscious of great wreaths of black smoke which swirled upward into the darkness, smoke which caught and reflected the flaring lights and seemed to surround the approaching pageant with a rim of fire. Little by little dark shapes became visible, men on horseback clearing the route. Then, below each point of flame I could discern a red figure—men holding torches. And always the bobbing of these lights and their swirling smoke rising toward dim stars. In the center of each circle of light a mass of pale color became visible—the floats, pale in the night, but brilliant too. They seemed to be gliding noiselessly and effortlessly forward—relentless, like some gigantic fiery dragon.

Slowly details became clear: men on black horses, courtiers with plumed hats and black masks, the horses rearing and plunging as though trying to unseat their riders. Music blared out. Far off I could hear rippling applause as those along the way greeted Comus, the last and most dearly loved king of the carnival season.

Now the torches were nearer. I could see prancing negroes dressed in red robes who strutted as they bore the flambeaux. There were sudden flares of stage-fire, green or white, and the lights in their changing colors were reflected upon the decorated cars. It was as though mountains were moving toward us, undulating as they came.

First the title car, shimmering with tinsel and fluttering with gauzy streamers; the torches burned yellow and blue, and the dancing lights were reflected as though from a hundred mirrors. In black letters on gold I read that Comus's whim this year was "Legends of the Golden Age." Following the title car came Comus himself, riding on his swaying throne. He seemed suspended in the air, framed in fire. His crown and jewels sparkled with points of light. The blond and jovial monarch gestured with his diamond scepter with superb geniality. The sheen of golden satin vied with the gleam of burnished metal. Great golden tassels quivered. And this shimmering mass passed slowly by, drawn by eight horses covered with white, their eyes showing black through eyelets in the cloth. And everywhere the prancing negro torch-bearers, the blaring of bands. The undulation, the bobbing lights, the quivering masses of changing color, the unending rhythm seemed to stir a similar quivering in me.

One by one the floats passed by: Ulysses setting sail in a golden boat while his bare-armed followers pulled at long, shining oars; Circe and the companions of Ulysses, great fantastic swine, groveling before the enchantress; Jason and the Golden Fleece. It seemed as though all the beauty and all the gold of the world had been spilled out to make a small boy's paradise.

On one of the cars a Titanic ogre stretched out a threatening hand over a group of maskers who seemed unaware or unafraid of their doom, maskers who danced and blew kisses to the crowd, there in the shadow of those clutching fingers. On another float a glittering spider trembled horribly. The swaying cars went past, each one preceded by a band, each framed in a fiery ring of flambeaux. As the procession reached the mound upon which we sat, it turned, circled the base of the statue and continued down St. Charles Street. As the last car passed we followed it with our eyes, and there, strung out along the street, we saw the gorgeous spectacle again, the backs of the floats this time, almost equally beautiful.

* * *

We scrambled down from the monument and went with the crowd in the wake of the parade. We followed through Canal Street and into the narrow streets of the Vieux Carre to the destination of Comus—the French Opera House. At the door of the beautiful old building, each car stopped and the maskers were helped down. The empty floats continued on their way, while the silk-clad masqueraders climbed the steps and disappeared into the wide doors. In Toulouse Street nearby there was a long line of carriages, and ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes were descending from them and entering by a side door. The number seemed endless. Gems flashed; there was a scent of perfume in the air. Horses plunged and their shoes struck fire from the cobblestones. Tight-packed everywhere stood people, watching the world of society as it went, laughing, to the Comus Ball. And looking down the street, I saw the great floats lose their fairy-like quality—for as they passed beyond the door of the Opera House the negroes extinguished the torches; and with the lights out, the floats were only dead things. One after another they disappeared into the darkness—gone as utterly as a snuffed-out flame.

Robert and I were turning away when I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder. "I was beginning to be worried about you," said my grandfather's voice. He stood there smiling down at me.

"Are you ready to go to bed now, or do you want to see some more?" he asked. A moment before I had been so exhausted that I could hardly stand, but at the promise of something more to see, I exclaimed, "Oh, I'm not tired at all!"

My grandfather turned and thanked Robert, who stood meekly by. A piece of paper money changed hands and I heard Robert's, "Thank *you*, suh!" He stood looking into my eyes, as though he wanted to say something, but he seemed to think better of it, and presently he turned away and disappeared in the crowd. "See yo' in de mawnin'," he called back to me.

It was then I saw that the old Creole gentleman was standing at my grandfather's elbow. He too was smiling at me. "Your face is dirty," he remarked as though he were stating a well-known fact. I scrubbed at it with a grimy handkerchief.

"Oh, never mind," he said. "We're going into the *troisième*. We'll never be noticed. Come along!"

I followed the two old men into the Opera House, up long flights of stairs, through great swinging doors and into a foyer with red carpet and gleaming crystal chandeliers. Mirrors reflected the people who were passing before them. We climbed more stairs. I was like a child in a dream; everything was vague and a red haze seemed to hang over the lights. At last we reached a balcony high up in the Opera House, and here, after some trouble we found our seats almost at the back of it. The two men sat down and I squeezed somehow between them, disputing with the chair arm for the right of way.

Far, far below I saw hundreds of men and women moving about. The theater was filled from pit to dome with guests at the ball. In the proscenium boxes were women in evening gowns, glittering with jewels. There were flowers everywhere. Below us lay the horseshoe—we could see part of it—and here again were gaily dressed ladies and black-coated gentlemen. The stage was illuminated and decorated to represent a starry heaven. On a high throne were the King and Queen, as small as dolls it seemed to me—so high I sat. The proscenium arch curved above their heads, and before them stretched out a great expanse of dancing-floor, a floor which extended out over what had been the parquet of the theater.

My head drooped sleepily. The red haze around the lights grew denser. Somewhere an orchestra was playing softly. The king and queen were rising and beginning their march around the dance floor. Couples fell into line behind them—the men in costume and masked, but the women with the exception of the court ladies in customary evening dress. Behind the king and queen long gold-embroidered robes swept out—robes supported by pages in white. I recognized, in a dim sort of way, some of the characters that I had seen riding on the floats earlier in the evening: Ulysses, Circe and the rest of those masqueraders. But many seemed wholly unfamiliar, as I saw them in that half trance between sleep and waking.

There had been a series of tableaux before we entered the theater, my grandfather's friend told me—but I did not care that I had missed them. I nodded sleepily, and at last my head went down on my grandfather's shoulder. I must have slept for more than an hour, for when he awakened me it was midnight and the court of Rex had left its ball and had come to join the court of Comus—the climax of the Mardi Gras festivity. I was only conscious of two kings and two queens and two courts—more spangles, more glitter, more music, more brilliancy. It was too much. I could stand no more.

"I want to go home!" I said.

"All right, old sleepy-head," said my grandfather. "Let us go."

Somehow I staggered down the stairs and through the dim streets. We went back to the house that I had left that morning—a day, a century ago. The courtyard seemed quiet and ghostly in the peaceful dimness and the moon shone down upon the fountain. Again I climbed endless stairs and in a bedroom, somewhere in the front part of the house, I got undressed and tumbled into a big, four-post bed.

⁂

When I awakened it was dawn outside and I could see the red reflection of the sun in the sky. An altercation was going on in the street below and there were bells ringing, church-bells sounding dolefully, mournfully, slow solemn strokes.

I slipped out of bed, went to the window and looked down into the street. Outside a policeman was trying to induce a very tipsy masker to relinquish his hold on a lamp-post and go home. But the masquerader insisted that he had to go to early mass in the cathedral. This seemed to disturb the policeman, for he argued long and patiently that such a thing was out of the question. But the masquerader was firm. At last they departed, the policeman supporting the arm of the tippler. At the corner this couple came face to face with two nuns who walked at the head of a long procession of little girls, all dressed alike in pink calico dresses and black hats, orphans on the way to church. The officer dragged the reveler to one side and reverently raised his cap as the nuns passed by.

After they had all gone the street was empty again, except for a little woman all in black who hurried along with small, clicking steps following the nuns and orphans toward the church. And the sun of Ash Wednesday rose above the steep roofs of the houses opposite. I yawned prodigiously. My grandfather lay in another bed, still sleeping. I climbed into my own bed again. How strange New Orleans seemed after the plantation! The day before was a gorgeous dream. It couldn't have happened.

A little later there was a knock at the door and Robert came in, meek and mild, bearing a tray with the cups of early coffee. My grandfather sat up and took his cup, looking sleepily at me. As I sat cross-legged in bed sipping the warm sweet drink, I said to Robert, "Oh, wasn't Mardi Gras grand? Robert, *do* you remember—?"

But he interrupted me. "Ah don' 'member a thing about it," he said meaningly.

"Oh!" said I, and was silent again.

# WORKERS IN STONE

### WILBERT SNOW

Workers in stone, we do not get upset
At all the changing flurries of the time;
This syenite has chosen to forget
That it was molten once, and in its prime
Roved here and there along the glacial slime
As restless as a mammal in a cage,
Then, doubting there were lovelier zones to climb,
It quite becomingly accepted age.
We've trodden it as actors tread a stage,
We've driven it with bolts to hold our skiffs,
Our door-steps, hearth-stones, headstones—each a page
Of incunabula preserved in cliffs.
Its grain has entered in our very marrows
Till we can blunt the heads of poisoned arrows.

# TABLE TALK

A YOUTHFUL criminal, aged ten, chronically addicted to stealing, lying and malicious mischief-making, underwent a double operation for appendicitis and adenoids. The surgeons believed that if the young man could get the toxic elements out of his system, it would favorably affect the development of his character. A year has now passed, and the "congenital" thief, liar and mischief-maker turns out to be a tractable healthy youngster, quite free from criminal or antisocial tendencies.

One hesitates to generalize from this single experiment, but it is evident that social surgery is a science that will liberally repay further research. Cut off the rotten branch, remove the toxic fleck, and perhaps the diseased organism will blossom into health. Truly, a conservative program, and from the limited data we possess, apparently a successful one.

◆

STATION WEVD, dedicated to the memory of Eugene V. Debs, and used principally for the dissemination of Socialist political doctrine, was not deprived of its broadcasting license in the sweeping campaign waged by the Radio Commission against unnecessary stations. The Commission is to be congratulated upon its action in this matter. Although we are not personally in sympathy with the doctrines emanating from Station WEVD, we would regard with trepidation any curtailment of free speech that might abridge the right of honest political discussion.

◆

FRANCE owes us four billion dollars, which under the present schedule she must either pay or arrange to pay before next August. She has already paid two billion dollars in interest on the huge and timely loans we advanced during the war. The problem of when and how she will discharge the principal is frankly worrying her Minister of Finance.

Utopian moonshine has no place, of course, in international dickering. Considerations good and valuable are the only things a creditor nation can accept in payment of a legal debt. Well then, why don't we follow the lead of John Hay, one of our greatest Secretaries of State, and say to France something akin to what Hay said to China after the Boxer rebellion:

"It is true that you have incurred a debt which you cannot repudiate. But we want to help you discharge that debt in such a way that world friendship instead of world rancor will be the ultimate dividend. We propose therefore, to accept your forty-year, non-interest bearing note for four billion dollars. We further propose that you establish fellowships and collegiate foundations to the extent of one hundred millions a year, and continue to establish such foundations until the entire principal is discharged. One third of these fellowships will be open to students of all nations; one third will be confined to American students only; and the remaining third will be used to send French students to foreign countries—that they may carry the leaven of French civilization to other nations, and in turn familiarize themselves with the cultures of neighboring states."

Such a plan would do more to bring about international accord than any series of green-table conferences, no matter how lofty. It would mean a cross-fertilization of world ideas, and the end of racial misunderstandings. A similar plan worked, and is still working, in the case of China. The investment of France's four billion in international education would practically guarantee world amity, and put an indestructible clincher in the Kellogg treaty against war.

❧

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, President of Columbia University, chooses the highest constitutional ground on which to combat the Eighteenth Amendment. According to his position, religion, morals and social expediency have nothing to do with the case. He views the Prohibition Amendment as an unwarranted violation of the Constitutional Bill of Rights, and a serious infringement upon individual liberty. He deplores the clouds of "verbifuge" that have obscured the real question—which he would put somewhat as follows: "Shall the Constitution be deflected so far from its original purpose as to abrogate liberties it formerly guaranteed?"

We admire Mr. Butler's argument, and regret that it cannot be made clear to the populace. Only after a long course in political philosophy can the essence of his logic be grasped, and his cogent criticism appreciated. To the few whose love of philosophic liberty is their dearest possession (and heaviest responsibility) his attitude on prohibition is perfectly clear. But to all others (they are strongest, alas, in his own party) he seems to be a wilful and dangerous character who should not be permitted to influence the tender youth attending the university of which he is president.

❧

THE long poem, that bane of magazine editors and lady cinquain-writers, is back in our literature after an absence of half a century. In 1912, free verse fragments and wisps of impressionism were the official caper (vide Harriet Monroe on the "new poetry"). But to-day, Messrs. Robinson, Masters, Sandburg and Benét seem bent upon writing the great American epic.

It had to come. If our masculine poets had continued to follow the patterns of the lady editors, our poetry would have died of lyric anemia. But fortunately, the school of Chinese bric-a-brac has been thrust aside and our poets are beginning to appraise the possibilities of American life and history. Out of the latest revolt will come many a prosy line and drowsy passage; but the lace and lavender shackles have been ripped off, and Pegasus once more steps out with a narrative stride.

◆

ONLY our unfounded fear of the phrase "Government subsidy" prevents most of us from whole-heartedly indorsing the farm relief program which revolves about the equalization fee. Any scheme whereby the Government is called upon to balance a private deficit with public moneys, is regarded with suspicion by most Americans. The notion of private enterprise is so deeply embedded in our industrial masonry that we reject as unsound any program that might deplete the energy of private undertakings, or penalize by special taxation the rest of the community.

But actually now, haven't we always subsidized industry under the guise of a protective tariff? The difference between the manufacturing price of the American article and its "cheap foreign competitor" is guaranteed to the manufacturer in the form of a protective tariff which we all pay. If there is nothing subversive of private enterprise in this practice—and Republicans have always gone on the assumption that there is not—then there is no reason why we should be afraid to stretch out a handful of Government money to the harassed farmer.

Furthermore, let us not make the mistake of thinking that farm relief is "class legislation." A large per cent of our population is still engaged in agriculture, and exactly one hundred per cent is dependent upon the farmer's success in wresting a food crop from the earth. If farm relief is class legislation, then eating is a minority privilege. By subsidizing the farmer we are merely guaranteeing bread and meat for ourselves. And by abandoning him to twelve per cent loan-sharks, we are traveling dangerously close to the gaunt rim of an agrarian revolt.

◆

NO matter which way the election goes, the economic interpreters of politics will be firmly intrenched in the text-books. It has been an economic campaign, singularly free from spellbinding or jingo rhetoric. The military and spread-eagle aspects of politics grow less important annually, which might surprise even so recent a President as Roosevelt. But under the eyes of the present generation, politics is evolving into *political economy*, or the science of efficient government by and for a business people. Under such a philosophy, some of the more spectacular personalities and phases of government disappear. "History grows less interesting"—but the budget is balanced with less bloodshed and students have fewer political orations to memorize.

◆

THOUGHT in America oscillates between the extremes of Bunk and Debunk. "Bunk" may be defined as the excess of sentiment over logic, while the essence of "Debunk" is the panting exposure of that excess.

Strung out on the slack-wire between the two poles, most of us flit from one to the other in a feverish quest for equilibrium. Sometimes we are pulled toward the debunkers by such a prime bit of work as "Elmer Gantry," only to be jerked back the next Sunday by a bang-up pulpit oration on the Beatitudes. Well, isn't that the fate of all middling-to-fair creatures whose logic and sentiment come out just about even, and who are not granted the special revelations that visit the apostles of Bunk and Debunk?

◆

OF all crimes in the docket, forgery and embezzlement alone are on the absolute increase. Thefts by trusted employees are growing so common that bonding companies are worried, and public prosecutors have begun to ask for maximum sentences on first offenses.

As civilizations grow more complex, passional crimes decrease, and money becomes the motive, the be-all and end-all, of sins against society. At first glance, there seems to be no cure for money crimes. But investigation will show that every defalcating cashier was miserably underpaid! Forty dollars a week is no salary for a man who handles large sums of money, and when financial institutions learn to pay decent wages we believe that crimes against the Sacred Golden Cow will take a permanent drop.

◆

IN the welter of modern program music which has begun to utilize the cacophonous racket of life in a great city, one sound has hitherto been omitted. Composers have imitated fire-sirens, locomotives and the clatter of restaurant dishes, but to our knowledge no one has yet introduced the sequence of traffic officer's whistle and the metallic squeal of unbuttered brakes. One can imagine Deems Taylor or George Gershwin working wonders with this material in the overture to a modernistic symphony entitled "Traffic on Fifth Avenue." Georges Barrere and his golden flute could adequately handle the "brake motif."

# GOLD HORNS AND SANDALS

## *In Which the Romantic and the Commonplace Once Again Fight It Out*

### THEODORA DU BOIS

IT seemed almost as if the magic had been poured into the room. Enchantment and glamour and romance, poured out and beaten up with a great invisible golden spoon. Mixed with all sorts of other gay ingredients, swaying lanterns and music and festoons of white and gold and scarlet. And couples dancing in the most charming, most ridiculous of masquerade costumes. Laughter and a dash of perfume and a great splash of excitement, all beaten up into the most wonderful frothy, foamy batter. And outside, for icing, the smooth snow and sparkling stars and glittering clear coldness of the night.

But it is not good, after one has been dancing, to stand too long in the club doorway drinking in long breaths of coldness, even if the night wind does feel simply heavenly against one's hot cheeks. And the dyed cheese-cloth garment of a wood-nymph, even over a green silk slip, was never intended to withstand fifteen degrees above zero.

"Come in, you're shivering." Pan put his hand on the wood-nymph's arm, and it was in truth shivering quite badly.

"I'm not a bit cold," she defied him. "Come on, I'd like to run across the golf-links. It would be simply gorgeous. We could go like the wind."

For a second he was tempted. He saw himself running with her over the windy hills. On such a night you could snatch the stars from the sky and play ball with them, toss them glittering back and forth through the darkness, pull down the crescent moon and coast in it, rocking, down the snowy slopes.

"Come on," she said.

Then he looked at her feet and saw that they were shod in sandals and he thought of snow soaking through the holes of them and he thought of his own costume, brown tights and a tawny skin of Canton flannel, with black splotches painted on it. And his arms and neck were bare and a wreath of ivy-leaves is nothing at all as a head covering—so he said, "Come in by the fire, or I'll carry you in." And of course she obeyed at once, as if she were a docile small child.

And fortunately, remarkably, there was no one else in the reading-room by the fire. It happened to be smoking rather badly that evening, so perhaps that was the reason it was abandoned to the solitude of drowsing furniture and softly shaded lamps.

"I think there is no one in the

world who loves the smell of wood smoke in a room more than I do," the girl said.

"No," he replied, "there are two people at least who love it. I'm the other one. It's very comfortable here. Come and get warm at once."

They sank down in deep cushions on the divan, in deep warmth and pleasantness, and the fire crackled happily.

"I like your tunic," she said.

He looked down at it, proudly. "It's the skin of a very savage beast. The Canton flannel. I tracked it to its lair in the basement of Shark & Markhaus. We had a fearful combat. You kill it with scissors. It's the only way."

She chuckled. "I should like to have seen the combat."

"You like rather queer things, don't you," he said, "such as smoky fires and chasing over golf-links in sandals and cheese-cloth at midnight?"

"But wouldn't it have been glorious!" Her voice was wistful.

"It would." They looked at each other and laughed. She was quite charming with a lovely impish sort of face, and brown short hair brushed straight back from her forehead into a mop of wildness.

"What other queer things do you like?" he asked.

"Oh, I've all my life wanted to own an elephant!"

"No!" he said. "I've always thought that I was the only person in town who yearned for an elephant."

"Couldn't we get one and own it together? It would be perfect. We could take turns riding it to the train mornings."

"And park it with the cars on High Street."

"And keep it—where could we keep it?" she said.

"Oh, in somebody's garage. And we'd buy a gold and scarlet howdah for it. You'd be perfect in a howdah."

"But not in a nymph's costume," she laughed.

"Horrors, no. It would have to be a gorgeous white silk robe thing all embroidered in jewels, and your pale hands would—"

"I haven't very pale hands." She spread nice capable-looking hands to the fire and said, "They're not like princess's hands at all."

"Who wants a princess," he scoffed. "I always wanted to marry somebody who would climb the Himalayas with me."

"Oh!" and she gave a bounce on the deep soft cushion. "I've been simply wild to climb the Himalayas ever since I read 'Kim.' I want to walk through them, you know, to walk up the great snowy shoulders of them and look down those precipices—"

"Look here," he said suddenly. "Who in the world are you? I didn't get your name at all when they introduced us, and I'm sure I've seen you on the train mornings."

"Don't ask," she said. "It isn't really me you see on the train mornings. I mean—it's only one of me. Don't you think everybody can change herself, have different selves like different dresses I mean, that she puts on for different occasions."

"Yes, of course," he agreed.

"Well, I'm a wood-nymph now, but I'm not a wood-nymph on the train in the mornings at all. You wouldn't like me."

"I'm not Pan on the trains, either. I'd be put off. What are you?"

"Oh, something very different—absolutely, totally, fundamentally different."

"I bet you're the wood-nymph all the time dressed up in blue serge or something."

"Oh, no," she said sadly.

"But I want to know, truly."

"It's dangerous. I'll vanish."

"I won't let you."

"Well then—my name's Jane Courtenay. Did you ever hear of a wood-nymph named Jane? No, and I didn't either. That name's been like a brown gingham dress on me all my life. The only reason I've had any fun to-night is because I've been pretending that my name was Thesbia."

"It has a nice sound to it."

"It's a gay name anyway. It's just the name for a wood-nymph. I'm perfectly desperate sometimes to get away from Jane Courtenay." Her voice sounded desperate. There were tears on the edges of it. "Sometimes I almost hate her. She's so calm and good and steady and dull and reliable. Jane! She'll never own an elephant or go climbing the Himalayas or run across the golf-links in cheese-cloth on winter nights. She'll never do anything but go to her deadly dull office in the city every morning, come home and get supper every night for her parents and go to bed afterward. And if she does marry she'll just be getting meals and going to bed early and getting up and getting meals and—"

"Stop—stop—you're wound up." He shook her shoulder and she gave a forlorn little chuckle.

"All right I'll stop. But it's true you know. We're all poured into molds. I'm a mold of a nice useful reliable suburban person, a white corn-starch sort of person, a regular 'Jane' sort of person."

"Oh, but you're not really!"

"Oh, yes I am. I thought to-night for one second that I could escape from it. If we *had* run off over the golf-links together, over the hills—"

"But it was snowy," he said very sadly.

"I know."

"And cold."

"Yes, too cold."

"It would have been crazy."

"Absolutely."

"But wonderful." They sighed.

Why was it that their enchanted night had flattened to such sadness. He felt among the curls of his black hair and began to dislodge a small golden horn.

"They're beastly uncomfortable," he said. "I stuck them on with spirit gum. I don't know how I'll ever get it out of my hair. It doesn't usually curl like this you know. I just rumpled it up to go with my costume."

"Don't apologize for your hair. I like it. And the horns are very becoming. What are they made of?"

"Paper, gilded."

"Paper horns," she said unhappily. "You see they're a symbol. All our nice wildness is just gold paper wildness."

"I wonder—gold paper wildness—and we missed the moment. My name is Thomas," he went on as one who confesses a black secret. "That's just as bad as Jane exactly. And they call me Tommy, Tommy Martin. I'm a lawyer but nobody ever wants to bring any cases to me. I shall become a very stupid, very poor old man all alone in the back bedroom of a boarding-house. Perhaps I shall grow a little English ivy in a bottle on my window-sill to remember wreaths and Pan and things like that by. But there will be nobody who cares whether I live or die or go out without my rubbers—I shall die without ever having owned an elephant or having climbed the Himalayas. There will be nothing to remember but to-night—when we didn't run across the golf-links—"

Some one was at the doorway, a heavy voiced some one, a massive grotesque some one in a wrinkled Pierrot's costume, half of him red with white moons and half of him white with red moons, and a rumpled red tarlatan ruff around his neck.

"I've been looking all over for you, Jane," he said, and his voice was heavy with disapproval.

"Oh, Franklin, I'm so sorry. Good night, good-by, Mr. Martin."

"Good night," he said. "Good night, Thesbia." For a second she stood in the doorway startled. He remembered now. He had seen her in blue serge on the 8:14 train in the mornings. No, he would not say "good-by."

* * *

He couldn't always sit with her on the 8:14 in the mornings, although he always tried to. But usually the train was crowded and sometimes she sat with unknown strangers and sometimes, alas, she sat with "Franklin," who turned out to be even more obnoxious in a gray tweed suit than in a wrinkled Pierrot costume. He had been funny with red and white moons and rumpled ruff. But in his gray business suit he wasn't funny at all. He was far too solid and successful to be funny. He fairly radiated success and solidity, as if he had worn dollar signs painted all over him; and his personality so pervaded the next to the last car of the 8:14 that poor Tommy Martin's morning trips were apt to be thirty minute periods of acute torment and despair. Even on those radiant days when he did get the seat next to Jane Courtenay she usually read her paper and told him that he must read his from beginning to end if he even hoped to be any sort of a lawyer.

But the trouble was that Tommy Martin didn't really care about being much of a lawyer. He had always wanted to own a book-store, which, in his father's opinion, was as absurd as if he had confessed a longing to be a clam-digger. So he had become a lawyer to please his father, and after all he hadn't succeeded in pleasing him, for his father wanted him to be an exceptionally brilliant lawyer, which Tommy Martin obviously could never be. He was far too much interested in keeping poor unfortunate duffers out of prison, and as the poor unfortunates never had a red cent with which to bless themselves or Tommy, he went without an overcoat all winter and toward spring was getting along very nicely on two meals a day.

"You're too thin," Jane said to him one morning when he whisked into the seat beside her, ahead of the obnoxious Franklin. "You're simply haggard."

"That's all right," he said. "I'm saving money."

"What for?" And then she blushed. She was the rare and delightful kind of girl who can blush and she did it this time because she realized that she had asked him a question that she didn't want answered at all.

"I'm saving money to buy an elephant," he said.

"You'd much better buy an overcoat," and she regarded him reprovingly.

"No—it's too near spring. Who wants an overcoat in the springtime. You'll be taking off blue serge yourself soon, Jane, and putting on dyed cheese-cloth and sandals."

"You're forbidden to talk that way."

"I know. I don't often. I usually talk about the transit situation very intelligently indeed. You've taught me a lot about transit problems this winter."

"Franklin is very much interested in them."

"Yes, but Thesbia thinks they're all rot you know."

"She's dead," Jane said.

"Not a bit of it. She'll come to life when the first crocus opens. I have a thousand dollars, Jane. It's much too much to spend for an overcoat."

"You'd better buy a bond."

"Jane," he said, "I wish you'd look at me when I talk to you instead of looking out of the window."

"But I like to watch the river."

"Oh, very well then—all right. But I was taught by *my* mother to look in people's eyes when they talked to me." Still he couldn't blame her for wanting to watch the river. Their train raced along its banks breathlessly, passing stations and factories and tugboats and launches, and the river was blue and silvery in the morning sunlight and there were three small white clouds like fluffs of cotton in the sky. "I've been wanting to ask you something for a long time," he said. "Do you *have* to get your mother's and father's supper every night and go to bed early and get up and go to work and get supper? Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Well—maids are so high."

"But are they so high that your father and mother can't reach them?"

"I suppose not, really, if we could find the right one. But they're so unsatisfactory these days. We never can find one who can make good soups and graham muffins and father can't live without them."

"It has been done." Jane had never realized before that he really had a very determined jaw when he set it. "Freedom," he declared "is much better even than good soups and graham muffins, Jane."

"But freedom is an illusion," she said. "It's foolishness. You never can be free—unless you have money—"

"You're all wrong," he replied. "All the money in the world couldn't make you free if your spirit were bound. And you could be free as air with ten cents in your pocket."

"Oh well—freedom—" she said. "It's all nonsense anyway. You don't want it for more than a minute. It's sheer foolishness that makes you think you want to run across the golf-links in cheese-cloth and sandals—"

"Don't talk about it," he pleaded, "I can't bear to be reminded of what I lost when I didn't do it."

"But it would have been perfectly mad," she said, and she meant it. "We'd have caught pneumonia. I think I was quite crazy that night anyway."

"No you weren't," he said, "you were just letting the real self out of you. I wish you'd wear your hair like that every day."

"I couldn't wear any hats then." You can't wear even bobbed hair brushed up and back into a wild mop and hope to wear a hat on top of it. Jane's hair was tamed, as it had to be, and brushed smoothly and hidden beneath a nice little black felt hat, and her dark blue suit and squirrel-fur collar were charming and becoming. And her brown eyes were clear and honest, and in the mornings on the train there wasn't the slightest trace of an imp's gleam in their depths.

"Perhaps you should know," she said, "that I am going to marry Franklin Henderson. I told him I wanted two months to decide, but—"

"Have you thought of the high hills of the Himalayas?"

"He is going to build a red-brick Dutch Colonial house on the northwest corner next to father's lawn."

"And where will you keep the elephant?"

"We'll have an electric ice-box and an oil-furnace—"

"And you'll continue to make good soups and graham muffins for ever and ever and perhaps if you're very good you'll be allowed to go on making them in heaven."

"Oh don't," she pleaded. "I can take such good care of father and mother, and Franklin is a really very nice person."

"That's true. But in the first place your parents are perfectly well and don't need all this elaborate being taken care of, and in the second place he may be a nice person, so's Santa Claus a nice person, but I'd hate to have you marrying Santa Claus. He's not your type."

"Oh, but I should think he'd be lots of fun to marry."

"Thesbia's coming alive again," he said with delight, and they laughed and a man in the seat ahead of them turned around from his newspaper and glared, for they were far too light-hearted for a train where you are supposed to discuss only transit problems and the newest murder and who will be the next mayor.

* * *

But Tommy Martin was not light-hearted. He felt as if some one had stuck a very long, very sharp, very shining sword into him. In fact, as he got off the train he almost expected to see the sword's handle sticking out in front of him like the end of the gold arrow in that pleasant story by Mr. Morley. And that reminded him of the fact that perhaps Jane would like that story, or rather, Jane would think it nonsense, but Thesbia would adore it. And if only he could in some way arouse Thesbia! *She* was not at all the type of person for Franklin Henderson to marry. It was an altruistic duty for Tommy to prevent such mismating. Thesbia in a red-brick Dutch Colonial house with an electric ice-box and an oil-furnace! It was absurd enough to amuse him even with the sword sticking in him so achingly. In the meantime he would go around and get that delightful book.

They knew him in the book-shop.

They knew him and liked him and were quite aware that he spent far too much of his money there. But he was one of those people who always will spend too much money in a book-store no matter what, so there's nothing to do about it. They couldn't shove him from their doors and say, "You don't really need another book, run along and buy some good warm gloves instead." It isn't done. So he went in and sat on the counter and talked to them and they did up his book and addressed it to Miss Jane Courtenay, and one of them, the one with the red hair and a dress with Russian peasant embroidery said:

"Look here, we have a scheme for you. Give up your law for the summer and drive a book caravan for us through New England. It won't be munificent, but it's a living and it's fun. You can take somebody with you if you want. There'll be two bunks. Here—what are you doing?"

He had grabbed the red-ink bottle and was pouring a little, very solemnly on the floor before him.

"A libation," he said, "to the gods!—oh, gods, I apologize, but it's the best I can do in place of wine. Oh, wonderful—oh, glorious—oh, next best thing to the Himalayas and an elephant."

"The man is mad," the red-headed one said and soaked up the ink from the floor with a blotter. "Mad as a hatter. Will you accept our offer?"

"Will I? With bells on!" and he rushed wildly from the store.

But this time he laid his plans warily, for he must make no misstep. This time, if romance came within reach he would not let her glistening robes slip through his fingers and vanish over the hills of the night. Before Jane Courtenay he maintained a calm and placid demeanor; and, if he sat in the seat with her going to the city, he read his paper industriously, not only the amusing columns and reviews of plays and books, but also the editorials and the long dry accounts of transit problems, and oil and mergers and foreign-debt policies and even the stock lists sometimes—to impress her, for he didn't know one stock from another nor did he care. Nor did he pursue her too ardently. Sometimes he reined himself into a maddening slowness and deliberately let Franklin sit in the seat beside her. And he stopped going to her house at night or on Sunday afternoons. As a matter of fact those calls had always been most utter failures, because Mr. Courtenay had taken an unfortunate aversion to the shape of his head. He thought, so Jane confessed to Tommy, that his bumps denoted an impulsive and unreliable artistic temperament. He said, moreover, that he wouldn't trust that young Martin across the street with Hoot Mon's breakfast. Hoot Mon was the dog. So, calls beneath Mr. Courtenay's baleful eye lacked a certain spontaneity and joy, and Tommy decided to bide his time.

And as for Thesbia, poor girl, she might indeed have been dead and buried and wild grasses blowing over her grave for all the notice he gave to her. That was a part of his deep-laid scheming too.

But one day he came perilously near to disaster, in fact quite to the verge of the destruction of all his plans.

It was a spring morning, a blue and gold morning, a morning when the forsythia bush of the station-master's wife was waving myriads of yellow bells in the wind. If you stood quite still near the bush you could almost hear them chiming. It was a morning when small birds rushed about in a frenzy of excited house-hunting. And Jane had on a new green suit and hat.

"It's the prettiest thing I've ever seen you in—except once," Tommy said as they walked up and down the platform together. The 8:14 was late. "And you've new gloves too. I see there isn't any bump on your ring finger. The two months aren't up yet are they?"

"No—not for ten days more."

"Then I breathe again."

"Oh, but I've decided that I'm going to."

"But you can't, you mustn't," he implored. "It will be horrible. You don't love him."

"Love is an illusion. I like him very much."

"But it's me you love." Even though he realized that he was spoiling everything, he couldn't help it. He wanted dreadfully to kiss her, there on the station platform. He couldn't face the desolation of a life without her, and he a lonely old man in a boarding-house back bedroom. Her brown hair curved out from under her hat enchantingly. If he looked at her lips he would kiss hers right there in the face of the crowd and Franklin Henderson and the baggage-man and the twittering birds and every one—

"It would be the craziest thing in the world for us to marry. We wouldn't have a cent," she said.

"But you'll be so *dull* with him! I mean, life will; Thesbia will *never* stand a red-brick Dutch Colonial house and good soups and graham muffins and playing bridge and dusting furniture and making dresses and going to board meetings. She'll make you run away sometime and there'll be a terrific scandal in the papers—'Prominent Society Matron runs over snow-covered golf-links in cheese-cloth and sandals.' You'll never be able to satisfy Thesbia with oil-furnaces."

"There is no such person. She's dead long ago," Jane said firmly, but she looked worried.

"Now I tell you—" And then the train came and they had to get on and it was crowded and they couldn't sit together. Probably it was just as well, for Tommy's time had not yet come.

* * *

When his time did come it was a night hung with stars, and a cool new moon above black branches and laced leaves of elm-trees, a night when young frogs peeped in ponds beyond the hills. Wind had shaken out soft fragrances, smells of moist earth and fresh young green things. And a mist had spread a white veil over the lawns. It was a night when it was desecration to be washing supper dishes in a rather dingy kitchen with worn linoleum on the floor and a calendar of a girl milking a cow on the wall.

"Come out a minute. I have something to show you." Tommy Martin stood at the kitchen door and Jane stacked the last of the dishes in the drying-rack and poured hot water over them.

"What is it?" she asked, drying

her hands. She was tired, and life tasted flat and savorless, as oatmeal when the cook has left the salt out.

"Something nice," he said. "It's cool, better put your coat on."

But it wasn't very cool really, at least not cool enough for him to worry about her needing a coat.

She followed him down the path, around the front of the house between dark lilac-bushes, and a blossom brushed her cheek. He led her out to the sidewalk where a car stood beneath a street-lamp. It was a queer sort of closed car like a small gipsy van.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Get in. I'll tell you."

So she got in, up in the front seat and he stepped up beside her and started the engine and they were off with cool winds blowing against their foreheads.

"Now tell me," she said.

"Well, it's a book caravan," he said. His voice trembled a bit and his words tumbled over themselves in an excited jumble, like a child's on Christmas morning. "It's my new job. It has two bunks inside as well as books and an iron kettle and cups and spoons and absolutely all the things you need to keep house with. We'll stop and buy bits of meat and onions and tomatoes and potatoes and make fires by the roadside and cook the most delicious stews in the world, at dusk, in the wood smoke; and then we'll go on and sell books to everybody in all the towns we pass through. We'll make mints of money—we'll go to the fountain of youth and bathe in it and we'll follow the rainbow to its end, and we'll ride unicorns over the hills—"

"Tommy Martin," she said sternly, "what are you doing?"

"I'm eloping with Thesbia," he said. "I'm rescuing her from Jane and dishes and dusters and graham muffins and Franklin Henderson. You can telephone your parents any minute you want to and tell them. You can get old Hannah Smiley to go in to-morrow and cook for them. You can get out at the next town and give me to the police if you want to. But I'm taking you to my aunt's in Hartford where we can be married—"

"And then?" she said.

"And then we'll get in the car and never stop till we get to the Himalayas."

"The Himalayas? Who would buy books in the Himalayas?"

"Well then, the Berkshires. They're just as good. There's a police station. Do you want to stop and hand me over for kidnapping you?" He slowed the car before a grim building with a green light in front of it. "Will Jane go back or will Thesbia come on to my aunt's?"

"I think, Tommy darling, that Thesbia will go on."

They kissed each other and narrowly escaped ramming a hydrant and then drove on beneath the singing stars.

# DICTIONARIES

## *The Race Between the Language and the Lexicographer*

H. G. EMERY

THE English dictionary as we know it to-day, with its vocabulary of English words explained in English, is a work of comparatively late development in the long period of growth of the English language itself.

Before the end of the sixteenth century there had appeared in England bilingual, trilingual and even quadrilingual dictionaries, designed primarily to help English-speaking persons to an understanding of Latin, French and other foreign languages. Only with the beginning of the seventeenth century was there recognized the need for a dictionary which should help Englishmen to a better knowledge of their own language. Once recognized, however, the need was supplied. Scholars responded with lexicographical aid in successive books of increasing size, scope or pretensions. Favored works were able to come out afresh in revised and enlarged editions. By the latter half of the eighteenth century the all-English dictionary was an institution, with a vogue and an authority that have steadily increased to the present day.

In America, the first English dictionary written by an American—Samuel Johnson, Jr., who was in no way connected with the great English lexicographer Dr. Samuel Johnson—was published in New Haven at the close of the eighteenth century. Since that time this country has taken an ever-increasing part in the making of dictionaries of the English language.

A glance passing from one of the earliest English dictionaries to one of the latest unabridged will be all that is needed to show that in the last three hundred years considerable progress has been made in the field of lexicography. The English dictionaries of the early part of the seventeenth century were small books, explaining at the most a few thousand words, in some cases with a small amount of added mythological, biographical and other information; they were much less extensive than the vest-pocket dictionaries of the present. The unabridged dictionaries of to-day are enormous single volumes, or elaborate works in a number of large volumes, which contain definitions of hundreds of thousands of entries, with much additional information.

The growth from the small dictionaries of the early seventeenth century to the large ones of to-day has been a slow and gradual process. There has been an increase not only in the number of words entered, but also in the amount and kinds of information given about them, and notably in the variety of senses distinguished for individual words.

In early works such as that of Cockeram (1623) only "hard" words are entered, and they are explained by very short and artlessly simple definitions. In Blount's "Glossographia" (1656), also dealing only with difficult words, etymologies have become a part of the dictionary. In the work of Bailey (1721), the first attempt is made to include a complete collection of all English words; and in his later editions indication of the stress in pronunciation is introduced.

In Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous dictionary, the first edition of which appeared in 1755 in two folio volumes, are introduced illustrative quotations from standard English works and authors. Individual words are treated in a number of separate definitions, each followed by quotations illustrating the precise sense involved.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, in several different works, the complete pronunciation of words —not merely the stress-accent—is first given; notably in the dictionary of Sheridan (1780), and in that of Walker (1791).

So much for the chief improvements gradually introduced into the English dictionary and retained as features of all the large works of to-day. In addition, there have been a number of other contributions, found in some of the great modern works and not in others, including the syllabication of the head-words, the addition of descriptive encyclopedic matter to such definitions as seem to merit it, the use of pictorial illustrations to supplement the definitions, the listing and discussion of synonyms and antonyms for such words as admit of them, and the entry and definition, either in the body of the dictionary or in supplements, of proper names occurring in mythology, history, fiction, biography, geography and various other fields.

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Throughout the history of dictionary-making there have been two views of the proper function of the lexicographer. The first is that it is his duty to set a standard of usage, admitting to his dictionary only such words and senses as may be considered worthy, in accordance with the literary canons of the time, and thus to fix the language. Dr. Johnson, in compiling his dictionary, was largely guided by this principle. The same idea was involved in the founding in Italy in 1582, and in France in 1635, of academies charged with the improvement and establishment of the languages of those countries—a task which they endeavored to accomplish by issuing approved dictionaries. The second view, and that which has gained ascendancy in England and America, especially since the middle of the nineteenth century, is that it is the business of the lexicographer to record all words and senses, just as he finds them, or at least all that are taken up by the public and continue in use, and not to pick and choose among them as to their ascribed merits; that is, he should be a historian, not a critic. It is due in great measure to the influence of this idea, and to the freedom of lexicographers in England and America from the dictates of any critical body, that the English dictionary is what it is to-day, and that it has grown in size so remarkably in comparatively recent times.

The English language throughout its history has never stood still, and the lexicographer's problems have always been largely the same when he considered all the words of the language and acted as a historian rather than a critic. The growth of the language, it is true, has been more rapid since the beginning of the great modern advances in the sciences and arts, and modern lexicographers have had more new material to deal with than those of earlier periods. But a consideration of what confronts a present-day dictionary-maker will give a fairly good idea of what has confronted his predecessors.

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The lexicographer who sits down to-day to make a new English dictionary, or to bring an older one up to date, has before him a great mass of material recorded by earlier workers in the field. How he shall handle this material is a matter that he may decide in any of various ways. But the real growth of the dictionary to-day is only secondarily involved in the matter. He may decide to give a fuller or more detailed and analytical treatment of the older material than his predecessors, or to incorporate more of the older dialectal, scientific or other material, or to introduce some new lexicographic improvement; but with the stage of development already reached by the great modern dictionaries—Webster's, the Standard, the Century and the Oxford—he will find little opportunity for innovation or practical improvement as to the older material, except as it may need to be brought up to date. His part in the growth of the dictionary will probably consist largely in dealing with the new words and senses that are daily coming into the language.

This new material is of many different kinds, and comes from a variety of sources. We read of some new invention, discovery or theory, and its name—as *vitaphone*, *insulin* or *relativity*—immediately becomes an object of the lexicographer's attention. In the various sciences, arts and industries, new words are constantly coming into existence, which sooner or later become matter for the lexicographer. And there are a number of comparatively new industries or independent sciences, each of which has added to the language a vocabulary of its own, with the development of which the lexicographer must keep in touch. There is, for example, the automobile, which, used by a few at the beginning of the present century, is now an important feature in our daily life; its contributions to the language are numerous. There is aviation, with a similar history, and with various special dictionaries of its own. There is radio, a mushroom industry, and science as well, whose devotees far outnumber those even of the automobile; many are the new words it has added to the language during its brief history, and strange and weird words at that. And, in a somewhat different category, there is psychoanalysis, another new-comer among the sciences, with an ever-increasing vocabulary whose meaning is not always clear to the uninstructed.

New words of a general nature, or not intimately connected with any particular science, art or industry, are also constantly coming into the language. Some of these, as, for instance, the present-day words *columnist*, *fundamentalism*, *lip-stick* and *superpower*, are coined to supply a need, and at once take their places among the accepted words of the language. Others are used only colloquially, or are unmistakably slang. Even so, the lexicographer must deal with them, unless they are so trivial or vulgar as to seem unworthy of a general dictionary, however proper they may be for compilations of slang. Often, however, words and expressions that are at first entered in the dictionary as colloquial or slang outlive such characterization, and eventually become perfectly good members of the standard vocabulary.

These colloquial and slang terms constitute one of the largest groups of new words coming into use to-day. Colloquial terms—used in familiar conversation, but not regarded as sufficiently dignified for formal speech or writing—are of a somewhat higher standing than slang. Many words and senses are near the borderline between the two groups, and the lexicographer is sometimes forced, in indicating their status, to fall back on the straddling designation "colloquial or slang," familiar to all users of the dictionary. Many of these terms spring up naturally in the ordinary course of the development of the language. Some are transferred or figurative uses of ordinary words, perceived to have some happy significance—such as *sheik*, for a lady-killer (from a novel of the same name), or *hound*, for a person constantly pursuing a particular object of liking (as in *rum-hound*). Some are invented words, or intentionally specialized uses of other words, employed by a particular person and later taken up and used by the public more or less generally; examples are *scofflaw*, for one who defies the prohibition law, and *bromide*, for one given to stupid platitudes. Writers of advertisements are large contributors to this last class, as are also the sports writers.

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Another steadily increasing group of words making its way into the general dictionary is that of dialectal, provincial, and local words and expressions. Despite the fact that our large general dictionaries claim to include all the words of the language, in all their senses, actually they do not. There are hundreds of words and senses used in particular dialects, or occurring in more or less extensive provincial use, or current in particular localities, that have received little or no attention from the general lexicographer. He may even have ignored them as adding too much to his labors and to the size of the dictionary, while at the same time being of little importance to the public. These statements refer more particularly to the provincial and local uses of the United States than to those of the British Isles. The British dialects have been studied and recorded much more fully than our own, and the results incorporated in the great "English Dialect Dictionary" of Joseph

Wright, published between 1898 and 1905—a work drawn on very heavily by both British and American lexicographers. The American Dialect Society has for years been encouraging the collection of lists of local words and uses, which it printed, while looking forward to the publication of a general American dialect dictionary. And all interested in the study of English are glad to know that a dictionary of American English, which will endeavor to cover all local uses, is now actually in course of preparation. However, more and more of these dialectal, provincial and local words are being brought to the attention of the public by novelists and short-story writers dealing with particular localities and reproducing the local speech. When such words—*hillbilly*, *hoosegow*, *loco*, and the like—meet the reader's eye, they are likely to move him to inquiry. The wise lexicographer answers—or if possible forestalls—such inquiries, by entering and explaining the terms in his dictionary at the first convenient opportunity. Thus the new-comers take their place in general record.

A large number of the additions to the English dictionary come from foreign languages. The traveler writes about his experiences, and uses various native words. He tells of practices, institutions, animals, plants, and other things for which we have no name in English, and for which he therefore uses the native name—*safari*, *tsetse*, *hula-hula*, *poi* or *lei*. A single use of such a word would not necessitate its inclusion in an English dictionary; but as one writer after another continues to use it, the reading public calls for an explanation, and in time the word becomes a naturalized member of the language and a necessary part of the dictionary. Commerce and international trade relations are other sources of new words brought from all parts of the earth, including names of commodities and moneys. Wars also bring about foreign additions to a language, and the World War was no exception; in 1914 we had not heard of the words *boche* and *camouflage*, which are now found in all up-to-date dictionaries. But the newspapers, with their correspondents in various parts of the world, and the magazines, with articles on foreign affairs and international politics, are to-day the chief contributors of foreign words to the English language. Steadily newspaper correspondents have been introducing to our attention such terms as *bloc*, *cartel*, *Dail*, *Fascisti* and *swaraj*, which soon find their way into our dictionaries.

Another group of new words, one which makes much trouble for the lexicographer, is that consisting of proprietary names registered as trade-marks. These are names adopted by manufacturers to distinguish their products from the products of other makers, and are protected as a kind of business property, often of great value, by governmental registration. All such names are of course owned words, not public property—not ordinary words of the language. A number of them, however, are names for common articles in everyday use, known virtually to everybody, and as such are used with the same freedom as are the words of ordinary conversation. To the average man their origin and status are unknown; he does not distinguish between them and other words, and he expects to find them defined in his dictionary. How many persons know, for example, that the words *aspirin*, *celluloid*, *dictaphone*, *dictograph*, *insulin*, *mah-jongg*, *neutrodyne*, *photostat*, *tabasco*, *tabloid* and *vitaphone* are, or had their origin as, trade-marks? Sometimes these proprietary names give rise to new uses not covered by the trade-mark registration. For instance, the word *kodak* is a trade-mark for a particular type of photographic camera, but there has been formed from it the verb *kodak*, meaning to photograph with a kodak. The word *tabloid* is a trade-mark for a compressed portion of drugs or chemicals, but it has been extended by the public to various things in compressed, condensed or small form, especially of late to small-sized newspapers largely pictorial; and it is also commonly employed as an adjective with a corresponding signification, as in such expressions as "a tabloid drama." The lexicographer is not concerned with the great mass of trade-mark names, but only with those that are in frequent use. He cannot even enter all of these in his dictionary, but he must consider individually each new candidate, and determine whether its use is such that it actually requires inclusion in his book. If he thinks it does, he must not only describe accurately the article represented by the name, but he must also protect the owner by stating that the word is a proprietary one, not available for general commercial use. It may be said, in passing, that most owners of such names recognize that their inclusion in dictionaries, with express mention of their proprietary status, is a useful caution against wrongful appropriation. As may be readily imagined, the number of new words of this proprietary class is steadily increasing, and the task of dealing with them is occupying more and more of the lexicographer's time.

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While both new words and new senses of older words have been mentioned, reference has been made chiefly to the new words. But new senses of words already in existence form a large part of the additions to the dictionary. Occasionally some new sense comes in from an extraneous source, as in case of a Gallicism, which adds a French meaning to some established English word; or sometimes, even, the entire group of senses accepted as belonging to a word may exhibit little known or clear relation among themselves. But ordinarily the additions to the meaning of a word come by natural growth or extension.

The study of the sense-development of words is a very interesting one. It forms part of the science of "semasiology" or "semantics," which deals with meanings in general. If one should select some long-lived word in one of the larger dictionaries and trace it from its original meaning, observing how one sense develops from another, he might feel himself repaid by the interest of the facts discovered. This process of development has been going on in the language ever since Anglo-Saxon times, and it is going on to-day more rapidly than ever before. The lexicographer in dealing with a new sense of an existing word, if his dictionary follows the common principle of arranging senses in the order of their derivation and development from the original source, must not only define the new sense properly, but connect it with the sense from which it has come.

It may be worth while to mention a few senses of comparatively recent appearance in the development of some well-known English words, in order to show the variety of such cases. For example, *gesture* has meant a movement of the body, or of the hand or some other part of the body, to express thought, feeling or meaning; it has lately taken on the added sense of any action or proceeding intended for effect or to impress others. *Intrigue*, as a verb, has meant to involve in intricacies or complications, also to force by intrigue or underhand machinations; but in recent years there have been added, from the French, the senses of to puzzle, and to excite the curiosity or interest of (a person) by puzzling, novel, or otherwise arresting qualities—these senses being later supplemented by loose extensions of meaning in certain literary and other special jargon. *Modernism* has meant a modern usage or characteristic, also modern character or tendencies; in recent years it has come to denote primarily a tendency or movement in modern thought characterized by the use of independent critical methods in dealing with theological questions, and in contrast to it the new word *fundamentalism* has been coined. *Vampire* has long meant a reanimated corpse or some other preternatural being supposed to suck the blood of sleeping persons at night; but some years ago Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem called "The Vampire" referring to a woman, and now the word is applied to any woman who preys on men or feeds her vanity at their expense; while in addition the abbreviated slang form *vamp* is used, which in its turn has been followed by a verb *vamp*, which also is familiar to us in slang use. Mr. Kipling, commenting on this last example of extended meaning, said in a recent letter to the writer of this article: "It is curious how a word wriggles itself into use. *Vampire* was a perfectly good word, for example, till I wrote some verses to a picture of that name, and—the Movies did the rest, I suppose!"

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Since the time of Dr. Johnson the importance of quotations in the making of the dictionary has grown steadily. Just as he used them to show the ground for his definitions and to make the meaning clearer by examples of actual usage, so have all the larger dictionaries used them since his day. But the great Oxford English Dictionary carries the idea still further; it has been prepared on historical principles, with the definitions based almost entirely on quotations gathered from the writings and publications of all periods, thus exhibiting the development of the words in recorded use. It actually prints about two million quotations.

The Oxford Dictionary is a great scholarly work in a number of large volumes, selling at a price beyond the means of many and being perhaps beyond their needs. Its methods could not be carried out fully in any dictionary intended for the general public; nevertheless, its principle is the right one, and is adopted by most dictionary-makers of the present day in writing the definitions of new words and senses. That is, these definitions are based on quotations. The quotations may or may not be printed in the dictionary, as determined by its methods, the space available or other considerations; but the lexicographer who is doing original work, and not merely borrowing from his competitors, must employ examples of recent usage gathered in a reading of the books, magazines and newspapers of the day. These examples are copied or clipped from their sources, the sources are indicated, and the slips or cards containing them are filed in alphabetical order, awaiting the time when the definition-writer may need them.

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To one actively engaged in the making of dictionaries and really interested in his task, there is no end of the day's work, for new words and new senses of old words will come to his notice wherever he goes and in whatever he reads. In the speech of the people about him he will constantly hear new expressions. On sign-boards and fences, and in the titles of moving-picture films, he will see new words that he will wish to jot down. Every book or periodical that he picks up is a possible source of some new word. His job claims a part of his time no matter what he is doing. And it is not only the lexicographer himself who is the victim of this obsession, for there are many students of words similarly affected, who make a practice of gathering new material and sending it to the editors of the large dictionaries.

This constant coining of new words and formation of new senses has both its advantages and its disadvantages for the lexicographer. It provides him with widely diversified, interesting work, but work that never ends. He can never finish his dictionary so that it is truly complete, for new words are appearing while the book is on the press. No matter how conscientious and thorough he may have been in his labors, his book will require revision and additions in a very short time if it is to keep up with the growth of the language. A particular definition may have been worded to cover a variety of recorded uses, and even to permit of further application in analogous cases; and then, as soon as it has appeared in print, the lexicographer may find to his dismay, in his morning newspaper, entirely new uses that will render his definition wholly inadequate. And so he must write a new definition, and substitute it in the proper electrotype plate before the dictionary is next reprinted. Or, soon after his dictionary has been put on the market, some new word, perhaps the name of some new and important invention, may be seen in newspapers and magazines throughout the country and be heard in common talk. Owners of the dictionary —yes, sometimes even owners of earlier editions, unmindful of the flight of time—write to the publisher to ask, in surprise, sorrow, reproach or indignation, "Why do I not find this word in your book?" A really important new word must of course be attended to as soon as possible; the electrotype plate in which it belongs is cut and the new-comer is crowded in by taking space from neighboring definitions, or else it is included in a supplement of new words and senses.

This process of change and addition goes steadily on until, by the time it becomes practicable, financially and otherwise, to rewrite and reset the whole dictionary, many of the original plates of the book have been reduced to patchwork, or the supplement has grown to be a lesser dictionary in itself. Eventually a new edition is decided on, and readers are set to work to gather fresh material. The existing text is carefully examined and brought up to date; great masses of new material are added; specialists are retained to define new words in their respective fields; inquiries are sent out to inventors, manufacturers, original coiners of terms and other authorities, in the effort to obtain accurate information for use in defining particular words; and finally a new dictionary is brought out, in which are included thousands of new words and uses which have come into existence since the previous edition appeared. And then the same process starts again on its round. Truly, the work of the lexicographer is never-ending! Before he can complete the material listed in his dictionary under the letter Z that under the letter A is already behind the times.

# JAPANESE MAIDENHAIR-TREES

### *Bronx Park—Autumn*

### CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I saw you, beautifully thinned,
  Like delicate, spun-gold candelabra
Touched by the autumn wind;
  And out of your stillness there came a voice,
As of one who had never sinned.

How did you come, from the dust of the years,
  With your fragile, impermanent loveliness,
So close to our city of tears—
  So close to the panic and pain of Manhattan,
And close to its sorrow and fears?

O sweet! O more than heavenly sweet,
  You bless not only the border whereon you stand;
You bless for me now and forever each dingy street.
  You light, as with magical candles,
The paths of our dark city that eternally wait for my feet.

# YOUR THEATER IN OUR COUNTRY

## *An English Critic's Cheerful Criticism*

### JAMES AGATE

SOME years ago certain New Yorkers came to London, saw the Strand, and determined to conquer it. To this end a theater was taken, trumpeters were hired, and high-pitched fanfares blown. The enterprise failed, London remained unconquered, and our visitors shook the dust of this city from their patent-leather boots. A few years ago a second onslaught was made upon English appreciation. Multiple interests in the bricks and mortar of stageland were acquired or threatened, and the stage-world of London felt again the apprehension of coast-dwellers during the Napoleonic Wars. This time the invasion was of considerable strength. The big attack was launched at His Majesty's Theatre on February 3, 1926.

I have a vivid recollection of the first night of "The Student Prince,"—the babel of romantic accents and panorama of Romany noses, the picketing by mild and gentle police officers of what it was feared might prove a turbulent gallery. I remember the undefined and undefinable feeling of hostility to the new management, and how the handful of English present moved about the familiar lounges circumspectly, as became the inhabitants of a conquered country.

Well, that was the atmosphere of that never-to-be-forgotten first-night, and the piece failed, for the simple reason that there was nothing in it to succeed. It is true that the general strike took place about this time, but against this we must put the fact that the real successes saw the strike out and won through. The next, one heard, was that our would-be conquerors had folded up their pocketbooks and silently stolen away. The invasion of London was over, and we breathed again. We breathed happily and freely because our visitors had contrived to convey the impression that they were invading this country not for this country's good but for their own. They made us feel that what they were after was not our pleasure but their profit. A large part of the success of Daly and Frohman was due to the impression they gave that they had something which it would delight us greatly to see. Whereas their successors did not come over telling benighted Britishers of the wonderful plays with which America was teeming, and which, could we but know of them, we must be dying to see. They did not announce a list of pieces and the intention of finding a theater or theaters in which to present them. Instead they announced, or allowed to be announced, the purchase or semi-purchase of certain theaters, and said nothing about the plays. It was the parade of theater-capture which made us nervous as to a possible tyranny of monopoly. The heralded victory and subsequent failure of "The Student Prince" caused a sensation entirely out of proportion to its merits or lack of them. My view is that the Messrs. Shubert did more than defeat themselves, for I am persuaded that in the absence of this ill-fated venture the American theater would during the past year have received a more kindly welcome in this country than we have found it in our hearts to bestow upon it.

Let me say here that I know nothing of these gentlemen who, I am convinced, in private life are possessed of every virtue and charm. It is necessary that I should state here that in England each newspaper has, in addition to its critical wasp, an industrial bee whose duty it is to gather the honey of managerial intention. This bee is to be found buzzing in greenrooms, theater-bars, and actors' clubs. He is the indefatigable button-holer. Often the honey is sent to him direct to his newspaper office, and the more stupid insect prints it without his personal impress. But intelligent or stupid, the gossip who remains uncontradicted is accounted the bearer of authentic news. When I say that the Messrs. Shubert gave this or that impression, or announced this or that intention, I mean that they did not contradict announcements and intentions attributed to them by the writers of theatrical gossip. Any account of the American theater in London must not overlook a certain prejudice of which the promoters of "The Student Prince" were the doubtless innocent cause. It is probable that their intentions were misinterpreted. But, interpreted correctly or otherwise, they caused great uneasiness in the minds of those interested in what one might call the politics of the theater in this country.

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It must not be thought that the average playgoer was equally affected. The Britisher may bring to the theater himself and his dress-clothes, his wife and her diamonds; but he resolutely refuses to bring either of their intellects. That being so, he has no mind to carry over from one play to another. He does not know that the theater can have any politics, and is no more concerned with the syndicates behind the season's plays than he is with the profit-and-loss accounts of the breweries which provide him with his daily glass of beer. We have an old proverb to the effect that while "some beer is better than others" there is no bad beer. So to the average man, though some plays may be better than others, there is no such thing as a bad play. The British theater-goer has an open mind because it would take too much intellectual effort to close it. England is a free country because to make it otherwise would entail too much trouble. For this reason as much as for any other it has always been the dumping-ground of political refugees, cheap goods, and cheap adaptations of foreign plays. Throughout the miserable forties and fifties, in the empty period which followed Bulwer-Lytton and Sheridan Knowles and lasted until the coming of Tom Robertson, the English theater was ruled by the French, the stock piece in all its myriad transformations being what Professor Morley, writing in 1858, wittily called "*Pomme Pourrie* by MM. Péché and Bonbon." But besides laziness the English have an undoubted love of liberty, and plays and players of any reasonable merit have always been welcome in this country, whatever their nationality.

The first American play to make a real success in England was Bronson Howard's five-act farce "Saratoga," produced in New York in 1869, anglicized and condensed into three acts by Frank Marshall, re-named "Brighton," and acted in London in 1874 by Charles Wyndham. Other noteworthy plays were William Gillette's "Secret Service," Augustus Thomas's "Arizona," "Alabama," and "The Earl of Pawtucket," Clyde Fitch's "The Last of the Dandies" and "The Woman in the Case," and the ubiquitous "Potash and Perlmutter." We may note in passing that the earlier American plays had their action and characters transferred to England, whereas the later ones were allowed to retain their American coloring. Throughout this period, and indeed during the first sixty years of the last century, so many English pieces made the first voyage to America that we have the authority of Mr. Brander Matthews for saying that the theater of our cousins was devoted mainly to British plays and adaptations. In the exchange of actors, America was the more generous, sending us Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, the two Hacketts, J. S. Silsbee, Edwin Forrest, Charlotte Cushman, Anna Cora Mowatt, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett and Ada Rehan, always recognized in this country as an American. All of them acted and behaved with distinction over here, and none of them played the fool like our own Edmund Kean, who, on his first visit to America, exchanged the scepter of Shakspere's kings for the tomahawk of the Red Indian, and allowed himself to be nominated chief of a Huron tribe. We must console ourselves with the thought that these follies were more than redeemed by the ponderous sublimities of the next visitor, William Charles Macready, and the Mephistophelean charm of Henry Irving. It will be recognized therefore that the exchange of international courtesies is of long standing, and it cannot possibly be suggested that there is any legacy or inheritance of ill-will. Perhaps the situation will be clearer if I say that the status of the visitors was clearly understood on both sides to be that of visitors and not invaders. The first managers to make a planned attack upon London favor were Charles Frohman and Augustin Daly. Frohman, whose aim in the first instance was esthetic, conducted the affair on give-and-take lines, ultimately settling down to the business of bringing successful New York pieces to London, and taking to New York plays which had proved prosperous in London. Daly, after butchering Shakspere to his heart's content and ostensibly to the satisfaction of Ada Rehan, whose art he also dismembered, left us the theater of his name which is now the shrine of the Imbecile Goddess and Capitol of London's geese. To-day Daly's Theatre is the home of musical comedy.

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Between the end of the World War and the second Shubert offensive a number of attempts, all of the friendliest nature, were made by American playwrights and players to storm the London public. And very ingenious attempts too, since in some of the American pieces the services of popular English players were enlisted—hordes of America's crookedest detective-dramas were performed by shoals of our straightest players—and American artists came over to star in English plays. Among the Americans who have starred in London in both English and American pieces I must mention Mr. John Barrymore in "Hamlet" (supported by an all-English cast), Mr. Tom Douglas (who made a sensational success in an English version of the Hungarian play "Fata Morgana," and failed in everything else), Miss Tallulah Bankhead (who having swung herself with cometary splendor into the English sky now finds herself unable to get away) and Miss Jane Cowl (whose reception in Mr. Noel Coward's "Easy Virtue" was phenomenal). Is it necessary to add that the English playgoer cherishes no shred of animosity against American plays or against any American actor or actress?

I am going to leave out of account the mystery-plays like "The Bat," "The Gorilla" and "The Cat and the Canary," and all musical comedies, both kinds of entertainment being so completely outside the scope of dramatic consideration that they cannot be said to touch either of our theaters. In the purveying of frivolous as of blood-stained imbecility let me admit that America leads easily. In such pieces as "No, No, Nanette," "Mercenary Mary" and "Sunny," America has widened the bounds of the inane in the sense that future generations will be unable to explore further.

Apart from crook-drama and musical comedy the number of American plays produced in London during the last five or six years has not been as considerable as popular apprehension suggests. Roughly speaking one would put the number round about forty, one play to each London theater during that period. These productions may be divided into three classes. There is the serious intellectual drama, represented by Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell and the young Impressionist School. There are the domestic comedies, which exhibit a pleasantly sentimental view of the life which Mr. Sinclair Lewis has portrayed. There are the isolated pieces which have no common parentage and bear no relationship to one another. In this last category I include Mr. Channing Pollock's "The Fool" (which is a religious farce on the lines of Jerome K. Jerome's "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," "Lightnin'" (which pretends that a drunkard may booze all day and in the glow of the setting sun hold his wife's hand and call her "Mother," when all the time every member of the audience knows that he will be either sick, or speechless, or both), and "Pollyanna" (which is purest essence of asafetida). These plays were generated by Bunkum out of Hysteria, and the only quality they possess in common is that of being impossible to be witnessed. There can be no excuse for the foisting upon us of rubbish of this order; we can concoct enough of our own. I, personally, will overlook America's temporary hardness of heart in that little matter of our war-debt, but I will never forgive her such a permanent humiliation as "The Nervous Wreck."

I would lay it down—as modestly as one may lay down any principle in which one is a fanatical believer—that the plays which we should invite America to send us are either those which describe conditions of life peculiar to America, or plays dealing with life in general, but which bear the mark and the expression of an individual American artist. The type of piece which should never under any circumstances be encouraged to cross the Atlantic is well represented by such lucubrations as your "Cobra" and our "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." I submit that we in London can write this sort of rubbish with as much facility as any New Yorker.

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" exemplifies Mr. Bernard Shaw's recipe for successful play-writing. This, we remember, was "indulgence in popular preference for fun, fashionable dresses, a little music, and even an exhibition of eating and drinking by people with an expensive air." It has long been known that the London audience takes no interest in low life, except on condition that it is above stairs. In this play Mr. Lonsdale shuns truth as the fashionable actor shuns acting, and constructs a perfectly commonplace plot which he then redeems from the commonplace by liberal applications from the cruet of his own wit, the pepper and salt being distributed impartially upon the just and the unjust without reference to character. Here is a piece which I would not give steerage-room except in its capacity as a money-maker. The demented we shall always have with us on both sides of the water.

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Coming now to the first of the two important categories of pieces which it is America's moral duty to send us, and which it should be our privilege to welcome, something must be said about the English attitude to the play. First it must be recognized that the Englishman has no sense of the theater corresponding to that owned by the volatile Frenchman, the temperamental Italian, the stolid German, and the comprehensively emotionalized Jew. He will applaud a Bernhardt and a Duse, but with so much moderation that the volume of cheers and hand-clapping accorded them throughout twenty years is less than that heaped upon Fred and Adèle Astaire in the course of a single first night. The appearance of a great artist in a great play is something we fight shy of, or at least accompany with prayer and fasting, whereas a musical comedy *première* is accounted a social event of the first order. The Englishman associates the theater with evening dress, and for him the donning of glad rags means desisting from the act of cerebration. Even a dinner-jacket spells ruin and atrophy—no Englishman in either black tie or white having ever been discovered in the act of reading anything better than the feuilleton in the evening paper. (There can be no doubt that if it had been the fashion for Englishmen to dress before spending an evening in the library, such authors as Wells and Bennett must irretrievably have starved. Conrad nearly perished as it was.) Analysis of the successes in the English theater during the past quarter of a century show that of fifty-four non-musical plays which have achieved a run of six months and over only twelve may be accounted serious plays, the rest being farces or sentimental comedies. In this list Barrie's name occurs four times, Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy and Somerset Maugham are credited with two plays each, while one play is allotted to Bernard Shaw, A. W. Pinero, John Drinkwater and Alfred Sutro. In all the predominant successes of the last twenty-five years, from the point of view of length of run, Henry Arthur Jones, Haddon Chambers, Hubert Henry Davies, Granville-Barker, St. John Hankin and John Masefield have had no share. Every theater-manager knows that when he has sold forty thousand seats for an intellectual play he has exhausted the demand. There are exceptions like Shaw's "Saint Joan," which Sybil Thorndike and her devoted husband, Lewis Casson, put on in a mood of mingled exaltation and funk; but the forty-thousand rule is as firmly established in this country as the eleven rule at bridge. In the same period against those twelve serious plays and forty-two light comedies and farces we must number eighty-five musical comedies and revues. Professor Morley summed up the situation admirably when he wrote: "There must be a deeper earnestness than plays can demand, in whatever serious thing Englishmen are to look at without exercise of that sense of the humorous which is part of their life; so natural a part that every man is in every grade of society regarded as a bore who wants it; and the very phrase with thousands even among our educated men for not finding a thing acceptable is 'seeing no fun' in it."

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Now it happens that America is rich to-day in a dramatist to whom many thinking people in England are willing to accord front rank—to wit Eugene O'Neill, who is the first name in my first category. It is not to be denied that O'Neill is a serious dramatist. To him might be applied the definition which Susan Glaspell's young student found for Matthew Arnold—"Nowhere to go for a laugh." His plays may be untidy and hurried—but they do definitely deal in honesty and beauty, two things with which the English playgoer out for an evening's entertainment is firmly determined to have no truck. "Anna Christie" was magnificently interpreted by Pauline Lord. Though I should like to see this actress in other parts before hailing her as definitely great, hers was certainly an exquisite performance. Only a highly accomplished artist could have given that suggestion of childlikeness and *canaillerie*, of maiden virtue rudely strumpeted, of a loving heart and the stare of the streets. Plain, if you like, slight, undistinguished, the actress gave you at her first entrance that indefinable sense of trouble which marks the great players; and she had the gift of melancholy. Her face, in repose, showed the ravages of past storms. When Duse played *Marguerite Gautier* she received *Armand's* love, Lemaître tells us, with a gesture of religious ecstasy quite outside Dumas's imagining. Whether Mr. O'Neill intended it or not, this *Anna* made a sacrificial offering of the sailor's wooing. Her hard yet frightened assurance, her vehemence when in her scene of passion she allowed the street to come to the surface, her pathos and even her queer fun were alike admirable. And the gesture of humility with which, at the end, she abased her head before her lover was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. Now note what happened. Almost exactly forty thousand people saw this performance, and when this number had been reached the box-office attendants at the Strand Theatre fell completely idle, and Mr. Cochran was forced to take the play off.

"Diff'rent" has been twice played—and magnificently played—at the little Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, without arousing anything more than faint interest. "Beyond the Horizon" and many of O'Neill's short one-act plays have had either Sunday-night performances before specialized audiences or been put on for short runs. "All God's Chillun Got Wings" has been done for a fortnight at a small subscription theater. Two things unfortunately militate against this great author. One is the ridiculous inability of the Lord Chamberlain's Department to differentiate between the furtive, frivolous and sniggering treatment of a sex theme and the serious treatment of the same theme by a recognized artist. Or perhaps I should say that the censor differentiates very accurately, and licenses the wrong play. These things being so it is unlikely that we shall ever see "Desire Under the Elms" or "The First Man." The second unfortunate circumstance weighing against O'Neill is the fact that "The Emperor Jones" was produced here and failed. The principal part was magnificently acted by Mr. Paul Robeson, but unfortunately the play turned out to be one of those which read so much better than they act. The first half was thrilling; the second was a procession of protracted anti-climax. The failure of "The Emperor Jones" has settled the fate of "The Hairy Ape." London is full of managers and actors vowing they have never wanted to produce or act anything quite so much as this play, but inwardly determined that nothing on earth shall induce them to make the venture. As one of our more elegant gossip-writers put it: "'The Emperor Jones' settled O'Neill's hash for good and plenty." That most interesting experiment in expressionism, George Kaufman and Marc Connelly's "Beggar On Horseback" was an almost complete failure. Pieces by Elmer Rice and Stark Young have shown themselves to be hopelessly above the heads of more than four of our famous forty thousand. In fact I am driven to the conclusion that for America's best work there is at present no audience in this country.

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But you have another line which is the second in my two categories—the line of domestic pathos. The first of these good little plays was

George Kelly's "The Show-Off." The charm of this piece lay in its perfect truth to life, in which it resembled the paintings of Dutch interiors. I know no test for light comedy before which it would have failed. It even answered the test of reason. The story was probable, the characters were entirely natural, so that you felt that you were in the room with real people. And people too who were *all of one family!* How often on the stage has one not seen a brother who could not possibly have belonged to that sister who, in turn, could not have been the daughter of those two parents who could never have taken each other in marriage? The dialogue was taut and spare, and always exactly what the characters would have said in the circumstances. Even such apparently loose threads as "Shut that door; you know mother doesn't like a draught," served to create and fix the atmosphere of the family. To the jaded theater-goer it was an intense relief to hear people living in a small house discuss, not the wild flutterings of their impossibly romantic hearts, but the things which really make for perturbation—the endless question of ways and means, the extravagance of that new winter overcoat, the need for saving up for the new party-frock. Miss Clara Blandick gave such a fine picture of good-hearted asperity that she hardly seemed to be acting at all, and the entire cast was perfect. The piece failed.

It would not have been surprising if the controllers of domestic comedy in America had decided to make no further venture over here. But the legitimate comedians of your clever stage know something of patience. They have more than the perseverance of students and the generosity of princes, and so gave us another chance. Instead of spectacularly flinging the keys of the theater into a historic river they made spidery and Bruce-like motions in the way of a second attempt, which resulted in "Is Zat So?"—again a delightful piece. This was a particularly good example of the kind of thing which, if America did not come over to show us, we should certainly never see. Ostensibly it was all about a West Side boxer and his manager, who, being hard up, get themselves engaged as butler and footman "somewhere about Fifty-ninth Street." But the spell cast upon us in this play was really the personal charm and talent of the two principal comedians, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Gleason.

You might have thought that by this time the English had learned sense, and would have welcomed such a charming entertainment as "The Fall Guy," particularly when it brought to us players of such delicate charm and mingled pathos and humor as Mr. Ernest Truex and Miss Beatrice Noyes. This piece had a good if not sensational run. You seldom heard Mr. Truex's name mentioned without reference to "poor James Welch," which is the highest compliment one can pay to any non-English comedian, Welch's reputation to-day standing higher even than when he was alive. But we English have also some holding in obstinacy, and our skulls are not easily cracked. We allowed "The Fall Guy" to live up to its name, and Mr. Truex to hang about here, a sadder man and one certainly wiser as to the Englishman's knack of not liking a good play if he can possibly avoid it. But then came "The First Year" which made good. Now it is obvious that plays like "The Show-Off," "Is Zat So?" "The Fall Guy," "The First Year," and "They Knew What They Wanted" present a side of American life about which we in England can know nothing. They have presented to us in the persons of Gleason and Armstrong, Truex and Glenn Anders, Clara Blandick, Jo Wallace, Beatrice Noyes, Phyllis Povah, and Leila Bennett, players whose like we have not in this country. If I were to make any prediction it would be that American domestic comedy will always have a future with us so long as it is played as perfectly as these little pieces were played.

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American actors and actresses, whether good and acclaimed or good and unknown, will always receive a generous welcome in England. American managers may be assured of an equally generous reception whenever they produce evidence of good faith. And by that I mean that they must come armed with good plays and seeking a theater in which to present them, rather than with a certified check sufficient for the purchase of half-a-dozen playhouses, and a bundle of manuscripts which we are invited to take on trust. In the matter of imported drama the English are all for free trade. Consider it another way. No lover of good wine objects to the importation of French claret. Margate is not Margaux. We have not a Château Stoke Newington, and I, for one, am grateful that we haven't. Yet we might, I suggest, look askance at French cricket-bats, which we can make for ourselves. So it is in the theater. One of the greatest delights in playgoing is to see foreign artists in foreign plays. There are any amount of good American pieces which present life from the always entertaining American angle. Let us have these by all means; our stage is the richer for them. But to welcome such pieces is not to acquiesce in the Americanizing of our own stage. I do not aim at any particular country. To Americanize, Teutonize, or Frenchify the English theater must always be bad for the English theater. But friendly rivalry and exchange of visits are no usurpation. Our reception of the American players who temporarily occupy our theaters, will never molt feathers of cordiality. But I invite them to have the courage of their nationality, and give us those things which America can do superbly and we cannot do at all.

# WHEN THE READER WRITES

My dear Editor,

Permit me to congratulate you for the fine article entitled, "What Do They Get Out of It?"

Psychology, as a science, has been most mercilessly prostituted before the knowledge-seeking public. In fact, the average intelligent reader has been fed up on the alleged mysterious powers supposedly capable of manifesting themselves as the result of a slight short cut course taken in "applied psychology," usually given by persons having very slight scientific knowledge of the subject and having as their motives only pecuniary exploitation.

Very respectfully,
CARL SCHEFFEL

Miami, Florida

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## JAMES CAUTIOUS WENT TO COLLEGE

### *An Answer to Tom S. Elrod*

By BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM

John Cautious had a cousin, James. James was the son of a brilliant business man.

Even when James was very young, he showed scholarly tendencies; so his father determined to send him to college. His father, never having had college days, did not realize the exact nature of his act.

James went to Harvard. He studied diligently. His marks were more than satisfactory. He distinguished himself. Furthermore, he met many of the ladies of Radcliffe; sipped tea with them and spoke glibly of Goya, Manet, and Gauguin; Amy Lowell, Sandburg and Robinson; Shaw, and O'Neill; Mencken and his prejudices. James did a little work under Professor Baker. He won the first prize for the best poem written and submitted to the judges in a contest under the auspices of the Iowa Press and Authors' Club. He was only eighteen. Harriet Monroe accepted his work. "THE CENTURY MAGAZINE" published one of his poems. "The Bookman" did likewise. He rubbed his eyes on receiving personal letters praising his work (though "not available") from those most conservative of conservatives on verse: "The Atlantic Monthly" and "Scribner's." James was certain God Himself had touched him with the fire of genius. A Harvard degree was not enough. He turned his eyes longingly to England. Now James's father, thinking his own son a really clever lad, allowed himself to be coaxed, more or less convinced that James was on the track to great things. If James had both a Harvard degree and an Oxford degree, the World would welcome him. Any large corporation to which he applied would give him an executive position and an attractive salary. The movies would be open for him. He could be a director of pictures or the final authority on scenarios in the hands of a director.

James went to Oxford. He stayed there three years. He won the prize for the best essay on "Oxford Poets," offered by the "Oxford Magazine." He did research on the Scotchman, William Dunbar. Sir Michael Sadler, Master of University College, took a fancy to him and showed him the fine collection of post-impressionists Sir Michael had collected. Stevenson, of Brasenose College, an Englishman of a fine Cheltenham family, fancied James and they toured Cornwall together. Lewis, a Canadian, went through Scotland with James, and Richardson and he saw France, Switzerland, Italy and Spain. This traveling he could do in the "vacs." Oxford has an eight-week term and a six-week "vac," and all students must leave the City during this time unless given special permission to stay.

James had done a number of unusual things in this "city of bicycles." He passed the proctor without being questioned. This in itself was not unusual. The unusualness of it was: he did not carry a gown, he wore gray flannels (thus marking himself a student and not a tradesman), and he was walking on the same street where he had been previously warned that he must carry a gown after eight or he would be fined.

This was not all. That very evening, he helped a lady from Lady Margaret's Hall over the wall and attended the theater with her without a chaperon and returned her safely without the authorities of the college learning of the matter.

Finally in that all-eventful night, feeling that he must unleash himself before the final grind preparing for nine examinations, he tossed a quart of Scotch from his window at Hereford College on the derby of one of the proctors' two runners known as "bulldogs." These "bulldogs" were men fleet of foot whose duty it was to capture any student so bold as to flee from the proctor when challenged. The bulldogs gave chase and James found himself hiding in the quiet gardens of New College for two hours. Then he crept through the New College quadrangle. The gray-brown Gothic walls washed in a flood of moonlight reminded him of an etching.

James received his second degree at Oxford. Then he returned to America to conquer. He returned, however, not so cocksure as he left. He was beginning to doubt his abilities.

The movies were not interested in James. The large corporation had no executive position for him.

He turned to Yale and law. He studied and hated law for two years. He wanted to use law to make money so he could free himself financially from his father. But people kept telling him the professions were overcrowded. That lawyers were starving. That lawyers had to do shyster work for years. He gave up law.

James has not yet freed himself financially. He is unable to marry the girl of his heart because he cannot make enough money. He is worried and nervous and disillusioned.

His father's business deals are praised by the business brains of the State. His father's earning capacity is enormous.

James is finding himself envying his father and losing respect for himself.

James Cautious cannot understand the point of view of John Cautious.

Des Moines, Iowa.

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My dear Editor,

I wish to express my gratification for the hopeful article "Children of This World Marry."

I still find The Century among those few magazines where one can sometimes rest in a literary oasis after laboring and pondering through the desert pages of pessimism, cynicism and doubt prevalent in so many other good magazines I like to read.

Chas. P. Loomis

El Paso, Texas.

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My dear Editor,

Years ago I was a reader of The Century Magazine and enjoyed it very much. After a time, however, I seemed to get out of touch with it and ceased to read it. Recently my attention was called to a copy and I was delighted to find several articles dealing with present day problems in a large and very helpful way. Since then I have again become a Century reader.

When are we to hear from Ann de Leeuw again? I hope soon. That is a wonderful article "For—But Also By—The People" in the March issue. It stands out because of its clear presentation of fundamental Truth, usually overlooked. I would say it is a basic article.

Those who would change world conditions for the better almost never stress, in fact rarely mention the fact that all changes for better or worse are at the bottom an individual problem or as this writer puts it—"Everything grows from within outward. . . . The energizing force needed for the great international movements is in us, in every man, every woman and every child."

This fact is so basic that I for one should be greatly interested in a further development and application of this principle to world problems by this author. We have here a statement of that which is not a theory but a fact—a fact known to every thinking person. Evolution is from within outward, and we know this to be so when we look within and study our own desires, thoughts and actions.

Sincerely yours,
Loa E. Scott

Los Angeles, California.

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My dear Editor,

Although I am not a constant reader, the appeal in the May "Table Talk" indeed fanned my wrath. I am one of the thousands of innocent boys whose lives are being exploited by those naughty, selfish men—Daniel Carter Beard, etc. It is strange that President Taft, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Ernest Thompson Seton, and Gifford Pinchot became honorary officers of an organization with the dark purpose you mentioned. Certainly Seton spent days in solitude, living with Nature. Yet he supports a movement encouraging "Right by squads." Why? Because he knows that the average boy of to-day does not have the opportunities for self-development he had, and if left to himself entirely, may become a liability, rather than an asset. Scout leadership gives the boy a definite goal. It teaches him how to use his leisure constructively.

In regard to the drilling. Drilling is essential in keeping a troop in order. Quick obedience to commands requires good coördination of mind and body. Our scout-master and his assistant are respectable Quakers, as is the commissioner who drills us. I feel confident that these men would not help involve the boys of our town in an enormous military training scheme.

Your pirate boy was once almost ideal, but piracy always has been a perilous occupation, and perhaps in the complex life of to-day a Scout merit-badge training is somewhat better. Merit badges give the boy an insight into various vocations and train him for citizenship.

One of our laws is "A Scout is Loyal." I shall remain so, firm in the conviction that Scouting is serving boyhood to the best of its ability and that it has the interest of American youth at heart.

Yours in righteous indignation,
**Edward J. Matlack**
Moorestown, New Jersey.

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My dear Editor,

It just occurs to me that you might like a paragraph in a letter just written to Dr. John Middleton Ellis who is my instructor in a Home Study course conducted by Columbia. He had suggested that I write analyses of a few stories from current magazines that I had liked, instead of following the text-book.

The stories chosen were the three in last March's CENTURY and Kipling's latest and this is the paragraph:

"My reading is not limited to THE CENTURY as you might infer from the stories given herewith. . . . However, if I were picking perfect magazines for the year, the March CENTURY would get my vote 'from kiver to kiver.' These stories are so clean and wholesome and 'different,' touched with humor and about the kind of people you know, or would like to know. The articles are equally good. If you care for verse at all you will thank me for calling Grace Noll Crowell's 'Life—Death' to your attention."

Probably unsolicited bouquets mean very little, but this one was coming to you and your magazine.

Sincerely,
**Ellis Meredith**
Washington, D. C.

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My dear Editor,

I have no wish to renew my subscription to THE CENTURY; after seeing the importance you put upon the article you published written by that German outlaw William II, I lost all interest in your publications. How any serious, old, true American magazine as yours, could so far forget its sacred dead and hosts of your America's wounded and maimed as a result of that unholy war planned and brought to execution by that man! I could not uphold your action nor could I understand its policy. Nothing such an assassin as that man is, could think, write or say, could have any importance to any loyal American, and his articles were as vain as his opinions were ridiculous. To the end of all time he will remain steeped in the blood of millions of innocents, and as no law seems able to bring him to justice at least may he be condemned forever to oblivion.

Yours truly,
**L. Thomas**
Nice, France.

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My dear Editor,

After finishing your issue of May, ult., I must express my very keen appreciation or bust, an unpleasant alternative. Many a time I've been going to thank you for the delight I've experienced in the perusal of your pages. I'm, I s'pose, what you'd call a rough bushman, but on my periodic trips to our great metropolis, there are few events I look forward to more eagerly than a perusal of the American magazines, notably THE CENTURY.

The article on "Baltimore" was a gem. Next year I promise myself a walking tour of California, the Southern Border States and as much of the Cotton Belt as may be; now I certainly will have a look in at Baltimore; maybe finish up there. I don't particularly hanker after N'York and Chicago and Philadelphia. Too much like our own great capitals, I imagine. "The Dime Novel" was amazingly good, and to me, anyhow, very instructive. W. E. Dodd's communication was indeed a great performance. "Table Talk" more interesting and spontaneous than Mencken and Julia Peterkin writes very well, if a bit gruesomely. "A Modern in Search of Truth," no doubt is excellent I dare say. He seems to secure much appreciation, poor half-blind devil, staggering about without aim or compass. Oh, how thankful ought we blissful to be, in the serene certitude of the Catholic Church, spared all this agonized searching and questioning. Again thanking you, Mr. Editor, I am

Yours very thankfully,
**Edward O'Donaghue**
Sydney, New South Wales.

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My dear Editor,

I read Frederick Keppel's "Strange Things Are Happening" in THE CENTURY and was delighted with it. It inspired me to think that a man like Keppel has such a vision of education. Congratulations to you on the publication of this article.

Sincerely,
**Stanwood Cobb**
President
Progressive Education Association,
Washington, D. C.

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# RELATIVITY IN ITS WIDER MEANING

## *Outside of Mind There Is Nothing, and Apart from It, Nothing Has Any Meaning*

LORD HALDANE

THE outstanding event of recent years in the realm of mathematics, is unquestionably Einstein's theory of relativity. It is this theory in its wider application—the profound suggestion it may hold for our spiritual, intellectual and practical lives—that is the subject of this paper.

What has Einstein taught us? He has taught us that space and time are not fixed things which exist apart from the mind. He says that what we mean by space and time is really relations in which things stand to us living here as particular existences on an earth which is moving through space at eighteen miles a second round the sun; while light is moving with its greater velocity at 186,000 miles a second. Einstein says that space and time, when you work that out, turn out to be nothing more than *relations established between the mind and the things that it observes*, and the relations vary according as the observant mind is still or moving.

If I look out of the window, and continue to observe, I see the sun moving across the heavens and apparently going round the earth; and that is what people for thousands of years believed to happen. We know now that the earth goes round the sun, and it was only the relativity of our position that made us fancy that we were at rest and that the sun had a circular motion round us. This conventional view brings about relativity.

Now reflect on the truth that applies to a great many other things besides the motion of the sun. It applies to our ideas on the great subjects of God, freedom, immortality. As regards these we have first to ask ourselves what do we mean, and then to see if we have not introduced some prejudice of our own, some habitual way of thinking, which deflects us from the truth.

We require reflection, and very close reflection, to deliver us from the great mass of conventionalisms and habitual modes of looking at things which obscure our outlook on the great problems of life. For example, the notion that mind and matter are two different things which exclude

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each other. They turn out, when we inquire into them, to be merely the outcome of standpoints which have dominated our way of looking at things.

This notion of dominating standpoints is a very familiar one. We see examples of it all through the human species. The uncivilized are dominated by superstitions, and we who are more enlightened are dominated by other superstitions, often unconsciously. The woman in the home is often so taken up with the business of looking after her home and children, and is so absorbed by it, that it colors her whole outlook, and she does not look at things except from that point of view. Then there is the man who is so dominated by his business that he is not much good at any other subject. These are illustrations of the sort of influences that give rise to conventional habits of view. These conventional habits are very misleading, and prevent us from getting at what is vital. We want wider ideas, if we are to arrive at the answers to some of the life-problems that perplex us.

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What is reality, and what do we mean when we use the word? We seem to mean what is before our minds, outside, in the world that is external to us, and inside, as the content of our minds themselves. Goethe, who was a searching and highly equipped observer of the actual, insisted that the two phases of what was present to the mind were not in point of fact separable, but belonged to one entirety. For him, mind was more than it takes itself to be.

We only separate outer and inner when we limit ourselves to our bodies. But even the physical organism has sensations and feelings which enter into the molding of that nature which appears as apart from it. We cannot truly bifurcate nature from the mind that observes it. For limited practical purposes our finite minds have to do so. The effort is a necessary one if we are to attain to clear distinctions. The mathematician, for instance, shuts out from his attention all relations in the object world excepting those of the externality to each other in space and time of events and objects. This phase consists of abstractions, and is wholly inadequate as a representation of the nature of reality—which is much more than an assemblage of lines and curves and numbers and equations. Into the actual there enter, as belonging to its constitution, beauty and purpose, and an infinity of relations and meanings which the mathematician cannot take account of, and has not in his science even language to express.

The physicist is in no better case. He, too, if he is to succeed in his efforts after precision, has to shut out all but a limited set of meanings that characterize nature. The other examples of meaning that confront him cannot be rendered in terms of electrons or protons. About these last he can tell us much. But not as the result of direct observation. He tries abstract modes of reflection which gives us what is highly valuable, but not the less abstract and short of the full character of the real. All such abstract methods are products of reflection, and are abstractions through which mind takes away from the actual as it appears. They do not exist for a dog, or even for a savage. Their reality and truth lie in the fashion in which mind has given to nature general significances that have no independent existence in the world as we directly apprehend it. They have vast importance, but this they only attain in so far as mind enters into and makes itself present in nature.

It is therefore neither by the methods of the mathematician nor by those of the physicist that one can get any adequate grasp of reality, or take in our experience in its fullness.

The biologist is in no better position. He finds what the other two do not find, organic forms of behavior, forms which disclose the actual as behaving under the influence of conscious ends, and in which the parts are controlled by the whole to which they belong. All its material may change, and yet the living organism not only lives, but subserves in its development the law of its species. It reproduces itself in a fashion of which no account can be given by mathematical or mechanical principles, and its offspring carry out in the course of their development the ends which determine the behavior of two parent forms in fashioning its life.

These ends are no physical causes. They are not influences which operate from without as if separate from the immediate conduct of the life which they determine. They are immediately present and operative in that life, and are nothing distinct from that to which they give meaning and actuality. But they are not in all instances the whole of what we find in our experience. In a large part of the world before us, how large a part we can never clearly determine, the behavior of the living being is distinguished by conscious purpose. When this is so, we find mind —mind at some stage—clearly revealed to us in nature as belonging to it. Other living beings, whether they be men or animals, are then other minds of which we have direct apprehension. Our own minds we find expressed in our bodies, the bodies of ourselves or others, but still bodies. These bodies are more than merely living organisms. They are conscious organisms. Of mind we thus have experience as not only within us but as without us in a variety of forms.

What do we perceive when we are thus aware of other minds? We perceive mind as working at different degrees or levels. It may be the dog, or even the bee, that seems to us to act under the guidance of conscious intelligence. In the case of other men we have no doubt that they act consciously and with intelligent purpose, just as we ourselves do. And this forces on us the recognition that there is more before us than mere physical behavior.

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If we study the history of philosophy in its sequence of systems, we find that there is much in which these systems, however divergent in their details, are at one. A leading feature in them is that mind fashions its object. Sometimes it is held that this fashioning is only subjective and has no truth excepting in the mind itself. Sometimes it is said that there is, on the other hand, nothing real apart from such fashioning. Now it is enough for the present purpose to hold that there is a fashioning of some kind, which we cannot leave out of account. If this be true, there is no experience apart from the mind whose experience it is. Any idea of experience into which mind does not enter at all is impossible even to state, and it does not hold together.

We can see that this is so, if we take our everyday experience with our fellow men and women. I meet a friend in the street; I recognize and converse with him. How is this possible? If he were a mere unintelligent aggregate of my sensations, of sight and hearing and touch, I should not identify him as the individual I have known. For he may have changed so as to seem in external appearance quite different from what he was when I last met him a year since. But I am aware of him as the selfsame person, such change notwithstanding. I am the same "I" that I was then, although in externals and in circumstances I too have changed.

And so it is with him. He is also an "I," a self, constant despite alteration so long as he lives. His relation to himself in the past is not one of resemblance but of identity. Our names and descriptions in the world turn of course on external circumstances. As citizens, as belonging to a particular family, we are the outcome of biological and social conditions. I know my friend as the head of such and such a household, and as having such and such connections and personal history. I know, too, the character of his particular mind and its contents. But that is not the only knowledge I have of him. He is to me a self like myself. When he and I say "I," we are the centers in which our experience is focused. It is as selves that we think.

Now thinking is no activity that can be expressed in terms of relations in space and time. It is rather a condition that is required in order to make space and time themselves intelligible. It is as though these present themselves *for* thought, and it is through thinking that they get the meaning which belongs to their reality. Thinking is therefore no event in the object world. No doubt I sit in my chair and think. But my reflection belongs not to the chair, nor yet to the physiological condition of my body. It belongs to mind, and is mind.

When therefore I say "I," the world of experience is focused in me, and I am the condition of there being any experience at all. My self is an identity which remains identical amid all changes, just because the changes would have no meaning apart from the self which experiences the changes. When we say "I," we bring our physical organisms, our memories, our conduct, into a relation in which they stand as objects for a subject. It is as subject in this relation that we are selves, and say "I," and what we mean when we say it is that we are thinking.

Numerical difference and number and mutual exclusion belong to the physical. But the physical falls within that experience of which the self is the condition and apart from which experience has no meaning. That this is so becomes apparent if we consider what a crowd, say at a meeting, consists in. The individuals who compose it have come together. But if they did not have a common mind they would be merely isolated physical entities, with no general purpose or understanding and with no consciousness of each other's presence. They hear the speaker who addresses them, and their bond of union with him is that they think in a fashion that is, as far as most of it goes, identical with his thinking. Language is the symbolic medium that unites them, and if they have a common language, they are aware of this unity of intelligence. Minds less furnished with conceptions, such as that of a dog or of a foreigner who is ignorant of the meanings of the words used, cannot appreciate this identity. Nevertheless, it is not only there, but it is the bond which holds the meeting together.

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It is mind then that is indispensable for the possibility of our common experience and indeed for any experience at all. To it is relative the constitution of every phase of that experience and all its relations, even the most abstract and general, such as those by which the mathematician reaches his abstractions. Equally is it implied by what is most concrete and particular; the most immediate sensation or feeling derives the significance without which it has neither meaning nor reality, from the constitutive activity of thought.

The self, then, though finite, is not a thing in space and time, nor is it boxed up in a brain. Its finiteness means that the nervous system of a particular organism is the mode in which it is expressed in its world. To that world in this sense it belongs. As an intelligent organism it has a place in that world, and a history—the history of the particular organism and of its development as such. But mind is no mere organism, nor is it substance. It consists essentially in activity, and in creative activity. It is spontaneous and free. Even in a prison the spirit is aware of its freedom of will. Although disease may interfere with the organism and deprive the mind, temporarily or permanently as in death, of its instrument of expression, still all that happens in the world, including the process of dying, is a series of events which have meaning only for the mind which not only apprehends but enters into its constitution.

That is how the question really arises, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The self can abstract from its own pain and even from its own death. The hero and the martyr have always done so. For it is inherent in the self to rise above that world and detach itself from it, notwithstanding that it requires the world for the expression of its daily life. Even death and disease are not the last words about life, but reflectively we can hold them out, as it were, at arm's length and abstract from their importance.

Let us see the path along which these considerations point us. We have found that into the world which we experience, thought enters everywhere. Not merely abstract thought, but the full content of the mind which constitutes beauty and morals. A universe made up only of point events, combined in relations that were those of a simple externality of the point events to each other, would have no significance for us. We have no experience of such a universe, and it would have no reality for us. The actual universe as external to us is concrete and unlimitedly rich in its variety, just as is the universe as we find it within ourselves. We get at its abstract relations by a process of abstractions which the limitless freedom of our reflection makes possible. But our world is always much more than can be rendered by such abstractions. The ideal is a larger whole in which the universals of reflection and the particulars which they invest with meaning, are inseparable. There is no particular which has reality apart from the meanings in which it is set by mind. The process of discovering the general relations which are implied in such setting is, indeed, an inexhaustible one and for us has no end. But the ideal to which we are compelled is one in which subject and object are no longer separable, and in which both fall within a larger whole in knowledge that is complete.

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There are varying degrees in reality. There are varying levels in knowledge. The living organism is at a level higher than that of the machine, and the conscious being is at a level higher than that of the living organism. Experience discloses to us ascents in its meaning which bring us up, up to the self that thinks, and then we have a key to the varying significances of reality.

It is beside the point to say that all this is the outcome of evolution in the world before us. For that world is meaningless and not actual expect as object for a mind that comprehends it. It is through the conceptions which that mind has brought to bear in construing the world itself that the latter gets its significance and is so real. Except when conceived as an object of the mind, there is no meaning in any universe within whch evolution could take place. A percipient and intelligent mind is presupposed as logically antecedent to and as the condition of every phase of reality.

It is in this fashion that we are impelled toward the conception as the foundation of the universe, of absolute mind. What the character of such mind is, it is only in symbols that we can picture. All that is highest in quality points toward it, and all that is highest in quality must accordingly find its analogies for reflection there. Itself the foundation of the self and of human personality, the distinctive qualities of personality would seem to characterize it: perfect freedom, creativeness in thinking, complete self-determination. But infinite mind can be no individual confronted by a notself. Its object can only be itself. It is therefore more than personal, in the sense in which we use the word. To the highest implications of personality, it adds those of superpersonality, of qualities that pertain to what alone is all-inclusive.

It may be that we can get no nearer than this in our attempts to present God as an object for reflection. Other attempts that have been made have always tended to represent him as of a possible object in some kind of world. But we get near to his nature best in the symbolism of religion and art. These lift us beyond ourselves and show us how true it is that we are more than we take ourselves to be.

Every man has his own poetry, his own forms of beauty, his own kind of religion, which appeal to him individually more than to others. The only question is whether what he chooses is of the highest quality. He "practises the presence of God" in his own fashion, and in the shape that appeals to him most vividly. It is by thus disentangling the higher implications of our experience that we approach to God.

We may have help from communion in this spiritual exercise with our fellow-men, just as we may have it in literature or art. The point is that it should bring with it the sense of the presence of the highest, and of approach to that which is at a nobler level than that of our lowly selves. It is so that we come to the sense of the divine in us. It is just life, but life lived at a higher level. We may know that the best we can attain to is only symbolical, but it is a symbol of what is a degree higher than that of everyday life. And the symbolical language in which we can express it does not contradict science. It says the same thing, but at its higher level. Science and the divine do not contradict each other, because their categories are of wholly different logical orders, which accordingly can never come into conflict. It is only in their narrow and too conventional aspects that they can even seem to do so.

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There are levels in experience which belong to reality just as much as do the principles of men of science. Every one of us knows that there comes a time when we seem to be lifted above ourselves—which means that above the level of our minds there is a higher world. What was Christ but the personification of the power to rise above conventionality? If that be so, then the eminence of God means the chief foundation upon which our minds were meant to be lifted to such level that the separation of mind and things disappears. That is the mind in which you and I participate; it is the foundation of even our individual existences; and if that be so, surely it is a foundation on which to put our faith.

Returning to the discussion of relativity in science:

The progress of science lies not merely in increased observation of facts which experience discloses, but in the breaking down of abstractions. In all the sciences we use for primary purposes a particular set of general conceptions, and under these we generalize abstractly. To take mathematical physics as an illustration, we used formerly to generalize, as Newton did, with the conceptions of space and time as unchanging features or phases of the object world, which never became different, into however remote regions of the universe we carried our observation or our reasoning about what we observed. But there has come a time in which we have found that this assumption does not fit in with the facts as we now know them. If the principle be one of general applicability, the rays of a star in passing the sun ought to pass it at a definite distance which we can calculate exactly. But observation has shown that such rays do not pass at the distance so calculated, but at a very different distance. The lines, too, in the spectrum ought to diverge from each other, if Newton's principle be the true one, only in a definite way. In point of fact, they diverge differently.

The result of this want of accordance of the general principle with the facts sought to be arrayed under it, is that modern mathematical physicists have had to recast the idea of a uniform space-time system prevading the universe. Space and time are no longer thought of as independent of each other. They are to be regarded as existing only in a combination in which each has to be taken into account as modifying and required for the interpretation of the other. Moreover, it has become apparent that in the different regions of the universe the space-time systems may be as divergent as observation of the events that take place in them shows them to be. We no longer require the idea of action at a distance. The reason why a particle shot out into space does not continue to move in a straight line in accordance with Newton's law is not now that it is deflected by a force pulling it from its path from a distance, such as gravitation was held to be. It is that in the space-time system in which it is moving, its course is that which the particular space-time compels.

The system in the neighborhood of the sun is different from that in the neighborhood of the earth. That is why observations based on what was found to be the case on earth, and the calculations founded on them, proved to be wholly misleading when the calculations were applied to the space-time system round the sun, on the assumption that it must be the same. The genius of the pure mathematicians has devised a method by which all such calculations can be freed from dependence on what is observed in the form of particular shape and measurement. Mathematics has extended its range to the "world conditions" which are basic to physical quantities as we discover them.

A physical quantity is not absolute as an entity. "It is something that is defined," as Professor Eddington and others have pointed out, "by a series of operations and calculations of which it is the result." Mass is now described through experiments on inertial properties, and no longer as some invisible agent in the world picture. The physical quantities are now regarded as "measure numbers" based on world conditions which we cannot reach by observation. Measure numbers may be assigned according to any code of measurement, the only requirement being that the same measure number always implies the same world condition, and that different world conditions receive different measure numbers. That was what was done when the curvature and distance of the rays from stars passing the sun during an eclipse had to be calculated differently from such rays as observed in the neighborhood of the earth. The modern tensor calculus enables this to be brought about.

But it is obvious that as soon as we have to define the measure numbers in our observations as depending on conditions and results of our observations, and not merely, as Newton thought, on direct perception, we have passed into a new view of experience. Reflection now enters into and molds its objects. The mind to which they are presented is not passive in the process. Thought is now seen to be molding things in a way in which our forefathers did not dream of. How much more is not this the case when we come to the phenomena of life and mind, phenomena which belong to our object world just as much as do the physical quantities?

The whole which controls the action of the members in the living organism is neither an influence determining their action as a course *ab extra*, nor can it be apprehended as existing independently. Its operation is immediate and its expression lies only in the behavior of the parts which live in it. The mind, again, is free and self-determining as the result of its own reflection. Throughout the object world we are confronted by phenomena of these and other kinds totally distinguishable from each other in the conceptions or categories of thought which they express. It is when we observe their contrasts that we come to realize that knowledge and reality alike display different levels and degrees in the character disclosed in them.

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It is to mind that we are driven back as the only basis on which all this can be made explicable. Outside mind there is nothing, and apart from it, nothing has any meaning. In our conditioned intelligences it is expressed, but never perfectly. Yet we are pointed to an ideal beyond our finiteness, that of mind as expressing itself partially in our individual selves, and so far as it does so, not in forms that merely resemble each other, but in ways in which it is identical. Such is the mind which embraces the entire reality of which it is the foundation, and gives it the implications of which it is the unification.

The various creeds tend toward an infinity thus conceived. Their expressions may be inadequate, and they are never more than symbolic. Even the strictest metaphysic does not take us out of expressions which are no more than metaphors. But our own experience drives us by what we find in it toward the recognition of what lies above and beyond; above because it is loftier in quality, beyond, because it is all-embracing. That is how we fashion the conception of God, and we come to that conception as reality when we look into our own souls, as we do when we turn to the world that seems to exist outside of and apart from the mind, but does not truly so exist.

And so we come with the moralists, with the poets, with the artists, with the votaries of the highest among the religious creeds, to the idea which began to press itself on us when we started to explore experience. The more things are interpreted as spiritual, the more they are found to be real.

# THE OLD MAN'S CHAIR

*Hell Fire Corner Revisited, and a Bit of Philosophy*

R. H. MOTTRAM

WHY on earth he had come back there, Skene could not for the life of him make out. He was not enjoying it, hadn't expected to enjoy it. But surely enough, all those years since the day when, with a feeling of tragic finality, he had put off his khaki and put on an ill-fitting civilian suit that had been his best in another life, he had known with increasing certainty that sooner or later, he'd go back there. And here he was, almost against his wish.

He had not regained control over his thoughts and actions until he got to Ypres. In that place, sheer revolt had cleared his brain and braced his will. Nothing during the journey thither had prepared him for what he found there. Boulogne, never much damaged, had only the great cranes on the quay to remind him. Calais had shell-holes, but little else. At St. Omer he had picked up the main way to the front as he remembered marching it or going by train. There were those solid villages amid the rich fields. Then Hazebrouck looking mended-up. Then more villages. Finally Poperinghe, the obscure market-town that for so long had been rail-head. Even then he did not grasp what had happened.

When, with a beating heart, and nerves that fluttered at the slightest sound, if it resembled the awful crashes he associated with that journey, he got out at Ypres, he had to stop a moment to look round. He had never been there in daylight, and might anyhow have had some difficulty in recognizing the hastily rebuilt and reinhabited town that he had only known as an ever-yawning tomb. But what rendered it totally unrecognizable was the crowd. To him Ypres was a place of hurrying parties, and hastily carried stretchers. He now found it filled with a population that seemed to have come from Blackpool and Ostend, a people of cameras and guide-books, curious souvenir hunters and bored sightseers, herded and jostled in and out of restaurants and exhibitions by uniformed couriers shouting of things he had never heard of, describing a state of affairs that never had existed. He had seen many aspects of the war. He knew that it had its commercial side. But that its grisly remains should be sold, in peeps, at a franc a time, like a mixture of Pepper's ghost and the morgue, had never occurred to him. He glared at the hucksters, waiters, *mutilés*, and cheap jacks. They regarded him unmoved, and went on selling their faked products of the "Battle of Ypres" to those who knew no better. He longed to seize one of the megaphones he saw so freely used and shout: "There never was a battle here. This place was never within bullet-range of the trenches." But he restrained himself. They wouldn't believe him. They didn't know. Those who did know were mostly dead. These people were buying for pleasure, and selling for their living. Incidentally some of the money that was changing hands would go to rebuild the place he had seen so cruelly destroyed. That was right enough. Why shouldn't it be so? He was there for his own private reasons—the chief of which was that he couldn't keep away. And besides he had no need to buy. He knew where the real thing was. And, shouldering his way through the crush, he made for the ramparts, beyond which lay the actual trenches of the longest and most intense battle of the war. He knew them better than the streets of Ypres, had held at one or another time, every yard of them. Where should he go—to some spot that he could identify and have to himself? He soon thought of it—Kruystraat on the map, Hell Fire Corner to him and his—the crossways of the insignificant hamlet that had never figured in any despatch, through which the reserve line used to run, and from which the ground sloped away rearward, as much as it ever sloped in that dank and dangerous corner they called the "salient." He would see the whole sector from there. It would not be much benefit, but it would be a sort of expiation. After that he would go home.

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He was right enough. Once outside that celebrated gate, and on the newly-made-up road, the crowd dwindled and soon ceased. After a few hundred yards he had the place to himself, and walked a little uncertainly, looking at the patches of reclaimed land, amid the weed-covered acres of wastage still to be cleared, starting horribly at the explosions of the finds of the Salvage Corps, still at work, by the canal, destroying buried duds. With some difficulty he identified the spot and here he was. Any happier? Not a bit. There was nothing there. The trenches were gone, much of the ground cleared, a sign-post erected, and beyond it ran two lines of corrugated roofs, and match-boarded walls of the new village. That was all. What had he expected? Nothing. Well, he had found "nothing." He could go home now.

But before he did so he must stroll and think for a moment. He lit his pipe, and passed slowly down the reconstructed street. Mostly unrecognizable, he was able, by the gaps left, and by the lay of the land, to call up some vision of what the place had been like during the various stages at which he remembered it. At the end was the cross-road that gave the place its name. Here had been the front-line. He need go no farther. A wooden paling of the sort that surrounded plots that were claimed but not reoccupied, suited him to sit on, and there he ruminated on this little-known corner where he had so nearly left his bones, as many a better man had done—witness the cemetery a hundred yards farther on.

Years ago, studying architecture, he had had a nightmare of town-planning, a site which kept on changing as fast as he laid it out. Well, Kruystraat was the nightmare come true. When first he had come to France, he had met men who had billeted in the village, who remembered civilians living there. Then the line had been pushed back. Even so, he remembered the skeletons of houses lining the streets, when he first came up, new to the trenches. Here where he sat, there had been a bigger house, and the remains of a board, with some name on it. Dekonynck, Brasseur, he thought, but it had soon been broken up. He would have forgotten, had not young Mansfield made some silly joke about the name, so that, from his vague knowledge of Flemish, he had explained that it was the equivalent of Fitz Roy, in English, and that the fellow was a brewer. He smiled—and then jumped, as he had never jumped in the trench that used to run a few feet from him. His eye had been wandering over the half-reclaimed plot on the rails of which he was seated. At the back was a hut—ex-military stores—the kind of thing that people put up, and put up with, until they could rebuild their houses. Just in front of it stood an iron garden-chair—the sort that goes with "rustic" work, small greenhouses, middle-class leisure. That was what made Skene jump. That, undoubtedly was what he had come all this way to see. He knew that chair. It was the only thing he could recognize. Twisted, flaked, dented, chipped, scored with thousands of bullet and shrapnel marks, bleached livid with gas, it was the chair he remembered. Its seat was half gone, one leg was short, but there could be no doubt about it. It was the same chair. At last he had found something remaining over from those days. And, twisting round upon the fence, he sat and surveyed that surviving article of furniture.

He had first noticed it on that autumn evening of '15 when his battalion had taken over that sector. Having seen rations distributed, he had gone out to meet young Forrest, the Divisional R. E. who was to superintend the fatigues—digging drains for the water-logged gullies of trenches—for that night. He knew Forrest slightly, and they had gone together—just where he now sat—into the garden next the brewery, where such brickwork that remained screened them partially from sight by day, and machine-gun fire by night. Forrest had just been saying, "Well—make your chaps work. Because although I have to look after these ruddy trenches, I don't have to live in 'em you know!"

He had replied something, but Forrest exclaimed, "Dammit, that was a near 'un!"—bending down.

"What's up?"

"Sniper—cut through the band of my puttee!"

It was then that they had stumbled across the chair.

"Very convenient!" remarked Forrest and sat down to readjust his leg-wrappings.

Skene had wanted to say, "Don't sit there!" He had a curious aversion to using absent civilians' furniture, hated to see dugouts full of borrowed bedsteads, with looted pictures and mirrors and stoves all about. It had been silly, these things were bound to be smashed up or taken by some one. But the fact was, he had been, he now supposed, a thorough civilian, hating the war and all its ways. However, he did not argue with Forrest. Nor had Forrest argued with him. After a minute or two, getting no reply to the next question, he had groped, by the flickering light of star-shells, across the tossed and broken space, and found Forrest lying beside the chair, shot through the spine.

It had been unpleasant, but too usual to make much impression, until his battalion was relieved, at the end of its turn, plus a day or two, by a Midland unit. The officer commanding the platoon that had taken over from his own was a keen pushing youngster from a back-country town, who referred to the enemy as "those coustomers," but was capable enough. As they finished going over the flimsy and dilapidated defenses, and checked the ever-depleted and renewed list of trench stores, the boy noticed the old iron chair, and before it was possible to prevent him, had walked across to it, asking:

"D'you include this—chairs, iron bottomed; officers, for the use of?"

"I shouldn't stand there," Skene had called to him, "I believe they've got it taped—"

But the boy was yawning, such a queer, high-pitched yawn, his arms drawn convulsively above his head. Then collapsing with three holes clean through heart and lungs and much blood. Skene had hastily called for a stretcher, cautioned the sergeant, and hurried after his own platoon.

It had been weeks before in the dreary infinitesimal shiftings of that part of the war, Skene had come back precisely to that sector. The old chair was much where he had left it, and in taking over from the company he was relieving, he had nodded toward it. "The boches can draw a bead on that?"

"Can they not?" had been the Scotch answer. "The Major fancied it for his dugout, but he'd no sooner got it there, than a six-inch lifted it out. Two killed. I'd not go near it, if I were you!" And so, through weeks and months, in and out of the same or neighboring trenches, he found that the chair had obtained a sort of malevolent notoriety, could hardly refrain himself sometimes, when foodless, sleepless or more than usually bombarded, from feeling as though the empty seat were occupied by a sinister presence.

Then, the Allies taking the initiative, he had moved far away, into other battle-fields, other jobs. But he had never quite forgotten that piece of furniture, would inquire of those who had been in front of Ypres, and more than once, he had been assured that it was still to be seen. Gradually it appeared to acquire a dark reputation. The war was changing, the army also. Those who, like sailors, live in continual danger of their lives become—superstitious? Well, say fanciful. The great volunteer army of Britain became like that. The chair at Hell Fire Corner got a name like the stables at Hooge, or the mill at Laffaux, a grim association with innumerable death, and years of hopeless efforts. Then the later and more frantic offensives rolled farther afield, and he had forgotten it, and now here it was!

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Nonsense. He had let his pipe out, standing there, wool-gathering. The explanation was clear enough. The chair was just exactly too small for a direct hit by big shells, too big to be destroyed by small ones, too heavy to be carted away by infantry. Naturally it had remained where it was, and now the owners would get it back. Who had better right? They must have suffered enough, poor devils, having their homes destroyed. That would take a lot of "reparations." Yet, having reached this conclusion he lingered on and on with a feeling that he had something yet to know before he left Hell Fire Corner.

And sure enough, he heard behind him the sound of wheels, and at the very palings where he stood, there drew up a little old—"shay" he would have called it—drawn by a white pony. From this descended a round, clean-shaved old man, with that particular certainty of expression only to be found in countries where large sections of the population are peasants and priests. Hitching the reins over the gate-post, this person undid the padlock, entered the inclosure, and moving slowly but confidently across, seated himself in the chair, and proceeded to fill and light a long-stemmed pipe. It was not until he had done so, that he perceived Skene, who had remained rooted to the spot. To him, the presence he had always associated with the chair had materialized. This conversation ensued:

"Good day, sir!" from the old man.

"Good day!"

"It's beautiful weather!"

"Yes."

"You are a foreigner!"

"Yes!" Skene blushed slightly.

"A *touriste?*"

That he could not stand. "I came back to see this place!" he said lamely.

"How? You have traveled here?"

"I was here in the war!"

"Ah, that!" The old man considered a moment, some thought which seemed very remote, and went on: "What a misfortune! I had a beautiful brewery here!"

"Yes!" Skene felt compunctious. He had carted away the old chap's bricks, burnt his woodwork as kindling, dug up his land for trenches. He could only think of: "But now it is over, you will be able to start again!"

To his astonishment the old man shook his head.

"I shall not bother!" And at Skene's incredulous look he explained: "A brewery, it is never a bad job. When the English came it was even a very fine business. They are great drinkers. I sold all I could brew, and even drew my well dry, in making it. But I saw it could not last. The German, you see, is pertinacious. I said to myself, 'Let them fight. I will leave them to it.' I took my money. I went south and set up in munitions. It was even better than brewing. You used plenty of munitions, you others!"

"Yes!" Skene was seeing Forrest, lying by the iron chair; but it was only the shadow on the ground. The old man grew philosophic.

"It is like that, the human race. I know. I remember 1870. There are two ages of man, the active and the discreet. I am of the last!" He yawned, raising his hand above his head. On the wall of the shed, in shadow, Skene saw the midland boy raise his hands, heard his gurgling cry. No, it was the old pony, snaffling.

"You think you did something, you others, by fighting. I know better. It will all be put straight and forgotten. You feel satisfied no doubt!"

"Most of us are dead!" Skene answered, and turned away. The words "It is quite natural!" followed him, as he strode toward Ypres.

* * *

The little old Flemish town, half rebuilt, and ever shapely, glowed in the sinking sun. But to Skene every spot of shadow was a little old man, seated and complacent, in a chair. They dotted the canal bank, the road and railway, with the eye of vision he could see them dotting the continent, the neutral countries, the Americas. They had won. They had come to sit and philosophize. They were right. The active age—the youth of Europe—had gone teeming past them, never so thickly anywhere as in this salient of Ypres. There, from Roulers, all the youth of Germany, from Poperinghe, all that of Britain and its Allies, had met in a frenzy of heat and endeavor. To allow them to do so, the little old men had shifted their seats, gone off with the money, set up in munitions. The Age of Youth had canceled itself out. The Age of Discretion had waited while the flurry echoed away to death, and then came back to claim its reparations, its little bit of land, and to expand its philosophy. Why had he ever pitied them? Now that he reflected, it was they, the little old men, each sitting in his chair, on his bit of money or land, in his *chancellerie*, his bureau, his office, who made wars. Not youth. When had he, Skene, quarreled with a German, a Frenchman, or any other youth he had met? Youth was too generous, too busy, had no property to protect, no philosophy to justify.

The war was over, youth was gone. He had learned his lesson. He would not come there again. He would have no need. He knew now what had haunted that piece of garden furniture during all those nights of feverish energy. An old man sitting in a chair!

# UNKNOWN AMERICA

## *Our Ignorance Concerning Our Countrymen Is Appalling*

### LEWIS F. CARR

APPARENTLY, we do not know our America. Perhaps nobody does. Any casual conceits we may have entertained about our own knowledge on the subject have been punctured by Bernard Shaw's statement that Americans simply do not know their own land. Shaw contends that only a foreigner, viewing the country objectively, can really know America; he then clinches his point by demonstrating how well he doesn't know this country! Many critics agree that he would never have written his latest book as he did, if he had known and understood us fully. The question arises: Who, if anybody, really knows these United States?

I do not claim to. But the existence of a certain kind of ignorance about America has been impressing itself upon me for some time. After many years in the hinterlands of this country, in the rural districts along the backroads, I have come to dwell among your sky-scrapers. And though I remember that my country friends had rather quaint and queer ideas about you city people, I find that you have just as hazy notions about them. We of the country are almost as numerous as you of the cities. Yet I find that you leave us largely out of the picture. You do not know us; yet you presume to speak for America. You make statements that may be true as regards your half of this nation; but they appear quite questionable with respect to the other half.

Your position is of course understandable. You have lived in an environment of progress and well-being; you assume that environment for the whole of America. You travel from New York to Chicago or St. Louis; you see a countryside sleek with prosperous farms and dotted with prosperous cities. You take it as a matter of course that the rest of America is like that which you see.

But it isn't. It's so different that neither I nor anybody else—I verily believe—can tell you the extent of that difference. Perhaps you cannot be told. Possibly the feat is psychologically impossible. If conceptions do not exist in the mind to match the words the ear hears or the eye reads, very possibly those words must remain meaningless. We of the land use the same words that you use, speak a similar language. True; but our talk is based on the facts of a different environment—an environment which you do not understand and which apparently can be learned only by experience. If we speak, for example, of hiring a good cook for three dollars a week, or of contracting with a good seamstress to make children's dresses for the sum of thirty cents each, you may assume, as my friends do, that there's an error some place, typographical, oral or mental; you will gravitate toward the conclusion that somebody's crazy. Most of you will pass on to the consideration of more intelligible facts in your experience.

Yet withal there still may be some hope of understanding each other. Starting at one definite point which is probably in your experience, you may remember the character of *Mrs. Cagle* in the recent play, "Sun Up." She, at least, was different from your idea of existing American women. A woman of the mountain people of the Southern Appalachians, she was essentially a seventeenth-century person, though living in the twentieth. She and her people used Elizabethan word forms. Her conceptions were equally archaic. The law to her was something that killed her men-folks or deprived them of their lawful means of livelihood, moonshining. The greatest distance imaginable to her was "forty miles beyond Asheville." All enemies were to her "Yankees," and any one who came from farther than ten miles away from her cabin was a "furriner."

*Mrs. Cagle* was part of our unknown America, a part aptly portrayed. Yet I wonder if she was able actually to tell the rest of America anything of her people, to connote to you the facts and conditions of her environment. I doubt it. I had occasion to study several audiences at various performances of the play. These people liked the play exceedingly, were enthusiastic about it. It had entertained, amused, thrilled them—all it was supposed to do. But the situation reminded me of a lecture on the beauties of the sunset before a group of blind people. They heard the words, but they did not see the whole picture. *Mrs. Cagle* was to them a mere fictional character. She was this of course; but she was also true fiction. She was taken from life. Her part was that of a contemporary American, a fact which the audience did not seem to grasp at all. She was the wife, portrayed in the flesh, of another person you may remember, the Forgotten Man, delineated by Walter Hines Page. And the number of Mrs. Cagles and Forgotten Men in progressive, rich, educated America to-day is appalling. Until we know them and their conditions, we cannot be said to know America.

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These Forgotten Women exist not only in the Big Smokies, but almost throughout America. E. C. Branson, of the University of North Carolina, has followed the trail further. He tells us there are nearly half a million replicas of *Mrs. Cagle* in this country to-day—poor, ignorant, native-born, white women, "thin and wrinkled in youth from ill-prepared food, clad without warmth or grace, living in untidy houses, working from daylight to bedtime . . . the mothers of joyless children, worn-out by excessive child-bearing, and encrusted in a shell of dull content with their lot in life."

He tells us there are 1200 in Aroostook County, Maine, 1400 in Clinton and Franklin counties, New York, 2000 in Berks, Lancaster and York counties, Pennsylvania, 3600 in Wisconsin, many in Michigan, Ohio, Missouri, 44,000 and 43,000 in North Carolina and Kentucky, respectively, and so on. These poor women make up America too. The facts and conditions of their existence are largely unknown to the rest of America. And they make up the smallest class that I would mention as being unknown to the urban population.

More appalling is the larger class of illiterates of which the Forgotten Woman is but a part. Our national percentage of illiteracy is six per cent. This is higher than in nine other nations of the world! Applied to the 1927 estimates of population over ten years of age, we find that we have about six million Americans who cannot read or write. The number runs over eighteen per cent in some of our States, higher than among twenty other nations of the world. The percentage of illiteracy even *among native-born white people* in some of our States runs over eight per cent, higher than the national percentage in seventeen other nations of the world.

The fact of illiteracy must be reckoned with in the hinterlands. There, you may not assume as in the city that every one can read and write. Other assumptions are equally dangerous. That rather bright-looking boy over yonder may be able to read and write. But you will probably find on experiment that he draws his letters and figures in the slow painful way of a first-grader drawing the picture of a dog. If you settle in that section, you may have to send elsewhere—as I did—for competent office personnel.

As an illustrative experience: I once sold six car-loads of cattle to a cow-man at so much a head. He was fairly well dressed—gold watch and chain—well spoken of and well spoken; and he knew his business. Together we made the count of the cattle. Then I asked him to compute the gross amount, check it with my figures and write his check. Imagine my surprise—the man could neither read nor write, though he could count cattle going through a gate. I did the figuring; I wrote the check; I signed his name; he made his cross mark. The amount was about eight thousand dollars.

So, when you look at a map, do not assume that those great areas that you have not traversed are like the America that you know. For probably they aren't. That one county that happens to catch your eye because of its peculiar name probably isn't at all like the county just outside your city. It may have a population that is sixty per cent illiterate! And the remainder—though able to read and write—may be so ignorant and benighted, excepting the few professional men, that they would not seem like modern Americans at all. Such counties do exist in America, like transplanted areas of the dark continents.

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Perhaps you have had a glimpse of the conditions I am talking about. You may have seen from your Pullman window some pitiably poor shacks, and in the field, two bull yearlings with their tails tied together yoked to a piece of a plow—or perhaps a single steer hitched to a primitive cart. You may have wondered—and rightly. For though oxen are not to be despised for certain tasks—I have owned as many as six yoke—still the use of them for general farm purposes as pictured above connotes, to me at least, a whole set of circumstances and conditions that I find are inconceivable to most of my urban friends. The family living in that shack is probably totally illiterate, is probably suffering from two, three, four or even five serious diseases, is living in dirt and squalor, has no idea of sanitation and finally presents a challenge to the statements that have been issuing for the past several years from this nation's leaders of thought.

It has been rather the fashion of late among certain economists and business men to prophesy that within five years we shall have an America without poverty, without illiteracy and with a minimum of disease. It has also been the fashion—I regret to say—among certain medical authorities and foundations to represent to the American people that certain diseases have been controlled and eradicated. These general "blurbs" about America, made by urban leaders of thought, may be true as regards the urban population. But as regards the rest of America, I for one hold them to be largely unacceptable, generally misleading and in some cases wholly untrue.

I take it that these prophecies and statements—if they mean anything at all—mean that the makers of them are so imbued with the philosophy and religion of modern Americanism that they believe that this cult of progress, intelligence and confidence—so well typified by our cities—can be extended throughout the rest of America within five years. I do not believe it can. There is too much territory to cover, too much distance to travel, too large a void to fill, too many obstacles to overcome and too much lack of knowledge on the part of those who would spread this gospel and who now prophesy its early general acceptance.

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Let us consider for a moment a few of the attributes that we associate with the word "Americanism." The word progress will probably suggest itself to our minds first. America is progressive, especially in the matter of efficiency. She is apt at engineering things, so that one man can do the work of from two to fifty. Yet on forty per cent of our farms, according to estimates of authorities, one man is doing the work of only one man, or of one man and a fraction. In many sections, in New England, in parts of Wisconsin, Michigan, in sections even of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, and in the border States and in the South, you will still see one man plowing one horse after the fashion of one hundred and fifty years ago. Sometimes you will see one man plowing and another leading, as Poor Richard described—that is, two men doing the work of one. In the more progressive sections, of course, you see one man plowing with four or more horses or a tractor; but this does not erase the fact of the one-horse farmer.

This one-horse farming has serious consequences. There is a farm population of about thirty million, and a village population of about eight million, dependent directly on the farm. Of this thirty-eight million, about forty per cent, or fifteen million people are depending on this archaic, one-horse farming. The actual wages of such labor cannot be higher than thirty-five or forty cents a day; by actual survey such wages have been found to approximate twenty cents a day. It is in sections where such farming exists that one can hire good cooks for three dollars a week and get very pretty little dresses for the children made for thirty cents each.

It is in such sections too that the maximum salary of school-teachers ranges around sixty-five dollars a month, paid generally in county vouchers or warrants maturing usually in two or three years, but which can be discounted only with difficulty. Often, in such sections there is only one small bank to a county or trade area, a bank with a capital of about ten thousand dollars. Such banks usually do not have the money to discount these teachers' warrants. And if they do, the rate is high, from eight to twelve per cent. The result is that only those of minimum qualifications are attracted to the teaching profession.

As an illustration of these meager qualifications: I lately asked the principal of such a school what mischief certain rowdy boys had done. "Well," he said, "I don't think they done much. They throwed some bricks at the door. . ." A principal of an American school, teaching English "as she is spoke" to young Americans!

Associated with the word "Americanism," is the idea of material well-being. But this condition does not hold in general for the rural population, though it does in certain favored sections—in most of the Corn Belt, for example, in the Blue Grass, in the Mississippi delta lands, the black lands of Texas, and to a lesser degree in those of Alabama, in parts of the West and the Coast, and so on. Outside of these sections, the great majority of our farmers are on a standard of living far below that which you would consider as a satisfactory American standard.

It has been stated that forty dollars a week—or $2,080 a year is about the minimum income which will support a family on an American standard of living to-day. In contrast to this, the National Industrial Conference Board found that our average farm operator receives his house rent and part of his living from the farm and has only the meager sum of $170 a year left over for other living expenses. Under any construction this must be taken to indicate a great difference in the standards of living of farm and city dwellers.

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A few years ago, Branson and Dickey, of the University of North Carolina, made an exhaustive study of conditions in three agricultural counties. A reported decrease in the number of farmer-owners and an increase in the number of renters and croppers occasioned the investigation. They found that the average renter lived on a family income of about $250 a year, the cropper family on about $150. There are probably about ten million of such people throughout this country, people who do not own their homes, who make no property return whatever, who seldom see newspapers or magazines and who almost never read books. The investigation showed that not even a Bible was to be found in many of these homes.

It is of these people in one section that Herman Steen wrote lately: "For 60 years, poverty and distress and misery have stalked across the plantations of Dixie, and a dozen States are blinded by illiteracy. Every year, 1,000,000 children are robbed of their birthright of school and opportunity. . . . The standard of living . . . is the lowest of any class of farmers in the United States."

And in 1918, at the beginning of the last year of the war, George Pattullo wrote: "We are beset continually by wails from our sob-sisters, both male and female, relative to Europe and her starving millions. The truth is that there is no more distress, hardship and privation among the people of Europe, *in spite of war and every attendant horror* than is suffered annually by the poor cotton-farmers in the United States."

These statements are not exaggerations. I have lived among the people described above—within the past year and a half. I have spent a month among them within the past six months. And I know that their condition as set forth by Steen is not overstated. I have tried at various times to describe to my urban friends something of these people, without much success at making myself understood. My friends in your half of America do not seem to be aware of these people or to be able to comprehend anything of the facts and conditions of their existence or to understand any of the causes which are responsible.

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Another vast difference between the America that you know and that which I know is apparent in the study of land values. You urban people assume as a matter of course that all land values in America naturally increase. But that is not true when you venture into the other half of America, as many have found to their sorrow.

A certain friend of mine tells of an out-of-the-way corner in the outskirts of my town that sold five years ago for $8,000. The loan company would not advance more than $6,000 at that time. Six months ago, that property sold for $30,000, and the loan company advanced $25,000. To-day, the corner is held at $38,000. This is exceptional, but advances of this kind seem to lie more or less in the natural course of things in America.

But across the street from my window, is the office of a firm of lawyers. Twenty-five years ago they put some of their investment funds in farm lands. Have they ever gotten their money out? No. Can they get to-day what they paid for their land? No. They could have without doubt if they had invested in farm lands in the favored sections mentioned before. But they put their money in farm lands in average sections. And they lost. Land values increase only to a limited extent—and more often not at all—in the half of America that I know best. If you doubt it, look up the records of almost any abandoned farm in a section untouched by industrial development, find out what it has sold for, then ask what it can be bought for to-day.

And you—my urban friends—assume as a matter of course that the bank you do business with will always be in business and will always be able to lend you money on a record of earnings. But we of the farm persuasion do not assume anything of the kind. Such an assumption, in our half of America, wouldn't be justified. We've had experiences —such as my own. I had a bank "bust right in my face" one day. With country bank failure increased some 550 per cent over the normal in the past eight years, and with farm bankruptcies increased one thousand per cent over the normal in the same time (while the rate among industrial concerns remained normal) we cannot share with you your confidence in financial institutions; or in commercial ventures. In our part of the world commercial ventures do not succeed very well. We have seen too many saw-mills, heading-mills and country merchants fail. And this is why we seem so slow and stupid when you come to us talking investment. The wisest among us put our dollars in the safest place imaginable and no promises of profit can pull them out.

The real point I am making is that there is a tremendous difference between the economic life of our world and that of yours. In my experience in farming in four States, and in my study of farming conditions in as many more, I have known only one man to get rich out of farming, "eight-cylinder rich" I mean, able to live in a "residence" with servants, to send his boys to college without stinting, and so on. One other runs a poor second. But, in your half of America, it seems that every whipper-snapper one knew yesterday is rich to-day.

Drawing illustrations from my acquaintance: In a little farming village where I lived for several years, the richest man was worth perhaps thirty thousand dollars. He was of Scotch name, and Scotch ancestry, a shrewd, able, hard-working business man. But his ability if it had been applied in your half of America would have netted him much more. Again—a few doors down the street from where I write is a department store doing a business of over twenty-five million dollars a year. It was started by a local man, now a millionaire. In contrast, I would mention a merchant friend of mine in the Northwest. He too was a good merchandizer. He ran a good store and for a while made money. His investment funds he put in land, in bank-stocks and in city property. The land went down in price, the banks failed, the cities didn't progress. To-day, he is bankrupt. Others like him have done slightly better, others worse. But none has been able to approach the success that the owner of the store across the street—the man who lives in your half of America—has attained.

This difference I am speaking of is expressed aptly in the vernacular of the day. In your half of America a ten dollar bill is hardly more than "chicken-feed"; in our half, it often seems "bigger than all outdoors and then some."

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And you assume something else that we do not take as a matter of course, except in the more favored sections. You assume health. We do not. We are troubled with strange maladies which you know not of. You probably think of "chills and fever" as something that affected your great-grandfather, possibly, but not as a disease which menaces you. It menaces us. I have before me a morbidity report for this Corn Belt

State, a report that is admittedly incomplete. Yet it shows the existence of malaria here. My urban friends do not realize it, but down in the southwestern part of this State, chills and fever still exist. In that section, so the cattle-buyers tell me, people still live in log houses, drink from open shallow wells and take no precaution about stagnant water. (And if you become sick down there, you can get a complete physical examination by a registered and reputable physician for only fifty cents!)

Morbidity statistics for the nation are likewise incomplete. An adequate idea is obtained only from estimates. I have heard it claimed that there are ten million people suffering from malaria in this country; and I think such a figure is reasonable. Malaria has been characterized as "the most destructive disease known to the human race." Its ravages in the United States are not understood. As a side-light: of the six men with whom I was associated most closely in a certain section, three are now dead. They died in their early thirties, two of acute malaria, one of complications with malaria. As I have had malaria, I have had occasion to observe something of it.

And then hookworm! Its existence is denied in many localities, denied as existing in America. But such denial seems to me absolutely false. In 1910, certain responsible authorities estimated that from twenty to fifty per cent of the populations of various States were suffering from hookworm. How then can its existence be denied, when in many sections of those States, almost no work has been done to eradicate it? During 1924, 1925 and 1926, I was manager of a plantation. I needed tenants and I learned from experience something about selecting them. I learned to recognize—and to shun—the hookworm sufferer. I should say that about thirty per cent of the applicants were sufferers. A local doctor helped me in my diagnosis of the human factor. Here were people more hopelessly degraded than any I had ever met before, poor beyond description, shiftless, hopeless, unkempt, and yet withal rather well-spoken and coming from good original stock. They were reduced to a condition so low that I could hardly describe it to you. And if I could, you would probably not understand. They were miserably sick, and yet they were so ignorant that they did not even know they were sick. Many of them could read and write after a fashion. But they were hopelessly ignorant just the same. Their condition could be explained only on the ground of serious physical derangement.

Hookworm is not conquered. It is not eradicated. When we realize that by actual examination, infestation was found to extend to from fifteen to eighty per cent of the population in certain sections, we must conclude that the disease could not have been eradicated without a tremendous campaign. If such had been carried on, we would have heard more about it.

And then pellagra and malnutrition. The people of the hinterlands suffer from these conditions. Dwelling in the midst of a garden of plenty, our farmers too often "live out of a tin can and a paper sack." Especially is this true in sections devoted to one-crop farming. In one farming section where I lived it was almost impossible to buy fruits and vegetables, or milk and eggs. A dieting millionaire would have starved to death. Why? Because that section had grown nothing for the past century but a single crop. That crop was the only crop they knew and the only one they wanted to know. And it wasn't edible. Their food was "store-bought" stuff, and they suffered from that fact. Our prophets of Americanism who would reduce disease in America to a minimum in five years must contemplate a vast campaign of education in dietetics.

Other diseases plague us too; but they are familiar to you and you understand them. However, the existence of the three I have mentioned seems generally overlooked in most statements about America.

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Finally, I would mention certain surveys and studies that have been made by responsible people in regard to the agricultural systems of whole sections of America. It has been proved beyond question that certain types of our agriculture, practised by millions of people, do not pay at all. The sections following these systems manage to exist only through the sale of natural resources, timber, turpentine, oil, clays, the products of quarries, and the like, and by day-labor in other lines. Our prophets who would give us an America without poverty must devise in the short space of five years profitable systems of agriculture for those sections; and what is more difficult they must get the systems they devise adopted by the people.

So you see that all these things combined give us of the hinterlands a slightly different conception of America than yours, an America that can hardly accept the statements that your leaders of thought are making. What few ten dollar bills we have still appear large to us, and we intend to hold on to them. At the end of five years, we don't expect to find money growing on trees, or that our doctors will have gone out of business. In case we succeed in a personal way according to our hopes, we shan't look forward to a country-club existence, punctuated by trips on yachts and so on, but to the modest home of the retired farmer. Our conception of things is different. In fact, almost all our thoughts about life are different from yours, except perhaps our thoughts on the subject of patriotism. We admit that we don't know very much about you and we find that you don't really know very much about us. For this reason, we have to grant the truth of the term, "Unknown America."

# ALMOST ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN

## *And It Did, Including the Front Tooth*

MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

"ALMOST anything" happened to me when I wanted to come home from China a few months ago. I had been there six years. Of course I was not tired of China. But China seemed very restless and that made me restless. Also I had three children whom their grandfather had never seen, and it seemed wise to come home before the oldest one lost his first teeth. The child has freckles and I did so dread his grandfather's seeing him with teeth out. His grandfather may or may not have a "will," but front teeth sometimes make such a difference. I seemed to have an obsession about getting home before he lost a front tooth. If you have ever lived six years in the interior of China you can understand this matter of obsessions. You get them over almost anything. I know a woman who came clear home because her husband lisped. She never noticed he lisped when they lived in this country; but you notice things like that when you have lived virtually alone for a few years in the middle of China. I think it is caused by the Chinese National Air. The Chinese National Air is not played; it is sprayed. On the gardens. So I thought I would leave before the tooth did.

I went to make a farewell call on one of my American neighbors. There were twelve Americans where I lived, besides the children. One does not count children in an American community in China because the number is not static. There are no apartment houses in our part of China and nurses are so plentiful that there seems no reason why the population of our community should not increase as rapidly as—it does. The city where I live is called Chenchowfu. It is called that in this magazine. I would not offer it the indignity of writing its real name in the vernacular. It is a city of seventy thousand souls. Children under twelve are not popularly credited with souls in China. It is a very conservative city. Some Chinese cities pride themselves on being *kai tong* or "open-through," which means "up-to-date." But not Chenchowfu. Chenchowfu prides itself upon being very, very much behind the date. Many of the most famous crooks of China have come from our city. Some are now living in and around Peking to furnish names for the front pages of newspapers in this country.

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Our city was very much wrought up over the advance of the Nationalist army. They were still many hundreds of miles from us; but an automobile road was under construction from our city to the nearest railway, and an auto truck had come within thirty miles of us. Change was in the air. Within and without the city walls everything seemed to run along as usual; merchants sold their goods in the customary manner; farmers raised little patches of wheat and rice and large patches of opium; the women were busy getting ready for funerals and weddings and having babies; outwardly everything ran along in the familiar groove of the ages. But a hushed and vibrant expectancy was in the air. Something ominous and uncertain and scarcely discernible.

The country was already full of school strikes. School strikes are very powerful agencies in China. I can explain the matter, but not in a few words. My friend's husband had charge of a school, a Senior High School for boys. They hoped and we all hoped the strike would pass our city by. I went to call on my friend. Her gateman said she was at the school. I entered the school gate. Everything was perfectly quiet in the school-yard, but the broad walk leading to the main building was strewn with sheets of paper—pages of books. I gasped. In China the printed word is sacred and one seldom finds even tiny bits of paper on the streets. I looked closely and found I was walking over piles of torn Bibles. I am not superstitious but one who has had clergymen in the family for four generations does not walk lightly over Bibles. I detoured. I figured that the strike must have come to our city. It was concerned with putting Christians and foreigners in their proper place. I was both.

My husband was sick. Six weeks previously his heart had gone bad. Gone bad at a very inopportune moment and the doctors had put him to bed without letting him take one last look at his business. Nor would they let him talk with any of his assistants; except his wife. Wives are very useful in China. And you know, if you live in China it is queer how attached you become to the company for which you work. If trouble comes and you are an oil man you feel a personal responsibility to John D. It is just as though he would miss his morning golf if he felt you had not protected his interests even at the risk of the lives of a hundred coolies—and your own. In fact you forget about your own. The game is the thing. Something like football or chess, I think, though I never played them. So I became a business woman, and in the Chinese language. I have an ear for languages fortunately. I can imitate almost anything. It came from living in an apartment under a man who was learning to play a piccolo. I was getting our business ready to turn over to Chinese assistants when the doctors decided it would be well for my husband to catch the next boat for America. There is no ice in our city, nor electric fans, nor other little things that a sick man misses.

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I pass lightly over the next week. I pass lightly over it because a lot of it has faded from my memory. Lack of sleep does that to me. I know I packed in the middle of the nights; I know I had seven tailors and sewing women in my dining-room making something in which the children might appear in public. I remember the strike came all right and tied up the city. I remember hearing my Chinese friends called "foreign dogs" because they dared to come to see me. I remember making a trip to the *yamen* (the residence of our chief official) when the tension in the city was so high that the Chinese man who accompanied me feared for his life. I remember being weighed down by the fact that a city which had been so friendly to us should so suddenly turn against us. Of course it was mob psychology asserting itself, but one is not happy in being the point against which mob psychology asserts itself. The people were feeling pretty sore toward the British and from our outside appearance the common people could not tell the difference between a Britisher and an American.

We put my husband on a stretcher and the rest of us in sedan-chairs and one early morning we went out of the city gates to the river. In our haste our gardener had only been able to procure for us a very small boat. It was so small that our trunks and boxes and *koris* would not go into the bottom of it. So we quickly hired another and even smaller boat to carry the luggage and trail along behind like a postscript. We did everything quickly that morning. It was better so.

In the back of our boat was a tiny room, three feet by six, where our boatmen slept and cooked. In the front was a tiny prow where the servants slept and cooked. In between them, in a space little larger than a double bed, were the rest of us. The thatched roof of the boat was so low that we had just room to sit up; even the children could not stand. Did I say we have three children? Five years, three, and one and a half. And my husband had to be kept flat on his back. In that space we cooked and ate and slept. We slept in a queer geometric figure, sort of a star-shaped cone. We were shrouded in mosquito-nets. But mosquito-nets cannot keep out all living, creeping, hopping things. Our very early insectean ancestors accompanied us on that trip. We felt the ties of blood particularly at night. I am a great believer in evolution; mostly because a man I detest opposes it, which shows the force of personality even in evolution. Evolution is all right, as all these denominational conventions have been proving, but in China I often wish we could quit "evoluting" and let the arthropod forms of life die out.

We lived two days in our cozy state-room. I mean it was cozy if you stood outside looking in. And I mean cozy in the sense of being closely crowded together; the same sense in which one speaks of artists' studios being cozy. Then we reached the mouth of the river and were pulled over the mud-flats by eight water-buffaloes. If you and your sick husband and three children have never been pulled across slippery, slimy mud by water-buffalo you have unfortunately missed a sensation. After that we spent a night tied up to the shore. I went out to walk up and down the bank a few minutes, but the villagers were very curious about a foreign woman, not to mention the curiosity of the dogs. If there are four hundred and fifty million people in China there are at least an even nine hundred million dogs, all large, all skinny. And many of them were there that night. Somehow I did not feel that the curiosity of the villagers and dogs was a friendly curiosity. I crawled back into the boat and made tea for my husband. It was a hot night.

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The next morning our postscript boat with baggage caught up to us. We found the head boatman to be an old man who claimed to be past ninety. I do not think he over-rated his age. And he had rheumatism. His crew was his great-grandson; I judged from his appearance that he probably had hookworm and a few little things like that. So we parted with our faithful gardener and he gave us his sacred promise that our luggage would some day reach us. He is a typical Chinese servant; I would trust him anywhere. He would not have hesitated to pole that boat across the Pacific if he felt my husband was waiting for his trunks.

Then we had to cross Hu Lake. It is a large lake; as large as Salt Lake in Utah and very, very shallow. They told me the average depth is eleven feet. It is one of the most treacherous lakes in China for when heavy storms come up the wind literally blows the waves off the bottom of the lake and boats are caught in the trough and overturned. It was a windy morning when we started out. The boatmen were much averse to crossing, but I was much averse to keeping my husband where he was. The servants were violently seasick as all Chinese servants, as far as I have been able to ascertain, always are. But eventually we reached the other side of the lake as you may have guessed.

And there we had two cabins on a launch. They were connected and each cabin was six feet square. A launch cabin is furnished with a board bunk on each of the two walls and a narrow passageway between. In the passage one may stand erect. Each child had a life-sized stretch! To enter the cabin one crawls through a tiny door and comes down four steps. It is only a slight illustration of the dexterity of the Chinese people when I tell you they got my husband through that door and on to his bunk. I made some more tea.

After two more days we reached Wuhu, a large city on the Yangtze. A friend met us! It would be fitting to stop here to quote a few lines of poetry; a friend is a very lovely possession in China. However, he met us with the cheering news that the city was decidedly anti-foreign in its feeling and he had provided closed sedan-chairs and was thankful for the dark.

We spent a very happy day with our friend. In China when one speaks of breaking a journey with "a very happy day" that means that every one has had baths and all the clothes used on the trip have been boiled. My husband rested and the children stretched and wiggled. I walked in the garden where the Easter lilies were in bloom.

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That evening we had word that all the big boats on the Yangtze were tied up by the strike. The Chinese crews refused either to work for or carry foreigners. There was one boat in the harbor about to pull out. If we missed that, we missed our boat to America.

It was just dark. We improvised a stretcher for my husband. And my friend's servants quickly called their friends to pull our rickshas. The stretcher went first, our own cook walking close beside it. I came next in my ricksha. And then the *amah* with the baby, followed by the two little boys, and finally our friend. We were no sooner outside his gate than I could hear people calling, "There go the foreigners. Kill the foreigners." We hastened on, and the cries hastened with us. From house to house they passed. "Kill the foreigners." To me they would call, "Your husband is dying. He won't last till you reach the river. Neither will the rest of you." "Kill the foreigner." It looked sometimes as though their words were true. And I knew how they felt. If other countries owned forty-seven of my America's best cities, in whole or part, I should have moments when I would be very apt to cry, "Kill the foreigner." Fortunately the streets were very narrow. The crowd could not gather quickly in one spot. And the ricksha men ran for their lives. That is no figure of speech. Students intercepted our way a few times. They laid their hands on the ricksha men trying to stop them. But the runners were frantic. Once a student struck the little boys, though I had explained the situation to them, and they made no response. Several times it seemed as though we could not get through, but turning a sudden corner gave us a bit of clear road before the next crowd gathered. We went for five miles, and always the angry calling, "Kill the foreigner." "Your man is dead."

We reached the river bank lit by a few kerosene torches. I jumped out to see if by any chance my husband was in worse condition than I had supposed. I found that just as we had left our friend's home his servants had presented my husband with an armload of Easter lilies. These lay across his manly chest. The other day he mentioned to me that it is unique for a man to have had a five mile ride under the lilies and to have been able to hear the opinions of the bystanders.

The angry crowd gathered quickly, but not so quickly as we paid our ricksha coolies (for once we did not talk price!) and got into the tiny sampans which took us to the big river steamer. We reached the side of the steamer and the servants lifted the stretcher to take it up the steps. We were met by the captain—a white man—who called out, "No, sir, no sick man like that on this boat. We aren't carrying coffins and it is too damn hot. Take him back." The captain was a large man and determined. But you know about the female of the species! We went aboard and I guaranteed the captain that my husband would land in Shanghai alive. He was a perfectly good captain, only he was new on the Yangtze and he did not yet sense the prevailing spirit; he had mistaken the yelling for a wedding celebration.

At each port on the Yangtze we took on Americans and Britishers ordered out by their consuls. Each came on with his excited story, some humorous and some near-tragedies. When we got to Nanking, where some six hundred foreigners resided, we found the consuls had ordered all nationals off the streets. Only one white man was free to walk abroad —Dr. Macklin, who, in forty years in China had twice saved that great city from being looted and burned. He went where and when he pleased and talked to whom he pleased. The people love him. But that was before Nanking fell into the hands of the red wing of the Nationalist army.

We reached Shanghai to find gunboats of all nations in port. And American marines on the pier. We crossed a bridge patrolled by British Tommies. The Annamese guarded the next street. And then the French, and the Belgians and the Japanese. And others with strange uniforms. At each intersection of the streets stood a six-foot Hindu armed with a rifle, pistols, long sword and saber. We reached our hotel quite safely.

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That should be the end of the story. But it is not; for this is a true story and they do not always end at the climax. We put my husband in a large, old-fashioned, heavy iron bed. And I pushed it up nearer the windows. It fell apart, the full weight of it coming on my toes. That is adding insult to injury when a woman is hurrying home before her child's first tooth comes out. For two days I rushed around Shanghai in my husband's bedroom slipper. From steamship office to consul, from department store to wood carvers. We had to have trunks made to order in two days' time. And boxes repacked and endless shopping in such stores as still catered to foreigners. And finally we were all —children, husband, baggage and all—safely aboard our American boat. It was still hot. But no more tea. I sat down and took a drink of —ice water! "Oh, mother, look!" cried my eldest son, "I was just talking and my tooth fell out."

# THE ROAD TO RICHES

## *Shall We Educate for Twenty-Five—or Fifty*

### HOWARD VINCENT O'BRIEN

As my boy grows, I am beginning to wonder if there may not be a better educational system than the one of which I am a normal, if undistinguished, product. As a preliminary, I have been trying to define what I mean by "education," and with little success. The broad highway down which I have come stretches away before me, with ruts so deep and sign-posts so clearly marked, that confusion seems only perversity. And yet, I cannot satisfy myself that education is merely, in the words of one exquisitely printed prospectus, "to provide preparation for the best colleges and scientific schools."

Better, is the quaint phrase of the founder of another school who purposed "to regulate the tempers, enlarge the minds and form the Morals of the Youth committed to his care." And still closer to my ideas is the statement of a third that "the necessary elements in a liberal education are habits of accurate observation and inference, clear thought, and lucid expression."

But these schools understate their case. In none of them do I find mention of something even more valuable, namely, the contact they provide with financially useful companions. With the sheepskins of the better preparatory schools and universities goes a considerable market throughout the world for commodities and services. Their graduates have a password to the guarded circles of the Right People.

To pretend that in our competitive life this is not an advantage, or to disdain it, is foolish. That there are rich and powerful men of little formal education, and college graduates in all degrees of insolvency, does not alter the fact that acquaintance with power and riches is an asset readily convertible into cash.

It is perhaps unpleasant to admit that American life is crystallizing into classes, but it is. We now have a moneyed gentry, quite firmly established, its members bound together in a real if unconscious exclusiveness. They mingle socially and financially, linked to each other by bonds of marriage and corporate interest. They tend to choose their services, their lawyers, doctors, clergy and insurance brokers from within their own feudal groups; and while it is still possible for the outsider to penetrate, it grows increasingly difficult.

One may echo the Declaration of Independence, and quote Bobbie Burns with approval; but there are many men, the flower of our economic oligarchy, who rarely stir from their group for either business or pleasure. They are not comfortable in intimacy with men whose ways are not theirs; and their judgments are colored quite amazingly by clothes, language and deportment.

The young of this class are usually segregated at an early age from dissident influences; and by the time they are through college, are immune to the heterodox, content to spend the rest of their lives with people of similar social ideals and status.

Presently, without doubt, we shall also become blood-conscious, since wherever human society solidifies economically, a hereditary aristocracy always develops. Meanwhile, we are democratic as regards antecedents, as the Social Register and the rosters of the most exclusive clubs plainly show.

It is still relatively easy for a young man to attain success—though it is as hard as it ever was for him to define what he means by it! If it be agreed, however, that it means a well-stuffed safety deposit vault, then beyond doubt the shortest route to it is identification at the earliest possible moment with the class that holds the golden keys. By that I do not mean snobbery. There is no need to be a sycophant. A poor boy can be friends with a rich boy just as easily as he can with another poor boy. It involves no sacrifice of self-respect. But his chances of ultimately being a rich man are demonstrably improved.

It is commonly said that there is no sentiment in business; though to the most superficial observation it is plain that it is full of it. That does not mean that men turn trade exclusively to their friends. It means merely that when we want anything we turn naturally to some one we know, with whose work we are familiar, and in whom we have confidence. Other things being equal, we prefer to do business with people who think and act as we do, and have the same social background.

There seems, therefore, no evading the fact that the best thing I can do for my boy is to send him away to the best preparatory school I can afford —"best" in the nicety of its compromise between "a lofty and earnest spirit in the student body," as one prospectus phrases it, and the Bradstreet rating of its parents, trustees and alumni.

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And yet—I remain reluctant. I have been examining the catalogues of some of our best schools, and they leave me strangely cold. There is a reminiscent odor clinging to them. They are so appallingly similar to what they were when I went to school—and life has changed so much!

If education be the transfer, from one generation to another, of new truths and the exposure of old falsities, these excellently equipped institutions seem not to realize it. They seem content to pass on approximately what my elders gave to me—and much has happened since my lusty singing of:

"No more Latin, no more French!
No more sitting on a hardwood bench!
No more writing, no more books!
No more teachers' ugly looks!"

I am not complaining that they are not "practical." I am not of those who believe that teaching double-entry bookkeeping is education; and I should be pessimistic of a civilization which put its trust in vocational training. I do not believe that it is the teacher's function to determine a pupil's way of life. He has done all that can be asked of him if he leads the young mind to a habit of logical and coherent thinking, if he encourages it, in the words of Professor Bakewell, to "take the next step."

If the youth is shown how to dig for facts, and to face what he unearths with unblinking serenity, however upsetting it may be to former convictions, it will then make little difference what occupation he takes up. The details of any trade, business or profession are relatively easy to acquire. As a great painter expressed it, "any fool can be taught to *paint*—it takes genius to *see*."

In my education, knowledge was wrapped up in separate packets, a few of which we were required to open and examine with some thoroughness. But there was no connection between the packets. To this day, I find it difficult to comprehend that the history of France and England synchronizes. That is true, I think, of most of my generation, and is one of the reasons why we have wars, why the unification of the human race proceeds so slowly.

My ancient rhetoric books commanded Unity, Coherence and Emphasis as the basis of good composition. But as I look back on my schooling, I see only a curiously irrational emphasis. Burke's stirring "Speech on Conciliation" was allowed to reach my mind only as a denatured exercise in syntax, and it was years before I discovered that Shakspere had written plays and not textbooks in English.

I wonder if the schools of to-day do differently.

I should prefer more Unity and Coherence in the schooling of my boy, leaving the Emphasis to maturity and his own tastes. Human knowledge has increased enormously, even in two decades, and emphasis is possible only at the price of ignorance. The first task of a school, nowadays, it seems to my entirely lay and uninformed mind, should be to present a general preliminary survey, a Cook's tour, if you like, of all life, beginning with the relation of the earth to the solar system, and concluding with an inquiry into the nature and divisions of matter—a process of orientation. I know how people suffer who have mislaid their sense of proportion, or never acquired one; and I knew one who was saved from suicide by the purchase of a telescope, another who emerged from melancholia clinging to a microscope.

I would not have this survey in relativity called "astronomy," or "physics," or any other name limiting or confining it. Since the wisest cannot say precisely where chemistry leaves off and biology begins, it seems rather foolish to encourage children to believe they can.

I should like an exposition of the little we know and the much we guess, of organic evolution, of which the history of the human race would properly be a part. For the major textbook, I should use the daily newspaper; and I should want the students to realize that what goes on under their windows is no less "evolution" than what happened to the star-dust of the misty past.

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Some one may protest that such a manifestly superficial schooling would lack a necessary discipline of the mind. But there would be a plenitude of *thinking*, a form of toil which many people now go through school and college without experiencing; and there would be mathematics, not merely the solution of small and dryly unrelated problems, but broadly taught, with the suggestion always subtly advanced that rhythm is the underlying principle of life, and that precision is the highest of human ideals, approximation the one unforgivable sin.

Such a treatment of mathematics would constitute a training in philosophy, and no one graduated in it would ever be capable—or at least *comfortably* capable—of merely "getting by."

Not much store would be set by formulas, or the cultivation of mnemonics, and the time now spent in memorizing geometrical progression and cube root, like the time now spent in memorizing dates and the names of people and places, would be devoted to better advantage in learning the use of a library.

Better than the inevitably temporary possession of a few facts, is the permanent knowledge of where and how facts are to be found.

I sympathize, somewhat, with those who advocate a reversion to the old simplicities of "readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic," except that I would waste no effort on writing. Handwriting is not an end but a means, and useful only to the degree of its legibility, wherein, at its best, it is inferior to printing. I would teach the use of the typewriter and the dictating machine, which, whether we like it or not, are increasingly our means of graphic expression.

Spelling should be taught in exactly the same way and in the same spirit as good manners—adherence to a convention which simplifies life. Faulty spelling and faulty grammar are no more indicative of a bad character than is eating peas with a knife: but they raise an unnecessary handicap, and indicate a lack of familiarity with prevailing customs.

My school would have a course in the use of the ordinary equipment of daily living. Pupils would learn how to sharpen knives, to replace fuses, adjust lawn-mowers, oil a carpet-sweeper, clean a gas-burner, replace a fuller-ball on a flush-tank, and so, to some degree, emancipate themselves from dependence on specialists, better occupied otherwise.

If it be objected that my emphasis has been upon material things, and that the soul of the adolescent craves most fervently the things of the spirit—which is unquestionably true—I would reply that if mathematics be taught not merely as systems of computation, but as a guiding principle, there would be little need for sermons in either morality or esthetics. Ethics is simply the scientific method applied to imponderables, and if the straight line which is the shortest distance between points be prolonged, it leads inevitably to beauty and to God.

Poets have always recognized that beauty is the synonym for truth; and mathematics leads equally to the good life and the cultivated life. Art is a matter of proportion and harmony, with a geometry akin to Euclid's; and no mind schooled to precision can ever be attracted to the meretricious or the insincere.

If there has been no mention of Latin, which now engages so much attention in our best schools, it is because I can see no more reason for its presence in the curriculum of a modern school than I could see for Tagalog or Tamil—nor, I might add, for modern languages as they are commonly taught to-day.

But I shall not embark on that eternal and scholiastic controversy. Besides the effects of years of Latin and Greek upon myself, I can judge the so-called "classical" education only by its effects upon others; and I cannot see that the classically educated show any superiority in the use of written or spoken English, or in the thought for which it is the vehicle. I can, on the contrary, bring forth considerable proof that the study of Latin tends to numb the faculty for clear and succinct expression, and that it frequently makes a pundit of what would otherwise be a natural person.

I have had schoolmasters express guarded agreement, only to shrug their shoulders. After all, it is a futile argument, since one must pass examinations in Latin to enter some, at least, of our important colleges. Therefore—

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But I must confess, also, to the heresy of small enthusiasm for American colleges. Our industrialists would never tolerate machines that cost so much and did so little. They make a great noise, but they produce a worse than unfinished product. Designed to open the mind, they manage in many cases to close and hermetically seal it. It is astonishing how many college graduates there are into whose minds it would be impossible to inject a new idea without painful and perhaps fatal surgery.

Our colleges turn out men rather nicely polished, but like rice which has undergone a similar treatment, the most nutritious qualities have been removed. They acquire a sort of spiritual pellagra. They are intellectually muscle-bound, stubbornly intolerant, and when they have attained the "success" for which their training has fitted them, they are like voracious crustaceans of the sea, left gasping by a receding tide. They have finished minds, but empty ones. And when the need of "getting on" no longer presses, they have nothing to do—which I am sure cannot be denied, is the worst of all possible fates.

The more I consider this matter of my boy's education, and the more I look about me at the world, the more I wonder if his neatly prosperous adjustment at twenty-five is of as great importance as the possession of a full and interested mind at fifty and beyond. Science has given us a new problem. Before its great attack on disease, old age presented no problem, because people commonly died before they reached it. Now, I think, it is the greatest problem we have to face.

Here I stand at the cross-roads. I feel that I *ought* to send my boy away to school, and free him from my casual, inconsecutive, over-personal, and often, I fear, tedious influence. But I don't *want* to. I have no especial illusions about my value to him, but there persists a feeling that I can tell him some useful things that a professional schoolmaster has forgotten or never knew.

For that reason I lean to the day-school, and particularly the public school, because it is less bound to convention, and by its very nature has its eyes more closely on the life of to-day and to-morrow than on the life of yesterday. I incline to the belief that the young mind has more room for expansion in a public school than it has in a private school.

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Despite all the shocking things said about it, I rather like the idea of coeducation. The best preparation for reality is—reality; and I think the semi-monastic life of a boarding-school may prepare for unreality and unhappiness. I wonder if a good deal of our notable divorce rate may not be attributable to the fact that so many of our young men and young women are brought up separately, and never succeed in being other than ignorant and deluded about each other?

At home, of course, there is the problem of idle time. There are the deleterious influences of the movies, the flask and the motor-car, from all of which the boy is removed in the healthful atmosphere of the boarding-school. On the other hand, I have a sentimental regard for the home which I have toiled so laboriously to create. Not all family life is desirable—some, alas, is about as healthful as a pest-house. But it does seem rather absurd to turn a boy over to the kindly, competent, but inevitably institutionalized "house-mother," when he has a perfectly good mother of his own.

There I stand, hesitant.

On the one hand is the public school, contact with interested if not interesting elders, and association with a varied strata of people—including the other sex—few of whom will play any important part in his after life.

On the other hand is the boarding-school, with an adaptation to the social and economic system in which he must live, and contacts of permanent and practical utility.

It is inescapably clear to me what will be best for him when he is twenty-five, and what will be most amusing to him from now until then. But it is not nearly so clear what will be best for him when he attains the frontiers of old age.

I find it difficult to choose.

# THE RIDE

## *A Bold Start and an Unexpected Finish*

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

SHE was approaching the railroad. Very few, she knew, came on the late train; nevertheless ordinarily there was some flicker of arriving or departing life. To-night however the place was deserted. She directed the car over to the platform and parked as far away as she could get from the grimy box that was the station building. A profound silence enveloped her. Half out of her seat, half over the wheel, like a bird alighting between flights, she turned static, waited for the train-whistle.

It did not come.

After an interval of this poised motion, she turned on the tiny light under the wind-shield; thrust an arc of wrist which held a minikin half-globe of watch, frosted with diamonds, into the tiny white glare. What she gathered from that glance relaxed her instantly. She was twenty minutes ahead of time—the drawing-room clock must have gone wrong again. For a moment she sagged over the wheel—waiting at this juncture was torture. After a few seconds of an impatient acquiescence she got out from the front seat and moved into the tonneau; drew herself far into a corner. Even through her fur, she felt the autumn cold. She pulled a rug so mufflingly about her that nothing showed above it but the white triangle of face; the lips pulling into strange crimson shapes as her thoughts swayed them; the eyes holding their gray against the ebon flood of the dilated pupils.

The silence continued to maintain itself. The irregular circle of cleared land about the station seemed a very bowl of quiet; and into it, from both directions of the long road, poured more quiet. A moon fumbled among clouds too heavy to handle; it did not emerge. A watery light served to make the distance visible.

Marcia Morris sank herself in the maelstrom of thought which lay just under the level of her resolution.

Ah! at last—sound. But not the train-whistle—the hum, as of a gigantic bee, of a distant car. The airy riffle floated against Marcia's consciousness, registered vaguely, then floated away. It came nearer and nearer.

Presently a station-wagon rattling at its highest speed, jarred to a stop. Marcia heard the smart spat of feet as a passenger jumped down; heard the feet run about the station building and return. "Nobody here!" a voice called. Her mind seemed to close for an interval. But suddenly it opened on clamor . . . two male voices . . . raised in altercation.

"I tell you, I can't!" came one, thin and a little nasal, but determined. "I gotta important date. I agreed to take you to the station and I've done it; I didn't know you meant the *North* Carfax Station."

"You're lying," the other returned, his voice cool but rasped with determination, "and you know you're lying. Do you think I'd a given you a five-spot to take me to the Carfax Station? There's something I gotta do to-night."

With one lobe of her brain Marcia listened. With the other, tingling now, yet calmed by resolution, she awaited the train-whistle.

The altercation grew, but Marcia still listened languidly. It became violent. Abuse . . . profanity . . . An epithet stirred Marcia's preoccupation. It occurred to her suddenly that she was a long way to the nearest house. The voices rose higher and higher, engaged in clashes that broke and destroyed words. Suddenly there came from one, "All right, if you won't go, I'll make you go!" And from the other, "You try it!"

Instantly the station-wagon started with a thunderous roar; backed.

Coming to a cautious upright, Marcia peered out. One of the men had leaped on the running-board of the fleeing station-wagon. Instantly a hand reached down from the driver's seat and knocked him on to the road. The station-wagon dashed in a furious haste ahead. For a moment, the man on the road ran after it. Then, as though struck by a vivid idea, he stopped short, turned in Marcia's direction—stared.

Marcia could not make out his face, but it struck her there was a sinister quality in the immobility of the slight, taut figure. She sank back in her corner. In another instant, feet came hurrying along the platform. Something about those footsteps, the click of certainty, the ring of determination, brought Marcia to an upright again. She threw the robe off; moved forward, ready to jump out. The footsteps came to the back of the car; then, resuming, coolly circled it; stopped. A peremptory hand snapped the door open. A man's head thrust in. A pair of eyes, blazing out of a shadowed face, surveyed her.

"Oh, it's a dame!" he commented. "I wasn't expecting that."

He leaped lightly into the front seat; supplely insinuated his body between the wheel and the cushions. "Sorry, lady, that I gotta do this. But I ain't got no choice in the matter. I gotta borrow this bus for a while. Oh, it's a Ropes-Rolland." His hands, expert as though they had built the car, instantly found their way among the controls. On the faintest of sighs, the car glided forward.

"What do you mean?" Marcia gasped. "Are you stealing my car?"

For an instant her companion did not speak—he was turning. Ahead, the long concrete tape of the north road stretched deserted.

The moon had made a lucky stumble into an area of sky clear as glass. As the man turned back to answer Marcia, the white shine dripped directly on his face.

He was young—not more than twenty-five, Marcia decided. He had a kind of rough comeliness, of dark hair torrentially curly and of feature rather exactly cut. But through the comeliness gleamed an emotion that —An area of ice seemed to move up from adjacent body spaces, to cake about Marcia's heart. That emotion rendered his dark eyes desperate; it gave a feral cut to the lips which—unnaturally smiling now—pulled too far back over white teeth.

"No, I'm not stealing your car, lady," he explained. "I'm only borrowing it for a little while. But understand, I gotta have it and I don't want any interference from you. It ain't likely we'll meet anybody on this road. But if we do, don't make any pass in their direction, because I'll only step on it. There ain't any harm coming to you. The worst that could happen is that I'd let you out on to the road. But I won't do that if you'll behave yourself. All you gotta do, sister, is to sit back and enjoy the scenery."

Marcia throttled her terror long enough to ask, "Do you realize that this is a state's prison offense—that I could have you arrested?"

"Sure! But that don't worry me any. You arrest me as soon as you can, lady, and jest as hard as you want."

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A distant whistle uncoiled a ribbon of soft sound in the air.

"There's the train!" Marcia exclaimed. "I've come to meet a friend. I've got to be there. I order you to turn and take me back to the station."

"Sorry, lady," the lad replied. "I know jest how you feel and it is sure tough on you. But I can't do it."

"But what will he—what will my friend do?" Marcia demanded. "Ten miles from my place and nobody there to meet him?"

"Oh, I guess he can take care of himself someway," the lad answered, his cool voice not without a tinge of sarcasm. "That is if he ain't a perfect damn fool. He can walk to the first house and telephone the garage. They'll send a car for him. At that, unless he's an old guy, it won't hurt him to walk."

Timothy Alden was far from being an "old guy," and his tall, hard muscularity could certainly accomplish those ten miles without too great fatigue. But he wouldn't like it; in fact he would hate it. Timothy's exercise, like that of so many men she knew—men of the metropolitan type—was carefully regulated. Golf on one day; tennis on another; swimming, walking, handball had each their planned places. Nothing irritated Timothy more than unexpected exercise.

"May I ask how long you intend to keep my car?" Marcia demanded, again concealing the tremor in her voice under a layer of frost.

"Can't say, lady. It depends. Maybe I'll get this job finished in an hour; maybe it will take two. It may take all night. I don't know."

A phrase flew out of the context of these remarks and packed even closer that little area of ice about Marcia's heart. "This job!" What on earth did he mean by "this job"? It sounded like burglary. But suppose it were murder. . . . Suppose it were . . . after all she was young and alone. The chill of the October night suddenly coalesced with that cardiac chill. Marcia drew the blanket about her; muffled her very ears. Her heart flopped and her body shook. Her companion was extracting the last ounce of speed from the engine. They flew. For an interval, terror—sheer concentrated terror—lent its arrow to Marcia's thoughts.

Then another phrase from the boy's talk tore into her consciousness. "It may take all night!" For a moment her terror broke; her thoughts slowed; made room for still other thoughts. But that ice still congealed her heart.

All night—and Timothy. She tried to see Timothy handling this situation; tried to imagine his reactions. Would he be frantic for fear that something had happened to her? No, Timothy's mind wouldn't work that way. A strange sinking of her spiritual temperature apprised her how it would work. When, by whatever hook or crook he could exorcise, he got to the house and they told him that she had gone in the car to meet his train . . . Ah, Timothy's jealousy of Leslie, always sinisterly smoldering, would flame. He would leap to the conclusion that on the way, she had undergone a complete revulsion . . . had continued on to New York . . . had even rejoined Leslie. . . . The chances were that he would turn on his own tracks and rush back to New York. However, the suspicion would not have the effect of driving Timothy into the strange social antics in which many men with an active jealousy would engage. Thank heaven, Timothy was not the man who would rush off to Africa, Alaska or the South Sea Islands first and communicate with her afterward. He would pass a bad night, though. Uncertainty and jealousy would fang him relentlessly. The boy had said that this strange adventure might take only an hour. She could telephone Timothy. Hope surged warm into her heart; melted the icy terror packed there.

She sat up.

Coming to the perpendicular, her eyes caught a mirror. Ah, her thirty-two years gave the boy at the wheel a good seven years' advantage. She had a kind of beauty of course; of shadows and subtleties; of delicate curves and patrician shapings—a beauty which Timothy saw the instant he looked at her. But this boy would never find that beauty if he lived in the same house with her for the rest of his life. Her eyes rested assayingly on the shoddy, ready-made shoulders, the soiled collar and the shaven neck. Yes, there had been a ferocious emotional ferment back of that stern young face. But somehow she knew now that that emotion did not concern her. Her gaze regained its assurance, her head its equable poise.

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On they went. The moon came out definitely and redeemed the world with silver. Except for sudden drifts of apprehension, which brought a trembling in its wake, Marcia was calm. She let the pendulum of her thoughts drift to Timothy . . . to Leslie . . . to Timothy . . .

How different they were and yet how deeply each had engaged her. Leslie, handsome and debonair, generous, gifted, gay, had collected the entire toll of her young girl heart . . . and then holding that tender content in his hand—how fragile, how luminous, yet how banded with iron and hooped with steel had been that first love of hers—he had played with it as a prestidigitator plays with a golden ball. Yes, Leslie had thrown her love away again and again, toss-ing it into high, remote desolate air. But for a long time, he had always been able to catch it; now with his deft, apparently devoted right hand; now with the swift, ingenious, loverlike left. Maude Evers . . . Dorothy Challoner . . . Peg Horne . . . Yet Leslie had adroitly caught, securely held that golden ball after each one of these affairs. But then came Dorrie Dey. Leslie didn't catch the golden ball that time. It fell and smashed. Many months those golden fragments lay just where they had fallen. Then Timothy came along. . . . Was it that Timothy had evoked from her woman's heart another kind of love —a silver ball? Or had he put the golden fragments together into a sphere on whose battered surface, every fatigued cicatrix showed? Frankly, Marcia did not know, but she was beyond caring. It had taken a long time to make up her mind. She didn't make up her mind really. Dorrie Dey made it up for her. But that being accomplished and Marcia the kind of woman she was, there was only one way—a swift, clean, clear break. She had written this to Timothy; she had summoned him to Four Points to make the final arrangements; she would go west for her divorce; they could be married in less than a year.

Suddenly Marcia was conscious of shock. She was projected from the midst of her own thoughts as swiftly as though the car—now racing—had stopped short. It had not stopped however; it had only, with an instant impulse, leaped to a swifter speed. That area about Marcia's heart congealed again. Were they approaching the "job"?

The road was still a woodland road—no houses—apparently utterly deserted. No, not quite deserted. In the distance, Marcia caught sight of a car. For at least one instant, it seemed to occupy the distance; the next, the Ropes-Rolland was nearing it. After an interval, slowing down, they passed it. Instantly, her companion executed a strange maneuver. He turned the Ropes-Rolland, so that it lay at an angle across the road. The other car, screeching as it slowed, came to quivering quiet a few feet away. What was going to happen now, Marcia wondered. But with an entire calm she surveyed the car and its occupants. A rattlety-bang affair, it contained two people, a young man and a girl. An instant they glared, as though unbelievingly, at Marcia's companion. Then all three spoke together.

"Well look who's here!" exclaimed the man in Marcia's car.

"What the hell do you think you're doing!" exclaimed the man in the other car.

"What right you gotta follow us, Tom Sibley!" exclaimed the girl.

"I'm making it my right," answered—ah, Marcia thought, she must remember that name—Tom Sibley. She moved back into the corner of the seat; listened avidly.

The man from the other car leaped out, strolled insolently over, opened the door and, leaning in, surveyed Marcia. He was a fattish pretty lad, with hair as glistening and flatly waved as though it had been painted in gold upon his skull His long lashes swooped in a rich curl from his blue eyes. His teeth dazzled when he spoke. "Who's your friend, Tom?"

he demanded with an accent which was all insolent imputation.

"I don't know," Tom admitted candidly. "I had to take her along when I took her car. You see a guy I hired ran out on me when we got to the Carfax Station. He got away from me."

The other lad seemed to dismiss Marcia instantly. "Well what the hell are you following us for?" he demanded with a truculence which seemed to Marcia, in some vague way, to lack authority. "Ain't Lutie free, white and twenty-one?"

"Oh, can that stuff, Walt," Tom answered contemptuously. "You don't fit into a Western fillum. You know just as well as me why I'm here and what I'm going to do."

The girl intervened. She leaned forward as she spoke and Marcia for the first time saw her clearly; a pink-and-white round of face under deeply-hollowed waves of nut-brown hair; a fragile slimness of long brown velvet figure, holding a dab of a green hat in its lap. "I know what you *think* you're gonna do, Tom Sibley. But I'm telling you what you're *really* gonna do. You're gonna get right outta here."

"Is that so?" Tom commented with a meretricious air of demanding information. "Is *that* so?"

"Yes, that's *so*," the girl answered with asperity.

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With a swift, lithe movement, Tom Sibley eeled himself out from behind the wheel and on to the ground. Marcia saw for the first time the brief length of his taut slenderness. He strolled over to the other car. As he advanced, that mutinous fire in the girl's eyes died to blankness. She shrank back into the seat and as though searching for a defensive gesture, drew on the little round hat.

"That's right!" Tom Sibley affably approved. "Put your hat on and get outta that car."

Half way in her gesture, the girl stopped abruptly; tore her hat off from the serried waves of her brown hair; scaled it, with an enraged jerk, over her shoulder into the back of the car. "Tell him where he gets off, Walt."

"That's posi*lute*ly just what I was going to do," Walt declared with alacrity. "Move your bus over, Tom. Lutie and I are going to catch the one-thirty train in Holdstall."

"Well now ain't that inte*rest*ing!" Tom commented with an air of pleased surprise. "What a cute plan! I didn't know you had enough in that dumb nut of yours, Walt, to cook up such a swell little racket. Ain't I the dirty bum to come and bust it all up. Get outta that car, Lute, and get into this one!"

As in one breath, "I won't!" came from Lutie and "Don't you move, Lutie!" came from Walt.

"Oh, yes, you will!" Tom remarked. "What's more you're not gonna waste any time about it. I wanna get you home before Sam gets there and I'm gonna do it—see."

"How you gonna do it?" Walt demanded.

To Marcia this question seemed the first in the discussion not purely rhetorical. Instantly she knew that Walt felt so too. She heard in Walt's voice a quiver of uncertainty that, by the swift legerdemain of the mind, changed into a curiosity acute with sinister anticipation.

"This way," Tom answered, "if I can't do it any other."

From what unsuspected hollow between slim, nattily-fitting clothes and lean muscular flesh, had it appeared? Nowhere on his silhouette as he had stood in the moonlight, appeared a bulge or a sag. But there it was, black and murderous-looking—a revolver.

Lutie screamed. Marcia's heart dropped several degrees into that congealing chill; her throat dried. But she did not move or speak.

Walt produced what with the Nordic physique passed for a shrug of the shoulders. "You win!" he admitted.

"Whatta you mean *win!*" Lutie shrilled. "You ain't gonna stand here, Walt Bevert, and let Tom Sibley frighten you with that Fourth of July pistol?"

"That's abso*tive*ly what he's gonna do," Tom answered promptly.

"Say, who's asking you?" Lutie demanded. "I'm talking to Walt. Get back into this car and drive on. I don't care if you go straight through that big bus he's stolen."

"He can't go through it," Tom informed her. "And it won't do any good for him to try to start that old sewing-machine. I'll put a bullet in every tire before I put one in him."

Walt shook his head. "Sorry, Lutie! It can't be done. He's gotta gun and a faster car. At least, it can't be done now. It will be done later though."

"Now where'd you get that idea?" Tom asked as one brightly curious. "It's incorreck. You know I mean business, Walt Bevert. And if I ever see you hanging round my sister again—"

Ah, Marcia understood. Lutie was Tom's sister—not his wife.

"—I'll bore a hole through you as sure as God made little apples. Now beat it—before I start practising."

Walt approached Lutie, "I'm afraid you'll havta go back with him," he said.

"I won't go back with him," the girl interrupted.

"You gotta, honey," Walt informed her. "Don't you see, honey, you gotta! You gotta for my sake as well as your own. We're sewed up now, Lutie, and we can't beat the game. But that don't mean we can't beat it some other time. So you jest go home and wait—see, *wait.* You'll hear from me in the course of time. This bird's put it over on me once, but he can't do it again. Not the same way. The next time I'll have a coupla gats myself. You just go home, honey—and wait!"

All the time he was speaking, he was forcing Lutie out of the car. Her fingers clung to the seat like claws of iron; but he disengaged them. One hand took them captive; the other slipped about her waist and lifted her onto the ground. Lutie struggled and fought.

"I won't go!" she declared. "I don't wanna go. I don't care if he shoots. He can shoot me now if he wantsta. I'd rather be dead than go back to what I gotta go back to. Let him shoot, Walt—if he's gotta do some shooting. I don't care whether I live or die! Stay here with me and let him do what he wantsta. I won't go home."

Her voice rose shrilly; sobs, almost as piercing as her accent, caught in her words. But under the urge of Tom's steady gun, Walt lifted her and carried her to the Ropes-Rolland; deposited her on the front seat. Tom leaped in beside her.

"Now, Walt, you get into that old can of yours and beat it outta here," Tom commanded.

Walt disengaged himself from Lutie's frantic fingers. She tried to leap after him. But Tom pinned her to the back of the seat with the crooked vise of his right elbow. All the time his steady right hand followed Walt's movements with the pointed gun.

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It was very quickly over. Marcia afterward remembered—Walt's car had produced a preliminary roar, had started away; Tom's revolver had returned to its unnoticed fastness; the machine had turned, with the maximum of its smooth gigantic strength and the minimum of its soft, warning purr, into full speed. On the front seat, Lutie was still screaming abuse at her brother. She grew hysterical; words lost themselves in breath-soaked sobs and sobs emphasized strident insults. Tom paid no attention to her; so moveless was his poised figure, he might not even have heard. Presently Lutie's sobs died down; her words evaporated; long breaths heaved and fluttered. For a while, they glided on, a trio of statues—all mute.

Tom was the first one to break the silence.

"Of course, you think you're awfully mad with me, Lutie," he began pacifically. "But the time will come—"

"Don't tell me, please," Lutie broke in at a bitter heat, "that the time'll come when I'll thank you for this act you jess put on. You've spoiled my one chanct for happiness—and you know it. I'll hate you for it the resta my life."

"Oh, no you won't," Tom promised equably. "You'll be surprised how soon you'll get over this. But let's leave that out. That'll take care of itself. I ain't worrying about *that.* What I want to know is, what'd you pick that bird to make the break with for? He's a pretty little feller and all that—a regular moving-picture sheik. But can't you see that he's the weakest sister ever joined the show? Can't you see, he ain't got the guts of a beetle?"

"I'll thank you to leave his name outta this," Lutie interrupted savagely. "What he is ain't any of your business. And what you think of him don't interest me at all. What I think of him is what interests me. And I think a lotta him. What with the husband I've got, it's only natural I should like a guy that's good to me."

At first Marcia thought Lutie's thrust had staggered Tom; he did not speak. And then suddenly, he took up the argument again. His voice was so cool that Marcia saw that he was not at all confused; he had given Lutie this extra time in order further to key down. "You get me wrong, Lute," he apprised his sister finally, "dead wrong. But that don't make any difference. The main thing is though that you've got Sam dead wrong too and that's very important. You and me, Lute, have never talked Sam over. That's been a great mistake. We're gonna correct it now. You and I are gonna talk him over to-night."

"Excuse *me*," Lutie answered—for the first time cool, "there's one thing we're not gonna even mention and that's Sam Eldridge. The subject don't interest me. And if you think I wanna sit here like a bump on a log, and listen to any man in the famous male act of standing together against the women, you're much mistaken."

"This ain't a question of men standing together," Tom demurred. "It's a question of decency and—and—and gratitude."

"You mean *Sam Eldridge's* decency?" Lutie asked in the thin, high voice of her sarcasm.

"No," Tom retorted crushingly, "I mean *your* decency."

"You mean I haven't got any," Lutie flared again.

"I ain't said that," Tom retorted, "at least not yet. What I wanta find out is—have you?"

"Perhaps," Lutie suggested and Marcia visualized her lips writhing in a thin smile. "Perhaps you're gonna tell me that my husband has always been perfectly faithful to me and ain't never looked at no other dame."

"No, I'm not gonna tell you that," Tom asserted bluntly.

Lutie jerked about and stared at him; obviously, for a moment, she was nonplussed. But she recovered herself immediately. "In that case, I was gonna inform you that I know all about that Etta Carter two years ago over in Centerville, that Molly Connolly who came over from New York last year and that French girl, Pauline LeFavor, who's working in the mill this fall. Now don't try to tell me it ain't any of it true. I *know* it's true."

"I'm not trying to tell you it ain't true," Tom declared. "I know it's true too."

From the expression of Lutie's back, Marcia knew that she flounced and sneered. "Well then, that's that!" she exclaimed.

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For another interval Tom did not speak. Then "It's curious how much a dame don't know about men," he declared. "Oh, you needn't tell me," he interrupted himself as his sister tried to interrupt again, "that it's curious how much men don't know about dames. That's right too. I admit it. There'll be no chewing about that. But the way a woman don't understand men—God, *that's* a fright. You take Sam now—"

"Thank you almost to death!" Lutie interrupted flippantly. "Never again! I took him once for better or worser and that was one time too many."

Tom ignored this. "You take Sam," he repeated, "Sam's got his faults all right."

Lutie started to speak.

"Now wait one moment before you make any wise-cracks!" Tom ordered peremptorily. "I admit he's sure got his faults. And some of them are birds from a skirt's point of view. But Sam's pretty near a hundred per cent from a man's angle. Get that? A hundred per cent! And think it over! Of course a man can't judge for a woman, no more than a woman can judge for a man. But if I could be a woman and know as much as I know now, I'd rather take a man's judgment on another man than a woman's."

Lutie slipped in here, "It's too bad that you couldn't of been a woman," she suggested silkily. "Then you coulda married Sam Eldridge. And oh whatta grand sweet song married life woulda been for you! Sitting up until nearly daylight every little while waiting for Sam to come home from his latest sweetie."

"You speak," Tom went on in a level tone, "as though you did that every night. You lie and you know you lie. Sam ain't stayed out so many nights on you, but you can count them on your fingers—come!"

Lutie was silent.

Tom did not press this argument. "Letting that lay for a moment, let's give Sam the once-over together so's you can see what you got. Sometimes, Lutie, you seem to of forgotten altogether what Sam's done for our family. Take Ma! Setting her up in that little house as snug as a bug in a rug. How she loves it! Do you think any of us coulda done that for her? You know Mabel couldn't. You know our sweet brother Frank couldn't—and wouldn't. *You* couldn't have did it—working at twelve dollars per in the Boston Store. I can't—yet. Don't it ever occur to you that Sam's darned good to Ma?"

"Well why wouldn't he be?" Lutie demanded. "Isn't Ma a knockout everywhere? Who wouldn't do it for her?"

"Who *wouldn't* do it for her! Don't talk like a damn fool, Lute. Who *would* do it for her? Why, you poor fish, do you think people are standing around in line waiting to look after old ladies? Sam done it because he loves you. He loves Ma too. But he loves her because he loves you. Do you mean to tell me it ain't never occurred to you that Sam's been more than good to Ma?"

Lutie hesitated; held her hesitation. "Of course I'm willing to say that he's been pretty good there," she finally admitted.

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Something devastating—chaotic—was going on in Marcia's mind. Breakage as in the spring of ice in a river . . . grinding . . . splintering . . . a roar . . . the smothering flow of a glacier . . . a resistless erosion. And then calm again. She found herself thinking of something she had once read in Plato. If you tied a man at the entrance of a cave, so that all he could see was the shadow of his own movements on the wall of the cave . . . What did it prove—that the captive would live a two-dimensional life? But it wasn't Plato's problem that interested Marcia. It was that, for the moment, she seemed herself to be bound at the entrance of a cave. She was watching pictures from her own life cast in shadow-play upon the wall.

"Let alone Ma," Tom was saying, "think what Sam's done for me, is always doing. Oh, he's mada man of me all right. He just lifted me by the slack of the pants out of that gang I was running with."

Leslie had a special capacity for sympathizing with the old. How her father had loved him! And small wonder! Leslie—when he was at home—had never failed to appear before dinner at the invalid's bedside. Always at five, her father's heavy eyes turned toward the door. What a break of smile when Leslie appeared! . . . Rita, her adored younger sister! Just after the war, Rita's husband had plunged disastrously in German bonds . . . even before Marcia asked, Leslie had offered . . .

She moved impatiently. As though

her restlessness had communicated itself to the front seat, Lutie thrashed about for an unavailing second.

"Yes," Lutie admitted unwillingly, "he's did an awful lot for you. Oh, Sam's been good—I know he's been good . . . but you don't know what it's like to have a chaser for a husband."

"Yes, I do!" Tom contradicted hotly. "Or perhaps I don't," he corrected himself humbly. "But I know one thing that women don't know. And that's how unimportant that chasing is."

"Whadda you mean?" Lutie gasped.

"I mean just what I said. It ain't important—at least it ain't as important as women think. What I really mean is it ain't important with a man like Sam. Maybe it would be with me. But I'm a different man from Sam. Sam has never really cared for any woman but you!" He turned and poured a glance like hot interrogative shot into his sister's eyes. "And you know that, don't you?"

Lutie did not answer.

"Come—you know that, don't you?" her brother repeated.

Hypnotized by that glance, and the directness of that repeated question, Lutie emitted a faint squeaked, "Yes."

"Well you can bet your last dollar on that. Sam loves you better than anybody in the world. You're the one that's always there. See? You're always there. But these others—God, they don't amount to any more in Sam's life than the glass of water he took at the kitchen sink yesterday afternoon. Next day he couldn't tell you their name. In a month he wouldn't know what they looked like. In a year he'd forgotten the whole thing. It ain't important, I tell you. Some women wouldn't have the nut to get that! But you're no fool, Lute, even if you are such a dumb-bell sometimes. What if once in a while, Sam does walk off the reservation. It don't mean nothing. Can't you imagine that? It don't mean a thing in the world. He's crazy about you—I tell you."

Lutie's answer was a surprise. She burst into a flood of tears. And then, her head dropped to her brother's shoulder. She sobbed. After a while words, interrupted by long gasps for breath, broke through her sobs. A phrase occasionally flew out of them and hit Marcia's consciousness. "It made me feel so ashamed . . ." "Everybody knowing it . . ." "And I thought he'd got over caring for me . . ."

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Marcia sat moveless. Yes, she was the fixed star in Leslie's sky. The others were mere meteors; sidereal strays that trailed a swift sparkle through the arc of his sky and then vanished in smoke and darkness. But what about the rest of her life. Must she accept a half-allegiance? She had never had to put up with half ways or half measures before—and she was a proud woman. But what would become of Leslie if she moved away from his erratic orbit? Violent irregularities . . . the final destructive dash through space . . . darkness . . . silence . . . oblivion . . .

How long they rode, Marcia Morris could never afterward remember. She was vaguely conscious that Lutie's sobs died away, but that the girl continued to rest her head on her brother's shoulder. It seemed from one point of view, a long ride and filled with desolation; from another, swift as a lightning flash and hung with stars.

Suddenly the car stopped at the Carfax Station. Tom leaped out and opened the door. "Here you are, lady, jess where I picked you up. I'm sorry I hadda do what I did to you. But I guess you see I didn't have no choice in the matter. Anyway it's a cinch that if you knew what was saved by it, you wouldn't mind."

"Something else has been saved by it!" Marcia a little incoherently, informed Tom. But her voice was perfectly clear when she added that she was glad of it.

# REGRET

### GRACE NOLL CROWELL

When I was a very little girl
And the circus came to town
I would put on my shoes with their patent tips,
And my flowered dimity gown.
And out to the lot with its billowing tent,
My small coins clasped in my hand,
My spirit would march with plumes, and my feet
To the tune of the circus band.

And there in all the glitter and shine
Of those glorious afternoons,
Swaying high on their slender threads
Were clustered the toy balloons:
Scarlet and yellow and purple globes
Tangled with wind and sun,
And more than anything in the world
I wanted the reddest one.

I ached with the want—but I counted the cost—
Some hidden blood of the past
Cautioned me never to spend my coins
For a thing that would not last.
I wish I had stopped my ears and run
As fast as I could—and there—
Had bought a balloon—and had let it burst—
A scarlet flash on the air.

# CORPORATION PUBLICITY

## *The Press-Agent and the Associated Press*

KENT COOPER

EVERYBODY is more or less fond of publicity. Most of us have a hankering for fame. At some time in our lives we have wanted to be heroes. In our callow youth we imagined ourselves saving a life under glittering circumstances attractive to our boyhood companions. With adolescence we were likely to introduce a heroine into our dreams, and the basis of it all was just a natural desire for acclaim, and a hope that our daring had not escaped the notice of the local newspaper.

Few people dislike to see their names in print if the mention is favorable. We are eager to believe the complimentary references to ourselves are merited. Even occasional exaggeration is unobjectionable if untouched with ridicule. Vanity, from childhood to maturity, is our most easily stirred emotion.

Corporations are not unlike individuals in their appreciation of that which raises them to a pedestal or to any place of show, but with industries this desire for ostentation often becomes a vice. They lack that sensitiveness that causes the individual to greet fulsomeness with protestations of modesty, real or assumed. And so human nature has created one of the most strenuously worked fields of endeavor, an appealing career to thousands of former newspaper men, known under a variety of names, but most easily recognized by the common title of "press-agent."

Individuals of talent and attainment get their publicity because of personality. It is earned increment. Corporations, being inanimate, have no personality and conspicuous favor for them usually must be manufactured. Personality is created by the paid agent who emphasizes the "always beneficent and altogether admirable actions" of his charge. Thus was introduced the corporation with a soul that "seeks nothing selfishly and only wishes to serve." Establishment of this idea in the public mind means success and the press-agent works feverishly to that end. Sometimes he overdoes it, but often he achieves his aim. He is, in his work, what the "go-getter" is to salesmanship.

Builders of publicity for others are learning what it is to have the spotlight turned upon themselves. The Federal Trade Commission is conducting a searching investigation of public utilities corporations, and the great number of publicity men they have employed have been cast in stellar rôles. The methods of these agents, long since identified and suffered by the active newspaper profession, have suddenly been disclosed to the layman, who sees their work as artful if he is a stockholder, and insidious if he has no interest in the corporations being exploited.

Already this government agency has amassed a total of 4877 pages of testimony, and the end is not in sight. With this, the first public inquiry into the press-agent's profession, comes its further recognition by Columbia University, which has just announced a new course, to be known as "The Organization of Public Opinion." The press-agent of the future will step from the class-room, university trained. The announcement says that "the subject matter covers the presentation of organized social movements, the promotion of public understanding of social organization and aims, the technique of public addresses, the preparation of news and feature articles and material for editorial comment, methods of organizing special campaigns of public education and the effect of organized publicity on public opinion."

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Public demand brought the corporation press-agent into being. The Federal Trade Commission investigation merely disclosed what the public hath wrought. He is an early twentieth-century product of corporate business. He has a keen scent for printers' ink and his habitat is in and around the public press. His evolution has been rapid. The circus press-agent showed him the path to success, though the corporation publicity agent would not admit this. He thinks his methods more refined than the flashy ways of his brother of the circus.

Every one knows the circus press-agent, one of the earliest publicity representatives. Certainly every one who ever worked in a newspaper office recalls him. He talks in extravagant adjectives and submits extravagantly worded copy about the "greatest show on earth" which he represents. He carries pockets full of passes to the big show. Even these passes, in order to impress the newswriters whom he visits, are impressively large in size, printed in variegated colors. I never saw one smaller than a one dollar bill and, usually, the engraving thereon is as intricately designed as a treasury note, even if not so dignified.

The circus press-agent was, and still may be, an ostentatious individual. But he gets his copy "across." It was and still is used. The public would say it is used because the editor gets passes to the show. The editor would say it is used because the public is interested in the circus. In other words, what the press-agent has to tell about his circus is news, and his utterances are usually interesting, even if exaggerated. However, while the circus press-agent visits the editorial rooms with news copy, he never fails to visit the business office with advertising copy which he pays for at space rates.

To-day the corporation publicity agent does for big business what the circus press-agent does for the "big top." But with this difference: The circus press-agent's activity is directed exclusively to getting people to buy tickets for the show which is here to-day and gone to-morrow. He must work quickly if the tent is to be filled. The corporation publicity agent has more time to develop the success of his program. His institution is here to stay and he tries to build good-will for it. It may be seeking a franchise or legislation. If he can gain good-will for it, the corporation may get either or both.

Until twenty-five years ago big business rarely took the public into its confidence. The public bought "over the counter," without much idea of what went on behind the counter. Big business didn't seem to care what the public thought and it did not use press-agents to inform prospective customers of the attractiveness of the wares it was selling. A gas company had only one kind of gas. Moreover, it was the only gas company in the field. The individual patron, if he wanted gas had to buy from that company. It was much the same way with street-car companies. There was only one line near John Doe's house that he could use to get to town. Big business had nothing to tell its patrons. They could take what they could get and like it—or do without. The attitude was that it made no difference to the public utility corporation. It sought no publicity; it even refused information to inquiring reporters.

That was the day when a coal operator expressed himself as having been designated by "Divine Providence" to guide the big business in which he was engaged. It was the day of the "public be damned." Public franchises for street-railway lines, gas and electric lighting systems, and so on, were granted by city councils behind closed doors, without much or any previous publicity. The people did not concern themselves about such matters, and would not even had the information that should have interested them been available. They knew that what the franchises offered would bring them new comforts, and the city council saw to it that they got them. There was no necessity of selling the franchise idea to the public. Publicity representatives were unknown and unneeded.

Likewise, the people wanted railroads, and they not only granted franchises on any terms the promoters asked, but they passed State laws that permitted civil districts to vote subsidies to help build the railroads. Millions of dollars of public money were so voted and the Government made tremendous land grants. Development of the country was the goal.

Sated with public help and public confidence, with franchises long since granted for the asking, and with these franchises having become invaluable, perhaps never to be taken away from them, private enterprises assumed isolation, even arrogance. The generation of twenty-five years ago awakened to the fact that previous generations had imposed what the succeeding generation felt was a heavy yoke. The arrogance of public utilities awakened rebellion.

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Any community can remember the day when a man could not use his neighbor's telephone. Contracts as then made prohibited this. And in smaller communities where the local exchange manager knew everybody, even by voice, it was not an uncommon thing for a connection to be broken because a stranger was talking.

I remember an instance where a

neighbor tried to use the telephone to call a physician and was denied a connection. Even the telephone subscriber, himself, could not call the doctor for his neighbor as the exchange manager would hold that the telephone was there for his business, not for that of his neighbor. Actions at law for damages in such instances, made their contribution to the changed attitude of the Bell Telephone System, one of the first large corporations to discard the formula of the "public be damned" for the policy of the "public be pleased."

Long before this, however, there was a cry for legislation to control corporations and to restrict their activities. This brought into existence the organized corporation lobby.

There always were lobbyists, but the public didn't always know it, or if it did, it did not care. In some States the people got the upper hand. In some they didn't. States where they didn't were rewarded by the corporations which adopted them as their corporate homes. By doing so they passed as foreign corporations in States which undertook to regulate them. This action postponed regulation, but for a time only, as the condemnation of the people resulted in foreign corporation laws that controlled the acts of corporations whose corporate existence was legalized in another State.

But all in all, there was an awakening. Corporations, by their insolent attitude found they were frightening away investors. The people learned that there was a Wall Street in New York, which they could denounce and hate because money flowed from it to the corporations whose arrogance they were fighting.

Then came the insurance investigation in New York. The public learned that insurance companies lent their money to Wall Street and Wall Street financed the public-service corporations that the public was fighting. The public-utility corporations and other corporations were getting publicity! But it was not favorable publicity. Thomas W. Lawson added his story of "Frenzied Finance." The corporations were put on the defensive. They explained. Their managements were intrusted to new individuals who set about seeking favorable publicity and public confidence. The corporation press-agent came into being.

Invariably he was, and is, a former newspaper man. With him came improvement and evil. The public not only got what it had demanded—information about corporations and their policies, but it also got misinformation. Reporters came to be welcome at corporation offices. They were surfeited with information. Their visits declined in number; the corporation publicity man sought them out in the newspaper offices.

"Go-getter" methods were applied. Thus amateurs among them, or those who tried to prove to their employers that they were "making good," or those with a crude conception of their actual status, blundered along and cast certain discredit upon the efforts of the more experienced members of their craft who recognized that the press seeks legitimate news of established institutions in which the public is, and rightly should be, concerned. But unprincipled press-agents "put things over." They gave out fakes. The newspapers and press associations "fell" for the fakes, found that they had been taken in and resented it.

* * *

There came an awakening in the newspaper business offices. Press-agents were furnishing, and newspapers were printing gratis, matter that the business office held to be advertising that should be paid for at space rates. It belonged in advertising columns. This, together with the fakes that had been imposed on them, brought an attitude of wariness to the editorial rooms. Press-agents were looked on with suspicion; they even became anathema. The pendulum had swung to the extreme in that direction. Again the public was on the point of being deprived of the legitimate news to which it was really entitled, because the press-agent, whom the corporations had furnished, had overshot the mark and made himself *persona non grata* in newspaper offices.

In order to rehabilitate him, corporations designated the press-agent by another name. He became publicity or public relations counsel. To-day he is a vice-president or an assistant to the president—even a president of a corporation. But this availed little, for, by whatever name he chose to be called, discerning newspaper men could, did and do recognize him.

Press associations, as did newspapers, threw up their guards against him. The possibility that ignorance or carelessness would find an editor susceptible to the wiles of the press-agent brought warnings like the following, which was gazetteered to every employee of the Associated Press:

"Do not permit friendship for press-agents or publicity seekers to influence your news judgment. The offerings of such should always be scrutinized with extreme care and in most cases be looked upon with suspicion."

Similar warnings have more recently been sounded by the United Press and International News Service, to their employees. The American Newspaper Publishers' Association issues frequent bulletins to its members uncovering the shrewd work of publicity agents.

Still, some of the information that the press-agents had or could secure was really necessary if newspapers were to fulfil their duty of giving the public the news. Any newspaper or press association executive could tell his own story of what he did at this juncture. One instance in my own experience of how one class of the gentry disqualified itself and what was done to restore to newspaper columns legitimate information of the industry it represented, will illustrate.

The Associated Press is entitled to the news collected by its member papers. If a member newspaper is imposed upon by a faking press representative, the Associated Press itself may fall into the same trap by using the fake. This actually happened in an instance of a fake perpetrated by the press representative of a moving-picture producing concern. This individual did it once, though he was never able to repeat. But because it felt that the offerings of the industry could not be trusted, the Associated Press used none of its material. This despite the fact that the public had a definite interest in the industry and in what it did.

Believing that motion-picture news should be accorded its rightful place in the policy of the Associated Press to report all of the news, I told Will Hays, the newly installed "Czar," that I wanted moving-picture news; that I would welcome information even from press-agents, if they had not offended, but upon one condition—that he would give me his word that nothing but true news would be offered. That would exclude fakes, but it would include anything in the way of news even though individual newspapers might hold that it was advertising matter. The Associated Press, of course, was to continue to be the sole judge as to whether any of the material should be used.

Thereupon Hays did the best job of house-cleaning I have ever known. He pledged all of the companies with which he is associated not to attempt any publicity fakes on the Associated Press. Only once in the several years since then have we had cause to complain. We furnished Hays with the facts in this instance and the faker's employers kept faith with Mr. Hays, thus enabling him to make good with me. Moving-picture activities now rank high as news.

I record the foregoing as an instance affecting one institution, the Associated Press. Similar understandings were entered into with other industries. To-day, considering the tremendous volume of news collected daily (the Associated Press, alone, collects and transmits one hundred thousand words every day) impositions on good faith, by industries of all kinds, are exceptionally rare.

Many corporations really have no need of press-agents, and it is difficult to understand why they employ them, except that it has become the custom. Then, too, there are corporation managements that are so unaware or ignorant of the public appetite for news that not even a competent press-agent can get results.

On the other hand, a corporation president who senses intuitively what it is that interests the public can get far more and better publicity without a press-agent, than the corporation executive who lacks good news judgment can get with a press-agent. When Daniel Willard began his presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad he made it a point to know the responsible news executives of the press associations and the larger newspapers. In the first years of his administration he dealt directly with these news executives, proved that he had good news judgment and he gained adequate mention for his railroad. Because he became too busy, or possibly because he thought he could stimulate even further publicity, he began to rely on press-agents. To the news executives Willard's press-agent was just another press-agent, so, of course, Willard's personality in presenting his news disappeared.

No one could testify better than press-agents themselves that the Associated Press applies to their offerings the acid test of: "Is It News?" If any part of an offering is news, the editor is at fault if he does not find it. This means sharp scrutiny at all times.

Employees of the Associated Press are enjoined to reflect upon the fact that if a trained Associated Press man has fear of press-agents, the Associated Press man's training is incomplete. Its writers are expected to be ready to pit their news judgment against anything that may be offered by any press-agent, regardless of its disguise. If there is news in what is offered the correspondent should not be afraid to handle it just as he would handle news from any source. Only caution, vigilance and extraordinary care are counseled.

Impositions upon the public through the press association can, therefore, only occur if the press association editor is unable to detect an imposition or betrays the trust imposed in him. The first of these possibilities has furnished rare instances. The second has furnished none.

In the nature of things, any press association management deeply concerns itself with the loyalty and trustworthiness, as well as the ability of its staff, which is, for hundreds of newspapers, an Argus-eyed reporter of the multifarious activities of mankind the world over. A betrayal of the trust imposed in its writers would be of the first concern to their employers, be the employers newspapers or press associations, and any information through public investigation or private sources that would disclose such a betrayal, with or without the connivance of a press-agent would, as the employer values his own good name, be welcomed.

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No one will maintain that there is any wrong in corporations submitting facts to the press. If it is wrong for corporations to do so it is wrong for the country pastor to send to the editor of his local newspaper a copy of his sermon or a note to the effect that the topic of the prayer meeting of Thursday night will be "the remission of sin." Publicity is sought and rightfully gained by nearly every department of the United States Government, including the President himself.

Let it be remembered that the public has a twofold interest in all kinds of corporations. First, it utilizes their products and, second, it owns their shares as stockholders. Naturally enough, then, it reads with interest or concern any corporation news, and it is the function of the press to furnish that news.

Corporations, including public-utility corporations, are not untrustworthy simply because they are corporations. But one thing no corporation press-agent can do. He cannot contribute an iota toward the success of his corporation by getting for it something that, in the minds of fair men, it should not have. Through the acts of his unprincipled brothers, the press is cautious in treating with him. His profession puts him on the suspected list in the office of any newspaper. The honest ones who represent honest institutions know this and do not resent it. The dishonest merely discredit their principals and impede their plans.

The employer may never really know his press-agent, but for whatever reassurance it avails, I can assert with confidence that the press has got his number. The best of them have humanized the mutual relationship between big corporations and the public. The worst of them have all but discredited the best of them.

# THE SOMBER LAND

## *Where the Sun Shines All the Day—Spain*

LOUIS GOLDING

TO EACH man his own Spain, and for me Spain is a somber land of castles and caverns. I cannot make out why people prattle of castles in Spain when they wish to conjure up a vision of airy nothings. It was precisely the solidity of the Spanish castles which so intrigued those generals of Napoleon who imagined that, the country once conquered, they would entrench themselves in the castles as deep down as oak-trees in firm soil. Spain itself is a monstrous castle set four-square against the winds and the seas. The Spaniard's home is his castle, in a sense much more exact than the Englishman's. For whereas the walls of his house are shuttered and bare, with a heavy iron grille clamped against the windows, the interior walls look inward upon a lyric place of trees and birds, of water splashing, of children singing. The choirs of the great cathedrals stand massive and rectangular under the soaring columns, as if these also were castles of the spirit, where the priests might shut out all knowledge of our mortal day. But above all it is the cities themselves which are castles, with a circuit of ancient walls about them, and bridges over the encompassing rivers. These very bridges seem rather like medieval drawbridges, to be drawn up at the sound of a trumpet of warning. I would bid you conceive Toledo, at the very heart of Spain, one of the most typical of her cities. On three sides of the city, its walls fall sheer in enormous precipices into the swift river Tagus. No city in Europe was more obviously designed as a castle to stem the hordes of invaders. And the houses and churches of the city itself seem to be not so much separate buildings, but the very substance of the rock conforming into habitable shape. Toledo is not a city such as our cities are in England, dwindling imperceptibly into green meadow-land. It is a carved mountain, it is a huge castle that arrests and subdues all the wandering fires of sunset. And it is an epitome of the Kingdom of Castile, the central plateau and fortress of Spain, whose very name is derived from the countless castles erected there to check and thrust back the Moors, with whom the men of Spain fought one of the supreme epics of history.

I said Toledo was a carved mountain. And indeed, there are certain regions of aboriginal Spain where, in fact, the living rock is hollowed out into dwelling-chambers, and where the primeval Iberians, who are the mysterious first inhabitants of

Europe, still maintain their incredible remoteness, their unabraded antiquity. For Spain, I repeat, is a country not only of castles, but of caverns. To wander in the country of these cave-dwellers seems to transport you bodily from the continent of Europe, from a world of newspapers and motor-cars, from the sumptuous hotels of Madrid, the gay casinos of San Sebastian. I was for my own part transported to the barren land of Matmata in North Africa, the country of troglodytes, the cave-dwellers, whither not many travelers penetrate. Here too the dark aboriginal people of our planet live in caverns, eating just such food and wearing just such garments as Herodotus described, when he visited them over two thousand years ago.

And yet there are caverns in Spain so much older than these, that the brain reels in the effort to compute their age. For these cave-dwellings of the Iberians in the southeastern regions of Spain, like those others in Africa which Herodotus visited, are, after all, to be reckoned in terms of historic time, which is thousands of years at most. But there are caverns a hundred times more marvelous, in that entranced country that lies a day's journey from the mid point of the northern Atlantic coast, whose tale is only to be reckoned in terms of geologic time, which is hundreds of thousands of years—and it may be millions—for the wise men are not agreed on the matter. You must make your way to Santander, that noble sea-city westward from Bilbao, if you desire to visit those caverns of Altamira and Puente Viesgo where our paleolithic ancestors left their astounding tokens. What creatures were they? Their skulls were not as ours are, the structure neither of their bodies nor their spirits. Were they more like the fabled dwellers of Mars or the Hyperboreans, of whom Greek legends tell, than they are like us, their posterity? Enter their caverns. Behold the bison and more improbable beasts scratched upon the walls, beasts that æons ago howled among colossal forests where the tram-cars of modern cities clang, who snorted through wide prairies which are now converted into barren morasses. By what light did those strange men—if you can call them men—labor? You must realize that these caverns ramify into the obscurest midriffs of solid mountains. Did they deliberately adopt this technique of burnt ash and red lead that the record of their lightning eyes might survive a thousand dynasties and make a contemptibly ephemeral toy out of the Pyramids? If you will go out beyond the threshold of certain of these caverns and hunt about among the debris of the excavations, you will find these enormous life-size studies rendered in exquisite miniature upon fragments of bones that belonged to species ages ago extinct. Regard these renderings from the standpoint of pure beauty. How was it that those men at the beginning of time were such herculean craftsmen that they could produce an illusion of such colossal and ferocious vitality? For not even the giant Michelangelo himself, with all the tradition of civilized artistry behind him, could produce anything more heroic.

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But I do no justice to those mysteries if I make no reference to the strange Spaniard who expounded their secrets for me, in the most grandiose of these caverns, more terrific than any cathedral—the cavern on the hillside above the green and willowy village of Puente Viesgo. He was a fantastic, wrinkled little man with long arms like a gorilla's. But his mind was one of the most subtle and sophisticated I have ever encountered. It was in terms of paleontology he explained these secrets, but he was just as familiar with the newest novelist from Bloomsbury as with the oldest papyri from Karnak. It was in the cavern of Puente Viesgo, however, he came veritably into his own. He was like a bat or an owl, so that the outer day seemed a foreign element to him. Here he slid and clambered with incredible agility, wholly independent of the fierce acetylene flare which dimly illumined these Titan glooms —while my friend and I, nearly half a century younger than he—groped timidly from shelf to shelf or down tomblike tunnels with a slim sapling in our hands. He bore his own sapling as it were the scepter of his phantasmal office. I should have thought him most like a bat of any creature known to men, so windily he fluttered about us, and uttered such thin squealings as he pointed out some drawing or hieroglyph that particularly held his wild fancy.

But another impression seized us more and more inescapably at the heart of this cryptic darkness we had dared to penetrate. Our wrinkled leader seemed to be nothing other than a survivor into this late hour of earth's history from that unbelievably distant dawn whose memorials were engraved upon these walls and chiseled out of these rocks. There were not only drawings he pointed out to us; here was the hard stone converted into the image of an eagle with extended wings. There was a sculptured horse straining to leap from the wall out of which it had been hacked in half-relief.

It is only now I can recall how uncanny the theories he propounded to us were, into what an empyrean of speculation that batlike voice more and more dizzily ascended. And yet it seems certain to me that the more fantastic the theories were, the more likely are they to be true; for in this place every law of probability was reversed and only that was feasible, which, outside the entrance to the cavern, was grotesque. But I must relate the dim fantasy of what followed. We had entered now into the last dark recess of the cavern. We were to resume once more the sensation of familiar day. Then the man paused. He had a kindness to ask from us. Would we sing him a song from England, here, in the paleolithic night? What song should we sing then, we asked fearfully. I cannot explain what emotion prompted him to his request. "God Save the King," he replied. It is impossible to say into how hoarse, how nightmarish a music, the familiar song was converted here, amid these pillars and flutings and arches and groinings and wilder formations unknown to architecture. But I can conceive no audience in all the five continents more mysterious than that strange wizened old man, and the galloping bison on the walls, and the carved eagle with outstretched wings.

This is the artistry of the caverns

of Spain. And when it was first executed neither Spain nor England existed as we know them now. The submerged continent of Atlantic rose humpily out of the ocean which entombs it. That is the art which goes back before time. But there is a certain artist who, in a sense, is the climax of everything we in the Western world have elaborated and called art, who completely fuses ancient form with modern passion. His name is, need I say, El Greco. He was born in Greece and studied in Venice, but he lived and worked in Spain. And if you would wish to study this supreme artist, you must follow him to Spain—for in all the other galleries of the world he is very meagerly represented. Having visited the caverns I have spoken of, you must make your way to the castles to see El Greco's canvases—or the galleries and cathedrals, at least; but even these in Spain, as I have said, are fortresses.

It might seem disproportionate that I find all my experiences in Spain culminating in this single artist—and this artist not even a Spaniard. But it is typical of Spain that everything which is most noteworthy has been deposited there by alien tides of invasion—whether the invaders came like the Arabs in countless hordes, or like El Greco, the artist, as solitary as a phenix. So that the exquisite architecture of the south—the Alhambra in Granada, the mosques at Cordova, are Arab. The superb aqueduct at Segovia some hours north of Madrid is Roman. The incomparably lovely cathedral at Burgos still further north, is French. And, I make bold to say, the most notable of all, El Greco the painter, is Greek. And yet Spain has been overwhelmed by none of these, neither by force of arms nor force of beauty. Of all countries in Europe, Spain remains most fundamentally herself, most virginal of lands, as Mr. Waldo Frank has phrased it, nourishing her proud and somber spirit in isolation between all the centuries linking the epoch of the bison with the epoch of the aëroplane.

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It is perhaps for that reason that I, for my part, find winter to be the season in which it is most fitting to visit Spain, when the strange cold ardency of season and landscape seem to confirm and corroborate each other. This is, of course, a heterodoxy; for the English, as a people, are a curious race of travelers. An iron set of conventions govern us as to where we may travel and precisely when. I am not suggesting that the midmost swamps of the equator or the most barren ice-floes of the antarctic have any terrors for us. But we preserve a definite ritual of approach toward them. In the same way, though Greece is only round the corner in the epic scale of traveling and Spain is next door but one, no respectable English traveler (and no American, for that matter) will dream of Greece in midsummer or Spain in midwinter. Throughout my midwinter wanderings in Spain I have encountered no other Englishman or American over the breadth and width of that enormous land. Yet the sun shone all day like a bronze shield and if there were at night no coal fires nor central heating, what was wrong with that great copper brazier at the heart of the inn, where you and Quixote and Sancho Panza and the muleteers from the mountain villages and the shoeblacks and the young lads from the bull-farm in the valley yonder, gathered together and drank and talked and dreamed till the last ember was burned out.

But my paramount memory of Spain in winter is not of a country inn but of a thronged square in her chief city, and of a night when I most clearly divined how somber these people are, these silent Spaniards. After a night so harsh and grim, it seemed to me that even the snow upon the gaunt encompassing plateau, though it was not less white than in other lands, was less gay. The sun was strong enough beyond my windows; but it introduced only a somber intensity into the landscape, not the fantastic gaiety of snow in Italy, in any other land. I began to understand why these were the somber people, why the grim architecture of the Romanesque builders seemed more appropriate in Spain than elsewhere. I perceived also why, when the Spanish builders in the last days of the Renaissance attempted at length to endow stone with the hilarity and variety which builders in all other lands had forced upon it, they could produce nothing but a frozen and contorted mask which only emphasized the severity that lay beneath it.

They are somber even in their games. There is no more grim parade of virtuosity than bull-fighting; and they have made even of pelota, that quick ball-game of the Basques, an instrument of harsh gambling rather than an infinitely arduous and exciting exercise of all the muscles. In the great, clangorous halls, the *frontones*, where pelota is performed before the assiduously calculating companies of *aficionados* it is not the athletes themselves who are the principals of the ritual. It is the shrieking red-capped "bookies," as they might easily be described, who stand behind the rail separating the onlookers from the players and arrange the bets—it is they who are the pivot of the game. When a player by some wretched fluke upsets the calculations of his backers, a more frantic storm of hisses and whistlings assails him than any tenor who goes suddenly and lugubriously flat in grand opera at Madrid. Should he, on the other hand, achieve a return which would seem hopeless to a centaur or a winged Hermes no breath of applause congratulates him. His improved form merely adds a new consideration to the stern calculations of the *aficionados*. That is the basic and the austere preoccupation of them all—excepting the sweating players; and these do not count. They are a somber people, I say.

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But it is when they are at their most joyous, so to speak, that you perceive how somber they are. So it seemed to me in the turbulent hours that preceded the last moment of the year, which all the bells proclaimed appallingly above the wide boulevards and the reeking alleys of Madrid. It was my fortune to spend these hours in that strange, deliberate city, in that great meeting-place of streets and cradle of revolutions called the Puerta del Sol. Hours before, you heard the great concourse preparing, as it might be a surge of waters chafing across a dam. From every region they came irresistibly, darkly, from those joyless bars of the arid suburb called Cuatro Caminos, from the lanes that straddle on both sides of the Calle de Toledo to the very portals of the Royal Palace.

Now at length, I said to myself, I shall see Madrid joyous. For what multitude of people gathered together in any city upon earth to celebrate the first moments of a new year has ever resisted the illusion that this new year is to be an altogether superior thing to the old, with purses lined more amply, wine less sour, meat less infrequent? My mind recalled vividly in this harsh star-splintered night of Spain the New Year gatherings of my boyhood, in the friendly murk and muzzle of Albert Square in Manchester. With what unquenchable joy of living the mill-boys and mill-girls clattered upon their clogs, exchanged caps and shawls, passed bottles of no ecstatic liquor ecstatically from mouth to mouth! I recalled a later New Year's Eve in a Tyrolese city—the little frightened sucking pig that mine host passed from guest to guest to confer gross plenty upon them all for all the new year. How the lads slapped their bronzed, bare knees, how they seized their maidens and twirled them to the roof, what gallons of schnapps were consumed, and what infinite piping-hot Atlantic cables of sausage were devoured! And swiftly my mind made one bound farther southward, here in this southern land. I remembered the brightly garbed bands of masqueraders who went serenading the joyous time from house to house, away in Capri, among the hyacinth seas. What discord of instruments, what coughing of callow voices, what quiring of shrill voices—but how all these sounds cohered into rapture in the odorous air!

Discord of instruments! And the sudden banging of a dust-pan lid upon the bottom of a dust-bin, two inches from my ear, annihilated those other memories—Manchester, Innsbruck, Capri—and the somber people were about me again, filling the air with their raucous irony.

There were, indeed, certain other mechanisms for the making of noise to be obtained for a few centimos at the stalls that lined the gutters, raw trumpets and rattles and an object compounded out of skin and broomsticks. From this last issued a shuddering howl of anguish, such as a creature imprisoned in a tomb might emit. This was almost somber enough for the taste of the *Madrileño*, but it was the garbage-heaps of the suburbs which had yielded him his richest harvest. It was a scavenger's bacchanalia. Tin cans, rusty buckets, petrol tins—upon an orchestra of such instruments he produced his symphony of solemn invective. I produce a false impression if it is believed this concourse of sounds was not loud. It was deafening. But it was joyless. There was no delight in it, nor in the eyes of these melancholy revelers. Some were drunk. A thousand bottles of the potent liquor of aniseed passed from hand to grimy hand, but its effect was only to impress a certain stony rhythm upon the impact of broomstick and dust-bin.

A few minutes before the stroke of twelve the music had attained the desperate fixity of a tom-tom tattoo of cannibals in a swamp of Papua. I wondered what climax the high bell in the civic belfry had in store, what ultimate thunder it would evoke to eclipse its own fateful voice. The first stroke struck. A silence fell upon Madrid. I looked round startled among the swarthy multitude. Now the second stroke struck. Each man, woman, child, devoured his second grape. For this (as I was to understand later) was the crisis of the ceremony—the eating of *las doce uvas*—the twelve grapes. Somberly, cynically, to each stroke of the bell each creature there devoured the first, second, and twelfth of his grapes. High on the tower the four figures of the new year flashed upon the blackness. So cynic an uproar greeted them that you might have thought the wires of the electric bulbs must fuse.

They did not. All night long the somber noise persisted. Dawn trod without rapture at length upon the surrounding melancholy plateau.

* * *

I have said that my paramount memory of Spain in winter was of Madrid, in the heart of her great square upon New Year's Eve. But when, among the lands of my wayfaring, I summon Spain "to the session of sweet silent thought," it is a city of no season at all which possesses my imagination, a city curiously lifted from space and seasons, a city which, like a great painting by one of the Bolognese eclectics, combines all the grandest qualities of the epochs of precedent art, yet has a virtue irrespective of them, a virtue which transcends them. For as I add to the tale of my years and my wanderings, I find one thing true of cities and of men. Not very many will offer their secrets to you, or will be found in the end to have secrets worth offering. A man has the capacity for not many great friendships, and in his brief span, if he conquer and hold to his heart half a dozen cities, he is fortunate. My destiny has sent me among many men and across a thousand cities. This man endures as my friend out of the multitude, this city endures as my love.

There was Verona, of the purple dusk and the capes flung over shoulders in the small clamorous *galería* against the amphitheater. There was Ravenna of the mosaics, and harsh Andritsæna high up in Peloponnesus facing Erymanthus under a brawl of waters. And Chipping Campden, and Rothenburg.

And to these let me add Segovia, that more than Spanish city, the city of the aqueduct that stalks over the hollow to the proud city of towers, lonely and lovely upon the plateau of Castile. My breath catches in my throat as I remember how easily I might not have stopped at Segovia. For it was only when the train had started that I discovered that my journey northward from Madrid would not take me to Medina del Campo by Avila, as I had been told, but by Segovia, as seemed good to the station-master and my own presiding gods. And a word I cannot remember uttered by a friend I shall never recall asserted itself mysteriously in my ear in the chilly station of Segovia. "Segovia!" the voice said. "Rome not merely strong—Rome beautiful! Segovia!" With a fierce energy engendered in the sluggish hours that had clopped and clumped all the way from Madrid, I flung myself and my knapsack out of the train even as it moved away into the desultory night.

I shall never be grateful enough to those men with cabs and taxis who propounded such exorbitant sums for their services that I seized my stick and set my chin and vowed to walk till daybreak, should the city be so far, sooner than yield to such blackmail. For they would certainly have set me down at the hotel in the plaza where, even so soon in the year, two ladies and two gentlemen, all with spectacles and Baedekers, sat in the porch all day discussing how *gemütlich* is Dresden. I should not have stumbled into that vast friendly medieval inn, called the Parador del Norte, with the grace and the glory of the aqueduct filling all my sky. Above all, I should not suddenly have come across the aqueduct itself, standing like Rome above all the hills.

Indeed, the journey I made into the city and through the city, was about eight times as long as a man with any sense of direction at all might take. But though my knapsack was heavy, I did not regret my capricious and protracted path. I found myself in a place of such splendid towers, of such starry cloisters, of such arches and gateways, of such sudden vistas into mountainy vacancy, that I wondered whether I was not the sport of some hallucination. Here was a Romanesque tower, as fine as any in Ravenna; there was a great grim house, like the lordliest in Florence; here was a Saracen tracery which in all Tunis has no rival for delicacy. And yet I knew, as I wandered down cobbled alleys and across tiny squares where my stick rattled like an army between a level Renaissance façade and a torment of Gothic buttresses—I knew that the vision of Segovia was still withheld from me—the thing wherewith Rome was not merely strong, Rome was beautiful, so that all these other beauties fell back before it.

Then a moment came when I turned out from a lane between two blind walls, a moment when I knew I had climbed to a greater height in the city than I had attained previously. And of a sudden I was aware of it, springing from my left hand as it were, across the plateau of Castile, across all the ravines and rifts; until, fantastically, it seemed a bridge across half the world, between the further banks of Tiber and the north wall in Scotland. And so enormous were its arches it seemed that under this nestled the amphitheater of El Djem and not many arches away nestled the arena of Arles. It seemed to be strung taut in the night like a bowstring and, like a rainbow, to be a celestial thing presenting only an illusion that its feet were set upon earth.

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This was the mood of the aqueduct in Segovia, at night, under the strict stars, with a faint sheen of snow on the far Sierras. By day it is not less august, I think, but it is less exclusively Roman. It lends itself to the vicissitudes of cloud and wind, of dawn and sunset. Not that the stones themselves, the great granite blocks out of which it is composed, yield to any such flatteries. They remain aloof, impermeable, in the miracle of their secular poise, their proud coherence. No mortar holds them together, no bars of metal clamp them. They have something of the mystery of essential matter, maintaining their intactness in a perfect equipoise of centripetal and centrifugal forces.

The stones themselves remain Rome, I say. But the arches whose walls spring from the earth with the solidity of mountains and the grace of the stalks of flowers, fill with a pageant of sky and mountains, red roof and red earth, church-tower and fruit-stall, mule and muleteer—the pageant of all Spain. It is a pageant you may vary at your will, according as you place yourself, and each arch becomes a frame, now for a ridge of mountains, now for a small girl approaching with her basket. But if you go away from the city, so far that you see the aqueduct in relation with the valley it bestrides and the city it was made for, enisled in the evening air, then are the pictures it frames the loveliest. It becomes an analysis of sunset. Each arch contains one of those elements in suspension which combine into the flaring miracle, until at length the divine disintegration ceases. Now the upper arches present a pattern of stars and the lower arches a pattern of lights, the warm lights of inns, the everlasting lights of altars. And Rome it is that establishes their harmony, Rome perpetual in the aqueduct of Segovia though in Rome she crumbles into dust.

Wherefore I say that Segovia is a greater thing than a merely Spanish city, or any mere Italian city; wherefore I say also it is a greater thing than a city of spring or winter or any season at all. It is a city of illumination, in the spiritual sense of that word. A man in such a city divines the secret of the land where he is wandering and the other lands where he has wandered. History is interpreted, the letters patent of the human heart are here conferred. Go then to Segovia when you fare forth to Spain. If there be a fortunate conjunction between your own humility and the graciousness of the genius of Segovia, your own limbs will be the pillars whereon the aqueduct is established, and the palms of your hands its arches. You will be the conduit of dawn and sunset, the initiate of a lofty mystery.

# TABLE TALK

THE campaign is over and we can only feel that America has wasted one more opportunity for political education. Consider the vast issues at stake, the magnitude of the office involved, and then review the petty personalities and trifling by-play that featured the campaign! With a chance for high debate on two conflicting theories of government, with political vistas opening wider than at any time during the twentieth century, and with radio audiences mounting into the millions, we heard little but charges and counter-charges, innuendoes about hip-pockets, bung-holes and corkscrews, challenges thrown down by irresponsible clergymen, and all the twiddle-twaddle of solid South, bone-dry, and Pope-of-Romism. At first there was some semblance of constructive discussion concerning personal liberty, farm relief and international relations—but these were soon bogged in whispering swamps of active misinformation and malicious lies. The candidates themselves were noticeably superior to their henchmen, but somehow they never were able to extricate themselves from the chittery skeins of gossip woven by their campaign orators and apologists.

Hungry for intimations of America's political dignity, we turned again to the Federalist papers of Hamilton and Madison, reread the Lincoln-Douglas debates and the second inaugural of Woodrow Wilson. Here was power and substance, even if thrice familiar. But with possibly a single exception there was no address of power or substance delivered during the entire Smith-Hoover campaign. We do not know who is to blame, but we do know that slander and insinuation played far too important a part in the recent elections. Perhaps it was ever thus. But because we still suffer from sporadic attacks of democratic utopianism, we believe that the art of political discussion is not wholly dead in America. It is merely sleeping the long, drugged sleep of weary despair.

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THE Big Banks are now accommodating the small borrower—and a fine, far-seeing course it is too. Heretofore, the wage-earner took his financial troubles to the loan-shark, signed his usurious papers and spent the rest of his life trying to fend off saw-toothed interest charges. But now the first-line banking houses, sensing a sound business opportunity, have created special departments to serve the small-fry borrower in his hour of need. There is a time in the average earner's life when three or four hundred dollars will send the balance of happiness permanently up or down. To secure this sum he needs no collateral other than his character; he agrees to pay the legal rate of six per cent, and is positively *not* fish-hooked by a quire of fine-print clauses and liens upon his life, liberty and peace of mind. He gets his money to tide him over a critical time, and then he pays it back—just as business men have been doing since Cheops let out the contract for the first Pyramid.

The National City Bank of New York, the largest bank in the United States, takes a finishing poke at usurers and loan-sharks by making the "character loan" a part of its regular business. And since all loans ultimately rest upon the character of the borrower, the National City Bank seems to have tapped a profitable vein by extending its accommodations to the honorable man in the shop, at the machine, and in the street.

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A GREAT American poem has been written, a poem that slips the leash of conventional poetry and runs like a big horse exulting in freedom. It is the "Iliad" of our Civil War, cast of clear epic metal. Love, sacrifice, courage and fresh song are in this book, which molds Whitman, Lindsay, Sandburg and Stephen Crane into one marching narrative, swift as any short story, engrossing as any novel. "John Brown's Body" is the name of the book, and Stephen Vincent Benét is its author. Rarely do we employ a double-barreled superlative on men, poems, or institutions, but in our conservative opinion "John Brown's Body" is the grandest piece of extended poetry ever written by an American.

To make a textbook of Mr. Benét's epic would be indeed a pity, but somehow the work should be brought to the attention of young Americans. It preaches no special brand of patriotism, yet no poem ever was more instinct with love of country; it carries no moral, yet like all works of art it purifies emotion into the clearest of moralities. The effect of "John Brown's Body" will be a permanent one upon those who read it. And incidentally it proves that a long poem can be excitingly readable and still retain a magical quality never attainable in prose.

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DEPLORING the frivolity of undergraduate publications, President Ernest Hopkins of Dartmouth College has urged upon the freshman class a higher standard of campus journalism. The urging was most acutely needed, not only at Dartmouth but at every college in the country. An examination of undergraduate periodicals recently made by this writer revealed a predominant mass of inane humor, sports chatter and campus notes, prepared in a style known for some reason as "breezy," and aimed at the intelligence-level of a low-grade buck private. Of rational comment upon national affairs, of maturity in style or make-up there was scant evidence. Of discussion—or even news—concerning art, science, letters, there was none. It seems fair to Yale, Columbia and Princeton to remark that their papers were much above the average in appearance and content. Harvard possesses in "The Hound and Horn" a distinguished literary magazine, the only thing of its kind in the entire rack of college literature. And as for the alleged "comics," well, that phase of the scrutiny was so painful that we'd prefer not to open it again just now.

President Hopkins was phrasing his idea euphemistically when he said that a vast improvement was desirable in college journalism. What the college paper needs is a renovation! On most campuses, it has fallen into the hands of the fraternity politicians who pluck at the editorial strings chiefly for the advancement of "the brethren." Naturally, one doesn't expect a "New York Times" or a "Chicago Tribune" on every campus, but considering the talent available we believe that a little jacking-up of critical standards, a little less politics, and a certain minimum of editorial piloting by a competent faculty member might bring about a marked change for the better.

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"GETTING out the vote" is such a dreary task in most political contests that we suspect, sometimes, that something is wrong not with the voter, but with the vote. As things now stand under the majority rule, it actually happens that even a large minority of votes means nothing at all. Frequently the victorious candidate wins by a bare plurality, representing a minor fraction of the total vote, and stranding considerable portions of the voting public without a voice in the government. A feeling of hopeless futility overtakes the chronic minority voter (and there are plenty such) with the result that he refuses to get excited about a ballot which really means nothing to him.

"The winner takes all," is good gambling philosophy, but it should have no place in democratic governments. Under the system known as proportional voting, minorities as well as majorities and pluralities can be represented without detriment (and with positive benefit) to our existing form of government. The winning candidate in a proportional voting contest is really a composite of first, second and third choices on the part of the voters. Every vibration of every vote is thus recorded, no fractional part of a ballot is wasted, no minority goes wholly unrepresented—and finally, general interest is stimulated by a combination of the foregoing reasons. Proportional voting is not a universal panacea for democratic ills, but it is a more sensitive and sensible method of recording the popular will than the system now in effect.

COMMANDER BYRD is taking one thousand gallons of excellent liquor to the South Pole with him, of which four hundred gallons is bonded rye whisky. There was also some champagne and quite a sizable quantity of port in the gallant commander's cargo. No one who knows anything about climatic conditions around the South Pole will begrudge Explorer Byrd one drop of stimulant; doubtless a small ration of liquor will set his crew up wonderfully after a day's battle with the elements. As for ourselves, we hope that those adventurous gentlemen won't have to be at death's door before a spoonful of that bonded rye is served them. No dying man is really able to appreciate the blessing of fifteen-year-old whisky.

But it must also be remembered that there are spiritual as well as geographical South Poles, and one doesn't have to be a member of the Byrd expedition to feel at the bottom of the world. And when one has sunk "farthest south," what brings one back to equatorial warmth most graciously and soon? Cocoa? Warm milk? Hot lemonade? Nope. Commander Byrd's long polar experience has furnished the best answer to the question, "What is the logical beverage for that South Pole chill?" *Spiritus, spiritu!* Is it for naught that the words are spiritually cognate?

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THERE was a man named Dwight Morrow who gave up a pretty fair job and went down to Mexico to see what could be done in the name of peace and friendship. Everything seemed to go agin' him at first, until with assassinations, church troubles and what not, we all expected he'd be sending in his resignation almost any day. But he hung on like the patient old beagle Lincoln used to tell about, and eventually there was a friendly agreement reached on some important oil matters, good-will voyages were exchanged by famous aviators, and quite recently an able civilian, one Portes Gil, was peaceably elected (mark that) to the office of President. One detects the quiet hand of Mr. Morrow in these amicable goings-on, yet if he were overtly congratulated he would disclaim any special credit for the good things that are happening in Mexico. Able, unostentatious Dwight Morrow! If you weren't so critically needed in Mexico City we'd like to see you get a credential or two for the Court of St. James.

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A LETHAL struggle goes on in the inorganic world, a conflict just as murderous and incessant as the struggle for existence among animals and mortals. See how gas and electricity are locked in a death battle, fighting it out to a finish in the public utilities world! Both can be used for lighting, heating, refrigerating and power; both are highly capitalized with brains and money.

Which of the twain will emerge triumphant? Again, the radio is coming to grips with the telegraph, and threatening the supremacy of the newspaper and the moving-picture. Fuel-oil is anthracite's waxing rival; air-cooled airplane motors are slowly gaining on water-cooled engines; the motor-bus is crowding the railroad. Even a mechanistic universe evolves, and in the wake of its evolving wave, half a universe lies defeated and dead.

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THE most fascinating architectural project that has recently come to our attention is the proposed Monumental Lighthouse which the nations of the world will erect in the Dominican Republic to the memory of Christopher Columbus. The huge beacon, which is being actively sponsored by the Pan-American Union, will cost between two and three million dollars, and will serve not only as a memorial to the discoverer of America, but also as a symbol of perpetual amity among American nations. To secure the best architectural talent for the drafting of a suitable design, a world-wide competition with prizes aggregating over fifty thousand dollars is being held by the Pan-American Union. International interest among sculptors, architects and engineers should do much toward creating a heroic monument, "in which haste and counterfeit, the commercial and the commonplace [to quote from the official prospectus] are not factors." The Christopher Columbus Lighthouse is something more than a mere news item. It is a project of vast utilitarian, esthetic and political importance, a connecting link between the past and future of the two youngest continents.

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TRY this recipe for restlessness, perplexity and generally unsettled conditions of the soul: Fifty pages of Santayana, slowly read and well-digested twice a week. Add an unhurried view of three Renoirs (the dancers of the Moulin Rouge or *les canotiers* on the Seine are best for this purpose) and a generous application of Bach. Vespers are also valuable in treating stubborn cases. If the attack is mild, take a bag of cherries and find yourself an isolated bench in the park after supper.

Warning! If you take this prescription too faithfully you will become so placid that your job at the office will be jeopardized.

# EDWIN BOOTH COUNTED HIS DUCATS

## *His Reputation and His Earning Power Remain Unrivaled*

### SALLY MACDOUGALL

DISCREPANCY and the drama have long gone hand in hand. This year people in the theater and out of it are complaining about the present and calling back the past. Producers are rejecting possible but questionable masterpieces by to-day's playwrights to revive old plays that once were known to be good. Patrons protest that there are too many plays to choose from in New York, too few good ones, too much danger of seeing bad ones, that the prices of seats like the salaries of stars are altogether too high. Never before, they believe, did such fat and fantastic pay envelops go to any artist of the bright stage as a reward for creating a world of illusion for us of the darkened spaces.

There is one name that invariably leads all others in any discussion of our drama across points of time. That is the name of Edwin Booth.

"What would Edwin Booth say if he could come back and see all this bigness? Wouldn't he be surprised at the salaries of the stars?" Such exclamations even get into print.

Undoubtedly Mr. Booth would be —and possibly is—surprised at the Broadway of to-day. He would be surprised, for one thing, that the theater, with its unimaginable fortunes that stream in one door and scatter out through others, has not produced some one to shove him off his throne. For Mr. Booth seems not to have forseen the appraisal with which posterity has honored him. One day about half a century ago, after a busy and profitable season, he was resting at his country home at Greenwich, Connecticut, and apparently speculating about that very thing. In a letter to his manager, Horace McVicker of New York, he said:

> "Since my engagement ended I have lolled and loafed my hours away, busy in leveling many a fairy fabric I had reared, and wondering what my future will disclose; just as all addle-pates do."

Mr. Booth would doubtless be surprised to find that his future has disclosed no actor who earns as much as he earned then, that his income transferred into to-day's dollars would seem a fantastic sum to our best paid stars.

In a faded account-book that long has lain in Mr. McVicker's desk is a record of the 1876–77 season, showing that Mr. Booth's earnings between November and May amounted to $72,492.75.

A question that arises is: How much is a dollar worth to-day compared to its value fifty years ago? A conservative librarian of a large New York bank estimated that it has about half the purchasing power it then had. Others who are supposed to be financial experts said that seventy-two thousand dollars half a century ago would go as far as two hundred thousand dollars to-day. Mr. McVicker, recalling that the cost of room and board for a star at the best hotels was $2.50 a day when he was a young manager, suggested that multiplying by four would be a simple short cut to the answer.

Mr. Booth's share of his opening week that season at the old Lyceum Theatre in New York was $4,883.38. The second week he received $4,441.25. The income fluctuated because, like a few stars of to-day, he was playing for a percentage of box-office receipts.

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On the twentieth evening of what to his old manager is a dimly remembered November, Mr. Booth opened with "Hamlet" his six months' season of Shakspere, "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Fool's Revenge," and on the line of the opening date Mr. McVicker made the first entry in his little old book. It reads:

"Preliminary expense, working department, et cetera, $1,612.08."

That sum goes a long way toward explaining why Edwin Booth still holds the high salary record, why a company could remain solvent and pay the share stipulated in his contracts. The actual cost of putting on the play was probably not more than half that figure. Mr. McVicker recalls that the vague classification in his unscientific if serviceable bookkeeping included repairs and odd items no "Hamlet" should be expected to shoulder.

To-day a New York producer could not afford to risk any money on a play without first spending between ten thousand and fifty thousand dollars to outfit the infant attraction. And unless he had posted an additional four, six or ten thousand with the Actors' Equity Association as security for two weeks' salaries and return railway fare for the company in the event of sudden closing, Equity would be expected to step in and stop rehearsals before the show opened.

The present average cost of producing a drama in New York—money that must be spent before the curtain rises—is about $20,000. The initial outlay for musical attractions—musical comedy, revue, operetta—may be twenty thousand dollars or two hundred thousand; and, as if this were not enough, the public runs the risk of being staggered at reading of amounts above the quarter million mark. The more than 225 plays and seventy-odd musical shows that in a year make the shifting pageant in eighty theaters, represent an investment that would have sounded unreal in Edwin Booth's day.

If he could come back to Broadway for a night he would probably be puzzled to know why, in an atmosphere redolent of money, it would not be possible for any producer to sign a contract this season such as he demanded and got when some of these producers were babies and before most of them were born. A little investigation would reveal that the fault, if fault it be, of spending money so lavishly on plays to-day lies less in the stars who receive the top salaries than in what these stars might call the underlings. For, spectacular as are the earnings of a Marilyn Miller or an Al Jolson, players who toil through a season for salaries that waver between four thousand and five thousand a week, it is a fact that the few very high-priced performers with magnetic names are looked upon as mere accessory extravagances in a system that requires enormous bank accounts to put on plays and keep them on. Telling these salaries to the world, particularly the world back stage, has been a costly confidence to the business.

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A comparison of the old Booth books with records of to-day turns a spotlight on what to him would be a new and unknown army of workers who operate expensively behind the visible apparatus of illusion.

The "Hamlet" of recent years that might most reasonably be compared to Mr. Booth's was the Arthur Hopkins production a few seasons ago with John Barrymore in the title part. It cost over twenty thousand dollars to raise the curtain. (The man who gave this information said a similar production to-day would cost thirty thousand.) As frequently happens, the play was put on in a hurry. Any one who saw it is sure to remember the Robert Edmond Jones scenery which later went for a long rest to a storehouse in London. These sets were moved from the mill where they were made to the studio where they were painted, on Friday preceding the opening Monday. In that interval no worker in the studio had either rest or sleep. A group of artists painted steadily on their step-ladders until the last weary stroke was done. That is an example of how a staff behind the scenes may operate expensively—frequently on double time—to do a quick and good but extravagant job to which the average theater patron pays little attention. Under labor union rules which have since become effective that opening would have been postponed. Scenic artists are no longer allowed to work all night. Thirty per cent of production expense could be saved, one busy producer said, if the theater planned far enough ahead. But usually everything is done in a hurry.

Half a century ago expensive scenery and splendor of costume were no longer important to Edwin Booth's program. He had had his fling at extravagance. In 1871 he spent the unprecedented sum of forty thousand dollars on "A Winter's Tale" at Booth's, his own theater, at Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue. Two years later the theater was bankrupt and he was plunged in debts that burdened him for a long time. After that he sold his services to producers, who would meet his demands. Usually his contract called for fifty per cent of the gross receipts, sometimes more. A faded document of the period—Brooks and Dickson were the producers—specified:

"Witnesseth Said party of the first part engages to appear but six times each week above mentioned, in such rôles as he may select; that said party of the first part is to be allowed all traveling, hotel and living expenses while out of the city of New York for self and his attendants, a special car for his exclusive use when desired, and the exclusive use of a proscenium box the entire period of this contract.

"Witnesseth that said parties of the second part agree to fulfil all the duties of management of any and every nature, to engage only such people for the supporting company as are acceptable and satisfactory to the party of the first part, to render statements of receipts nightly and to settle same weekly by turning over to the party of the first part or his representative fifty (50) per cent of the gross receipts of the six performances of the preceding week."

If the certainty of a stipulated sum seemed safer than risking half the receipts, Mr. Booth's contract sometimes called for a definite salary. In July, 1877, while planning for a season which was to include an engagement under Orlando Tompkins in Boston, he wrote from Greenwich:

"I told Tompkins I would give him three weeks beginning 4th of March. I thought it best to ask $700 per performance—$4,900 per week, as formerly, than to risk sharing terms at that theater. Drop Tompkins a line and tell him what I have acquainted you with, & ask if 'tis satisfactory, and you can also say that if he prefers I will share as at Daly's."

Another letter that week, dated July 11, describes the Booth terms at Daly's Theatre in New York. It says:

"Dear Horace, My terms with Daly were less than I thought. They were 50 per cent up to $1,500 (not $1,200 as I supposed) and 2/3 not 3/4 above that amount. To Tompkins, if he does not accept the certainty, put the $1,200 and 3/4 terms. Yours, EDWIN."

A guarantee sufficient to keep even a very hungry wolf from getting any further than the door, especially when you remember that ten per cent of the gross receipts is to-day's top price for the most expensive players. But it seems that these sums—and they can be sizable ones with tickets at $6.60, $5.50 and $4.40—are not the ones under which producers groan when they complain that there is no longer big money for them in the "show business."

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The reasons why it was possible to pay Mr. Booth half and keep the company going, look calmly out from the old account-book. Here are figures charged against that opening "Hamlet" week:

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|---|---|
| Salaries | $1,902.75 |
| Advertising | 461.25 |
| Rent | 375.00 |
| Properties | 38.46 |
| Sewing woman | 11.00 |
| Alcohol | 1.30 |
| Soap | .22 |
| Soda | .05 |
| Postage-stamps | 1.33 |
| Stationery | 1.20 |

Bookkeeping back in the hoop-skirt era being less departmentalized than it now is, it must be explained that the first item represented the salaries not only of Mr. Booth's supporting company, but also the theater employees in front of the house and back stage—box-office men, door-men, ushers, stage door-man, the carpenter and his helpers.

The company salary list of the modern dress "Hamlet" put on in 1925 by Horace Liveright at what was supposed to be a minimum of extravagance amounted to $3,997.50 a week. Following are some figures that are set down partly as emphasis, and partly because there is an inescapable relation between presentations of Shakspere and showmanship, a relation that has to do with the least elastic elements in the vast ensemble of the pay-roll. These sums were charged in one week against a highly successful musical attraction:

| | |
|---|---|
| Company salaries..... | $15,142.00 |
| Front of the house salaries.............. | 1,965.00 |
| Royalties............ | 2,450.00 |
| Orchestra............ | 1,529.00 |
| Advertising.......... | 1,900.00 |
| Rent................ | 3,000.00 |
| Carpenters .......... | 1,170.00 |
| Soap, etc............ | 51.75 |

When a producer complains about his overhead he does not seem to be thinking of his stars, but always of those skilled and comparatively obscure lieutenants behind the machinery of enchantment, people whose rewards were meager in Booth's day.

Back in the seventies a carpenter and painter on the premises could do the necessary building and decorating when a new play was being put on. Now in one theater workshop in New York fifty men are busy all year round making stage scenery. Prices of building and painting have gone up a thousand per cent in the past few years.

Not so long ago a director could call a rehearsal, walk on to the stage, switch on a light, drag a few chairs and a sofa from somewhere, and begin his day's work. If he did that to-day he would stir up endless ramifications of trouble. Switching on the light is a specialized job. The man who is qualified to do that stays at the edge of activities for as many hours as the director works. Then he turns off the light. His pay is $1.50 an hour.

The "grip" who in Mr. Booth's day worked for twenty-five or fifty cents a performance shifting scenery, or for nothing and a chance to see the show, is now on the payroll for $54 a week, his pay having been increased $6 as a result of negotiations last September. There are shows this year that employ as many as twenty scene-shifters and property-men. A stage carpenter of the old days received $25 a week. Now he gets $82.50, the recent arbitration having advanced him from $75. Salaries of ordinary musicians and orchestra leaders have gone up from $21 and $30 a week to $85 and $125 a week. They used to give two rehearsals free. Now there is a minimum charge of $2 an hour. Had these prices prevailed half a century ago Edwin Booth's contract would hardly have demanded, as does one faded document, "an orchestra of thirteen pieces with leader." These are some of the people who, even more than the labor fraternity of the foot-lights, have become a problem to the seeker after vast profits from presenting plays.

Then there is the homely task of

trucking. On a winter day in 1877 Edwin Booth's production was moved from the Lyceum Theater at Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue, Manhattan, to the Academy of Music in Brooklyn. The old book records the moving bill: "Cartage in full to Brooklyn, $35." This year the least for which a truck will travel the few blocks from studio to theater is $20. It sometimes costs that much to return a few left-over boards to the factory after the sets have been finished. This past season after a show moved across the street from one theater to another somebody announced that the moving bill was $5,000. The distance was about forty feet.

From Brooklyn Mr. Booth and his company moved to the Arch Street Theater in Philadelphia. The cost is recorded in three lines:

| | |
|---|---|
| Railroad fares............ | $261.00 |
| Express and transfer..... | 14.95 |
| Cartage on baggage...... | 9.18 |

A 1928 producer who is not celebrated for economy paid $3,400 for railway fares in one week. It was a try-out trip, carrying 220 people from Washington to Boston in a private train that had five sleepers and six baggage-cars. The producer's name is, of course, Ziegfeld.

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The statement is sometimes made that the most elaborate modern productions make money for every one except the producer. On a street where yesterdays are not popular topics of conversation they still recall Mr. Dillingham's "Sunny" that was put on for about $200,000, ran for 517 performances, took in an average of $34,000 a week for more than a year and made a dime for Mr. Dillingham. The costumes cost about $50,000, the building of the sets $15,000, and the bill for painting the scenery was $9,000. But if that type of show pays $3,000 weekly rent, and if the house is owned by the producer—as houses sometimes are—he is probably not at all inclined to pity himself as long as he is making good at what some outraged friends of the theater call the real estate business.

Edwin Booth's producers of the seventies seem to have made a fair profit. Writing to Mr. McVicker from Boston in March, 1878, Mr. Booth reported:

"Business is good. 'Hamlet' nights great. . . . Yet, as Tompkins has long been accustomed to take in $5,000 or $6,000 weekly profits on me he is, of course, dissatisfied. Have to change program every other day in order to appease his fears that the one announced won't draw."

In more than one way it must have been a "golden era" of the American theater—that period most of us know only in the high romance of history or hush-voiced hearsay. Had Edwin Booth been the only great actor of the seventies and eighties there would still be something fantastic about a man whose presence and achievements could tower so high above his confrères. Doubtless there were disgruntled protests against discrepancies then as there are now, while glamorous people in that gallery of greatness were busy with the luminous work that has kept their memories alive. One after another Mr. Booth's letters turn the light upon a bright and momentous kaleidoscope of people whose art was supported and appreciated by discriminating audiences of the days when prancing horses deposited patrons at a theater's door in the grand manner—ladies in hoop-skirts, bustles, puffs and frills, and the men in evening clothes—without first subjecting them to the adventurous and tiresome drama of traffic-jams and delays.

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Memorable names move in and out of these tapestried pictures of the times. "Met McCullough on the cars," Mr. Booth relates, "and he suggested my playing a part of his time at Booth's under his management. I like the idea." Meeting Modjeska at lunch and liking her is described in two lines. Another letter contains a casual roster of names whose current counterpart would be a welcome sight to the casting directors who complain about the scarcity of good men actors. Two lists of parts in his plays were tabulated by Mr. Booth for Charles Coghlan and Frederick Warde, and on the next page he suggested that "any three" of the following be engaged: E. L. Davenport, Louis James, McKee Rankin, Charles Thorne.

There were challenging names at other theaters the week Mr. Booth opened that profitable 1876–77 season. The principal rival attractions were: At Daly's Fifth Avenue, "As You Like It," with Charles Coghlan, Charles Fisher, William Davidge, Fanny Davenport; at Wallack's "The Shaughraun," with Dion Boucicault; at Booth's "Richard III," with Lawrence Barrett; at the Park, Lotta; at the Grand Opera House, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; at Gilmour's Garden, Mr. Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth."

A dozen years later Mr. Booth's star was still in the ascendant. In less than four years his share of the Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett partnership, which ended with Mr. Barrett's death in 1891, was about $579,000, his weekly share sometimes exceeding ten thousand dollars. In the meantime a season in London, or, rather, the end of a season, when Mr. Booth had gone over "too late," brought meager rewards. Six words in his report on that discrepancy could summarize the confessions producers sometimes make to-day.

"Praise and plaudits, but nary ducats," he wrote. "H. R. H. came one night, but didn't help business a bit."

# AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

*Nature the Bourbon to Whom Party Loyalty Is the Primal Credo*

RAYMOND T. FULLER

I WAS, I remember, lying on my back in a hemlock forest on a mountainside (trying to think straight about the World Court) when suddenly the whole appalling truth fell upon me from the lofty trees. The jays shrieked it at me, the spiders spun it from the branches, the sunlight sifting down through the hemlocks preached it in golden hieroglyphics on the dappled forest floor.

It came like a vision—not like an argument, an appeal to reason, an injunction or a sentence to Leavenworth—it just dawned, that I, a life-long nature-lover who am likewise a congenital radical, had naïvely given fealty and homage unto a being literally dyed blue in arch-conservatism.

Nature, I saw suddenly, is the High Priestess of Conservatism; the Reactionary skin-tight and hide-bound; the rock-ribbed Farthest Right. And I, fond wretch, had loved her for the very qualities of repose and aloofness which are the sign-and-badge of her Status Quo Ante soul. Like any moon-calf with his first passion, I had so ivory-towered and pedestaled my idol that I could not see her as she is; I had come to dote upon her sympathy and unequivocal justice; to be re-urged by that restless insistence on life-at-all-costs which drives every organism on to its destiny. Ah, Nature one could come back to as to a timeless thing which reaches far back among the serried years and will reach far ahead into the ticking future! Thus thought I—until that hour in the hemlocks.

Consider—mocked spiders and jays and hemlocks and sunlight—the conservatism necessary when a creature like man proceeds to recapitulate the life-tree through his embryonic period, developing from an egg-shell microcosm to an end-product like Aristotle or Bertrand Russell, without skip or falter. How delicately does that creature appreciate just when to stop anabolizing; how acutely knows just when to begin! Who but the Pattern-maker herself decrees what length a finger shall aspire to? How patriotic each and every germ-cell of a species is and must be to reproduce faithfully, unerringly all the articles, paragraphs and sections of its ancestors' constitution! What faith in the faith of its fathers must every oyster ovum have: Ten million eggs, and each—ich kann nicht anders—may become just that, an oyster! To experiment is fatal. Swapping horses while crossing the swift stream of protoplasm is not to be thought of. No linotyper will more closely "follow copy."

Consider the infinite perfection of that quantity-production mechanism whereby indistinguishable mosquitoes from Fuego to Nome, from Anticosti to Catalina, are poured forth upon the just and the unjust. Every one with the same devilishly fashioned legs, wings and proboscises! A bird-note, like yonder jay's, will ever ring true to the type throat that utters it, wherever, whenever one hears it. The jay essays futurism of expression no more than mosquito; he is not an expressionist, dadaist, individualist, cubist, imagist, vorticist, realist, socialist, romanticist, protestant—he is only a conservatist. Made so. Will stay so. Will learn nothing and forget nothing. Will vary but minutely from the norm of a far-off yesterday.

To operate a hand-loom skilfully one must patiently train and then relegate to the limbo of habit, out of the way of the cogs of intelligence, a score of mechanical maneuvers. Even to finger a typewriter passing fair, one must not let his right hand know what his left cerebrum thinketh. How much the more must the unfolding of an embryo—which at every hour and every second, demands the shaping of some sure-fire process or workable organ—follow the model, the well-worn path, the deep-rutted highway, the practised formula of the past! Ontologically, each germ-cell once fertilized proceeds to grow into a pattern; to be a glass of fashion and a mold of form. He who deviates is lost. Reproduce! reproduce! cries every sex impulse under the sun—not Create! create! Nature commands us, as the oyster to seek life, life without stint or limit, but only as the race (or the party in power) prescribes. A year ago geologists discovered in Asia wasps entombed in amber at least four million years old, and not a jot did their bodies or their deducible social practices vary from the species there to-day!

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Of course, man *has* set some unrest going in the natural world. For no matter how Tory he is, he is yet more liberal than anything else alive. And although he has agitated subversively among such otherwise safe and contented species as those of the Canines, the Bovines, the Gallinæ and the Irises—so that breeders hardly know upon what volcanoes they may be sitting—such unrest, such blocs into sects and subspecies, will finally come to naught, once the Big Stick of the Leader is laid by. Predictability is still the outstanding characteristic of non-human inheritance.

And this reversion to type, so common among domesticated animals and plants escaped from human care, what is it but that inevitable "come-back" of the Old Guard?—the reaction-cycle of Nature the Bourbon to whom party loyalty is the primal credo? The untended orchard and neglected strawberry-bed in a few annual spring elections go Tory, just as sure as a too highly bred Yukon husky or European royal family will "run out" in a few generations. And this intolerance, this non-acceptance of the estranged, the foreign, the different one, this habit is a factor of real survival-value to every species—just as among men intolerance is a national virtue. The egregious ox is gored to death by the herd or stalked by the lion; the freak and monster are not suffered to reach maturity. Human war is but ordinary intolerance under high pressure—man is the only high-pressure animal—while the wild things do their warring every day in the struggle for existence. That their World War is daily cannot blind us to the fact that it is deadly—more relentless, more savage than Departments of Justice, Bomb Squads, or Mississippi lynchings—in its hatred for the chance differing individual. As for naturalization processes among the vast untamed, simply *no undesirables* are admitted. The price for life citizenship to sapling or weed is strict conformity to those stereotyped catechisms prepared by the Founder herself. No passport of growth can be issued to one who cannot prove of what seed he sprang.

There is another valid reason against biologic boat-rocking: the astonishing interdependability of the cells in an adult body. Conformity to *complete* specifications is absolutely essential. A man may not lift an arm or stretch a leg but that a hundred muscles elsewhere set themselves anew and a thousand capillaries act automatically. The blood-supply system in a mammal is perfection itself and adjusts itself to every possible movement or constriction of the body, and the thermostat arrangement whereby that blood temperature scarce varies a quarter of a degree during waking hours depends on uninterrupted communication between all parts and a regimented control. As a man thyroids, so is he; as his tiny suprarenals command, so shall his heart be also. Innovations in metabolism will throw an entire physiology out of gear.

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Is, then, Evolution a myth? Does Nature not experiment at all? Does she not try out new organisms, new ways? Of course, she *did* "experiment" again and again on large scales, over millenniums—once—but evidence seems to indicate that she has ceased. Actually she has become the "tired radical"—that is, she has lost her impulse for reform and uplift. Something may have happened to the atomic energy on the planet. Sex and metabolism may be but shadows of their former selves. Nature has become satisfied: she has settled down in mauve marriage to the God of Things as They Were. Her interest in laissez-faire now parallels any American manufacturer's or banker's. It is as if having once and for all fitted round and square pegs into every hole on earth where survival is possible, she long ago reached a state of resignation—and yields only to man's importunate campaigns in the most unimportant of what we can call by-elections.

Trotter in "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War," discussing the trend of evolution, restates the captivating speculations of De Vries: Did periods of hectic saltation (wide and capricious variation) now and again appear among living species and cause a plague of new things to all but spontaneously begin upon earth? Are there, he asks, eras of disintegration when species go to pieces, and, like repeating sky-rockets, burst and reburst into a variety of subspecies? How else could that highly complicated mechanism, the mammalian eye, of no use as an organ until perfected in toto, have appeared? Has our planet's clock of creative energy run down so that life can no longer explode like that? Suppose that, having arrived at last at such complex organisms, relying more and more on duplicating the good-enough works of the past, having accelerated to a limit her reproducing energy, Nature (like mankind?) were having less and less patience with originality; even standing back to the wall in dogged weariness. Science now insists that weariness is a cosmic feeling; it speaks of the "life-cycles" of stars. Of their beginnings after celestial collisions—inevitable under the laws of probability, time being no factor—being dispersed, shattered, nebulous; then contracting, vorticing, integrating, heating, cooling, life-supporting, chilling, and so on, without end. Physicists now talk openly of suspected life-cycles of the chemical elements (somewhat analogous to the phenomenon of metal "fatigue") wherein something un-elemental happens to an element so that its molecular characteristics are altered, and it becomes a different "element." Is Nature fatigued, conservative through cosmic disillusion—or just now at one of her nodes of recurrent indifference?

We of to-day shall not know. The very time of revolution of earth around sun has not varied, astronomers tell us, in a thousand years more than one ten-thousandth of a second! Yet, coal ages and glacial epochs *did* happen. There is even coal in Alaska! These several eras and epochs must have been caused by changes in orbit shape and length and by variations in the axis inclination to that orbit. And down through these changes life has been *mainly* a constant series of adaptations to surroundings—acceptance not protest. Even suppose De Vries has guessed a few words of the cryptogram, species once initiated must have preserved themselves by cautious conformity. Adapt or go! "If you don't like this country, why don't you get out!" If one tenth per cent carbon dioxide and twenty per cent oxygen don't satisfy—why, there's Jupiter or Mars!

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This then is Nature's policy—what of her present *platform?* Well, here are some of the planks: Reproduction not creation; Acceptance not protest; Conformity not experiment; Tradition not innovation; Ruthlessness not reform; Adaptation not uplift. These are the politics of biology.

No, look not to "Mother" Nature, you left-wingers, for she is militarist, tyrant, go-getter, royalist, all in one, and her investment is the world. Your Rotarians, the Spokesman of whose Wheel steers them from the White House; your Kiwanians, devotees of the Great God Lunch; these be on firmer footing than you think! They have the League of Nature behind them, and ground under their feet!

# WEST IS EAST

## *How a Kansan in Boston Discovered the Fact*

### SAMUEL MERWIN

IT was all of forty years back (they said) when Hiram Boone came to Boston, from Kansas, to study sculpture. He was young, eager, bubbling with enthusiasms. His exuberant talent impressed his teachers as it later impressed the public. Before he'd finished art school his figurines found a ready market; the identical bits of living bronze that collectors and museums angle for to-day at prices that would have taken the young Hiram's breath away. He was big, vigorously outspoken, and, probably, in those earlier years, a bit uncouth. He found the East sobering, even dispiriting, and bluntly said so. Out West—so he'd tell you, stopping you on the street even, and holding your coat—the folks were hearty and openhanded and alive. People smiled at him, in the tolerant Boston way; but they couldn't smile at his work. Even then.

Nobody imagined that he'd stay East. But the slender, wistful charm of Angela Homans enchained him. He simply couldn't go back to the vast open spaces without Angela. And it was pretty nearly unthinkable that she should be moved. She was a delicately civilized product, entirely surrounded by family. Old family. Her life was bound up in it, as in the old home in Cambridge and the rather elaborate summer place at Beverly. Her father and mother adored her, and as the father was ailing, there was an argument that couldn't be met. They made, indeed, at the last, an immense concession in accepting Boone as a son-in-law. Perhaps that struggle tired him out. I don't know. But anyway, he married Angela; settled in Cambridge with a studio in the Fenway region; and became, in local eyes, a somewhat questionable Homans. For he had married an institution. He was helpless. Children came rapidly and were as rapidly enveloped in the family traditions of breeding and education. He could no more have asserted his personal tastes in those quarters than he could have moved the British Empire. Angela, though a delightful person in her decorous Boston way, and devoted to him, couldn't possibly have understood that sort of Bolshevism. And Angela, like all the Homans, beneath her surface of gentle breeding, was as unyielding as Plymouth Rock. The adjustment must have been difficult. Doubtless, during the earlier years there were scenes. There must have been; for Boone was a pretty spontaneous, even an ungoverned sort, at that time. But whatever personal difficulties they may have lived through ended, for Hiram, in surrender. He didn't go back West at all—not for forty years.

It was not until his later years that I came to know him. We frequented the same club in the Back Bay. There he was an outstanding figure. Sixty or more. A huge bony man, with a rugged face and humorous eyes. His hands were big, yet deft. I used to enjoy sitting in a high chair in the billiard room watching his suave control of the ivory balls in 18.2 balk-line billiards. If no worthy opponent appeared he'd practise shots by the hour. He had that gift of absorption in whatever he might be doing that you find in men of ability. A thing began to seem important the minute he took it up. He couldn't do anything badly.

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And his talk attracted me from the first. The letter r always rolled from his tongue with an honest Western burr. Everybody else in the club was low of voice, but his boomed. The others were nice in speech, but he swore as he breathed. Swore picturesquely, with much of the tang of the Bret Harte and Mark Twain days. In fact he never used polite English at all. If he liked a book or a painting, it was "swell." If he disliked it, it was "punk." He never said, "yes"; he said "yayah." He was, first, last and always, a Westerner in Boston. Increasingly so. Growing heartier and breezier and rougher with the years. Down in New York, where the wise-crackers live, they'd have dubbed him a professional Westerner. With his immense distinction—he was internationally famous by then—and his breezy, rough ways, he stood out in this rarefied region like a rocky mountain. They all accepted him, of course. Even chuckled over him. They weren't fools.

He was amusing on this topic. One day (after I'd come to know him well, and he'd come to accept me as a fellow Westerner) I said to him—"Hi, how do you ever stand it?"

"Stand what, my boy?" said he, chalking his cue, and squinting down at the shining white and red balls.

"All of it. Boston. The East. If ever a man was built to inhabit the great open spaces, it's you."

An odd expression came over the Lincoln-like face. Wrinkles, and that thoughtful squint. Then he flushed up. Banged the butt of his cue on the floor and abruptly spilled his thoughts. "Do you know what they're like, my boy? These people? Like a lot of Indians. Every one of 'em's got his bow and arrow and a pet tree to hide behind. They'll wait years for a shot at you. Never say a word. Just watch and wait. Sooner or later they'll get you. They get everybody that doesn't belong." He caught himself there, focused his attention again on the little problem on the green table, remarked—"This would be pretty swell, now"—and executed a deft massé shot that Willie Hoppe wouldn't have disowned. And he finished off the thought with this—"Oh, up to a certain point, I suppose I amuse 'em. They don't object to being entertained."

I caught a definite bitterness

behind the words. The reflection came that his loneliness, and the rasp, year in and year out, of something not unlike a racial cross-current in his life, may have been good for his work. Your really creative artist appears to need some irritant to rub against. It sharpens him up. If trouble isn't thrust on him he's likely to make it himself. Great artists are usually in hot water. But that was merely philosophizing. It hadn't occurred to me then that his personal trouble might have been growing acute.

He'd had the commission for some years to do a monumental piece of sculpture for his home city in Kansas. He didn't go out there. Just worked it out in his Fenway studio. A number of us followed the development of the heroic group with interest. Boone's whole soul went into it. We knew that. The principal figure was a pioneer, a forty-niner; and it was meant to suggest in every line and plane the buoyant hope and the conquering strength of the young West. Perhaps the subject, during those years of absorption in the old background, stirred him beyond endurance. I don't know. At any rate, he changed. This toward the last, when the thing was finished and he and Ed Ransom were to make the trip out there for the unveiling. He became quieter and graver. And rather wistful, I thought. They'd make a fuss over him, of course. A big time, locally. The home boy returning in triumph as a famous man. That sort of thing. And the West would do it up brown, in a great burst of booster enthusiasm. I rather wished I could be there to see it.

It was Ed Ransom who dropped the hint of serious trouble. Ed, an architect, worked with Boone on the pedestal and setting. One day over the domino table—nobody else was about. "I'm a bit worried about Hi Boone," said he. "Afraid he's in for something of a blow-up."

A day or so later Boone himself drew me aside and thrust out a big bony hand. "Well, my boy," he said, "we're off to-morrow. Ed and me. Ed'll be back. But for me it's good-by."

"You don't mean—" I began.

"I'm through. Going back where I belong. A man's better off to die among his own folks."

Just that. While we weren't much given about the club to asking personal questions, I couldn't resist mentioning the incident to Ed. He confirmed it. "Oh, yes! He's settled everything up. Told his wife he couldn't stand it any longer. They don't want talk, you understand; just a quiet, rather amicable separation. Yes, he's going back home. Back to the booming West. I confess I rather dread the trip myself. Life among the boosting boys. It'll be noisy."

"But—but"—all this had me stuttering—"how about the children?"

"Oh, they're grown. The job's pretty much done. Anyway, they're all Homans. He told me last night they were strangers to him. Pretty tough for the old boy. But there you are."

It was a week later that I received a letter from Ed. "I've had the surprise of my life," he wrote. "They've put us up at the University Club here, and it's delightful. Good food, civilized people. Taste, actually. They play excellent bridge. And they have manners. They even speak the language. We're entirely surrounded by Harvard men. I see half a dozen classmates every day at lunch. Old Bascom is chairman of the Municipal Art Committee. Remember him? Think of it, son—Kansas! And Hi's a great hero. They're petting him half to death."

This picture of a polite community in Kansas didn't surprise me so much, for I'd followed the changing West with interest and, I like to think, understanding, and I was glad to know that Ed was seeing it straight. I thought no more of it, at the moment, than that.

* * *

A week later Ed appeared at the club luncheon table. Easy and chatty and pleasantly uncommunicative as usual. Kansas wasn't mentioned. Later in the afternoon I wandered up to the billiard-room, and what was my surprise to see old Hi Boone, in his shirt-sleeves, practising billiard-shots! Exactly as usual. He greeted me gruffly. Evidently didn't want to talk. Just went on placing the balls and experimenting with his touch.

Ed was the only one who'd know what it was all about. He usually looked in about five, so I made it a point to be there.

"Hi's back," said I.

"Oh, sure! He couldn't stand it. Got mad. Packed up and came home. Good thing."

"But why?"

"You see"—Ed was sententious at times—"poor fellow, he found he was the only Westerner there."

# OLD CITIES

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT

I like a city that is worn and old,
Where stones are hollowed by the press of feet,
Where gables sag, and open doorways hold
A store of legends, where a narrow street
Will twist and turn before me leisurely,
And windows stare at me like tired eyes.
I know these cities and I love them well
Because they seem to me
Like men who grow more feeble yet more wise,
With nothing much to do, but much to tell.

# GOD IN THE GIRLS' COLLEGE

## *Impressions of the Silver Bay Student Conference*

WINIFRED KIRKLAND

TEN days with four hundred college girls keeps one busy sorting out one's impressions. Ten days with four hundred young people gathered for the purpose of discussing the profoundest subjects upon earth stirs one to thinking not only about these subjects, but about that still profounder subject, the young person herself. I found her too preoccupied with the world's concerns to know anything about the lithe energy of her carriage or the glow of her eyes. Strange that this young person, herself the finest flower of American prosperity, should be of all of us the one keenest to challenge the foundations of that prosperity.

Specifically, I went to the Silver Bay Student Conference to learn more about the college girl's religion. I had been hearing strange rumors both from my own alma mater and many other sources. I was warned that I should find a hard-headed young iconoclast, and I did. Also I didn't. I chose the Silver Bay Conference as promising the best opportunities for my investigation, because of the people who organize that gathering and because of the people who attend it. The Student Council of the Young Women's Christian Association knows more about the student's attitude toward God than any one else knows, for the simple reason that it has tried to know. It is of course a changing attitude. The girl collegian is not thinking about religion to-day as she thought ten, twenty, thirty years ago—or perhaps even one year ago. While other agencies have continued drowsy or dogmatic or indifferent to youth's needs, the Student Council has kept step with the college girl's walk toward God. Long and steadfastly it has wrought to permeate campus opinion, so that to-day, at incalculable cost in money and devotion, it is able in conference after conference all over the country to summon students by the hundreds to talk over the problems affecting their spiritual life. The Student Council works not from the outside down, but from the inside up, for the Council itself is composed of women long out of college and of undergraduates still there, working together in complete harmony. Out of their pooled information, these two united groups organize conferences that shall give the college girl what she wants in the way she wants it. For this reason, I felt that I should discover facts about her faith from the matter and the method chosen for her study by those who had made a study of *her*. My expectation proved correct. Both from the *what* and the *how* of all that ten days' delving into problems of staggering profundity I *did* discover much. There were moments at Silver Bay, as I listened, when I felt that this most modern concourse had inherited the voraciousness of the early woman's club, which used to flit so lightly among all the immensities. As those crowded hours went on, I felt that I was learning much, not only about college religion, but about all contemporary religion. As those surging ten days recede into their proper perspective, I am still asking myself questions. How far does the experimental religion so popular in the colleges and out of them, carry? In giving the student what she wants in the way she wants it, is there danger of giving her only what she wants, and only in the way she wants it? Because she has had no other vital guidance, the Student Council has tried to serve the student. Is there danger that it might also shape her?

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If the general plan of the conference so ably handled was a revelation of the college girl's requirements, she herself was of course a greater revelation. Thirty-two Eastern colleges, large and small, send delegates. As a whole, these delegates represent the finest idealism to be found in the American woman's college to-day. But there was present a healthy modicum of a different type. Girls were there from such earthy motives as a good time in the Adirondacks, or the base desire to discuss with representatives from other colleges the difficulties of self-government or the honor system. Responsible officers of college organizations constantly bewailed the irresponsibility of the present-day student as an organized unit of anything. Like many of her elders and inferiors, the girl student is a fierce individualist. There were girls at Silver Bay who had no connection with the Y. W. C. A. and who had never heard of that most significant recent statement of its purpose:

"We unite in the desire to realize full and creative life through a growing knowledge of God. We determine to have a part in making this life possible for all people. In this task we seek to understand Jesus and to follow Him."

While there were delegates at Silver Bay who were openly agnostic, even avowedly atheistic, these were a very small minority and proved stimulating for the others in those midnight continuation discussions known as "bull-fights." "No matter what we've talked about all day," girls told me, "religion is what we always come back to in our bull-fights." Religion was also the subject on which we always concentrated in my talks with individuals. At Silver Bay there exists a most delightful comradeship between elders and youngers. Out under a tree, on the hotel porch, down by the lakeside, thinking girls said to me things that set me thinking. After an interview I used to fly to my room and my note-book. Whenever a girl speaks in this article, she is using her own words. If my impressions of four hundred girls in busy mental action should seem contradictory, that is what my conclusions actually were, and still are; for the college girl of to-day is a live and fluid thing, and her faith the most real and elusive quality in all her make-up.

The conference opened, and to a large extent continued, in such a riot of questioning, doubting, challenging, as I could not have imagined. He who would get anything across to the heart of youth to-day must do so against a barrier of spears. By diligent inquiry, the Student Council has ascertained that the four subjects now of burning interest to the campus are internationalism, the ethics of industry, the relations of men and women, and religion. For the presentation and discussion of these four subjects the conference brought together all the specialists it could commandeer. These specialists were instructed always to elicit opinion, but never except on demand to express it. By careful prearrangement the opening lectures endeavored to state the "major problems of civilization," but avoided solutions beyond the implication that the Christian faith might have something to offer. To judge from her own comments, both subject matter and the manner of approach were highly satisfactory to the student herself. "At these conferences," said one delegate, "they used to offer us solutions, which satisfied us at the time, but which we promptly forgot. Now they give us questions that we can never forget until we find the answers." Another comment is suggestive for those of us who would to-day serve youth—"We college girls are fed up with people who are sure." But it is even more suggestive for the thinking adult that later in the conference it was to two people who were "sure," that these rabid young investigators turned with an utter little-girl trustfulness of which they were quite unconscious.

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The general spirit of unabashed inquiry was reflected in the small group which came to me as informal leader in order that we might talk over together the "personal problems of religion." The first day I met these twenty diligent doubters, I was buffeted and beset as never before in my life. Why God anyway? Why Jesus? How did I know a good Christian might not have been as good a man if he had been a Mohammedan or a Buddhist or a Confucian? It was not the faith that made the difference, but the man's application of it. What was my own faith, they suggested, but mere personal opinion and personal bias? Could Christian principles really be applied to the life of to-day? For instance, to the jolly life of the campus crowd? Jesus knew only the conditions of ancient Galilee. What could he know of to-day?

Cornered by their onslaughts, I still managed to ask whether they knew as much about Jesus as they appeared to know about Buddha or Gandhi or Bergson? They did not, and my barbed inquiry penetrated far enough for me to perceive a possible line of entrance. Why does not some live Christian write a life of Jesus designed for a live girl's reading? The college girl is honest. She admits she knows very little about Jesus. On one occasion a charming child, aged circa twenty, said to me, "I really don't know much about Him. Did Jesus really never sin? Then I don't think I like Him. I prefer Judas. He was more human."

The college girl is as open as she is ignorant. If some of us haughty Christians would condescend to make Jesus of Nazareth presentable to the student, we should be doing both Him and her a service. While she is instructed in all the latest discoveries of science, she is laughably uninformed as to the latest achievements of Christian research, and as to the scholars and apostles of to-day. A life of Albert Schweitzer would sell like wild-fire in our colleges. While the Christian church putters away over dogmas and prayer-books and denominations, the Christian church itself is in jeopardy, for at this hour it stands precisely where Paul stood on a hilltop in Athens. It may do what Paul did, or it may not do it; but if the Christian church passes into history as a failure, it will deserve to, because it is contemptuous.

Later on that same morning I gained other impressions of the present-day young person and of the way of approach to her. I happened to meet in the hall the most belligerent debater of all my recent group. We had never seen each other before that day. I expressed regret that the previous hour had proved so ineffectual.

"Oh, you mustn't mind!" she cried, her eyes wide with sympathy, "you mustn't feel that way, not you yourself!"

So long as I had even appeared to sit in the seat of authority, only hostility! The minute I became merely a troubled woman, all sympathy. The incident is as typical as it is significant. The college girl has a relentless young brain offset by a heart instant in an understanding of its elders such as I am sure no adults in history have ever had accorded them. But let those of us who respect her remember that the girl of to-day will not be led. She will go with you—perhaps, but she will not follow. Silver Bay revealed this strange contradiction: that the present-day college girl, while conspicuously equipped for leadership, is as averse to being a leader as to having one. This curious anomaly caused one keen looker-on to pronounce, "The most passive crowd I ever saw." Why? I mentioned my puzzlement to a thoughtful girl. She explained it instantly.

"We college girls have heard so many, many arguments about everything, we discuss so many, many things, that we'd like to settle down a little while and watch how these arguments work out before taking any action. This passiveness is only temporary, I believe." This observer, still in her teens, confirmed in my mind an impression I was coming to feel as more and more characteristic of the whole assembly. As the days went on, I had a growing sense of expectancy, of the hope for some clear conclusion and resolve as a climax to all the intense investigation. I wonder if this feeling of suspended action does not spread to-day beyond the limits of any conference or campus. It is as if all thinking people perceived the need of a crusade, but waited for a driving impulse and a daring leadership.

This same girl revealed in its extreme the prevalent hostility to all dogmatic interpretation of Jesus.

"Why must I come to God through Jesus? I wish to come to God directly, to speak to Him directly, why must I interpose Jesus between myself and Him? Jesus was a good man, but there have been other good men." When, quite simply, I told her that to me Jesus seems something more than a good man, she replied at once, "You may be right, but for myself I cannot see Him that way. I may be wrong, but I would rather be wrong and honest with myself, than right and dishonest with myself."

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Everywhere I observed a readiness to study Jesus as revealed by history and by experience combined with a reluctance to accept Him as taught by dogma. The average collegian employs the word Jesus freely, but refuses to pronounce the words, Jesus Christ. This attitude need worry no one so long as a representative senior can speak as she did to me. Against a background of soaring mountain and blue lake, I looked into her clear uplifted face as she tried to analyze her answer to my question—"What do you yourself think college girls are thinking about religion?"

"One class of girls," she replied, "think religion ought not to be discussed at all, not dragged into the open. They wish just to let it alone. But as I look at those who feel this way, they seem to me to be girls who are indifferent not only to religion, but to everything.

"Another class come from very conservative homes and churches. They have believed everything in Genesis, and they are bowled over by the new knowledge they get in their freshman year. In my own college, 'freshman Bible' is a course that we recognize as always upsetting. We older girls have got past all that, and try to help the younger ones. Most college girls have got safely past the conflict between religion and science."

For a study of student faith, this remark is most illuminating. While many pens and pulpits are still devoting their energy to the seeming opposition of science to religion, thinking young people have already settled that question for themselves and are passing on to others. Those of us who are trying to understand the thoughts of youth should wake to the fact that it is not the matter of science that is to-day influencing their faith, but its method. Trained from babyhood to scientific examination of all data, our student thinkers demand of religion the laboratory technique of argument, proof and action. But let no one condemn this scientific attitude when it results in such open-minded conviction as was expressed by this same girl.

"I myself," she said, "had never thought much about Jesus until He began to grow clearer and brighter to me in the new lives of Him that are appearing to-day. I began to consider the relation between God and Jesus, for God you think about, but Jesus you see. When I look at people, it seems to me that those who really feel Jesus as a presence are braver politically, and that makes me want to know more of that presence for myself."

"Braver politically," that is the very essence of the college girl's demands—that religion be braver politically and industrially and internationally and socially. I could gather an eager audience whenever

I gave instances of Christianity in action. For the young realist of to-day, religion must first of all be brave.

That band of twenty that had come to me on the first day had on the second reduced itself to twelve, but these were girls toward whose reverence and earnestness I myself felt reverent. While all about us the big conference continued its busy examination of the "major problems of civilization," and continued also all its happy multiplicity of social activities, each morning my little group continued its discussion of the personal problems of religion. One day we tried to enumerate some of the causes that, both among college students and other people, prevent the acceptance of the Nazarene and of that social order He called the Kingdom of Heaven. Here are the reasons that were given, one by one—to follow Jesus means giving up too much; people are too comfortable to think about religion at all; the church has associated Jesus with gloom; many students are so enjoying study, especially scientific investigation, that a vague ethical religion associated with happy intellectual activity satisfies them; a conventional, formal religion has for many people become a substitute for true devotion; denominationalism prevents many people from entering any church; the fundamentalist-modernist quarrel has so disgusted many students that they don't want any religion at all, but these, the speaker interpolates, probably have more religion than they admit. Remember that this little circle of girls are all church-members; what they said indicates what the college girl is thinking about the church. But what is the church thinking about the college girl? To a large extent it does not seem to be thinking about her at all. If it did, it might also begin to think about some other things mentioned in that morning's talking.

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It is an arresting fact that within the last year both Vassar and Bryn Mawr have dropped the word Christian from their great religious associations. These two colleges are doing an immense amount of social-service work in their communities. What have we done with our stewardship, we older ones who dare to call ourselves Christians, that our younger sisters, active in all good works, should refuse this word for themselves? What did the Bryn Mawr girl mean when she said in explanation, "We thought more girls might join our work if we dropped the term"? The Vassar representative said, "I think we lost something when we gave up the word Christian." Vassar no longer has compulsory chapel, with the consequence that of twelve hundred and fifty students, only some fifty attend. Yet the college service on Sunday morning is thronged if Fosdick or Niebuhr, Bruce Curry or Hornell Hart, preach. Is it possible that these are churchmen willing to follow the example of the Student Council of the Y. W. C. A. in giving the college girl what she wants in the way she wants it?

The point of view of Vassar and Bryn Mawr became more comprehensible to me when one day I found myself reëxamining that same worn label, Christian. I confided to a new friend, "This conference is most stimulating, but it should not call itself Christian." Later on I was to realize that this comment was most superficial and that the conference was as Christian as the Student Council knew how to make it. It happened that the person in whom I confided had unobtrusively become a power in that great crowd. Girls flocked to her. They crowded her room. She was quite new to them, as was also—to most of them—her simple black garb of the Episcopal deaconess. Not one of the trained and accustomed leaders had the effect that this woman in her shining unconscious friendliness seemed to have. Was it that these others, desperately conscientious to share with the student the popular attitude of speculation, purposely refrained from giving her what she really craved, namely, their own *sureness?* It is significant that of all the women there, there was no one more widely read than this deaconess, more variously informed, more learned in the values of those other religions and philosophies of which the girls talked with such glib superficiality. She was also widely experienced in the experiences of others, rich and poor, young and old. Yet she never dreamed of arguing either for her faith or for her church; she merely went about with a shining face and kindled eyes, and the girls, all unknowing, turned to her in utter trust because they recognized that she belonged to that serene number who are "sure."

As day after day the din of discussion continued, I kept wondering where all this talk was bringing us. Was this conference merely copying and intensifying the spirit of science dominating the world to-day, science that has brought us to an altar, but refuses to let us kneel? Then across all the questioning there fell a sudden peace, strangely felt out to the very edges. "He has come!" girls said to me. "He has come!" said the leaders. Later I saw him, merely a slim gray-haired man, with a bearded radiant face, a man with a college son and daughter of his own, and a veteran of many a conference. To them all, he had been delivering always the same simple perennial message. Standing before the crowded auditorium, with many arguments, but without apologies, quite as simply as an old Methodist hymn, he stood up for Jesus. He spoke as a man of wide culture and experience and of inalienable courtesy to all doubt. He employed the ablest of arguments, but in actuality he was his own argument. "Show me a better religion than Christianity and I will accept it." These were his words; but there was no one there, looking and listening, who did not realize that the proof of his faith was the man that sixty years of living it, had produced. For the two days of his stay this man of God was mobbed. I do not know whether he ate or slept, for eager crowds beset him; but it was a very tired man who again stood before the audience regretting with a smile his lack of preparation. "I am not responsible for standing here to-night." When he had closed, the student chairman of the conference, a Holyoke senior, rose and uttered the most memorable words spoken in all the ten days: "Dr. X is wrong when he says he is not responsible for being here to-night. He *is* responsible, for he gives us what we want, and that makes us ask for more."

The next day this same girl-leader said to me of Dr. X, "Don't you think he looks like Jesus?" And another delegate said of him, "He gives us peace." On another occasion this second girl, who is a day pupil in her college, had told me, "Often we others watch the Catholic girls stopping at their churches to pray, and wish that our churches were open, too, that we also might stop a few minutes, on our way to school, to pray." The Silver Bay Conference, always conscientiously experimental, provided two methods of morning worship—the more familiar type, consisting of hymn, prayer and brief address in the auditorium, and, in the little rock-built chapel, a quarter hour of silence accompanied perhaps by music softly played by a blind girl-delegate, or by little sentences from sacred writing read from time to time like the falling of raindrops on the stillness. The little chapel stood open from early day to early night, and any one who shared the kneeling reverence of the girls gathered there in stillness, will never afterward forget. Peace—is that what she wants, the college girl of to-day?

Dr. X's coming made a midway climax in the conference. After his going, interest obviously sagged. The discussions continued, the sense of expectancy continued. One waited for something more to happen, but it became obvious that nothing more was going to happen. To many a girl Dr. X had brought conviction. Does the college girl need something more than conviction? If so, she did not get it at Silver Bay.

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The last evening I shall long remember because more and more it typifies for me the kind of faith now being offered to the girl student by those who alone have sought to understand her. More and more the pictures etched in my memory on that last evening symbolize for me both the sincerity and the deficiency inherent in all purely intellectual approach to God. Just how far can the scientific, intellectualized creed, now in vogue on the campus and off it, carry the student or any of us? The unremitting examination of everything may result in either one of two perils. It may cause a dangerous complacency. Americans believe in the magic of mere investigation. We tend to think an evil talked about, is cured. The second peril is that of a dangerous hesitancy before action, a reluctance to choose one of two alternatives, both equally unproved or equally over-proved. As a means of illumination, experimental religion is but the flickering of little candles; it has not the confidence to become a blazing pillar of fire.

On that last evening we gathered, all of us in white, in the big auditorium. The lights were dim, the great crowd hushed. The words of a ritual composed for the occasion were spoken, but they seemed strangely insufficient to conclude all the hopeful earnestness of those ten days. Strangely thin under the shadowy roof, beneath the high black summer sky—wistful rather than assured—sounded the chorus of the Silver Bay Prize Song of 1923 —"New lamps for old."

When the building had been completely darkened, came the ceremony of the candle lighting. Beginning at the front, each one present lighted the candle of the person on her right, until all of us stood there in the dark holding high a silvery taper. Then, marching, we passed down the aisles and out into the night, where an immense ring of shadowy white was formed, outlined by tiny candle points. And up into the black immensity over our heads floated the words of that other Silver Bay hymn—beginning, "And we who would serve the King."

As the last notes died, the circle broke, and all still holding the burning tapers, stuck in a bit of paper, carried them to the dark lake-edge and set them afloat. It was amazing how far those little individual candles went, how high and convincing they loomed out of the darkness! It was hours before the last brave adventurer of them bobbed out, lost in the brooding shadow of overhanging mountains.

Those frail, bold little candles haunt my thoughts as I try to summarize my impressions of the Silver Bay Student Conference. In giving the college girl only what she wants, and only in the way she wants it, how far did the Student Council of the Y. W. C. A. carry her toward the things that youth to-day is really craving? It carried her far, as far as it could, as far as any experimental religion can, but that is not far enough. In what I believe to have been its profoundest purpose, the Student Council succeeded gloriously, for on the last morning I heard girl after girl make the same statement. In varying words but unvarying testimony, these said the great new thing they were taking away was the sense that religion permeates every department of life, and must become the primary solution and motive in all the problems they had discussed. To have permeated a mass of four hundred girls with this conviction is a high and holy achievement. But my point is that conviction is not enough; for effective religion something more is required. Four hundred girls left Silver Bay in the spirit of crusaders, but without the weapons needed by crusaders and without the leadership needed by crusaders. These are requirements no experimental religion can ever give, for by virtue of being experimental it lacks authority; by virtue of being scientific, it lacks mysticism; by virtue of being intellectual, it lacks emotion. Emotion was the one thing never permitted at Silver Bay. One evening I heard a woman leader of a group that was studying sex-psychology say, "I never feel that I am accomplishing anything so long as students take notes. I don't want to get into their note-books. I want to get into their nervous systems." At Silver Bay religion was never permitted to get into the nervous system. Those who organized the conference said to me, "There is nothing the modern girl hates like emotionalism." My own idea after watching the modern girl for ten days is that she hates emotionalism, which exhausts, but craves emotion, which satisfies. She may not have formulated the truth that religion requires the fusing of conviction with emotion, but at Silver

Bay I saw the effect upon her of two people who exemplified this type of perfected faith and whose every action was evidence to the emotional force of a driving personal love for a personal God. Every thinking girl grasped as clearly as I the significance of the fact that the man who had most influence on the platform and the woman who had most influence in personal contact were both not merely the exponents, but the results, of a brave and liberal, yet traditional, religion.

Has the church no other like ambassadors of good-will to send to youth? To what haughty distance has the church of Christ retired that it leaves to others the guidance of youth toward God? The church of Christ has much to learn from these others, who precisely because they have so patiently kept step with her, lack the visioned mysticism and authority to lead the girl of to-day. The more the church loses touch with youth the more it may itself lose touch with its Founder. Humbly to discover and reverently to meet the college girl's needs might mean to the church itself that intensifying of its own faith, that courage for its own endeavor which alone shall save it from decay—for these are the things the college girl of to-day asks of religion and of its stewards: a love of God greater than love of dogma, or of denomination, or of dispute; an honesty of intellect as absolute as her own; a sympathy with herself as warm as her own sympathy with her elders; a bold crusading leadership against the heavy evils of our day; and above all she asks to know Jesus as man before she is asked to know Him as God, which, by the way, was all He Himself demanded when beside another lakeside He said to youth, "Follow me."

# THE MAGNIFICENT PHRASE

## *Fragrant with the Lives of Those Who in the Past Have Also Loved Them*

### ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN

THOSE who are concerned with the English language as a useful though rapidly disappearing institution, are wondering what can be done about it. In earlier days assaults upon our linguistic purity from foreign invasions gave us great concern. I remember the mingled horror and delight with which a group of college teachers heard the swift rebuke of a waitress at a restaurant in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, when one of their number tried to correct her English. In response to his suggestion that he would like a second portion of potatoes, she replied briefly:

"De potatoes is all over."

Then he fell into the trap. "All over what?" he asked blandly.

With the air and the intonation of one rebuking a small child, she closed the conversation. "All over *with*," she said.

But we do not worry any more about dialects; in fact we collect them with care and even encourage students to write theses about them. For dialects after all are the preservers of language—it is the colloquialism that kills. The purity of our tongue is slaughtered daily in the house of its friends. Not so long ago I heard a graduate of a woman's college (which considers itself without rivals) remark over the telephone:

"No, he's not my hitch; he's only my side-kick," and I recognized the old process by which metaphor was enriching the spoken vocabulary!

I was not very much disturbed about the matter. Slang, like everything else, has to fight for its life, and there is a survival of the fittest here as elsewhere. Time places gently but firmly on its rubbish heap the pet slang of the earlier generations. "Dude," "chestnuts," "swell," "to rubber" are with the snows of yesteryear.

But if Time destroys, he preserves also. Out of the myriads of phrases and sentences that the human mind has conceived, there survive for our delight a few whose magnificence challenges the centuries. They may be in verse or prose, they may have sprung from a great occasion, or have been wrought out in the bitter solitude of a lonely heart, fighting a battle with the world or with himself. But they are, to those who love the delicate and the desirable things, fragrant with the lives of those who in the past have also loved them.

Knowing well that it is not what we learn but what we remember that counts, it is our duty to see that the next generation discovers these treasures, apparently, for themselves. All we can do, perhaps, is to put the great past or the great present in their hands, hoping that the miracle will happen. If the poem or the novel or the play is forced upon the boy or girl by the requirements of a reading list, there will be no sudden glory. But if we are wise, we will begin with something familiar, some phrase that he has heard, perhaps, out of its context. Who would not wish to recapture the thrill that came upon him when for the first time there rose out of the utter perfection of Poe's "To Helen,"

"the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome."

The rising generation may know little about Rome and less about Greece, but that little is enough, when the spark of these phrases kindles their imagination. Then there flashes before them the contrast between that concrete life of Hellas, near to the gods, full of sunlight and passion, and the mightier tramp of the Roman power, more abstract, more imperial, moving onward to the dark. If the reader makes these phrases part of himself, they will lead him, like Poe, back to "his own native shore," for it is part of the spell of the magnificent phrase that it gives us of its power and beauty little by little, growing with our widening knowledge and our breadth of vision. These lines of an American boy have become the gateway to thousands who have been stirred by them to learn more of the two great civilizations. And the more they learn, the more they see how Poe leaped across the paths of scholarship with the instinctive insight of genius.

Perhaps later years will lead the reader to know something about Poe himself. This is becoming, of course, harder and harder, as the layers of modern psychopathic criticism obscure the figure of a hard-working man of letters who was no puzzle at all to himself or to those who knew him best. Those who have cherished his many great phrases—for Poe wrote in phrases rather than in words—are content to leave his supposed impotency with his critics, who themselves show more signs of it. Far better is it to study his poems in their different forms, as year by year he revised them, until the merely striking expressions of his youth became the glorious epithets of his maturity. "Hard work spoils no phrases" might be incorporated in our proverbial philosophy.

If Poe by substituting "glory" for "beauty" in the ninth line of "To Helen" worked magic, so one of his great phrase-making contemporaries took the discarded word and made it into a confession of faith for those who believe in Poe's own creed. Emerson the teacher, the preacher, the reformer, was the man who carved the line:

"Then Beauty is its own excuse
for being."

Could the doctrine of Art for Art's sake be put more completely? If Poe has met in the other world the seer who dismissed him from consideration as "that jingleman," he must by this time have expressed his regret that the most perfect expression of the gospel of beauty for itself alone should have been created by some one else. Emerson, who was always more than content to be the first to say a good thing, would know of course the proper reply. He might indeed be willing with silence, for the phrase speaks for itself. It is not only a defense against those who believe that poetry must teach something; it is also an attack. In the clear light of its serene completeness, how much contemporary verse, shorn of its capitals and punctuation, zigzagging across a suffering marginless page, shrivels up into its organic ugliness or futility. I wonder if Emerson would not have chosen this line for his tombstone, instead of the two now graven on it:

"The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him
planned."

For it is an essential of the magnificent phrase that its appeal is swift and sure, and I remember being one of a group of four who held four differing opinions about the meaning of the obituary selection. Perhaps Emerson would have preferred his

"When half-gods go,
The gods arrive."

* * *

But the great phrase-makers are not allowed to choose which of their sayings will go down with them into immortality. It is a fascinating matter, however, to speculate upon. The greater the man, the harder would be his task, and we had better leave out "Shakspere and the Bible" at once. Wordsworth should have sense enough to choose his

"old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Keats would have little difficulty, for, like Emerson, he put the whole matter into

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Longfellow would prefer, I am sure, his exquisite

"Love, laughter and the eternal
joy of song"

to the many quotations from his earlier verse which arise to plague him.

Poetry gives us most of our magnificent phrases, but not by any means all of them. The rhythm tends to fix them in our memories, and the prose phrases to which we turn back have a certain rhythm of their own. Henry James, who wrote at times a distinguished prose, coined many a fine phrase that clutches at the memory. One of the best occurs in "The Lesson of the Master," when the novelist speaks of the artist who has not done his best: "He may still hear a great chatter, but what he hears most is the incorruptible silence of Fame."

This phrase summons before it, as before a bar of judgment, those who have deliberately chosen the purlieus of life for description or who have exploited the base or the banal for their own immediate profit.

* * *

Phrase-making is not dead even in these days when the celebration of the little things in life seems to occupy so much time and space. In "The Age of Innocence," Edith Wharton described her great incarnation of romance, the woman, as having "the mysterious authority of beauty." Like all magnificent phrases, it assumes at once a royal quality. What a flood of light it throws upon the processes by which beauty strikes home to us! It challenges even the right to dispute; for, while there are fashions in beauty as in everything else, there are the eternal principles which never change. One of the qualities which inheres in beauty is mystery. As Lizette Woodworth Reese says, "From wonder unto wonder do we go."

Even the so-called classics have their own shrouded aspects. Perhaps Matthew Arnold never wrote anything finer than the opening lines of his sonnet on Shakspere:

"Others abide our question, thou
art free."

Supreme Beauty asks and answers no questions. It speaks with finality. When Edwin Arlington Robinson writes of Lincoln,

"The face we see was never young
Nor could it ever have been old,"

what is there left to say? It has the authority of great insight and it flashes the illumination of sympathy into the mysterious recesses of Lincoln's life.

Through all the ages poets and scholars have been laboring to define poetry. But when William Watson, in speaking of the poetry of Burns, said

"Right from the heart, right to
the heart it sprang"

he put into one line the qualities of the songs which the world will not let die.

But it is not alone in the celebration of beauty that the magnificent phrase arises. There come "the times that try men's souls," when beauty has to be forgotten and force reigns. Perhaps even a greater thrill comes over us when a sentence like this of Tom Paine's rises out of the dusty pages of "The Crisis," unread now by the land whose freedom he helped to win. It is the fortune of those who have coined the magnificent phrases of history that they are usually forgotten. Their personalities have been sunk in the great occasion which inspired the utterance. Tom Paine published thirteen issues of "The Crisis," and from the first to the last one, beginning "The times that tried men's souls are over," they are extremely well worth reading. But Paine is now remembered chiefly, if dimly, as an atheist, through a delightful confusion of thought, reflected in the decision of a godly Philadelphian who refused to send his son to the University of Pennsylvania because it had given Paine an honorary degree! Yet he has left us among many striking sentences, one phrase at least which sweeps away all the modern efforts to minimize the heroism of the Revolution. Those were indeed the times that tried men's souls. What matter if it was a minority who fought against treason and inertia? All the more honor to the minority who were, as usual, in the right.

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Now that history is being gently but firmly pushed down the educational sliding-board in order to make room for vocational studies for those who have as yet no vocations, it is probable that obscurity will settle not only on the phrase-makers but even on the phrases themselves. How obnoxious can one make one's self by proposing that the avid discussion of personalities now passing under the name of conversation might be varied by guessing the authors of half a dozen of the great utterances of our own history. Who knows the name of the diplomat who flung in the teeth of Talleyrand's emissaries the answer of a young Republic: "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute"? Modern society is not alone in its forgetfulness. Emerson liked the phrase so much that he attributed it in his poem upon Boston to that city, apparently upon the broad grounds that, being a fine thing, it must have sprung from his own birthplace. That it was spoken by Charles C. Pinckney, of South Carolina, made no difference to the Sage of Concord. Yet if ever a statesman deserves to be remembered, it is surely the author of that ringing challenge of an honest American gentleman against the sordid attempt at backstairs extortion by methods which European diplomacy thought good enough for "a nation of shopkeepers." A nation, incidentally, that was just then busily engaged in paying its war debts, without much income and with no fuss at all.

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What decides the immortality of a phrase? Time and circumstances, of course, but there must also be a rhythmical cadence, and, if possible, a striking antithesis. One or both are found in the phrases of Paine and Pinckney. Lowell's "It is not enough to love one's country; one must be in love with it" owes much to the balance of thought against thought which has been a characteristic of our literature ever since the days of the syndicate that wrote "Beowulf."

Climax, too, is a great aid to memory. None knew this better than Abraham Lincoln. Fortunately for him he had not taken much formal rhetoric at school and had never been taught "not to repeat a word in the same sentence." So he took a current quotation, "Government of, for and by the people," and, by repeating the word "people" twice, made a magnificent phrase of an ordinary one. Sometimes Lincoln's great phrases are put to a cruel use. Virtually every sentence of his "Gettysburg Address" is memorable, and probably nowhere has an orator kept so steadily on the wing. Over the stage of the Soldiers and Sailors' Memorial Building in Pittsburgh some grim humorist has painted this address. I say "humorist" because no matter who speaks from that platform, his words at once are brought into contrast, in the minds of his audience, with those of Lincoln. It is perhaps pardonable to mention that I became aware of this unfortunate circumstance while attending an educational convention.

Curiously enough, a phrase is at times helped to longevity by misquotation, especially if its proper form is vastly superior to the garbled version. During the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence many persons quoted one of its magnificent utterances as "Man is entitled to life, liberty and happiness." But the great thinkers who framed the Declaration had said something much more profound than this. Man is entitled to life and to liberty—yes—but he is entitled only to the "*pursuit* of happiness." What a change that makes! How it suggests without cynicism but with rare understanding, the never ending hope, deferred but indestructible, which is life itself. The confusion has been accidental and perhaps helpful because the correction calls attention to the pivotal word. On the other hand, a magnificent phrase may be deliberately ruined for partizan purposes. I heard President Wilson make his speech in Philadelphia in which the phrase "A nation may be too proud to fight" was uttered. No one in the vast throng who listened to that great fighting spirit, as he held up the ideal of American citizenship to the group of immigrants whose reception made the occasion, failed to understand him. But around his heels there were already snapping those who spent their days in fearing that the President of the United States would do or say the right thing, and the lofty idealism of that phrase was twisted into an expression of cowardice on the part of one who was never afraid either of his friends or his enemies.

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After all, it is the universal quality which is the salvation of the magnificent phrase. Neither Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty," nor Farragut's at Mobile Bay, "Damn the torpedoes, go ahead," are limited by nationality in their appeal. They can be understood just as well by a Frenchman as the defiance of his own troops at Waterloo. "The Guard dies—it never surrenders!" can still wake an echo in the hearts of those who were then their foes. "We love him for the enemies he has made," though spoken of Grover Cleveland, has become a touchstone of greatness by which his successors may be tested with a deadly accuracy. Into the limbo of forgotten things have gone most of the catch-words of politics, however potent they were for a short time. But this eloquent tribute to the man who would "rather be right than President" appeals perennially to those who love courage and honesty and a will of steel.

It is this marriage of courage and beauty which molds the memorable phrase into permanence. Alan Seeger's

"I have a rendezvous with Death"

or Rupert Brooke's

"there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England"

are a heritage that will remain when the rhetoric of the late war is gone.

But courage is not a prerogative of the times of war alone. The post-war days of the nations are the hardest always for the things of the spirit. That is why Eugene O'Neill, poet and mystic, thrills us in "Marco Millions" and "Lazarus Laughed" with his message of hope. When *Lazarus* cries

"Man's loneliness is but his fear of
life"

and when *Tiberius*, overwhelmed by the nobility of *Lazarus*, against which his imperial will had striven in vain, calls out to the crowd around the martyr's flames:

"Cæsar is your fear of man! I counsel you, laugh away your Cæsars!"

we recognize the apostle of hope.

The daily patter of existence upon our minds and hearts is bearable only because of the rarer moments when our souls are uplifted and we really live. The whole problem of life is to increase the number of those loftier hours. How wise it is to add to our resources the gifts which the apostles of power or of beauty offer so freely. Then we can, for our comfort and delight, take them from the storehouse of memory, and relive, even at a great distance, the moments of inspiration which visited the creators of the magnificent phrase. They are the world's creditors, but they can be repaid only by the gratitude of unseen generations whom they have quickened to a knowledge of beauty or touched with the accolade of honor.

## UNITY

CATHERINE PARMENTER

"I am a part of all that I have met . . ."
So spake Ulysses through the poet's lips—
Of love and war—of luring seas and ships—
Of all that he could never quite forget,
Nor ever lose. And so am I a part
Of good and evil that have builded these
Mosaics of a thousand memories
Within the changing pattern of my heart.
So, from my Ithaca the ships set sail:
Dream-ships that cannot perish—that defy
The seven seas . . . the tempests of the sky.
I own my dreams—where other hearts may fail.
Swept by the challenge of the north wind's breath,
I am a part of love—and life—and death!

# MR. FAITHFUL

## Being a Note of Humble Reverence to a Tinker out of Bedford

### HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

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“ . . . *he asked the porter if he saw any pilgrims pass by. Then the porter answered,* ‘*Yes.*’
“‘*Pray, did you know him?*’ *said he.*
“‘*I asked his name,*’ *said the porter,* ‘*and he told me it was Faithful.*’”

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It was a great while afterward that I learned the full story concerning him.

All his days, it seemed, he had been in search of peace; not ease, not rest, neither honor nor the goods of this world, but peace only, for himself and others.

In this great quest he adventured far. He sought peace in many strange places. He sought it amid the clash of arms; in the night watches; under the walls of beleaguered cities.

Yet, as often as he thought he had surely found it, just so often did a voice come crying, “Not here! Not here!”

So did he go out once more to search.

And now did he begin to find that whereas in times past his enemies had ever been from without, now they were from within. And they ceased not day or night to wage war upon him; so that he would on occasion cry out in his sore distress, “If I have not faith, I am lost.”

Men laughed at him and even women and children mocked at him.

And so it went on of a long time until he was constrained to envy the very brutes of the fields; nay, even the stones in the streets and the tiles on the housetops seemed better off than he.

Yet, did he never leave off from trying; and so—at last—he came to where there was light.

And now, whereas before he had been concerned only with his own burden, now did he arise and bestir himself to carry the burden of others.

Many there were who hated him for this and held him in despite.

So much so that evil men, being aroused against him, seized him by force and cast him into prison.

But now, the more he was burdened, so much the more—a great deal—did he gain peace. And all men began to read what he wrote in his bonds; and later, when he came forth, to hear what he had to say and to give heed thereto.

Yet was he not puffed up, but continued to serve as before; neither did he in anywise spare himself.

And so it came about that, one day—there being a great storm—one came to him running and saying, "Behold, two of thy friends are in a sore quarrel. Only thou canst assuage it."

And so he went forth. And it came about that, although he accomplished that whereto he had set himself, yet did the storm descend so heavily upon him that, later on, he died because of it.

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And when I heard that he had died, lo, I was in a dream and I stood without the walls of a beautiful city, through the gate of which a Pilgrim was just passing. His raiment was torn, and the sandals were almost worn from off his feet, but on his countenance, upturned to the light of the city, was there a great peace.

Then did I inquire of the porter what was his name, and he told me it was Faithful.

# JUSTICE BY FORMULA

## *Who Is an Habitual Criminal and What Is a Felony*

JULIUS HALLHEIMER

IT WOULD appear that there is no limit to punitive experimentation. Witness the case of the Michigan man; it is now popularly known as the Michigan case. Here one Frederick Palm received a sentence of life imprisonment after having been found guilty, as a fourth offender, for illegally possessing a pint of liquor. He committed the heinous crime of being detected in Michigan with this amount of gin in his pocket; so the laws of that sovereign State prescribe that he shall spend the remainder of his days in jail.

The amazing severity of this sentence, which surely can find no justification in the eyes of any one save the most unyielding dry opinionist, demonstrates to no inconsiderable degree the lack of a thoughtful discrimination in dealing with the complex problem of the enforcement of the criminal law.

Doubtless, many may contend, and safely so, that in some respects our policy toward criminals in the past decade may have been too liberal, and harsher laws were needed to repress the lawbreaker. In 1926, it was loudly proclaimed that a gigantic crime wave was engulfing the nation, and the daily press began carrying columns devoted to the increase in crime. We fulminated against judges, juries, lawyers and the administration of the criminal law in general. The agitation for law revision became relentless, and in customary American fashion, it was decided to legislate the crime wave out of existence. The rest is a matter of common knowledge—the product of the revolt, as was to be expected was one more Draconian law.

Throughout the country the legal machinery was geared up, and virtually the entire tempo of our judicial system was altered. In New York, the Baumes Laws were enacted, and these have become the prototype for similar statutes enacted in a number of other States including West Virginia, Michigan and California.

No doubt many of us are familiar with perhaps the most important provision of this creation. In short, it provides that "any person who has been three times convicted of a felony shall, upon conviction of a fourth and subsequent felony, be sentenced to life imprisonment."

As might have been expected, the advent of this law was most auspicious. It was heralded far and wide "as the most progressive criminal legislation of the century." The "Babbitts" heaved a sigh of relief—

crime, assuredly, was banished. Here, then, was the real solution. The cynically minded, however, simply chalked this up as one more victory for the hard-boiled contingent, while the intermediary type reserved opinion, regarding it merely as just one more experiment.

The law has now been in force since July 1, 1926, but as we shall presently notice constant murmurs of discontent and dissatisfaction have been heard from many groups of reasonable men and women.

We read about a man being sentenced in New York to life imprisonment, because, in a state of hilarity, induced by the use of alcoholic stimulants, he was impelled to appropriate a convenient taxicab for a short joy-ride. Again, we hear of a poor unfortunate who received a life term for stealing twenty cents. Then we begin to wonder if after all we may not have overreached ourselves, and whether the counterweight has not swung too far in the other direction.

All things considered, one would naturally expect that those charged with the enforcement of the criminal law would favor the provisions of such a law. But the astonishing feature is that not a few of our judges and prosecutors, as well as penologists, have found occasion to bitterly denounce them. At first glance, this might occasion some surprise, but one must not forget that laws are much like the historic pudding, the proof of which lies in the eating.

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One might suppose that some of the tragic plights that have resulted could have been visualized when the measure was drafted, especially the unfortunate situations brought about by its mandatory provision, which in the nature of things has shorn the courts of all discretion and automatically stamps all fourth offenders with the same die. While the statute, no doubt, operates as a powerful deterrent to the professional class of criminal, it is fundamentally defective, inasmuch as it has deprived the judge of all freedom of decision, according to his ideas of what is right and proper in a particular case and has substituted the legislature as the arbiter of justice. There are those who maintain that the "fourth offender" law is not a radical procedural departure inasmuch as the legislature always prescribed the form of punishment to be imposed. To a limited extent, this is true. But the fact remains that formerly a judge was free to fix the length of the sentence in compliance with certain defined limitations.

Probably no man has had more experience in administering the "fourth offender" law, than District Attorney Joab H. Banton, of New York County, and his remarks in a recent interview are therefore especially interesting. Referring to its mandatory provisions, he is quoted as having said, "That law says that a fourth offender 'shall' be sentenced to imprisonment for the term of his natural life. This means that the judge must impose such a sentence and has no discretion. I agree that the presumption in such a case is that a person so convicted is a confirmed criminal; but there are cases which show that this is not true. My suggestion regarding this law has been that it should be amended so as to leave the sentence in each case in the sound discretion of the court."

This statement was made in connection with the case of Bart N. Garstin. It seemed that he had a habit of getting drunk and then having his friends cash bad checks, but the latest crime of which he had been convicted was committed more than fifteen years before his arrest in New York as a fourth offender. Here then we have an example of a man who for fifteen years had "gone straight," who suddenly finds himself in the clutches of the law again, only to realize that his tenure of good behavior can avail him nothing, as the judge has no alternative but to send him to jail for life.

While there is no doubt that the purpose which motivated the Baumes Committee was laudable, and that the "habitual criminal" is an enemy of society, and that the public generally is benefited by his detention under State supervision, yet how are we to identify the "confirmed criminal." We may recognize him on the street and in the theater, or as he is depicted in fiction, but before the Bar of Justice he becomes a most elusive character. It is the hardened and confirmed lawbreaker who is sought to be defined and classified. At this point let us see what Senator Caleb H. Baumes, the author of the bill has said: "Crime is an organized business in this State. There are gangs who plan their robberies weeks in advance, with intention to kill if necessary. They have their alibis framed, their getaways planned and even their lawyers hired for their defense, should they be caught; and in addition the underworld has developed tremendous power in obtaining pardons. To protect society against *such* criminals, the Baumes Laws are absolutely essential, and still further measures are advisable."

With this worthy purpose in mind the Baumes Law sets up the commission of a fourth felony as the standard for determining the habitual criminal, and right here is where the real controversy begins. The crux of the matter lies in the wide difference in the various offenses which are classified as felonies, and the further fact that while the law catalogues the offense, it ignores the person who committed it.

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In order to understand some of the iniquities of the statute in its present form, it is perhaps best to know just what constitutes a felony. From a legislative, as well as legalistic point of view, a felony is any infraction that is so specified in the penal law and which is punishable by confinement in a state prison.

To the average man unfamiliar with this technical definition, it may have an entirely different significance. He doubtless associates the word with some atrocity—a hold-up or brutal assault. He is unacquainted with the feather edge refinements which distinguish many felonies from misdemeanors. In the main, it is an artificial statutory classification that shifts with nearly every session of the legislature. At the present time in New York, if one steals one hundred dollars the offense is a misdemeanor; but if you are so unfortunate as to steal more than one hundred dollars it is *ipso facto* transformed into a felony. Often offenses designated as felonies in one State are misdemeanors in another.

The Volstead Act provides that any violation of its provisions shall be a misdemeanor, and the New York State Prohibition Enforcement Act known as the Mullan-Gage Law, while in force, likewise declared that the possession or sale of intoxicating liquor, as a first offense was a misdemeanor. Yet under this State law, the second offense and every subsequent one was made a felony. It follows that if this act had not been repealed the minimum sentence that might have been imposed on any one who had been convicted five times for its violation, was life imprisonment.

In the State of Michigan, similar offenses are classified as felonies. A person who becomes intoxicated four times, if on each occasion an ounce or more of illicit intoxicants is found on his person, must be sentenced to life imprisonment under the "fourth offender" law of that State.

In the case of Frederick Palm, he was twice convicted of felonies and later pleaded guilty to two charges under the State prohibition law. On one occasion he confessed to having a pint of gin in his house. For the fourth offense he admitted having a pint of gin in his pocket and under the Michigan law, which specifies that violations of the prohibition law are felonies, he was sentenced to prison for life.

That there is even a remote possibility of a situation of this kind arising is incompatible with the sane and decent administration of criminal law. Such results are caused by the obvious superficiality of the law. Indeed one must shudder at the consequences that follow in its wake. Although the act professes to be aimed at hardened and confirmed criminals, yet by its provisions all fourth offenders are thrown indiscriminately into the same human scrap-heap. This law makes no distinction between felonies which bespeak a criminal tendency and those which involve merely the breaking of an arbitrary rule controlling the conduct of society. This is its fundamental defect. But when we add to this the mandatory sentence provision, it becomes nothing short of a legal bludgeon.

There can be no doubt that in committing such felonies as robbery, burglary, homicide, assault with a weapon, arson, forcible rape, and crimes of a similar type the offender exhibits tendencies dangerous to society. No fault can be found if a man who commits four such felonies is sentenced to life imprisonment. In fact there are many who will maintain that any one who commits three or even two of such offenses may be a habitual criminal and might well be sentenced to life imprisonment.

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But there is another class of crimes likewise classified as felonies where no real criminal propensities, as we are generally accustomed to think of them, exist. In reality these may aptly be termed "aggravated misdemeanors." They are felonies only in the sense that they have been designated by the legislature as such. In reality they may be nothing more than a mere social misfortune. For example, in New York, if a young man elopes with a girl seventeen years of age, and marries her without the consent of her parents, although he may have romantically thought he was doing something prohibited, he probably does not realize that he has committed the serious felony of abduction. So also a person who strikes another with his fist and causes a wound or other bodily harm is guilty of assault, second degree, which is likewise a felony. A slight discoloration of an eye is the only harm required to satisfy the statute, even though the act was done in the heat of passion and although no weapon of any kind was used. The man with a pugnacious disposition is always in the shadow of a sentence of life imprisonment. Four brawls may be sufficient to send such an individual to jail for the remainder of his days. Bigamy is another felony which is not particularly indicative of a criminal tendency and may mean nothing more than a violation of the rules adopted by society to regulate the marriage contract. In many instances, it is committed in ignorance of the law. In New York a woman whose husband has left her may, after waiting five years and providing she has heard nothing from him, institute a court action to have the marriage dissolved. But, if on the other hand, she happens to be unacquainted with the statute, and contracts another marriage, in the best of faith after waiting only three or four years, she has committed a felony—bigamy, if subsequently her first husband returns. So also, a person who, for a drive, takes an automobile without the consent of the owner may likewise be guilty of a felony notwithstanding the absence of an intent to steal.

"Let us bear in mind," said Judge Taylor of the County Court of Kings County, New York, "many felonies are comparatively trivial; some were not even crimes under the common law, some do not even involve moral turpitude."

Any fair-minded person will concede that these crimes are in an entirely different category than those first enumerated. The law, however, makes no distinction. It sets up a formula by which it professes to classify a person as an habitual criminal once that person has committed four felonies, regardless of their nature. He is an habitual criminal and must be sentenced for life under the Baumes laws and their prototypes in various States.

This classification of crimes is in itself arbitrary enough and often fails to give a true representation of the gravity of the offense committed. The slightest force, the merest threat, placing a hand on a door-knob or merely touching a person may convert an act into a felony where only a theft of a few cents is involved. An offense which, under ordinary circumstances, might be a trivial misdemeanor is then labeled as a felony.

It is apparent that an arbitrary formula minutely classifying crimes in various degrees must be tempered with discretion. With society laboring under as complex a system as now prevails, many crimes are unwittingly committed and an intelligent judicial discretion is required to make the punishment fit the crime. At any rate, any standardized procedure which makes no allowance whatever for the individual, his environment, his weaknesses, or any human values, is nothing more than an automatic legal yardstick which applied, may drive the hardened criminal from one State to another, but which, in the end, complicates rather than offers any helpful solution.

This too is the view of I. Maurice Wormser, for twenty years professor of law at Fordham University and the editor of the "New York Law Journal," the official legal newspaper in New York City, who remarked: "While it (the Baumes Law) undoubtedly operates as a powerful deterrent of the professional type of criminal, it would nevertheless seem unwise to deprive the court of all judicial discretion in fixing the sentence to be imposed. Yet that is its effect. One of the most needed reforms in the administration of criminal law is the intelligent imposition of sentences, which will fit not only the crime but the criminal and which will take into account the surrounding facts and circumstances in an intelligent endeavor to administer justice, not automatically, but in the spirit of reasonableness and sound common sense, with a view to best promoting the general social welfare of the community."

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How much faith is a man to place in the judiciary when the legislature has evidenced a lack of confidence by having shorn it of the sentencing function? The truth is that the fourth offender has written his own sentence since the mandatory provision places him beyond judicial consideration. Needless to say, many judges have been outspoken in their protests, while others have gone so far as to say that it violated their conscience. Judge Cornelius F. Collins, of the New York Court of General Sessions, when called on to resentence a young man and impose a life sentence, expressed his views in no dubious language. One William Green had been convicted of assault in the second degree. On his arraignment for sentence, it was shown that he had been thrice previously convicted. Two appeared to be felony convictions. It was assumed that the other, his first conviction, for which he received a sentence of sixty days, was only a misdemeanor of a trivial nature. Laboring under the impression that Green had only been twice convicted for felonies, Judge Collins sentenced him to a minimum of five years. Later it was disclosed that the first offense was a "felony." The prisoner was recalled for sentence and Judge Collins then said: "He is now returned to me, and it seems the only sentence I can impose under the Baumes Law is to send this man to prison for his natural life. I am asked to do a thing which I feel I am compelled to do in the performance of my duty by a mandatory law. I am asked to do an unconscionable thing from the standpoint of sociology, but I construe the law to be mandatory upon me. . . . In this case there is no discretion permitted. We have an unfortunate negro, unable to pay for any defense, having had counsel assigned to him, still a young man. I have to send him for his natural life to state's prison for the offense stated, when prior to this the longest sentence he received was two years. . . . I am compelled, Green, to sentence you to imprisonment for life. I have made this long explanation so that you will understand that I am forced to do so in performance of my duty by reason of a mandatory law."

The saving grace urged by those who favor the law is that in unusual cases recourse may be had to the governor, who has the power to exercise executive clemency. The Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court, First Department, in an opinion upholding the constitutionality of the Baumes Act, said: "It is always within the power of the executive to extend clemency in any given case to a criminal whose rights have been unduly prejudiced."

It need not be added that this merely shifts the responsibility to the governor, by having him do what the judge is prevented from doing. It makes the dispensing of justice a matter of political favor and places a tremendous burden upon an already overworked executive. If the present tendency of relegating duties to the chief executive continues, we shall soon require for governor an omnipotent trinity capable of exercising the combined functions of the Executive, Legislature and Judiciary.

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Although the idea still prevails that harsh punishment for criminals will reduce crime, we must not forget that drastic penalties defeat their purpose by making it increasingly difficult to obtain convictions. Our present liberal criminal practice is a reaction from the oppressive conditions which existed in England, only a little over a century ago, when more than one hundred and sixty crimes were punishable by death. The so-called procedural technicalities, loopholes and delays which are a source of irritation to many, are a heritage from the judicial system of that day, when courts were often obliged to indulge in refinements of reasoning in order to prevent the execution of men for comparatively minor offenses. In certain cases, a like situation has arisen in the enforcement of the Baumes Law. Where the particular offense for which the prisoner is on trial is of a minor character, juries have frequently rebelled and refused to convict a man as a fourth offender in the face of certified records and conclusive proof of guilt. As things are the trial often results in a virtual stalemate, and presents merely another phase of the age-old struggle between the law and the jury.

Curiously enough this condition is reflected in the latest report issued by the Baumes Commission. According to its figures sixty-five persons were prosecuted as fourth offenders in New York State from January 1, 1927 to January 12, 1928; of which seventeen were sentenced to life imprisonment; fourteen were permitted to plead guilty to misdemeanors, while the rest were acquitted or discharged. Were these pleas of guilty accepted because the authorities realized the hopelessness of their cause before a jury, or shall we infer that it was an admission on their part that the penalty that would have followed a verdict of guilty by a jury was too drastic? One might suspect that they were resorting to an old method to escape the consequences and criticism of riveting the yoke where it was not clearly deserved.

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The "fourth offender" law, despite certain obvious inherent defects, does represent an important change in our attitude toward the criminal, since it is one of the first signs of a comprehensive plan to tighten up criminal law. As has already been pointed out, it is more than a local affair. Its scope is constantly widening. Other States have already adopted similar laws and still others are carefully examining the results of the legislation in New York with a view to framing like statutes, once they have proved successful. But after a test that has lasted nearly two years, the Police Commissioner of New York City has just reported the disquieting figures that during the first quarter of this year there were 1983 crimes of violence as compared with 1586 for the same period in 1926.

Of course, there may be a variety of reasons assigned for this increase, but the fact remains that the advocates of this legislation boldly asserted that here was the sovereign remedy —one that would promptly demonstrate unusual efficacy. To-day the number of skeptics has grown and they point to another equally distressing situation. They recall to us that the yearly prison population of this country, not including houses of correction, jails and minor institutions, is approximately one hundred thousand, with an annual turnover of forty thousand. What, if anything, has cruel punishment and the "fourth offender" law done to alleviate this chronic blight?

While the law is generally considered new and revolutionary, one is surprised to learn that the identical provision has been a part of New York law since 1907; and as long ago as 1796, the law required that a person who had been convicted of two felonies must be sentenced to life imprisonment. The statute of 1907 is precisely the same as that of 1926, which has caused so much discussion except for a difference in procedure. Under the prior law the previous offenses were required to be alleged in the indictment and proved upon the trial, while under the procedure inaugurated by the amendment of 1926, the previous offenses may be brought up at any time. The procedural change together with attendant publicity has given it the aspect of brand-new legislation.

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Admittedly, the criminal problem is one of the most difficult of solution. If there is to be a constructive readjustment and reformation, in what direction shall it be? Our present criminal practice is but an adaptation of the same theory that has prevailed for the past ten centuries. As long as we content ourselves with the isolation and punishment of a criminal, the situation will remain relatively the same. Surely proposals for revision are abundant. One of the most recent, although not by any means novel, has been offered by Governor Smith, who proposes that the sentencing function be removed from the courts entirely and that a board of highly paid psychiatrists be organized, having full power to determine the nature of the sentence after conviction. Under the terms of this proposal courts and juries would only determine the guilt or innocence of the accused. The nature of the crime would be considered in the light of the prisoner's history, his social environment and his native intelligence. These all would be weighed, and the board, in the light of all of these facts, would then determine the sentence. But whether the sentencing function be exercised by the legislature, by an arbitrary formula or by a judge or board, there will, of necessity, always be criticism. The real solution of the criminal problem must be found before the crime is committed. The growth of the social sciences, the perfection of intelligence tests, our system of education, the segregation of the unfit and the prevention of reproduction will some day furnish the real solution. Probably science must make the important contribution.

Millions are spent annually for industrial and commercial research, but we only manifest a passing interest and, compared to other expenditures, devote but an insignificant sum to help solve a problem which means salvaging human life and promoting human welfare.

After all, what real progress has man made in the encounter between law and crime? We have gone on for centuries in the same orthodox way. For self-protection we simply follow custom and throw the offender into jail. But in the meantime, guns, stilettos, black-jacks, moonshine whisky and narcotics still furnish the lure to thousands who go on their erratic way.

The whole field is still in a formative stage and the Baumes Law is interesting only in that it represents a definite tendency. Its essential defect is its failure to provide a system of intelligent cataloguing. If we must have justice by formula, and if the courts must be stripped of discretion in order to secure the certainty of punishment, the first task for us is to evolve a new concept, which is based upon some sound recognition of the criminal propensities involved in the various classes of felonies.

# OUTSIDE THE CABINET-MAKER'S

*There Was a Princess, So There Had to Be a Prince*

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

THE automobile stopped at the corner of Sixteenth and some dingy-looking street. The lady got out. The man and the little girl stayed in the car.

"I'm going to tell him it can't cost more than twenty dollars," said the lady.

"All right. Have you the plans?"

"Oh, yes"—she reached for her bag in the back seat—"at least I have now."

"Dites qu'il ne faut pas avoir les forts placards," said the man. "Ni le bon bois."

"All right."

"I wish you wouldn't talk French," said the little girl.

"Et il faut avoir un bon 'height.' L'un des Murphys était comme ça."

He held his hand five feet from the ground. The lady went through a door lettered "Cabinet-Maker" and disappeared up a small stairs.

The man and the little girl looked around unexpectantly. The neighborhood was red brick, vague, quiet. There were a few darkies doing something or other up the street and an occasional automobile went by. It was a fine November day.

"Listen," said the man to the little girl, "I love you."

"I love you too," said the little girl, smiling politely.

"Listen," the man continued. "Do you see that house over the way?"

The little girl looked. It was a flat in back of a shop. Curtains masked most of its interior, but there was a faint stir behind them. On one window a loose shutter banged from back to forth every few minutes. Neither the man nor the little girl had ever seen the place before.

"There's a Fairy Princess behind those curtains," said the man. "You can't see her but she's there, kept concealed by an Ogre. Do you know what an Ogre is?"

"Yes."

"Well, this Princess is very beautiful with long golden hair."

They both regarded the house. Part of a yellow dress appeared momentarily in the window.

"That's her," the man said. "The people who live there are guarding her for the Ogre. He's keeping the King and Queen prisoner ten thousand miles below the earth. She can't get out until the Prince finds the three—" He hesitated.

"And what, Daddy? The three what?"

"The three— Look! There she is again."

"The three what?"

"The three—the three stones that will release the King and Queen."

He yawned.

"And what then?"

"Then he can come and tap three times on each window and that will set her free."

The lady's head emerged from the upper story of the cabinet-maker's.

"He's busy," she called down. "Gosh, what a nice day!"

"And what, Daddy?" asked the little girl. "Why does the Ogre want to keep her there?"

"Because he wasn't invited to the christening. The Prince has already found one stone in President Coolidge's collar-box. He's looking for the second in Iceland. Every time he finds a stone the room where the Princess is kept turns blue. *Gosh!*"

"What, Daddy?"

"Just as you turned away I could see the room turn blue. That means he's found the second stone."

"Gosh!" said the little girl. "Look! It turned blue again, that means he's found the third stone."

Aroused by the competition the man looked around cautiously and his voice grew tense.

"Do you see what I see?" he demanded. "Coming up the street—there's the Ogre himself, disguised—you know: transformed, like *Mombi* in 'The Land of Oz.'"

"I know."

They both watched. The small boy, extraordinarily small and taking very long steps, went to the door of the flat and knocked; no one answered but he didn't seem to expect it or to be greatly disappointed. He took some chalk from his pocket and began drawing pictures under the door-bell.

"He's making magic signs," whispered the man. "He wants to be sure that the Princess doesn't get out this door. He must know that the Prince has set the King and Queen free and will be along for her pretty soon."

⁂

The small boy lingered for a moment; then he went to a window and called an unintelligible word. After a while a woman threw the window open and made an answer that the crisp wind blew away.

"She says she's got the Princess locked up," explained the man.

"Look at the Ogre," said the little girl. "He's making magic signs under the window too. And on the sidewalk. Why?"

"He wants to keep her from getting out, of course. That's why he's dancing. That's a charm too—it's a magic dance."

The Ogre went away, taking very big steps. Two men crossed the street ahead and passed out of sight.

"Who are they, Daddy?"

"They're two of the King's soldiers. I think the army must be gathering over on Market Street to surround the house. Do you know what 'surround' means?"

"Yes. Are those men soldiers too?"

"Those too. And I believe that the old one just behind is the King himself. He's keeping bent down low like that so that the Ogre's people won't recognize him."

"Who is the lady?"

"She's a Witch, a friend of the Ogre's."

The shutter blew closed with a bang and then slowly opened again.

"That's done by the good and bad fairies," the man explained. "They're invisible, but the bad fairies want to close the shutter so nobody can see in and the good ones want to open it."

"The good fairies are winning now."

"Yes." He looked at the little girl. "You're my good fairy."

"Yes. Look, Daddy! What is that man?"

"He's in the King's army too." The clerk of Mr. Miller, the jeweler, went by with a somewhat unmartial aspect. "Hear the whistle? That means they're gathering. And listen—there goes the drum."

"There's the Queen, Daddy. Look at there. Is that the Queen?"

"No, that's a girl called Miss Television." He yawned. He began to think of something pleasant that had happened yesterday. He went into a trance. Then he looked at the little girl and saw that she was quite happy. She was six and lovely to look at. He kissed her.

"That man carrying the cake of ice is also one of the King's soldiers," he said. "He's going to put the ice on the Ogre's head and freeze his brains so he can't do any more harm."

Her eyes followed the man down street. Other men passed. A darky in a yellow darky's overcoat drove by with a cart marked The Del Upholstery Co. The shutter banged again and then slowly opened.

"See, Daddy, the good fairies are winning again."

The man was old enough to know that he would look back to that time—the tranquil street and the pleasant weather and the mystery playing before the child's eyes, mystery which he had created, but whose luster and texture he could never see or touch any more himself. Again he touched his daughter's cheek instead and in payment fitted another small boy and limping man into the story.

"Oh, I love you," he said.

"I know, Daddy," she answered, abstractedly. She was staring at the house. For a moment he closed his eyes and tried to see with her but he couldn't see—those ragged blinds were drawn against him forever. There were only the occasional darkies and the small boys and the weather that reminded him of more glamorous mornings in the past.

The lady came out of the cabinet-maker's shop.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Good. Il dit qu'il a fait les maisons de poupée pour les Duponts. Il va le faire."

"Combien?"

"Vingt-cinq. I'm sorry I was so long."

"Look, Daddy, there go a lot more soldiers!"

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They drove off. When they had gone a few miles the man turned around and said, "We saw the most remarkable thing while you were there." He summarized the episode. "It's too bad we couldn't wait and see the rescue."

"But we did," the child cried. "They had the rescue in the next street. And there's the Ogre's body in that yard there. The King and Queen and Prince were killed and now the Princess is queen."

He had liked his King and Queen and felt that they had been too summarily disposed of.

"You had to have a heroine," he said rather impatiently.

"She'll marry somebody and make him Prince."

They rode on abstractedly. The lady thought about the doll's house, for she had been poor and had never had one as a child, the man thought how he had almost a million dollars and the little girl thought about the odd doings on the dingy street that they had left behind.

## MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE

LEXIE DEAN ROBERTSON

I met a mountain boy
Up near the sky,
Playing a fiddle
As he rode by.
His hat was torn
And his hair showed through,
But his eyes were dark
With the far hills' blue.

His fiddle sang
Like the wind in the pines
When the pale buds break
On the wild grape vines,
And the sun went down
And stars were strung
Where the dim gold lantern
Of an old moon hung.

My heart began to stir
Like a leaf in the wind,
But he rode away
When the shadows thinned.
And I went on
To the top of the world
With my heart a leaf
That had withered and curled.

# DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

*1828–1928*

HARRY B. SMITH

ON A day in the spring of 1860, two poets strolled in Charing Cross Road and paused in front of an old book-shop. In a box counter before the door, bargains in literature were offered; one's choice of books for the reasonable sum of a penny each. The two bards were Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne. Of their appearance one may form an idea from the many portraits by their artist friends, for the members of their coterie obligingly served as models for one another. Swinburne was of short stature with a very long neck accentuated by his sloping shoulders. The etching by William Bell Scott shows him with his poet's eye rolling in a particularly fine frenzy and with an aureole of blond hair more umbrageous than the famed chrysanthemum head of Paderewski. Swinburne wore his hair so long that William Allingham in his diary records as an historical event—"Swinburne has had his hair cut."

In some of his book illustrations, Rossetti used Swinburne as a model. The latter wrote to Monckton Milnes in 1860: "Rossetti has just done a drawing of a female model and myself embracing; meant for a frontispiece to his Italian translations. Every one salutes the likeness with a yell of recognition. When the book comes out I shall have no refuge but the grave."

Though Rossetti could not compete with Swinburne in peculiarity of personal appearance, he attracted attention by the unconventionality of his dress, which was that of a typical Latin Quarter student, with the additions of a long frock coat and a hat designed by himself, which is described as "like a policeman's helmet." His face and figure are portrayed in one of Holman Hunt's early paintings, for which the poet posed as Rienzi; and in one of Madox Brown's pictures he appears as Chaucer.

Turning over the shabby volumes in the penny box, the two discovered a number of copies of a thin pamphlet, verses by Omar Khayyam translated by Edward FitzGerald. The contents seemed to warrant the investment of a penny or two. Publishers having been able to control their interest in quatrains from the Persian, FitzGerald had printed at his own expense 250 copies of the poem, of which he presented two hundred to Bernard Quaritch, the bookseller who was the nominal publisher.

The discovery of FitzGerald's

"Rubáiyát" was recalled by Swinburne thirty-six years afterward when he wrote to Clement Shorter: "The first and best edition of FitzGerald's wonderful version was being sold off at a penny a copy, having proved hopelessly unsaleable at the published price of one shilling. . . . On returning to the stall next day for more we found that we had sent up the market to the sinfully extravagant sum of twopence, an imposition which evoked from Rossetti a fervent and impressive remonstrance on behalf of a defrauded, if limited, public. It is the only edition worth having, as FitzGerald, like the ass of genius that he was, cut out of later editions the crowning stanza which is the core or kernel of the whole poem."

Rossetti and Swinburne sent copies of the pamphlet to their friends, artists and writers, most of whom shared the enthusiasm of the discoverers; but Thomas Carlyle, to whom the Epicurean philosophy made no appeal, wrote, "I think FitzGerald might have spent his time to much better advantage than in busying himself with the verses of that old Mahometan blackguard."

If the poets had been prophets and had bought the two hundred copies given by FitzGerald to the bookseller, they could have accumulated portable property now worth about half a million dollars, as the market price of a first edition is from two thousand to three thousand dollars. Rossetti was a good man of business, but he could not have foreseen the boom in "Rubáiyát" stock, nor could he have anticipated that a pamphlet of his own would come to be equally desired and admired by the book collector, for his "Sir Hugh the Heron" is even rarer than the more famous poem. Rossetti wrote this in his twelfth year. He had been reading "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and paid to Sir Walter the tribute of the sincerest form of flattery. There was a small press in the Rossetti home, and the young poet's grandfather had a few copies of this juvenile effort printed for distribution among friends. According to William Rossetti, his brother "hated any allusion to 'Sir Hugh' and requested the destruction of all copies available. The ballad exists only for a dozen or so of curious collectors and for readers in the British Museum." My own copy has an autograph note in William Rossetti's writing: "From Gabriel's books."

The manuscript of another early poem, "William and Mary," is described in my catalogue, "A Sentimental Library." It is a ballad evidently suggested by the reading of "Percy's Reliques," written with elaborate imitation of archaic language and spelling.

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The ambition to be a painter was of earlier date, the first record being the remark of a visitor to the Rossetti home: "I saw a baby out on the steps making pictures." His first drawings were in the style of the paper figures used for toy theaters and sold "Penny plain; twopence colored." One of the earliest is reproduced in "A Sentimental Library," with the young artist's autograph inscription: "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes. Gabriel Rossetti, fecit."

In 1843, the poem "William and Mary" was offered to a magazine, but was rejected, and this discouragement may have led to Rossetti's determination to become a painter; for it was in that year that he began seriously the study of art. He entered the academy of Mr. Cary, and shortly afterward, being impressed by one of Madox Brown's pictures, "Parisina," he wrote to that painter and asked to become his pupil. Rossetti's letter was so fulsome in compliments that the recipient fancied his correspondent was ridiculing him. Indignant at this imagined insult, Brown provided himself with a heavy cane and went to call on his would-be pupil. On meeting Rossetti, the sensitive artist retained his cudgel ready to use it; but the youth's enthusiasm showed him to be thoroughly in earnest, and Brown accepted him as a pupil.

Swinburne and Rossetti first met in 1857, at Oxford, and the former's biographer, Edmund Gosse, records that "no one whom Swinburne had ever met seemed to him so wonderful as Rossetti, and he enjoyed his cordial kindness and exuberant generosity from the first." Neither had published any poetry, but each was a poet in the making, and the two found a common interest in their fondness for old ballads. I have in my collection the manuscript of a narrative poem, "The Laird of Waristown," which is an interesting souvenir of the early friendship of the two poets. The first twenty stanzas are in Rossetti's autograph; the remaining twelve stanzas in Swinburne's hand. This has never been published and is interesting principally because it shows the deference of the elder poet to the younger, Rossetti's part of the manuscript containing numerous corrections by Swinburne.

Rossetti was in his twentieth year when the so-called Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was organized. He had already written one of his most characteristic poems "The Blessed Damozel" and had finished his painting "The Girlhood of Mary, Virgin." The Brotherhood owed its inception to Millais and Holman Hunt, who were beginning to be known as promising young artists. Rossetti gave the coterie the not entirely appropriate name, and three other members were admitted, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor; James Collinson, a painter, and Frederic G. Stephens, who made no more pretentious claim than that he was an art student. At Rossetti's suggestion, his brother William Michael Rossetti was enrolled as the seventh member; perhaps because of the necessity of having a secretary, or it may be for the reason that he was a good fellow and a discriminating art critic.

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Although the artists of the Brotherhood had a decided predilection for Biblical subjects, which they interpreted with reverence and poetic imagination, in religious belief they formally declared themselves to be agnostics. In matters of doctrine they seem to have accepted a Scotch verdict, "not proven," and they were all more or less imbued with the pantheism of Shelley. They formulated their own theory of immortality, apparently founded on the philosophy of Comte, and Rossetti wrote a declaration of faith which all the brethren signed: "We, the undersigned, declare that the following list of immortals constitutes the whole of our creed, and that there exists no other immortality than what is centered in their names." These names are fifty-seven in number, some of them being marked with stars according to their eminence and comparative claims to immortality. The name of the founder of Christianity leads, and is the only one marked by four stars, somewhat inconsistently, as this credo of the Pre-Raphaelites was opposed to Christ's assurance of a life beyond the grave. Shakspere and "the Author of the Book of Job" are honored with three stars. Homer, Dante, Washington, Goethe, Landor, Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Thackeray are awarded two; Raphael, Tennyson, Boccaccio, Browning and Patmore are given one star each, and the other forty names have no stellar honors. The inference is that Shakspere and the Author of the Book of Job have three times as much immortality as Boccaccio and Patmore, and that unstarred celebrities such as Milton, Byron, Titian and Michelangelo must be content with immortality limited.

In condonation of this fantastic foolishness, it must be remembered that the brethren were all very young men at the time they proclaimed that "there existed no other immortality" than that of the eternal glory of Haydon and Hogarth. Later in life Rossetti expressed astonishment that any one should accuse him of irreligion, maintaining that all he had painted and written proved his belief in immortality. William Rossetti says, "Our non-belief was not long retained. The treatment we accorded in our document illustrates the character of our tastes and aims at the time."

Having completed their informal organization, the brethren decided that if they were to effect reforms in art they must have a magazine of propaganda; accordingly "The Germ" was started with the useful brother William Michael as editor and the other members as contributing authors and illustrators. The full title of the publication is "The Germ, Thoughts Toward Nature in Poetry, Literature and Art. Conducted principally by Artists."

On the cover is printed a sonnet beginning, "When whoso merely hath a little thought"—which seems designed especially to discourage possible purchasers.

Some of Rossetti's most characteristic writings appeared in "The Germ," including "The Blessed Damozel," "Hand and Soul" and "My Sister's Sleep." Other artists, Woolner, Madox Brown and William Bell Scott are represented by poems and essays. Christina Rossetti and Coventry Patmore were among the contributors, and each number contained an etching by one of the Brotherhood. Youthful enthusiasm is abundantly in evidence, but it is not supported by any indication of commercial sagacity. In the four numbers there is but one advertisement, the brethren being too much occupied as apostles of truth and beauty to give any attention to sordid business matters.

When the first number was issued the name was ridiculed, and in the third number it was changed to

"Art and Poetry." To avoid the expense of printing another cover, the new title was pasted on the discarded one.

In my catalogue is described a copy bearing the presentation inscription: "Arthur Hugh Clough, Esq., with the Editor's [Mr. William Rossetti's] compliments." The first number contained a criticism of Clough's poem, "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich"; and the only leaves in the four numbers which he had thought it worth while to cut open were those containing the review. This would seem to indicate a lack of interest on the part of the poets and artists whom the Brotherhood proposed to reform. Four numbers of "The Germ" were issued and then the magazine died of financial anemia. With their first paintings the members of the Brotherhood were even less successful than they had been as publishers. Holman Hunt has recorded "When the press gave their verdict it was with one voice of condemnation. The leading journals denounced our works as iniquitous and infamous." "The Athenæum" published a lengthy diatribe against the Brotherhood and their productions, their critic charging that "the ambition of these young artists is an unhealthy thirst which seeks notoriety by means of mere conceit." Charles Dickens stopped work on "David Copperfield," to make his début as an art critic. His attack on the Pre-Raphaelites is the leading article, "Old Lamps for New Ones," in "Household Words," June 15, 1850; and his ludicrous description of the pictures is followed by suggestions for the establishment of various other societies, such as a Pre-Perspective Brotherhood and a Pre-Galileo Brotherhood, the latter to propagate the belief that the sun moves around the world.

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Rossetti's second painting, "The Annunciation," did not escape the storm of abuse, though it was admired by artists and is now considered one of his finest works. "The Athenæum" critic declared it to be "crotchety, puerile, pedantic, affected, absurd and insipid." The painter was in his twenty-second year, and morbidly sensitive. The published comments on this picture caused him to resolve that he would never send another work to a public exhibition, a resolution which he kept to the end of his life. This reticence ultimately proved to be of great practical advantage to him. It was known to picture collectors that his paintings could only be seen privately and, after Ruskin began to praise and purchase, the acquisition of one of the pictures became a distinction.

Rossetti was in his twenty-third year when he received this baptism of critical fire. Its first effect was discouragement and the reflection that, after all, poetry rather than painting was his vocation. He wrote to Leigh Hunt, sending some of his poems and asking advice. Hunt replied that the verses were the work of "an unquestionable poet, thoughtful, imaginative, and with rare powers of repression"; but the encouragement from one who had "once seen Shelley plain" was offset by the concluding paragraph of Hunt's letter—"Poetry is not a thing for a man to live upon while he is in the flesh, however immortal it may render him in spirit."

Hunt wrote from the knowledge of experience, he having proved that the poet's lot was still "toil, envy, want," though not necessarily—as Johnson completed his line—"the patron and the jail." It may have been this hint from a veteran poet that caused Rossetti to decide that, of two doubtful ways of earning an income, painting was the less precarious. Ruskin's espousal of the Pre-Raphaelite cause brought casual purchasers and the young poet continued to paint and sell pictures. Except his translations from the Italian poets, he published no book of verses until he had reached his forty-second year.

The circumstances attending the publication of Rossetti's first volume of poems suggest a chapter from one of the medieval romances beloved of the Brotherhood. Indeed, it is probable that Rossetti remembered a precedent for placing his poems in his wife's coffin and afterward recovering them. Petrarch had placed in the tomb of Laura de Sade a small casket containing the manuscripts of poems he had addressed to her. When Francis I visited Avignon he caused the tomb to be opened and the poems recovered.

It was not until seven years after his wife's death that Rossetti thought of recovering the poems that had been buried with her. It is generally stated that his decision was the result of the insistence of friends; but the truth is that he was not unmindful of the reputation as poets won by several of his associates, and his friend, F. S. Ellis, offered to publish a volume of his verse.

This offer interested Rossetti particularly for the reason that there seemed a probability that he would be obliged to give up painting. His sight was seriously impaired and he was haunted by the fear of blindness. His morbid imagination dwelt upon the impending calamity. Grief for the loss of his wife had been increased by self-reproach for a fancied lack of consideration for her. Indulgence in chloral, taken first as a remedy for insomnia, had become a habit, had shattered his nerves and enfeebled his will. He fancied manifestations which indicated that he was visited by the spirit of his wife. He discussed the ethics of suicide and, thinking of the probability of blindness, exclaimed, "What have I left to live for?" It was then that friends offered consolation by reminding him that he could turn to another art.

◆

With the proposed volume in view, he tried to re-write from memory some of his best poems which for seven years had lain in the grave. Swinburne's extraordinary memory was called upon for aid, and the poems that he had read he remembered more clearly than their author, but there were many that he had never seen. Rossetti tormented his mind vainly with this effort and at length yielded to the argument that the recovery of the poems and their being given to the world would be in accordance with what his wife would have wished.

It has seemed strange to many that a man capable of the romantic gesture of the sacrifice should have had the weakness to regret it. I think the explanation of the inconsistency is found in the portrait of Rossetti by Holman Hunt and, even more strikingly, in a photograph which is his most attractive likeness. The upper part of the head indicates intellectual power; the deep-set eyes are filled with passion and high imagination; the jaw and chin are those commonly associated with weakness of will-power.

On a night in October, 1869, two of the poet's friends, Charles Howell and H. V. Tebbs, were despatched upon the gruesome business of recovering the manuscripts. It was found that the beautiful red-gold hair of the dead woman had grown around the volume and it had to be disentangled. It is characteristic of Rossetti that ever afterward he suffered from remorse, feeling that he had been guilty of sacrilege.

He copied and revised the poems and destroyed the book. A number of these transcripts in Rossetti's autograph were given to his friend Charles Fairfax Murray, and are now in my collection. Many are in the library of Mr. Thomas J. Wise who possesses an unpublished letter from Rossetti to his brother giving a circumstantial account of the recovery of the manuscripts.

Before publication of the 1870 "Poems," there was a "trial issue" dated 1869 of which Mr. Wise possesses the only copy in existence. Of the 1870 first edition my collection contains two copies. One bears the autograph inscription: "To Algernon Swinburne from his affectionate friend D. G. Rossetti." The other is inscribed to the poet's uncle, Henry Polidori, but is of unique interest because the volume afterward belonged to Christina Rossetti, who has added an autograph inscription presenting it to a friend.

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Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads," issued in 1866, had aroused such a storm of virtuous protest that the publisher Edward Moxon became frightened, removed his name from the title page and transferred the book to a less timid sponsor. Moxon had been prosecuted for publishing Shelley's "Queen Mab" and had been heavily fined; so his discretion was warranted. Victorian morality was just recovering from the Swinburnian shock when Rossetti's volume appeared. Its success was immediate and seven editions were issued within a few months. Critical opinion was generally laudatory; but there were reviewers who considered the poems even more demoralizing than those of the author of "Laus Veneris." Mr. Robert Buchanan took it upon himself to act as custodian of British morals, and in the "Contemporary Review" he attacked Rossetti for the sensuality of his writings. As Mr. Buchanan himself was more or less of a poet, he masked his battery with the name of "Thomas Maitland." Taking Rossetti's poetry as a text, Mr. "Maitland" asserted that it was "typical of the sensuality of the age"—the Victorian age, now considered so painfully moral. The writer attributed the wickedness of Swinburne and Rossetti to the influence of French poetry, illogically adding, "We might have tolerated an unclean thing if it had been in some sense a product of the soil." Buchanan's article was a violent arraignment of Swinburne and Rossetti, whom he abused as the leaders of "The Fleshly School of Poetry." Swinburne, a master of invective, could take care of himself, and did so by writing "Under the Microscope." In this rare pamphlet, highly prized by collectors, the poet stuck a pin through Buchanan and held him up for observation as a curious and poisonous insect. The reaction of Rossetti, drugged, morbid and abnormally sensitive was very different. He wrote an argumentative reply to Buchanan's tirade, had it printed in pamphlet form—and then, with characteristic irresolution, destroyed every copy of it; contenting himself with sending a dignified letter of protest to "The Athenæum." He brooded over the injustice of the charges against his writings, charges with which the reviewer had not hesitated to mingle objectionable personal references to the poet. A painter who had refused to exhibit his pictures because one of them had been criticized; a poet whose extreme modesty had caused him to withhold his writings from publication until he had reached the age of forty-two, was the type of man who would brood over injustice. Byron said of the infamous review of his early poems, "It knocked me down but I got up again," and he retaliated with "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Rossetti never wholly recovered from this attack by an envious and malignant poet turned critic. Eleven years passed before he published another volume of poems, his last. His sight improved and he continued to paint; but if he enjoyed the pleasures of fame, he considered the penalties too high a price to pay for them. Perhaps they are, to one of his nature. Yet Rossetti, apart from his distaste for sports and athletics, was thoroughly manly, a virile enthusiast and a masterful leader of his associates. It was only when he was weakened by ill-health and chloral that he lost the fighting spirit. He was also singular in being one of the few artists with a sense of humor who have not found that quality an antidote for all the ills that flesh is heir to—including unjust criticism. He possessed a robust and exuberant humor; was a loyal friend, and in the circle that gathered around him in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, including William Morris, Swinburne, George Meredith and other famous writers of the period, he was regarded as the leader by right of his forceful and dominating personality. In his later years his sensitiveness increased and under the influence of the drug which he continued to take he became suspicious of imagined conspiracies against him. Browning, with whom he had always been friendly, sent him a copy of "Fifine at the Fair," which is described in my "Sentimental Library." It bears the inscription "To Dante Gabriel Rossetti from his old admirer and affectionate friend R. B." Ford Madox Brown was with Rossetti when he opened the parcel containing the book. Reading the inscription, the poet said, "This is very handsome of Browning; very handsome." He read a few pages and exclaimed angrily, "This is an attack upon *me!*" Brown tried to assure him that he was mistaken; but Rossetti's irritation increased and he threw the book in the fire. Brown rescued it, and at the sale of his books, in 1894, this interesting "association volume" was auctioned with a bundle of others as a negligible lot. The perverse imagination of Rossetti was most absurdly manifested when he read Lewis Carroll's poem, "The Hunting of the Snark," and construed it as a satire on himself. But there is nothing too fantastic to be imagined by a drugged brain. Perhaps when Rossetti, in the spring of 1882, was laid to rest in Birchington Churchyard, it was a deliverance from what Charles Lamb called "the sorest malady of all," and a fitting epitaph would have been "'Tis better as it is."

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The centenary of the birth or the death of a literary celebrity is usually made the occasion of some sort of commemoration, even if it is only an essay to prove that he is en route to oblivion. The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Rossetti has passed without even the disparagement that is bestowed by ironists upon the Victorians. The inference from this apathy is that critical appraisers do not consider him of enough importance as a poet to have his "place in literature" lowered by a satirical oracle. Rossetti may not have been a great poet; he may not have been a painter of the first order; but in creative imagination and the perfection of a technique suited to his self-expression he must be considered one of the great artists of what used to be modern times.

On his last visit to England, Longfellow was taken to call on Rossetti. Knowing that there were two brothers, the American poet had fallen into the error of thinking that one was a painter and the other a writer. He admired the paintings shown, and on leaving said to Rossetti, "I regret not meeting your brother. Pray tell him how much I admire his poem, 'The Blessed Damozel.'"

# WHEN THE READER WRITES

My dear Editor,

I have just finished my first reading of "Children of This World Marry." I like it immensely. It is splendidly sound and convincing, and I feel sure that it will excite much favorable comment from people whose judgment counts.

Nothing I have read, either for or against "Companionate Marriage," and so on, even approaches it in texture and quality. Mr. Lawrence has probed the fundamentals of the problem and his conclusions are socially, economically and spiritually sound. Second time I have used sound, but that word seems to describe my reactions to the article more accurately than any other that comes to mind. Everything else I have read has been written from an infinitely narrower viewpoint. It is delightfully satisfying to read something which is the result of thorough comprehensive analysis by a person with a broad background of knowledge, experience and sound thinking. Some very fine statements have been made by various broad-minded ministers throughout the country but they were all hampered by the "uniform" of their profession. I like it that what Mr. Lawrence has said does not rest upon any "ism," that it has the force of utter truth unhampered by intolerance of any sort. By his references to world history and to oriental—as well as occidental—thought, he has achieved the trick of carrying to his readers at least a glimpse of the breadth of vision back of his statements. That in itself is a most worthy accomplishment.

With best wishes, and trusting that I may have the pleasure of reading more articles by Frederic J. Lawrence in THE CENTURY, I am,

Yours most sincerely,
MELBA STRUCKY BILLIG

Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania.

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My dear Editor,

As the American wife of a British husband resident for some time in a British colony, may I say that I thoroughly appreciated Berton Braley's article in the September CENTURY MAGAZINE "England on the Bias."

My reading of it was punctuated by loud chortles of glee as he hit nail after nail on the head. Not only were my chortles proof of its aptness, but also the fact that passages read aloud to my British husband produced an instant defense of British opinion of Americans.

However, we enjoyed every word of the article, and as the children say when pleased, "Do it some more."

Yours very truly,
RUTH W. NISBET

Jamaica, British West Indies.

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My dear Editor,

In the September number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE appeared an anonymous article on "Felix Adler: the Man, the Philosopher and the Ethical Culture Movement." A few quotations reveal the writer's able and sympathetic approach to Adler's life and work. Praising "An Ethical Philosophy of Life," the article says, "It contains not only some of the profoundest ethical thinking of contemporary American philosophy, but it erects a valid, convincing argument for the founding and development of the Ethical Culture Movement." Later, after commending the contributions in education and social reform which stand as testimony to Adler's leadership and the practical working out of his philosophy, the writer speaks of Adler's insight and influence. "When he thinks or writes or speaks on a subject, he goes just that little distance further which so vastly separates all that he does from the banal and commonplace. His mind and spirit cut deep and true . . ." "And if there is in him the power to move men's souls, it is a power gained by no trick of voice or manner or emphasis, but arises simply from the utter serenity of his mind and the pure truth of what he says." For so admirable an appreciation of the founder of the Movement and for so fine a piece of writing we cannot but congratulate the author.

But where the article mentions the Ethical Movement the writer reveals a regrettable vagueness concerning the facts and too great a readiness to generalize. The point concerning the Movement which seems most to agitate him is the "Jewishness" of the movement. In making this assumption the writer reveals a lack of knowledge of the constitution of the membership of the Ethical

Societies, especially of the Societies outside New York and the number and membership of the Societies abroad. It is regrettable that any one should make generalizations concerning the Movement and its membership without first becoming familiar with the elementary facts.

Moreover it is distinctly unfair to the Movement to label it as if composed of one race and supported by one kind of people. As a matter of fact, by far the larger part of the leadership is non-Jewish (in addition to Felix Adler there are two leaders of Jewish origin); the membership of the Movement as a whole is fairly evenly divided and the support also. Especially in the establishment of the largest and most recent project, the new Pre-Vocational School, the most substantial contribution came from non-Jewish sources—so that it is again unfair and untrue that the Movement is not and cannot "ever become non-sectarian."

In addition to this mistaken information the writer oversteps the bounds when he dogmatically proclaims with absolutely no single fact to bear him out—that those Jews who helped found and carry on the Movement were "afraid of religion," and "were afraid of themselves, afraid of their Jewish tradition and heritage, afraid of the Jewish name, the Jewish difference—the racial gabardine which they still wore—above all afraid of the eternal Jewishness within themselves." "What for Felix Adler was an ethical emancipation became for his followers a racial exodus; his ascent of the spirit degenerated in them into an escape, a flight, from Jewish life." In a later paragraph the author also speaks of the "Jewish Ethical Culture Society." To the Jews who have joined in carrying on the Movement these assertions are plainly a denial of their sincerity and a dogmatizing on inner motives by one who can know little about their true reasons for affirming their faith. To the non-Jews who have worked hand in hand with them both as leaders and as fellow-members on the committees and boards of the schools and settlements and Societies of the Movement these generalizations will seem even further afield.

The founder and leaders of the Ethical Societies have had no illusions that at the mere proclamation of the Word the barriers of creed and prejudice would fall to the ground. The members too have known that the ideals of the Movement would win understanding and devotion in the world only through the slow process of ethical education. The criterion of the success of the Movement is not in its numbers, nor in their non-Jewishness, nor in the success Jews may have in escaping "the odium of the Jewish badge and Jewish name." The Movement stands because of a new insight and because of the essential truth contained in its attitude toward human life. It is not limited by any religion or race. An evaluation of the Movement must be made from a beyond-sectarian point of view: its place in the spiritual life of America, its contribution to the intellectual and religious history of mankind, its practical bearings on contemporary educational and social institutions, and its pronounced success as a laboratory in which the members of different races and sects have made a genuine effort to work out the mutual tolerance and appreciation of man by man.

Algernon D. Black

New York City.

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My dear Editor,

Pornography—that is a strong word your ex-subscriber uses in voicing his dislike for the "Proudful Fellow" and his co-sinners. We who have lived in the South among these products of a savage ancestry and thin veneer of civilization—these humans of elemental instincts and elemental reasoning power, have watched them being propelled through life by their emotions, have looked on at their striving toward the white man's code, have seen their pitiful failures—and their astonishing successes, and we would not class the actors in this drama among the pornographers. No. We are inclined to think the pornography, if there be any, is in the minds of the Proudful Fellow's white critics; and it has dulled their perceptions; has rendered them incapable of looking beyond the sex incident, therefore the truth that produced it escapes them.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Adele Christie

Sacramento, Calif.

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My dear Editor,

May I express my appreciation of Emily Newell Blair's article in the October number of The Century Magazine, entitled, "Neither Wet nor Dry." The position Mrs. Blair takes is novel and her thoughts are evidently very much condensed, which indicates much study of the subject. Her statements are almost without exception not open to criticism by either Wet or Dry. Many of them are admitted facts which she makes logically very useful.

I differ with her last paragraph, not as respects the Wets, but on behalf of the Drys. The Drys have for many years maintained—under the management of Miss Cora Frances Stoddard—the Scientific Temperance Federation, which is very scrupulous in under-stating, rather than over-stating, the facts which it from time to time unearths; and I believe that many pronounced Drys like myself have never willingly closed an eye to arguments which might lead in adverse directions.

I would question the fact that college classes furnish the drunkards which were formerly found among workmen. My recollection is that from very nearly every college the report for several years past has been that drinking and drunkenness have greatly diminished during the past eight years, and as a college graduate and one who has known what drinking used to be, and to a reasonable extent what it is to-day, I do not hesitate to say that the present is incomparably better than the past.

There is one other matter in which I do not agree with Mrs. Blair's view, which is that the Prohibition law cannot be enforced in a city like New York. Every one probably understands quite clearly the extent to which the law is violated in the cities. But I have known the city for fifty years and more and do not hesitate to say that the Eighteenth Amendment in New York City is a huge success, and as a Dry of approximately fifty years' standing, I will further say that it has been more successful in eight years than I or any other well-informed Dry could have predicted.

I think Mrs. Blair is somewhat in error in assuming that any question such as the liquor question would be dealt with in a logical manner by any nation on earth. Like the errors in the World War, we muddle along and finally get through with a much greater delay in time and loss in various directions than might have been necessary.

Even now the law's success in some respects may be subjected to scientific examination, and I would suggest for a first experiment an analysis of the Vital Statistics of the United States, both before and since Prohibition, for the registration area, which covers nearly the whole country. The figures are given in the World Almanac for 1928 at pages 311 and 325. Cirrhosis of the Liver, which is in the main an alcoholic disease, has dropped since Prohibition almost to half its former rate, and while it has been steadily rising since, due to the organized opposition to the law, it has not begun to obtain its old level, except in States like New York and Maryland, where the lack of a State enforcement law has been badly felt.

Except for the sobriety of the city inhabitants generally, it would be wholly impracticable to move the holiday crowds in hundreds of thousands of cars without innumerable accidents, which do not now take place.

I am afraid I have already trespassed too much on your time, but I trust you will forgive me considering the numerous arguments which I have refrained from presenting. I will, therefore, close with again expressing my very high appreciation of Mrs. Blair's article, which in the reading runs along so smoothly to its logical conclusion. I cannot but feel, being a Dry, that I may reverse her quotation and say that "though you are not for us, we may count you with us."

Yours sincerely,
Charles E. Manierre

New York City.

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My dear Editor,

I find a vast improvement in the new Century over the old, though I miss the book reviews a little and Dr. Erskine a very great deal.

Very truly yours,
Adele M. Ballard

Seattle, Washington.

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My dear Editor,

I have read with great interest and pleasure Dr. Authur Hobson Quinn's admirable article on "What's Right With the Colleges." I read recently an article by Professor William B. Munro of Harvard who ridiculed the quacks who are attempting to treat the colleges. It is refreshing to find that at last the other side of the question is being presented. I was particularly delighted by Dr. Quinn's literary style. I congratulate him on what he has done; and as one who has been for many years connected with college administration and teaching, I thank him for his presentation of the case for the old-fashioned college. I believe that in spite of criticisms of persons who are misinformed, or ill-informed or wrong-headed, that there is an immense amount of value to a student in pursuing the studies of a so-called required course. Nothing gave me a greater thrill than the completion of a task that in itself was distasteful to me or at least unattractive. I owe an immense debt to my father and mother who practically always insisted that I finish a piece of work that I had begun, and never permitted me when I was a boy to lay it aside uncompleted, simply because I didn't happen to like it. Many things that I learned in college, although apparently useless at the time, have been of the greatest value to me in subsequent years. I wish that Dr. Quinn's article might be reprinted and widely circulated.

With kind regards, I am,
Sincerely yours,
Josiah H. Penniman

Philadelphia, Pa.

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# FIFTY YEARS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

## SIR OLIVER LODGE

*With a note by S. T. introducing the article as the first in a series entitled "A Modern's Search in Science"*

Many people do not yet realize that psychical research is an exact science. The average person confounds it with spiritualism, and will doubtless ask why we should open a scientific series with this article.

One answer is that the investigation conducted by the group of scientists and intellectuals known as the Society for Psychical Research, *is* as exact, thorough, and scrupulously accurate as that of any other branch of scientific inquiry. No intelligent person can afford to snap his fingers at the careful findings of such men as Sir William Crookes, Sir William Barrett, Lord Rayleigh, Frederic Myers and Alfred Russel Wallace; or to scorn a society that has had among its presidents such world-respected savants as William James, Henri Bergson, Dr. C. G. Jung and Dr. William McDougall. As usual, where scorn exists, it exists through ignorance, and through confusing this comparatively new and little known branch of science with the quite unscientific activities of the spiritualists.

In the second article of our series "A Modern in Search of Truth," we called attention to the entire difference between the two. Spiritualism is *a belief in intercourse with departed spirits*, and a spiritualist is a person definitely committed to such belief and who endeavors to engage in such intercourse. The Society for Psychical Research, on the other hand, was founded "for the purpose of making an organized and systematic attempt *to investigate* various sorts of *debatable phenomena*—for the observation, recording, and careful scrutiny of the facts, *no matter to what conclusion they might lead.*" Among the phenomena thus investigated and reported by the Society, have been thought-transference, clairvoyance, apparitions, alleged spirit communication, automatic writing, trance-speaking, materialization—in short, "every obscure human faculty."

This is a tremendous undertaking. People in the habit of jeering at such investigation are proving nothing, unless it be egotism and lack of information. Instead of being cham-

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pions of science, they are actually obstructing a branch of science engaged in extremely important effort on their behalf. I hope that this present article—written by one of the greatest of psychic (and physical) scientists—may win many hitherto misunderstanding or partly informed people, to a permanent respect and gratitude for what the Psychical Research group of men and women are trying to do for us.

Two things that the article reveals in connection with Sir Oliver himself, have interested me very much. One is his own original scorn and skepticism—"like all young physicists"; and his gradual conversion, through "the carefulness of their methods, the industry with which they collected and scrutinized testimony, as well as their learning and scholarship and enthusiasm." The other, the fact that his personal convictions concerning survival and spirit communication began not with the death of his son Raymond in 1917 (as is often disparagingly urged), but as long ago as 1889, when he and Lady Lodge investigated the phenomena connected with the famous Mrs. Piper; and that these convictions grew throughout the many exhaustive experiments pursued under the scrupulous conditions imposed by the Society. I think that this lends much more force and impressiveness to all of Lodge's present-day statements. He was president of the Psychical Research Society in 1903, and one of the leaders in its activities, long before his personal bereavement.

He has also been president of the British Association (1913–14), president of the Physical Society of London, he is an F.R.S., a Doctor of Science from London University, and holds honorary degrees from Oxford and Cambridge and a long list of other universities. He had a brilliant teaching career, and was principal of the University of Birmingham from 1900–1919, when he retired. Besides his books on psychic matters, he is the author of "Elementary Mechanics," "Modern Views of Electricity," "Signalling without Wires," "Life and Matter," "Man and the Universe," "Electrons" and "The Ether of Space." He was knighted in 1902, for his distinguished scientific services.

There has, undoubtedly, been a tendency to believe with Dr. Vernon Kellogg, that "Sir Oliver is a careful and honored operator in the domain of science, but careless and credulous and easily fooled when he deals with psychic matters." I wish to add my personal testimony to Edward Martin's vigorous rejoinder (in "Harpers" for November, 1928): "No one who knows anything about Sir Oliver needs to be told that he brings the same mind and care to his spiritistic inquiries as he does to the researches in physics which have won him so great a reputation."

I hope his report will be read with an open and thoughtful mind. Psychical research has been called "the coming science," and may one day occupy as large a place in our life as its once equally derided cousin, psychology. Professor Lowes Dickinson said of it to his Harvard students, "I am asking you to take seriously a branch of scientific inquiry which may have results more important than any other that is being pursued in our time."

*S. T.*

# FIFTY YEARS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

THE phenomena sometimes called spiritistic and sometimes by other names, often uncomplimentary, go back to time immemorial. They are to be found throughout the Old Testament, and they are incorporated in the superstitions of most savage tribes: in other words they are as old as humanity. Every one is familiar with legends of what are called occult happenings, some of them of a mental kind, others of an apparently visible or even tangible variety, including unexplained movements of inert objects and apparitions. There was in fact a whole body of testimony of an undisciplined and sporadic kind, making a number of weird assertions which testified to the presence of something unexplained, usually associated with people in either an abnormal state or endowed with unusual faculties. And sometimes eminent philosophers thought it worth while to study these assertions, putting them on record, and seeing whether anything coherent and satisfactory could be extracted from them. Plato was acquainted with them, so was Virgil, Swedenborg testified to direct personal experience of some of them, Kant wrote a small book on the subject, Hegel kept a place open for what has been called clairvoyance or cryptæsthesia in his idealistic system of philosophy, and a great naturalist like Alfred Russel Wallace risked his reputation by asserting that he himself had witnessed exceedingly strange phenomena.

But the assertions were so extraordinary, and some of the testimony was so individual and unconfirmed, that it attracted very little attention on the part of scientific men; even when responsibly testified to, the phenomena seemed to lie outside the main body of organized knowledge; so that, although people had an uneasy feeling that something was there, something which needed not only confirmation but examination, no serious attempt was made to reduce the occurrences to law and order, to ascertain what it was that was really happening, and to seek for a possible explanation. The phenomena lay in a No Man's Land not incorporated with any of the recognized systems of scientific inquiry, a region which seemed to touch upon the hopes and fears of mankind, and was surrounded by an atmosphere of superstition and credulity, so that those who entered it did so at their peril. The great natural philosopher Faraday poured scorn upon the whole thing, except in so far as any of the facts were testified to by revealed religion, whereby they were associated with a faith immune from the ordinary methods of scientific exploration.

Then came the era of William Crookes, at that time a young man who had made a great name for himself in orthodox chemical and physical research, and who prided himself on having an open mind to phenomena of all kinds, so that he felt himself qualified to encounter even the most extraordinary of the asserted phenomena. He put his first-hand observations on record and published them, in the hope that he could interest his scientific colleagues in a new realm of inquiry, and bring it out of chaos into a cosmic region of ordered fact. He found however that his testimony, though it did not lack novelty and definiteness, was so out of accord with ordinary experience, and so subversive of what seemed fixed and immutable principles, that in spite of his other discoveries and known competence as an investigator, he met only with ridicule and opposition. On the whole he conspicuously failed to gain the ear of his colleagues—some of whom accused him of little better than insanity whenever he wandered from the recognized domain of science.

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Toward the end of his life Crookes recognized that not to him was to be given the privilege of awakening his scientific brethren to the facts he had encountered; and he gave up the attempt. He had inevitably suffered in reputation, but his other work was so meritorious that he attained the Presidency of the Royal Society and the Order of Merit notwithstanding. His family and biographer have thought it politic to minimize his work in the psychical direction; but those (if any) who say or imply that he recanted, are suggesting what is unfair to his memory and is simply not true. He remained convinced of the main facts, and enthusiastically sure of survival through a period of bereavement and final illness; while as to the unexplained phenomena which he and his wife had encountered and described, he often spoke of "the intense feeling of genuineness and reality which they caused in our minds." And (in "Light," December 9, 1916) he expressed himself finally thus:

"Responding to your invitation, I have no objection to re-affirm my position on the subject of what are known as psychical phenomena, and to state once more, as I stated in my presidential address to the British Association in 1898, that in regard to the investigations first entered upon by me more than forty years ago, I adhere to my published statements and have nothing to retract. That I have not hitherto considered it necessary to commit myself to any generalization upon the facts to which I have drawn attention, does not in any way invalidate my testimony regarding the facts themselves. In my opinion they substantiate the claims which have been made for them by several of my colleagues and friends in the Society for Psychical Research, viz.: that they point to the existence of another order of human life continuous with this, and demonstrate the possibility, in certain circumstances, of communications between this world and the next.

WILLIAM CROOKES

November 28, 1916."

Another physicist, Sir William Barrett, then approached the subject from another angle, discarding or not attending to the more sensational physical phenomena, and concentrating his attention on verifying or refuting Reichenbach's magnetic assertions. These he found largely illusory, and so was led to a study of hallucinations and to the mental side of the subject generally. He was an experimental physicist, lacking the equipment of a trained psychologist; but he was a good experimenter, and came to the conclusion that he had discovered that thought could be transmitted from one person to another, in some cases, without the use of ordinary means of transmission, and without the employment of the receptive organs of sense such as sight and hearing. He believed in fact that he had discovered thought-transference; and, just as Crookes had done with much more incredible phenomena, he tried to interest his colleagues in this apparently innocent branch of the subject. In this again he failed; his testimony was rejected by the scientific world.

He did however succeed in interesting a certain group of cultivated literary men living in Cambridge, who, though not professed scientists, were acquainted with the methods of scientific research and respectfully interested in them, and who felt that it was unworthy of the stage to which human knowledge had attained that all these assertions should be turned down without examination. They had sufficient faith in the coherence, and so-to-speak common sense, of the cosmos to feel sure that there was not only something substantial underlying all these statements, but that by critical scrutiny, conscientious candor, and scrupulous care, the facts themselves could be dissected out from the vague tradition in which they were enveloped, that they could be rescued from the tangled swamp of ignorance and superstition, and raised into a region of rational study. To name only the leaders of this group, they were—Edmund Gurney, Frederic Myers, and that profoundly respected scholar and man of letters Henry Sidgwick, aided and abetted as he was by his eminent wife, sister of Lord Balfour, and coöperator with Lord Rayleigh in some of his precise quantitative investigations. Stimulated by Barrett, and undeterred by the general hostility of scientific bodies, this group determined to enter upon a serious course of psychical research, and ultimately they founded a special Society for the observation, recording, and careful scrutiny, of the facts, no matter to what conclusion they might lead.

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It is now exactly fifty years ago since I myself began to get into contact with this group through the accident of my being a Lecturer in Physics and Mechanics at University College, London, some of my lectures being attended by Edmund Gurney for purposes connected with his detailed technical study of the principles of music. Through him, in the '70's of last century, I was introduced to Myers, and ultimately to Sidgwick: and though at first, like all young physicists, I was inclined to look with surprise, not unmingled with contempt, at their patient investigation of phantasmal appearances and other legendary occurrences, I gradually became impressed with the carefulness of their methods, with the industry with which they collected and scrutinized testimony, as well as with their learning and scholarship and enthusiasm.

Soon afterward—as a sequel to meetings of the Cambridge group in the rooms of Oscar Browning and elsewhere—the Society for Psychical Research was founded, its object being the investigation of every kind of obscure human faculty. I was not an original member, but I must have attended some of the early meetings of the Society in London soon after its foundation; though by that time, the early '80's, I had left London and become the first Professor of Physics in what is now the University of Liverpool.

The branch of the subject to which the attention of the Society was at first mainly and successfully directed was the testing and verification of the genuineness of instances of thought-transference or telepathy. The fact of telepathy has to be established, like any other fact, by direct experiment, provided one can find a sensitive percipient. Such a person, isolated and screened from all sensory perception, will yet become aware of an object or idea presented to the mind of another person, who has to be regarded as a transmitting agent. Usually the agent and percipient in any simple experiment are in the same room, but that is not necessary. When the power is strong they may be separated by a distance, they may be in different countries; but still if there is an emotional or mental link between them, what happens to one may be known to the other. This has been tested again and again. How it happens, what the process is, we do not know. My own earliest experiments in the subject, of a simple easily verified kind, are recorded in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" Vol. II. More striking experiences are recorded in subsequent volumes, and a few of them in my book "Survival of Man."

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In the light of the discovery of thought-transference, or what Myers called "telepathy," apparitions or visual impressions of distant people at or near the point of death or danger, which had been testified to all over the world, and of which most families have some legend, began to assume a comparatively simple aspect. The working hypothesis on which the Founders of the Society proceeded, was that these temporary appearances are really mental impressions, or what they called hallucinations, having no more physical reality than an image in a looking-glass. They might be regarded as the result of a mental turmoil in the unconscious mind of an endangered or dying person, sufficiently strong to produce an effect on the mind of a distant sensitive who happened to be in a receptive mood, and whose mind was thus stimulated to construct or interpret the impression as if it were a visual or auditory image; thus apparently seeing a figure or hearing a voice, not because of stimulus received through the sense-organs, but through some mental or non-physical disturbance of the brain centers—the same brain centers as ordinarily received nerve-messages from such organs. For it is a well known fact that the mind interprets a disturbance in brain centers in accordance with their normal method of stimulation. Thus a pathological disturbance of the auditory centers would be interpreted as sound, and of the optical centers as vision. Every one is familiar with a humming in the ears which has no external physical cause; and a blow on the eye is interpreted as a flash of light. On the principle therefore that all known causes should be utilized before we are forced to fly to unknown causes for an explanation, an apparition was provisionally explained as due to misinterpretation of a purely mental stimulus, and was considered to be a phantasm of the living rather than an apparition of the dead. Two large volumes of well authenticated cases of this kind were published under the title "Phantasms of the Living"; and, collected in a single volume, they are still extant.

That this view of the matter covers the whole of the ground, or that this explanation is wholly satisfactory, I do not now think. There are cases which we must classify as phantasms of the dead; and the idea of telepathy has to be stretched so as to include these. However the verification of telepathy, or super-sensual perceptive power, gradually led us to the assumption—the very considerable assumption—that mental activity is not wholly and solely an affair of the body, that is of the brain; and thus it became possible that mental activity need not cease when the body and ordinary mechanism were discarded. In other words the facts began to point in the direction of survival. That however is a step which was not taken at first, and is probably not taken by all investigators even now. Moreover it was always admitted that telepathy is not a complete explanation, but itself requires to be explained; and that explanation is still uncertain.

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Strictly speaking, no scientific explanation is ultimate. We try to bring a new phenomenon into association with that with which we have already become familiar. But being familiar with a thing does not mean that we understand it. If we explain the crash of a tree by a lightning stroke, it does not mean that we understand all about electricity. If we explain vision as the result of ripples in the ether, there is room for any amount of difference of opinion as to what those ripples really are. Newton explained the movements of the planets by the action of solar gravitation; and the explanation is so complete in every detail that it has secured universal acceptance; but the nature of gravitation itself is still an unsolved problem, and in recent times Einstein has shown that there are other methods of expressing the facts. Thus further advances do not make the original explanation false; they only demonstrate its incompleteness. A working hypothesis is very different from a complete theory; but it is with the aid of working hypotheses that we proceed in science; biologists are able to carry on their extraordinarily fruitful researches into the phenomena of life without being under the illusion that they know what life itself really is.

Thus in the study of what are now called supernormal phenomena (a term which signifies that they would be natural enough if we could get the clue), we must not be deterred from their study by uncertainty as to their real nature. It is something to have gained a working hypothesis or thread on which to string the facts together; and we must be content to wait for a fully elaborated theory until the time is ripe.

Meanwhile a study of unusual mental phenomena of various kinds, including the reception of intelligence when in a state of trance, and other forms of lucidity, when the bodily screen becomes as it were transparent and allows information to come from some mental region by other than the ordinary channels of sense, has developed greatly during the half century which has elapsed since the early days of the Society, and has had important consequences. For it has led most of the investigators, and certainly it has led me, to realize on a basis of actual fact, that death is not the end of mental activity, that the mind can function apart from bodily organs, that memory is not limited to the brain, and in fact that individual personality and character survive the loss of the body; and further that people who are what we properly call "dead," can under certain conditions, and with the aid of organisms not their own, demonstrate the survival of their memory, intelligence, and affection—of all that corresponds with personal identity. The grounds for this clear and definite persuasion have grown in cogency during my lifetime until I have no doubt at all. The evidence has been experienced by thousands of people, and some of the facts are recorded in innumerable books, though occasionally the most crucial evidence is suppressed as too private and sacred to be publicly recorded during the prevalence of theological and scientific incredulity, which sometimes amounts to scorn.

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My preliminary conversion to the idea that survival and intercommunion were possible, dates from the winter of 1889, when Mrs. Piper of Boston, whose powers had been forcefully testified to by Professor William James, was invited to this country for special study. At my very first sitting with her, in Mr. Myers's house at Cambridge, England, striking messages were received of a highly appropriate kind from deceased relatives utterly unknown to the medium. This one occasion gave me much food for thought: and thereafter—though herself quite incredulous—my wife invited her to our home in Liverpool, so that I might devote the whole of the Christmas vacation to the study —which I did, introducing strangers one at a time, and getting admirable results, as recorded in the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" Vol. VI, partly reproduced in my book "Survival of Man." This series was only the beginning; confirmatory evidence subsequently arrived or was attained through many channels. I gradually got to perceive that conversation with the departed was no strange uncanny phenomenon, but as simple and straightforward—given the requisite conditions—as any ordinary family conversation might be when conducted through a telephone or other less understood form of instrument. I tell the world, whether it listens or not, that that is so. There is no mistake. Personal identity is not lost. Memory and character continue. Communication is possible. This is not faith, it is the result of demonstration. My latest book on the subject, "Why I Believe in Personal Immortality," only carries the matter further.

### *Theoretical Views*

To me and to other psychical investigators the problem of the interaction of mind and matter has now changed its character. The problem is not how we can be supposed to think without brains, but how we are supposed to think with them. That the brain and nerve system is used as an intermediary, (1) to collect impressions, and (2) to act on our muscles, is well known, and no one denies it. Thereby we translate mental impression into physical fact, and by this mechanism we can leave a record of our thoughts in writing, or throw the air into the kind of vibrations that can be interpreted as speech. The fact that the brain-nerve-muscle system is so used is certain, and a great deal is known about the details of the process; but mental activity is still obscure, and the first step from mind to brain is the crux. I venture to say that the brain does not think or conceive ideas, it only transmits or transmutes them into a physical form which another mind can interpret. Hence telepathy, or the direct action of mind on mind without an intermediate system of nerves and muscles, is really simpler, and may be the means of communication hereafter.

Every fact in nature is of importance, and if substantiated may have untold consequences. The discovery of telepathy seems to be of obvious importance, for it emphasizes the possible dislocation or separate existence of mind and body. If two minds can interact or transmit and receive impressions without the use of the bodily organs, it renders plausible the idea that they may continue so to act when the organs are destroyed; and it thus removes or negatives one of the most urgent arguments so frequently adduced against human survival. The mind dominates and utilizes the body. The brain is a transmissive vehicle, not an originator of thought: it no more originates thought than a piano composes music. Mind dominates matter, not vice versa. This, which was taught by Virgil in the sixth book of the "Æneid," was upheld by that great American psychologist William James, in his famous Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard University in the year 1898, on general philosophical grounds. The advent of psychical research has only been to strengthen and consolidate his position.

The fact of telepathy has been established by very simple experiments which can be conducted by any one when he finds a suitable receptive medium or percipient; though if he is not accustomed to experimenting he might make a mess of it. It is certain that the ordinary familiar experiences do not exhaust the powers of humanity. Even animals possess faculties which we do not understand: we attribute the homing impulse or other striking behavior to "instinct," but that does not explain it. Similarly psychic investigation has demonstrated the existence of a number of human faculties occasionally in operation, beyond the normal and familiar ones. The object of psychical research is to study and verify these, and gradually to make them intelligible. The early volumes of the "Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research" are full of carefully conducted experiments in trance-lucidity, my own among them. And from that as a beginning I have been led to realize how much wider and more extensive human powers are than we used to think—the surprising achievements of genius being among them. Once it is realized that an assemblage of material particles, however complex, cannot explain vital and mental and spiritual phenomena, the door is opened into another world outside our ordinary sensory apprehension; and there, beyond these earthly and temporary limitations, we shall find our spiritual home.

### *Psychophysical Phenomena*

The mental phenomena hitherto chiefly spoken of are not by any means the whole of the facts that have been examined. There are supernormal physical and physiological facts which need examination, and for the study of them also we need a working hypothesis. It is found that under special and unusual conditions objects can be moved without apparent contact (this is called telekinesis); temporary formations can be seen or handled, sometimes leaving a record of their presence (this is called materialization); and that an intelligence, either subconscious or else not belonging to those present, is associated with and acts as a responsive guide or control of all these phenomena. On the significance of this part of the subject I speak with less authority, for I have not the honor of being a physiologist or a biologist. I am however acquainted with the work of those continental investigators who are so qualified, and I have actually seen enough in these directions to make me appreciate their results. Psychophysical phenomena are less suitable for study by the general public than the other more purely mental impressions which every one can more or less share: and for the present they are best left to specialists. But it may perhaps turn out that the stronghold of scientific orthodoxy will be stormed and captured on this side, rather than on the more purely mental side, because the facts asserted concern things which can be seen and handled, though truly under difficulties. Photographs can be taken, and other records made. Hence it may be that these puzzling and at first sight weird and almost unpleasant phenomena are more nearly in harmony with the materialistic trend of scientific inquiry, and may attract attention where others fail.

A working hypothesis for the phenomena of telekinesis and materialization has emerged during the last fifty years, namely the hypothesis that organized protoplasmic material of a previously unsuspected kind can under certain conditions extrude itself from the mucous membrane of the body, retaining its animation as if still connected with the organism, and can perform at a distance simple feats, such as the movement of inert objects—movements which are ordinarily accomplished, in much the same sort of way, through the customary agency of the limbs. There are said to be certain people who in a state of trance can move objects a few feet away when their limbs are under complete control, and when they have no other known kind of instrument for such a purpose. This may seem incredible, but it will hardly be claimed that the ordinary connection between mind and body is thoroughly understood, or that we fully understand how, in accordance with will and intention, a limb is moved normally: such transmission from the psychical to the physical we have merely grown accustomed to. What we have not grown accustomed to is the performance of similar actions, without the direct use of muscle and tendon, through another kind of bodily material; a substance which, being of a protoplasmic nature but outside the body, is called "ectoplasm."

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The working hypothesis that has been forced upon investigators is that ectoplasm is a reality, that it is like other kinds of animated material in being able to produce visible and tangible effects in the material world, and that by its aid bodies not normally touched can be lifted and carried about. Also, strange to say, it can be shown that this substance can take on a structural form—a kind of temporary incarnation or embodiment in matter of some formative principle—analogous to bodily forms already familiar. It may be that this is done somewhat after the same fashion as an animal is able to dispose of food; the particles being as it were manipulated by the unconscious organism, and given a shape and consistency appropriate to the part of the body where they are deposited. In any organism there is a molding or plastic power which determines that certain particles shall go to form muscle, or nail or hair or feathers, or even a complicated organ like the eye or the ear, without much regard to the nature of the pabulum which is being thus dealt with. Similarly, though rather incredibly, it is responsibly asserted by investigators that ectoplasmic material can form itself, or be similarly formed, into structures resembling hands and faces. Indeed it is even asserted that under exceptional and favorable conditions a whole body, or a greater part of it, can be thus temporarily constructed and intelligibly operated. Such an assertion requires very strong evidence, and many details are lacking; but there are not lacking analogies to it in ordinary nature. The body of protoplasmic material included in an eggshell, for instance, is extruded from a hen, and then, under very simple conditions, can mold itself or be molded by its animating principle into a complete organism, with bones, muscle, claws, beak and eye, which shall in due time emerge and behave intelligently. Another analogy can be cited from insect-metamorphosis, where the larval form disappears in the chrysalis, to be reconstructed and emerge as the completed insect. These miracles we have grown accustomed to, and therefore are not surprised at them, though we should find it difficult to give a complete account of the whole process. The behavior of ectoplasmic material in the neighborhood of an entranced person we have not grown accustomed to, and therefore regard it with suspicion mingled with aversion. But it may be that through this strange and unusual manifestation or modification of a known faculty, we shall by further study gain some inkling of the processes involved in normal cases, and that biological theory will be thereby advanced.

For it has often happened in science that the exceptional and the unusual contain features and suggestions that under ordinary circumstances have been overlooked or neglected, partly because of the inattentive way in which we are likely to regard normal and customary operations. Humanity was surrounded by electricity during the whole period of its existence, but, having no electric or magnetic sense organ, the only manifestation which it attended to was the thunderstorm; and it was liable to regard that merely with fear and apprehension. Only within the last century did patient research harness electrical energy and bring it within daily use. So also humanity has been illuminated by flashes of genius; it has experienced apparitions and other legendary occurrences which it more than half disbelieved. Even now at certain times the ether is full of rational energy which with a suitable receptive instrument can be interpreted as speech or music, but which otherwise wholly eludes our senses. So it may be—nay I know that so it is—with a multitude of realities which are hidden from our eyes. The religious and spiritual world has been felt to be a region of awe, rather than of understanding, and only now are a few patient explorers seeking to investigate something of its nature by mundane but reasonable and should-be legitimate methods. Thereby they are able to assure us of its reality, as demonstrated by ascertained fact; they certify that our natural bodies are only materialized instruments through which we operate here and now; they have ascertained that these same bodies can be used to demonstrate powers that we did not know we possessed; and so gradually they have learned that, beyond the body and everything connected with it, our own self, the essential part of us, is no evanescent material illusion—a simulacrum stalking between two eternities—but has a real and permanent existence. We are Spirits here and now, and Spirit dominates matter. Truly we are living in times which Tennyson foresaw when he wrote,

"The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that once was Man,
But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other thro' a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen; the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark."

# IN NINETEEN SEVENTY-NINE

## *The American Woman—A Prophecy*

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

WILL there be women's clubs fifty years from this year in which I write—1929? Who can doubt it? Fifty years ago—in 1879—they were just beginning, these friendly associations of women, and their purpose was almost always the same: they were educational. They were what we call "culture clubs" to-day. It is the fashion just now to laugh at them, but as a matter of fact, they were the most practical beginning that the most practical sex in the world could have made. They want independence (I wish I could see the faces of the women of 1979, as they hear this—they will have forgotten long ago that there was ever a day when women hadn't independence!) and instinct taught them that education was the first step toward independence. Every clever, ambitious woman, one hundred years ago, longed for an education equal to her brother's, and what she envied in 1828 she began to get in 1878 when Smith College, from which I graduated in 1898, began with Vassar to offer girls the same education that Yale and Harvard were giving the boys.

What did they do in women's clubs, fifty years ago? I have just heard an amusing example of what they did, from my sister, who was recently elected president of the Hartford Woman's Friday Club, one of the oldest of these organizations. In a serious paper on the scientific progress of the day, the Hartford ladies of 1878 gravely decided that electricity, though an interesting experiment, was too uncertain and dangerous to be put to any practical use!

A generation to which telephones and bathtubs were luxuries, which had never ridden in an automobile, to say nothing of an airplane, nor seen a moving picture, nor heard a radio concert, must be pardoned for its incredulity. But don't think for a moment that they had no imagination in those days. They had plenty, but they used it differently. My grandmother, if any one had told her that her granddaughter could take her choice of going below in a submarine or sailing above in an airplane, would have answered, "Don't be foolish!" She simply couldn't believe it. But she knew whether I was going down, down to Hell or up, up to Heaven, and when and how and why. Oh, yes, she knew all about that! She could believe anything in that line, with perfect ease.

Now I, when my first grandchild tells me, as she probably will, that she expects to visit Mars or Venus some day, won't say, "Don't be foolish!" I shall say, "Really, how interesting! Send me a wireless, won't you?" Because I've seen the automobile and the X-ray and the airplane and the radio and the television born and developed and commercialized. You can't stagger me. But when anybody of my mother's generation begins to tell me what will happen when (and if!) I get to Heaven, then my believing apparatus ceases to function.

"Is that so?" I answer coldly. "Well . . . I don't know. . . . It doesn't sound very practical to me!"

You see, I've watched the wings of an airplane work, but the pictures of angels don't convince me—the angels are too heavy for their spread. Now my grandmother couldn't swallow an electric piano-player, but she knew all about her Heavenly harp, and though she shook her head at the idea of a horseless carriage, she could draw you a picture any day of the chariot of fire that carried Elijah up to Heaven!

This explains why prophecy in 1929 is bound to be different from prophecy in 1879. We don't look into our hearts or read old books or go into trances, to prophesy, nowadays. We observe what is being done, and push the idea further. In the case of science, this is a little dull: you simply say, "More electricity! More radium! More atoms!" You can't go wrong.

But I'm not dealing with science to-day—I'm dealing with women. And from the days of the first man who tried to prophesy about her, woman has baffled all the experimental scientists, from Adam down.

And you will observe that not only has she baffled them: she has got into trouble with all of them! She got into trouble with her landlord, who turned her out of the Garden of Eden—and she has been getting into hot water with landlords ever since. She got into trouble with her husband, who ate the dessert she offered him, and then scolded her for serving it—which he has continued to do, ever since. She got into trouble with her children, who were not entirely a credit to her, as it turned out—and this too has happened with distressing frequency since then.

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But there are two sides to every question. The young woman of yesterday might have stated her case as follows: "You call me illogical and changeable, gentlemen—for Heaven's sake, how can I help it? My first orders about my clothes were to wear none; when I grew a little modest and made the first dress, I was punished for it. Now, as soon as I shorten the skirt and lower the bodice, you thunder at me. In the old days I was forbidden apples: now you all agree I don't eat enough of them. I used to be told that if I spared the rod, I spoiled the child: now I understand that if Cain happened to kill Abel, he was merely expressing his individuality, and shouldn't be checked, anyway! There's no use trying to find out what you really want, so I think I'll try to find out what I want, myself!"

And with this idea clearly in mind, she has gone on, so steadily, so successfully, so increasingly, that it really makes one wonder if any one, fifty years from now, can seriously call hers the illogical sex!

For see what she has done. Fifty

years ago she went out for education—intellectual freedom—and got it. As soon as she got it, she ceased to confine herself to school-teaching (her only job, before she had much education!) and went out for any job she could get—economic freedom—and won it. While engaged in this, she observed that as she had an average citizen's education and an average citizen's wages, she might as well have an average citizen's ballot—political freedom—and she secured it.

Each of these victories has been won as soon as she perceived that the one before has made the next a logical necessity. Each has cost a hard fight, with the prophets of each generation squawking gloomily from the side lines that now, at last, true womanhood had fallen, never to rise again. Rivers of ink have stained miles of paper to prove that the learned woman, the business woman and the voting woman, in turn, had dealt the final blow to feminine health, feminine charm and feminine success. And so far from the truth were these foreboding seers that it has remained for this immediate decade to find the women so healthy, so charming and so successful as a sex that the gloomy prophets of today are horrified (as usual) over the great and worrying menace of an uncontrollable problem called sex appeal!

Now I am not going to be one of those prophets. I have seen how ridiculous the others have been proved to be. I have seen woman make and hold her place in the intellectual, the commercial and the political world; and if she can win her way to a reasonable equality there, and adapt the standards of these three, so that they suit her, I should be a fool, and a blind fool, if I did not believe that she can win her fourth and last fight—for social freedom—and make a workable relation between herself, her man and her child.

Our daughters are in precisely the same relation to this problem that we and our mothers have been to the other three problems; and as none of the terrible results that were prophesied for my mother and me has occurred, I am willing to bet on my daughters. Education didn't affect my health: I am younger and stronger than my mother was at my age. Professional success didn't prevent my marriage: I have been a sound New England housekeeper for a quarter of a century. Political enfranchisement has not unsexed me, and so I don't believe that any readjustment of the social standards and conventions the present generation may find necessary will make poor citizens out of them. Each time that women have insisted on having something to say about the conditions under which they lived, a great deal of dust and dirt and scandal has accompanied the process. They have invariably been accused of undermining society, and have invariably turned out to have done no such thing, but quite the contrary.

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And so I feel safe in foreseeing, before the next fifty years, an adjustment between the woman, her man, her child and her job. She may do this by marrying early, rearing her children, and tackling her job later in life, as many women have done. She may do it by combining job and children early in life, helped by kitchenettes, day nurseries, shorter working hours and higher pay, as many are doing to-day. She may have all job and no children, as she has surely a right to do, if she prefers this; or no job and all children, which some women will always prefer.

That she will fly to her job in a plane we cannot well doubt, but we shall be foolish if we assume that she will therefore wear an aviator's costume, because the motor veils and goggles and enveloping coats of my girlhood have long lain on the dust heap, and I have seen women in evening dresses and women in bathing suits driving cars with equal ease.

Nor do I believe that the streets will be grass-grown, as some one suggested to me as the one certain prophecy. I remember too well that increased service on the elevated roads left the street cars and buses fuller, that subways saw the elevated roads still crowded, that motors, doubled and redoubled again, saw the subway still jammed. No, the most the airplanes can do is to ease the traffic a little, and spread the accidents over a wider surface.

But that they will sail over a brighter, gayer city, who can doubt? Where there are half a dozen gilded domes and colored towers to-day, surely there will be hundreds to-morrow! And what is lost in the dark cañons of the streets will surely be made up by the gardens and playgrounds of the roofs. As the inhabitants learn to fly safely, they will realize that they have neglected too long that vast acreage of roofs, and our narrow little island will blossom out a real city of the sky to our flying business girl.

Who would be so demented as to pretend to foresee her costume? The cropped head that meant an intellectual frump in my mother's day, has stood for the height of fashion in the cream of society's cream, and is now, while I write, being draped with hastily purchased coils and puffs and softened with "old-fashioned" curls! The short tube of cloth known as a "chemise frock" is lengthening, floating out into scarf-like draperies and flirting with my grandmother's crinoline and my mother's bustle. We, who seemed definitely headed for trousers, or at least, knee breeches, are gazing spellbound at the medieval picture-books and trying on Gainsborough hats. No, no, the uniform of the old-style socialist's dream was only a male nightmare: it is quite clear that men always liked us to change, or we should never have taken the trouble.

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And her religion? Surely it is safe to assume that she will continue to grow less and less interested in what she may do when this life is ended, and more and more concerned with what she can accomplish while she is living it!

And what will she be accomplishing? I can't see how there can be a shadow of doubt about this, I honestly can't.

She will be adding, constantly and effectively, to the opportunities for health, comfort, independence, leisure, education and happiness of all women, and through them, of their children. She has been working for it for a hundred years, and since she won her third victory—political freedom—she has never had a second's hesitation as to the way to get it. Then, for the first time, she learned the one lesson that has separated her forever—and it is the only thing that has ever separated her—from the women of past ages: solidarity and coöperation.

Up to my own generation, virtually, the American woman was an individualist. The increasing number of club-houses for women, purely social, professional, business and collegiate, would prove, if there were no other proof in the world, that thousands of women can pull together. It proves for this generation and the large cities of America what other generations in other cities will undoubtedly accept as the merest commonplace: that the comfort and freedom and convenience which one person alone can rarely afford may be enjoyed by the coöperation of many. Such buildings, the pioneers of this type of housing, show how the self-supporting woman who lives alone, whether from choice or necessity, whether temporarily or experimentally or consistently, can live independently and comfortably, in surroundings of her own choice, under regulations of her own devising. And the women who first believed in the practical possibilities of such groups and worked hard to win others to their way of thinking, represent a great group of women who stretch out their hands to each other in an endless, growing chain across the centuries.

About twenty-five years ago this type of woman began to feel that her own inheritance of comfort and leisure and freedom was at once a duty and an opportunity to extend that comfort and leisure and freedom to other women as far as she could. During the last few years, such women have come to feel that the older forms of service, through hospital, library, school foundation or work among the poor, touches their constructive interest less than the comradely task of helpful coöperation with their country's newest type—the self-supporting business and professional woman, to whom they feel themselves most drawn, in whom they see their own possibilities.

We are watching at this moment the complete transformation of the ideals of an entire sex. The American man, who has worked for years so that his women may live in leisure, is staring, amazed, at the picture of his women using their leisure to go to work!

My grandmother knew of no work beyond her house and family. My mother saw no reason for working unless she was obliged to. Of some women of my own generation the others still say, rather consciously, "She doesn't have to work, you know—she prefers to!" But my daughters and their friends are as breathlessly eager to a paying job as the immigrants who landed at Castle Island in my grandmother's day!

The American man, long after he has stopped working to support himself, keeps on working to support his self-respect. Critics of our modern girls sometimes fail to notice that when they adopted their brothers' cropped heads and cigarettes, in this last decade, they adopted another of his habits—the habit of work. We must give them a generation to spend in getting used to this. My daughter is not working to earn her living—she is working to earn her life.

But what will my granddaughter be working for? The right to a "job" will be an old story to her. Yesterday, as soon as everybody had a bathtub and an automobile and a radio set, he worked a little harder, so that to-day he has six bathtubs and two automobiles—and another radio set! Will my granddaughter think of nothing more original than to carry three times as many jobs as her mother carried?

I cannot believe this. Even now some of us are asking, "after prosperity—what?" Even now we are sadly realizing that the good of an automobile depends largely upon where you go in it and what you do after you get there, and that sanitary plumbing may be the means of American life, but can hardly be expected to represent the end of it. If we can see this, we, who still sit in the shadow of that great war which shook so many social foundations and shattered so many naïve ideals, surely our grandchildren will see it even clearer and refuse to keep working so that more and more people may jump prosperously from a bathtub to an automobile—and then jump back again!

Surely they will understand that just as our fathers cleared away the timber and worked for a mere foothold in this new country, so that we might be physically safe, we have tried to use the leisure they earned for us so that ignorance and poverty and ugliness could be cleared away and that on a basis of decent comfort for everybody, great art and wide literature and high science could flourish and find citizens worthy of them. We have standardized the automobiles so that our children could have leisure to individualize their souls. And as they use that leisure, so shall the culture and spirituality of America finally be rated. They will have more powerful tools than we had; I firmly believe that they will carve out a greater America!

# SOFT FOR THE GOOSE

## *She Was Illogical but She Was Happy*

### EDNA YOST

I HOPE this is not going to be construed as a slur against Scotchmen. It so happens that Duncan MacTavish is undeniably Scotch, and I am going to let him stand for what he is. But that he is typical of his race is by no means implied.

Duncan and Rita MacTavish were born, reared and will doubtless die in Connecticut. When they married (it was in 1910, I think—possibly 1909) Duncan was thirty and Rita eighteen—just. He was a young publisher then, with offices in New York, not yet very successful, at least financially. They lived simply, and very, very naturally. When Rita was twenty-five she had four fine children, she adored Duncan and trusted in God. "Mac" was a bit more worldly, however, and less trusting. There were no more children and their house became a center, particularly for Eastmore's summer colony. Rita was a blond whose productiveness, they tell me, had brought her beauty to its full development almost before its time; but she was not the kind to fade early and droop away. She was, rather, that genuinely innocent type whose lack of worldliness prevents the overripeness which hastens decay.

Eastmore, as you know, is an ideal home town for a New York publisher, with more writers and artists to the square yard all the year round than there are at Woodstock and Peterboro in July. And Mac struck it lucky during the war. Several of our most promising young authors went over early to fight and write, and Mac found himself with two of those first non-fiction best sellers on his list. His profits were very large. He used them wisely, and showed a rare good judgment in the expansion of his business. In 1920 he bought the old Carver place on the outskirts of Eastmore, put in a swimming-pool and tennis courts, remodeled the spacious old stables for dancing and billiards, with luxurious guest suites above; and when they moved in that autumn they doubtless had as fine an old colonial place as there was in all New England.

That summer of 1920 was the first I spent in Eastmore. I met the MacTavishes almost immediately through common friends and liked Rita from the first, though most of the women in the literary group in which we moved tolerated her merely because she was Duncan MacTavish's wife. For she had nothing whatever in common with them intellectually. But she was extremely attractive to men. Women described her as pretty, but with "nothing much back of the eyes"; men smiled, and said they liked her. She was, in brief, typical of the woman who as an undeveloped eighteen-year-old girl marries an older man who keeps her untouched by the world and innocent of everything about life except as it pertains to him. She had mental capacity, lots of it, but no intellectual development whatever; while her emotional capacity had been so constantly satiated that it had left her physically placid. I think maybe she interested me at that time more for what she might have been than for what she was; and, too, because I suspected that Duncan MacTavish was not the sort of man who could be depended on to play fair, always, with such trusting innocence at home.

I said as much to Jim Barton one evening at the Country Club. It was a mistake! Jim said I ought to be ashamed of myself, that Mac was one of the squarest, finest men who ever rode a commuter's train, that he never looked at any woman but Rita, that he slaved for her and the children, and that the nearer I drew to thirty the more I was getting to be a crabby, suspicious old maid. He told me to snap out of it. Nor was he any more loyal to Mac than the rest of the men in the crowd were; and I think they meant it. But every time Mac danced with me that first summer (and I made it as infrequent as possible without attracting attention) I wondered how Rita would take it if she ever found out he was a cheater. Not that there was anything too definitely offensive about his dancing and the subtly suggestive conversation that accompanied it. Mac was clever. And Scotchly cautious. But a woman would have had to be all ivory not to have known that he was asking for temptation to be put in his way; and when that happens to *me*, I don't have the conceit to believe it is my own overwhelming appeal that has keeled a man over and made him irresponsible. No; when a man dances like Mac, he likes the ladies. But in all fairness to Jim Barton and the rest of them, I don't believe they knew it.

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Be that as it may, each succeeding summer found me, to my own surprise at first, increasingly drawn to Rita, and we developed a beautiful and very genuine friendship. She had a quality of soul that drew me to her—a quality that was somehow beyond the intellectual. It was the thing, for instance, that made her a highly intelligent instead of a blindly devoted mother, that made her, in our friendship, a human being instead of a rationalizing automaton. And God knows there are few enough intellectual (so-called) women who are anything else. As for Mac, after that first summer he accepted me as a platonic friend. There were moments when I detected a bit of uneasiness in him. But as time wore on he seemed to trust implicitly in my discretion.

With Rita the sun continued to rise, run its course and set in Duncan MacTavish. Her family was growing up and she was beginning to have some freedom. In a way, she had never had her youth, with her first baby coming the week before her nineteenth birthday; and it seemed altogether fair that she should have her children growing up healthfully around her now and not demanding too much of her time. She grew more lovely each succeeding summer.

"How young! And how beautiful!" people said of her.

And Mac smiled possessively, and they were very, very happy.

Then, in the spring of 1924, Dawn Hope came to Eastmore. Mac danced with her frequently. Dawn was weak and not very discreet. People talked. The men said she was an unscrupulous little fool who would not leave Mac alone. I kept my mouth tight shut. Rita walked serenely through the summer without hearing a word of it. She wouldn't have believed it if she had heard it. Dawn went back to New York in the fall. MacTavish and Harland brought out her first book that winter—utter drivel it was. But of course it was necessary that she keep up business relationships with her publisher. I saw her and Mac together in the city occasionally that winter. I kept my mouth tight shut, but I did not need to be told anything. Dawn was one of those pliable women, more female than feminine, and "more to be pitied than blamed." That is, unless you envy them.

That next summer Duncan MacTavish made a display of jealousy that surprised us all. As I have said before, men were intensely attracted to Rita. She was nice to all of them and one hundred per cent loyal to Duncan. She was nice that particular summer to Bob Elton. His wife had died and he was lonely. Possibly he did impose a little on Rita and Mac. Under the circumstances, though, he certainly was to be forgiven. But Mac was jealous—so idiotically jealous that all of us except blind, suffering Bob knew it. Rita was puzzled and unhappy. She could not bear to hurt poor Bob unnecessarily, nor could she believe that Duncan was going to continue to be unreasonable. Well, the summer passed and early the next June, Rita had her fifth baby. Eastmore smiled and joked about accidents.

Nobody seemed to understand how clever Duncan MacTavish was in dealing with women.

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I had been unusually busy in town that winter and saw little of Rita until I went back to Eastmore in June. She was adorable with young Jimmie and more beautiful than ever before. But she had most astoundingly changed. I could scarcely believe my eyes and ears when I saw her with Mac. He was the epitome of devotion, as he always was when he was close at hand. But she had changed. There was resentment in her eyes and a barb in her phrases when she spoke to him.

"Rita isn't very well," he told me apologetically one day when her attitude had been too obvious. "She'll be her old self when she gets her strength back."

Rita said nothing. One thing I admired in her was that, regardless of the closeness of our friendship, her relationship to Duncan had remained a thing absolutely above and apart. I know few women whose wifely loyalty is infused with such high good taste. Nor did I impose on her reticence. Which is probably why she was able to turn to me so completely when her unhappiness had nearly driven her mad.

I can give no accurate account of Rita's mental processes, but this is what she told me. She said Duncan had always said the reason they had never been jealous of each other was because they trusted each other so thoroughly. When he became so foolishly jealous of Bob Elton she was puzzled, because she knew there was no earthly reason why he should have stopped trusting her. She said probably it would all have blown over that fall when Bob went back to town—if it had not been for young Jimmie. Somehow it was the idea of young Jimmie that kept her mind on the situation. She had been so happy about the other children. They had been visible blessings of a kind Providence. But Jimmie seemed of much more mortal design and she resented him frightfully. Duncan was "so pleased," she said, and there were times when she was ashamed of herself. But she could not change.

Her mind kept dwelling on Duncan's unreasonable jealousy and on young Jimmie. She grew morbid. And then, one day (God knows why!) she jumped several rational steps and lit on the fact, or the fear, that Duncan had been jealous of her because he had been guilty of something himself. She says there was no particular occurrence that aroused her suspicions, but that once they had been aroused, evidence flooded in on all sides. I shall not go into detail as to how she discovered that Duncan's occasional nights in New York were less business and more pleasure than his excuses implied, or of his protesting denials. If only he could have reasoned with her, he might have been able to persuade her to the lie. But he had always helped to keep her mental side undeveloped, so he could do nothing with it now. She just "felt" his insincerity, and that was all there was to it.

Mind you, I did not hear a word of this until October, when young Jimmie was getting along toward five months and being so adorable that I hated to have the winter come to take me into town again. But Rita had reached the limit of her endurance and had to have relief of some kind. She was disillusioned and unhappy, and, fortunately, downright mad. She threw out dark hints. She threatened.

"All right," she said ominously. "What's soft for the goose—"

"Soft for the goose?" I questioned. "I don't understand."

"You know," she answered darkly. "What's soft for the goose is soft for the gander."

I restrained my smile. Rita's literary side had never had much chance. And after all, she had the meaning of the axiom. Which was one way her intelligence was always showing itself. When she made an intellectual break, she did it intelligently.

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I gave no advice. I tried to help her to be honest with herself, which is about all you can do for a friend in a case like this. I saw her quite often that winter and, to be perfectly honest, I cultivated Dawn Hope in town. My standing in the literary world is such that she was flattered, and her ego is such that she never doubted that I was interested in her for herself alone. She confides in people easily, apparently. She told me she was *living* that winter. Like that. The sickening part of it was that Dawn had fallen in love, in her way, with Mac, and she wanted him. I was not surprised to hear, just after she went abroad in April, that MacTavish and Harland had important business which was going to necessitate the head of the firm's being in London for the greater part of the summer.

Mac left early in May.

What a summer! Rita drove and dined, danced and swam, walked in the moonlight, sat in dark corners of verandas, in fact, did all the things for which a good woman is criticized and a bad woman excused. And mostly with John Linton, a thirty-five-year-old bachelor, a matter-of-fact broker, a nice but, to me, totally uninteresting man. Duncan loathed him as only a high-class, more or less artistically inclined publisher and married man can loathe a materialistic, successful stock-broker and happy bachelor. Oh, it was soft for the gander that summer! John gave her all the attention a woman like Rita loves. He was friendly with the older children and acted at times as if young Jimmie belonged to him. There never was a real scandal in Eastmore that created the excitement and talk that Rita's innocent flirtation did. Nor did she get any sympathy! A woman with a year-old baby never does. I heard an enraged male say one evening at the Country Club that he hoped Duncan MacTavish would horsewhip John Linton down the Post Road all the way to New York when he got back, for making a fool of his wife. Which seemed to express the sentiments of the crowd. Though they knew by this time that Mac was side-stepping.

He came back in August. John met Rita in town and took her to the pier. The three of them drove back in John's car. He spent the evening with them. Some of us dropped in for a few minutes to say "hello" to Mac, but John's car was parked in front of their house until after midnight. For weeks John's car was parked there regularly. But he and Rita always included Mac in their plans. Would he go swimming with them, or go to see Douglas Fairbanks's new picture, or do this, that, or the other with them? If he would *not*, they ignored his tone and went alone; so after several refusals, Mac always went along. Rita seemed intent on making life a gay threesome and people grinned broadly every time the three of them appeared together. Every one began to think and to say, "Poor old Mac." But Rita, plainly, did not intend to break off with John Linton. It was a principle with her now. "What's soft for the goose," she had said, and, in her innocent way, she meant it. She was playing Mac's game, though playing it decently, of course.

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Some day I am going to write a novel about Rita and Duncan MacTavish and give it the ending it deserves. But for this, the truth shall be served, and without embellishment. By the middle of October it was evident that Mac was not well. "Stomach," the doctor said and when he found he was not helping him, sent him to a specialist. The specialist put him in a hospital. There were X-rays and expensive consultations. They could find nothing. Mac lost more weight and looked miserable in that terrible way that only a man who has always been full of abundant health can look. Humiliation is a devastating disease! The specialist insisted that he stay in the hospital. He talked seriously to Rita. To this day I do not know whether Mac told him anything, whether he was a good enough psychologist to understand the situation without being told, or whether Mac's illness actually had him alarmed. At any rate, he scared Rita.

She dropped John Linton suddenly, and to the vast amusement of all Eastmore. She devoted herself to Mac. Every instinct in her was roused in his behalf. He improved. When he left the hospital (they never did find the cause of his trouble!) she took care of him as if he had been her child. And when he was able to go to his office, she lived her days only to make him comfortable and happy when he came home again. She says you never know your blessings until you realize what life might be like without them.

It has been that way ever since. Rita has been utterly illogical, but she is happy. I know she knows that Mac and Dawn Hope see each other in New York. She has a peculiar intelligence, has Rita. She seems to be able to adjust to life, to accept it for what it is, in a way that is utterly lacking in intellectual women. She loves Duncan. I suppose she loves him so much that, puny though he may seem to her now, she can believe in his eventual bigness—the very sort of faith my intellectual friends put in their work as they divorce their husbands.

Maybe Mac is worth it to Rita. I do not love him, so I cannot judge. I saw him and Dawn together only the other evening at a party at the home of a rather famous, loose-living literary light. He struck me as being bored. Dawn was around his neck, figuratively speaking, like a wet stocking. MacTavish and Harland have just brought out another book of hers. They will lose money on this one. Dawn is a vindictive woman down underneath. I watched them together a few nights ago; and wondered, curiously, just how soft it really is for the "goose."

# RELIGION GOES TO COLLEGE

## *The New Chapel at Princeton*

### HERBERT PARRISH

RELIGION is going to college. It has always, more or less, gone there. In fact, as everybody knows, most colleges and universities began with religion. The theologians were as thick as thieves. A majority of the Bachelors of Arts went into the ministry. But now for many years religion has had a hard time getting in. It has had to work its way through. The trustees and the faculty sidestepped it. Since the days of the Carnegie Fund, the supercilious attitude of haughty Harvard, the warfare of science and theology, portrayed by Doctor White of Cornell, and the rise of great State universities all over the land, religion has been relegated. The Doctors of Laws became more important than the Doctors of Divinity. Very few institutions of respectable learning insisted that the professors of mathematics even should be also professors of the faith. Those who matriculated were no longer required to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles or the Westminster Catechism, the decrees of the Synod of Dort or the Heidelberg Confession. Such legalisms were left to the remote and obscure sectarian colleges of the rural type, mostly in the Middle West. The more sophisticated student bodies regarded a pious undergrad with the pity one bestows upon those who are not quite right in their minds or who lack that consideration for personal appearance that is justly described as "next to godliness." Only a star athlete with a smile like Lindbergh's and a fist like Gene Tunney's could put religion over on a sophomore. And such were almost as rare as the visits of angels and the teeth of hens. For several generations religion has had a hard time of it.

And now suddenly religion is coming back again. A reaction has set in. The colleges and universities are taking a new attitude. Courses in the philosophy of religion, in comparative religion, in religion and ethics, in higher criticism and Biblical literature, and even in evangelization have been started and are largely attended. The phenomena of religion, it was realized, were too general and too important for scientific men to pass up. Besides it was evident that education without religion tended to put the sources of power into the hands of people who had no inhibitions, no morals, no prejudices and who, as the world crowds up, might persuade themselves that it would be just as well to snuff out the rest of us with poison-gas in order that their particular brand of superculture might flourish without let or hindrance. A world of educated devils is not a pleasant thing to contemplate. So let us see, said the colleges, whether religion cannot supply the necessary antidote. Let us take up the subject in a really serious way. And since religion is not merely theology but needs some expression in the form of devotion, we must consider whether it will not be well to hire some young and alert clergyman, sympathetic with flaming youth, to act as university chaplain. Is the old idea of compulsory chapel a good thing? And are our college chapels themselves an asset or a liability in the way of encouraging religion among the students, graduate and undergraduate?

Yale abolishes compulsory chapel attendance and hires an attractive and youthful cleric to plead the cause to such brands as he can pull out of the burning. Princeton builds a three million dollar architectural splendor for a new chapel. Religion returns to college and gets a scholarship.

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It is high time. The colleges and universities have been sending out their thousands of young men and young women into the streams of our national political, social and economic life year by year, equipped with plenty of knowledge about many things, but with no other gods in their pantheon than those familiar and ancient divinities known to antiquity as Mammon and Aphrodite. Such religious influences as they may have had in early childhood were eliminated. Idealism of any sort, self-restraint, self-sacrifice, the austerity so congenial to youth, they regarded as bunk, hokum, tosh, effete superstition, to be classed with frock-coats, side-whiskers and the works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. College graduates were becoming uncomfortable to live with and dangerous to deal with in business transactions. What they needed was the religion they had lost between matriculation and graduation. Nietzsche was their Bible, the "American Mercury" their vade-mecum. There was something after all in the old pietism, the old mythology, the old faiths, that ought to have been preserved. It was the condition of honor, the cement of civilization, the ideal of justice and the basis of truth. This had to be rescued, rehabilitated, taught anew—that the life of the nation might flow unvexed to the sea of time and the tides of eternity.

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Religion suffered shabby treatment at college during the past two generations in two ways. On the one hand it was subjected to a hazing in the form of a critical analysis at the hands of the learned faculties. That had to be done to be sure. Religion for years had entered the freshman class with all the cock-sureness of family tradition and Sunday-school training, absurd, childish, petrified, generally four hundred years behind the times. It needed to be shaken into shape, to have its philosophy differentiated from its myths. This the faculty proceeded to do to the delight of some and to the horror of others.

"Gentlemen," said the learned professor of philosophy or biology to his class of adolescents, "I shall set before you the various arguments pro and con for belief in God and for the theory of mechanistic materialism, without of course expressing my own opinion, and you will choose for yourselves which of the two you will accept—or reject—as the more reasonable." A few lessons in astronomy and biology easily had the effect of shattering the juvenile convictions of youths brought up to believe that the legends of Genesis were a literal and scientific presentation of the facts and methods of creation. The rapid destruction of the child's religion went on apace. And in many cases it was very convenient. It was the first taste of a justification for moral freedom the child had ever had. The fallacy of it all was of course that the faculty threw out the baby with the bath. In destroying the mythology they did not observe or teach that this after all had enshrined a spiritual and moral truth. The ancients expressed themselves in myth, but the myth contained the values that needed emphasis. Thus the professors took away what the boy had without giving him anything worth while to replace it.

And on the other hand religion at college suffered from the atrophied form of chapel worship that was both barren and dull to the limit. An excellent case can be made out for compulsory chapel attendance. There is no reason why a boy should be excused from the exercise of religion in the form of devotion any more than there is that he should cut out the prescribed athletics or the major of his junior year merely because he happens to dislike it. In a state of tutelage we cannot have pickers and choosers. If it is a good thing for one, it is a good thing for all. But such religious services as are prescribed at the majority of our colleges and universities, whether compulsory or voluntary, are generally of such a type, so devoid of all charm and beauty, that they would bore even the lad with the long hair and the rather goggly eyes who intends to become a missionary to Africa. It is small wonder that the boys come in looking like a bunch of convicts driven by their keepers, shuffling, reading books during the exercises, playing craps behind the seats with discretion, howling out the hymns as a relief to jaded nerves. The average chapel services are good for nobody. The Jews and the Roman Catholics, who do not have to attend these anathematized and heretical services—no college president would dare to offend their powerful hierarchies—are to be congratulated and are the envy of the campus. Chapel services should be made attractive.

In fact religion at college requires a very special treatment, if it is to survive, such as it has seldom had in America among Protestants. It differs essentially from other things in that it is not merely a matter for study and reasoning, but is also a matter of emotion and conduct. It has to be lived up to in some degree to be understood and it must be conformed to in order to be demonstrated and proved. A man, for example, can comprehend the binomial theorem or accept the nebular hypothesis and still continue to be a scoundrel. But if he is convinced that there is a God, he will at least make some attempt to live up to the idea. Nor can you approach the problem merely on a basis of critical analysis however fair and skilfully. Critical analysis in reality is more apt to destroy religion than to stimulate it. For religion is like love. Suppose that you were to intellectualize love, to classify biologically the object of your affections, as a mammal of the species *Homo Sapiens;* to make an anatomical study of the nervous, vascular, muscular and osseous systems; to weigh the chemical constituents of the beloved—as they have done at the Natural History Museum—so much carbon, so much water, so much iron, so much sodium chloride, and so on; or if you were even to psychoanalyze her character, the reactions, complexes, responses, inhibitions, censors and the like, would not love fly out at the window and vanish into thin air? Extreme anxiety, therefore, to clear up the possible errors in religion and to place the subject on a purely intellectual basis is futile and often dangerous. The emotional content is so much more important than the intellectual, and the lad who says his prayers and keeps himself on a plane of decency is a far more agreeable and safe companion for your son—even though he may be ignorant of all the philosophies and as simple-minded as his Sunday-school teacher—than the sophisticated youth "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." Intellectually the theologies are indeed very vulnerable. But emotionally religion, like all the great loyalties, makes the world safe for mankind.

At college especially it is the emotional side of religion that needs emphasis. The swirl of adolescent passions, the blind following of admirations and hero-worship, the pitfalls and traps of the devil, the mass psychology—"Everybody's doing it"—the easy excuses, the absence of home associations and restraints, the new sense of freedom, the dare and the spirit of adventure, the boredom with conventions, the need of a thrill, the urge of inherited and savage traditions, the sweep of complexes, the whole emotional gamut of life indicate the need of a very powerful stimulus if a sensitive lad is to keep his balance and float along without making shipwreck of his life or sinking his character. In this matter right feeling is far more important than correct ideas. And it is the business of religion at college to produce right feeling.

Youth cannot be left to work out its salvation, to develop its character, at the most critical period of life, without guidance and apart from an environment that helps. Its early training in the conventional Sunday-school was doubtless absurd enough, but it is not the wise course to destroy even such props for freshmen without giving them something more supporting in their early days away from home. It is a grave responsibility that some professors assume when they concede to youth the determination for itself of what the truth is without taking into account the elements of which religion is composed. The kind of atheist one finds at universities is a rather shallow sort. And the average college chapel does not supply to the best boys and girls of the land the religious environment they ought to have. College religion is critically intellectual, but with all its psychology it still sniffs at the power of emotion. It has almost lost the sense of beauty in religion. It may appeal to the head, but it cannot reach the heart.

But that the emotional element is the more important part of religion is abundantly clear to any one who will give a careful consideration to the history of religion. Neither the great founders nor the great saints and propagandists were often men of scholarly attainments. They were enthusiastic and enthusiastic often to the point of fanaticism. They felt deeply. And their followers once convinced sustained their enthusiasm by a method of revival in which the emotions were continually stimulated. To keep up religious enthusiasm is the studied art of ecclesiasticism. The splendid architecture of the churches, the dramatic and spectacular services, alive with color and form, were not only an expression of religious fervor on the part of men aflame with the love of God, they were also the means by which that fervor was kept alive. The vast multitudes who kneel in adoration at the elevation of the Host are not critics and philosophers and neither are the crowds that in former years were moved to excitement by the exhortations of some powerful Protestant preacher. Their religion was almost purely emotional. It could not be anything else. But it did a lot of good. It gave hope, courage, peace, joy and contentment to multitudes. It does so yet. And we cannot afford to let this quality evaporate into the thin air of critical intellectuality in our colleges. It must be retained. It is too powerful and valuable a thing to be ignored.

Consider for example the effect of an experience in contact with religious emotionalism on the part of a highly cultivated English woman among the barbarians in the Near East. In the letters of Gertrude Bell, whose amazing career in Arabia during the World War excited the admiration of the civilized world, we find the following passage.

"Tomorrow the Druses are going forth, two thousand horsemen, to recapture their flocks and to kill every man, woman and child of the Sakha they may come across. . . . Together under the moon we scrambled up the sandy side of the mountain. There at the top on the edge of the castle moat we found a group of Druses, men and boys, standing in a circle and singing a terrible song. They were well armed and most of them carried swords.

"'O Lord, our God! Upon them! Upon them!'

"I too joined the circle with my guide. 'Let the child leave his mother's side; let the young man mount and be gone!'

"Over and over again they repeated a single phrase. Then half a dozen or so stepped into the circle, each shaking his club or his drawn sword in the face of those standing around.

"'Are you a good man? Are you a brave man? Are you valiant?' they shouted. 'Ha! Ha!' came the answer and the swords glistened in the moonlight.

"And if you had listened to their song," Miss Bell continues, "you would know that the finest thing in the world is to go out and kill your enemies."

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In some such way, no doubt, the men of Gideon and the men of David encouraged themselves for their battles with the Philistines.

And since such bloodthirsty emotions can be roused by stimuli of this kind, it is certain that very different and much more beneficent emotions can be stirred by stimuli of an opposite character. The Catholic repeating the beads of the rosary and keeping in mind the sorrowful, joyous and glorious mysteries may be moved to spiritual aspiration, to confidence and hope, to courage and endurance. The iteration of certain phrases, the atmosphere of a sacred place, the association with a devout group, the frequent contact with an impressive ritual, the imposed inspiration of sights, sounds and odors redolent of holy associations, such things cannot fail to produce emotions and to move to action in the direction of the ideas and ideals indicated. A style of architecture which has for centuries been the exterior symbol of spiritual things has an inevitable emotional effect.

It is the business of religious authority, of critical intellectuality, to ascertain the features that will produce the emotional results that are desirable and then to offer them as practical instruments for the purpose. And the eye in such matters is a more immediate entrance to the mind than the ear. Hours of talking cannot do what a glimpse will accomplish. Hence thoughtful people are realizing that the modern world needs something beside motion-pictures, needs cathedrals and Gothic chapels, to impress the imagination of susceptable youth and the masses.

But some one is saying, "This is mere self-hypnotism, an unintellectual substitute for right thinking." Undoubtedly that is true. And yet, in the general scheme of things, why may not self-hypnotism, the deliberate stirring of the emotions, be quite as divine, as valid a method of influencing character and conduct as analytical thought, considering especially that the vast majority of people are quite incapable of critical analysis? In all other human relations we employ exactly this method to stir and to hold the feelings of people in the direction of desirable ends. In the family, in love, in patriotism we do not depend for the production of desirable emotional reactions upon critical analysis. If we did, the world as we know it would go to pieces. We use therefore traditional factors that inspire to right feelings, and we justify them intellectually only after the event, if at all, both for ourselves and for our children. People who are actuated by right feelings are far more agreeable and safe companions than people who look at everything in the cold light of sheer critical intellectuality. These last are fortunately few and are not infrequently swayed in their ultimate judgments and conduct by emotional complexes entirely unknown even to themselves, that warp their opinions and make them dangerous to society. Man is far more an emotional creature than a being of pure intellect.

And when one recalls the employment of this same method—the songs, the symbols, the snake-dance, the yells, the colors—for the working up of enthusiasm for fraternity or college "spirit," one will wonder that something similar is not employed to stimulate religious zeal. It is. But at college it has been neglected.

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For this very reason the new chapel at Princeton has a special significance.

It is the employment of great architecture to produce religious reaction on the part of students. In reality it is a Catholic dream out of the Middle Ages. And it is attracting visitors from all parts of America.

As a work of art alone the building is worth going a long way to see. There is no architecture where I live. The amiable inhabitants have not yet aspired to the realms of architectural imagination. They are content with buildings that never rise much beyond a rather commonplace colonial standard. To spend money for the sake of sheer beauty does not appeal to them. One must drive eighteen miles down the Lincoln Highway to see architecture. Princeton is one of the few American college towns that has style. The Graduate School, the Refectory, the University dormitories, the club houses and many fine residences give the place an atmosphere of old-world charm. And the latest addition is the new chapel at the upper end of the campus.

To be sure it is still painfully new. Its leaded roof has not yet secured that peculiar blue tinge that lead exposed to oxygen acquires through centuries of time, the blue of a Maltese cat. And the Indiana limestone with its delicate and symbolic carvings has only lately been released from the hands of the stone-cutters. But there it stands, simple, severe and rich, with lines that suggest the Ages of Faith when art was the thrall of religion, a white dream out of the night of time. And the interior, the deep choir, the transepts and nave, the triforium and clerestory, the vaulted roof, the clustered pillars, the gorgeous color of the windows, the carved inscriptions and symbols of the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Cardinal Virtues, will take one out of the world of railroads and motor-cars, of crowded streets and temporal worries, into a region where space and time exist apart from material substance, the peace of God that passes understanding. Architecture after all was not invented exclusively for the glory of banks and the elaboration of modern hotels. The chapel is enormous and will seat three thousand persons.

Do not pay too close attention to the learned professor who may explain to you in a friendly way that the architecture of this chapel is not pure Gothic, that it is far from being thirteenth-century Gothic. He will say that the aisles are too narrow, mere passageways, the nave too broad. The arches are of a late, almost Tudor, style. The transepts are unusually wide. The nave has too few bays. It is Gothic, yes; but Gothic adapted to the needs of a university chapel, a sort of Americanized Gothic, a kind of college Gothic, rather "Gothin" than "Gothic"—a professorial pun. It is always advisable to take professors *cum grano*. They are people whose brains are crowded with facts, but whose imagination is devoid of ideas. They spend long years in study and compel their students to study the works of men who never went to college. Their creative faculties are inhibited by the iterated adulation of the classic instance. They always look backward. They quote the past. Their attitude is that of intellectual snobbery.

In reality the architect has done well. He evidently had a fairly free hand. He has constructed his "frozen music" with a wizardry that makes an imposing and magnificent structure. The chapel architecturally considered, whatever the meticulous critic may say, is a building that will dominate the imagination of generations of students for many years to come. It has beauty and a compelling reverence. I noticed even before the scaffolding was down that men took off their hats when they entered and that they moved about with solemnity, awed by the distinctively religious quality of the place. This was none other than the House of God.

The trouble with the chapel, if any fault is to be found, is in what the university authorities have done to it after it left the architect's hands. They have done those things that they ought not to have done and they have left undone those things that they ought to have done. One might pardon the heavy seats in the nave that injure the architectural proportions. These are perhaps necessary. Chapel seats have to be anchored down. The Princeton students, presumably like all other students, would otherwise make a skating-rink out of the place during the sermons. But the building has no reredos, no rood-screen. There is a sort of altar —probably a concession to the Episcopalians who are now in the majority at Princeton—but it is insignificant. And the unhappy Presbyterian tradition of the place has insisted upon placing enormous seats against the east wall for the president and faculty, utterly out of place in a structure of this type. And while there is a quite wonderful antique pulpit and an ancient lectern, the east window itself has been made into an obscure blue blanket, ruining the perspective of the building. One concludes that after it was built the authorities sought in every way to destroy the Catholic effect and to turn the building into a place for the audience of men rather than to allow it to stand as a temple for the worship of God.

These Scotch and Anglican places of worship, however medieval their form, always seem to lack something. There is a peculiar emptiness, a certain frigidity, a lack of the sacramental quality. What such a place needs is color, sanctuary lamps, lights, shrines and images, the reserved Sacrament in a hanging pyx. Far better to risk a little human idolatry and allow the burning of some votive candles to those who may feel in the mood. And of course there is the need of drama in the services, rich vestments, banners, incense, a splendid ceremony. But you cannot expect all this yet at a university where the Presbyterian traditions prevail. The services will for a long time be gray and somber. The sermons will be the chief feature of worship. President Hibben will continue to sit above the mercy seat enthroned as the chief symbol of divinity.

Even so it is an entering wedge. And it is a far cry from the days of Jenny Geddes, John Knox and even President Patton. There is a great "kist o' whussles" in the choir that is played during worship. And there is enough splendor to corrupt the pure Calvinism of the students of Princeton Seminary, that last stronghold of Fundamentalism, if perchance any of them drop in to see the recrudescence of a style formerly associated only with the dangerous doctrines and damnable deceits of the Scarlet Lady. This chapel will make the Reformation worthies turn over in their graves.

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But when all is said and done it must not be expected that any rehabilitation of religion will transform the Gargantuan habits of youth, much less create a student body of juvenile saints and adolescent devotees. What some one calls "the pathetic oratory of preachers" may suggest this hope, but normal people will hardly expect or desire to see instances of Saint Aloysius and his lily dotting the campus. Youth is ever rebellious, recalcitrant, agin' the government. That is its charm, its *raison d'être*, for it is the new life pushing aside the old. It will always find chapel of whatever sort something of a bore, just as it finds any rules and lessons sometimes irksome. The process of being licked into shape is never quite congenial. All that chapel can reasonably expect to do is to make religion in its formal expression something less dull and drab, less cold and unlovely than it has been in the past. If beauty is joined to truth and goodness, it will do much for the making of a just and rounded impression upon our young men and women of the dignity and majesty of what is after all the most powerful factor in the world.

It is an interesting fact that in New Jersey at least we are getting away from the old inhibitions and prejudices and widening out into expressions and methods that portend a change in the position of religion in college life. For we have not only the new chapel at Princeton, but at the New Jersey College for Women at New Brunswick they have introduced a splendid choir, vested in scarlet cassocks and white surplices that Johannes Agricola and the worthies of the Synod of Dort would have regarded with horror. The girls like it. And to my mind they look like angels ever bright and fair.

# MY WIFE'S GARDEN

## *But Mostly My Wife*

### IVAN HARDIN

WHEN I asked Catherine to marry me, she was wearing a thin, leaf-green dress printed with authentic nosegays. One delphinium, one rose-colored hibiscus, and one gypsophila spray, with two purple violets and a spike of sword-fern at the top. Not that I knew these learned names at the time. Neither did I know what I later learned, that the dress was "sprigged dimity." Indeed, as my imagination skims over the table of mental contents of the young man who, eighteen years ago, asked Catherine to marry him, I can recall nothing that he knew. He was one mass of ignorance. All knowledge seemed to have deserted him except the overwhelming fact that he loved Catherine.

I must also have been in that pathetic state at which men in love absolutely refuse to learn anything. Because, strange as it now seems, this singularly symbolic dress of Catherine's meant only an angel's robe. Another proof of the pitiful mental capacity of the male in love is the fact that, with Catherine's answer, I was unable to put two and two together and get even three. Of course, this was before the recent vogue of Freud, and I knew less than nothing of "inhibitions," "complexes," "hidden urges," "libidos," and the like psychological patter. Young men in love are better protected nowadays than twenty years ago. I am positive any cautious and properly educated young person of this day would instantly and unequivocally withdraw his proposal for further consideration.

For this is Catherine's answer, verbatim, to my proposal: "Hugh, can I, could I have a garden?" And I said, "Of course you can." Just like that. So does a man sign his death-warrant and deed away his freedom.

Of course, there were extenuating circumstances. Catherine has a high-bred animal's instinctive distaste of careless handling. I am sure she could not survive the competitive casual petting of this age. But she does have an urgent trick of shaking your elbows with a gentle grip. And then, too, she was looking at me. Catherine has always been short of words; not dumb, but inarticulate. And, for compensation, she talks with her eyes. Not flirting. Catherine simply thinks so fast and furious, and so openly, that words are oftentimes totally unnecessary and consequently rare. But this combination is resistless. I know, because I have seen it in operation with all four of Catherine's children. Of course, they are also my children; so the moral may only be that there is something in heredity, after all.

Words, from the point of view of conveying thought, are a great handicap. To me a garden was a definite concept, based on memory. I now know that Catherine's idea of a garden was nebulous, creative, ideal, a shimmering mirage of futurity and growth. So what I promised was vastly different from the thing I had in mind.

I grew up on a farm. In general, the successful American citizen has grown up on a farm. I want to do some research some day on the problem, "The Final Disposition of the City Bred," the beauty of this topic lying in the infinite possibilities of "disposition." I know not what becomes of the city youth, but nine out of ten city dwellers I know are country born. So we know a garden.

A garden is a patch of ground which one works and waters, plants and hoes. It is a cumulative result of years of fertilizer and sweat, patience and profanity, depending on the sex of the gardener. You dread it some, coddle it much, fear it a little, take pride in it occasionally, and eat from it sometimes. It is a gladiatorial arena for the weed and the vegetable.

No one ever yearns for a garden; no one ever chooses a garden. A garden is an economic luxury, but a psychological necessity. When first the world was, there was a garden. When all finite and tangible have passed away, still the garden will be, if only in the imagination and memory of the infinite. What every man knows, but no man before has dared to print, or even to breathe, is that the garden is the invention of infinite wisdom to keep woman busy and out of mischief.

So when I promised Catherine a garden, I had a swift mental vision of an anemic tomato-plant, flanked perhaps by a dry bean-vine or two, a few long-legged heads of cabbage, some stringy beets and radishes, all encircled with clouds of bugs, nourished on sundry and various patent bug-exterminators. Of course, there would inevitably be continual mild disagreements over bean-poles and weeds and neighbors' chickens. But just then Catherine seemed to me well worth any small masculine sacrifice. And I succumbed.

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My rash promise so heedlessly given did not occur to me again until some months had rushed by and Catherine and I were looking for a place to live, together! Where do we live? and when? and how? and how long? Such surging questions attack the neophyte in marriage. It is a question of tenses. Not only do you consider the present, but your past must be taken into account. Not lightly does any man tamper with his "standard of living." Then there is the future!

I was a rising young man. I had grown up under the tutelage and veneration of a host of female relatives. Naturally, I had no mean opinion of myself. I was also an eligible young man. If I had not been so utterly and humbly in love, I should have been more appreciative of Catherine's good luck, because she now entered into this aura of eligibility with me. The extremely honored and unique position in which I had placed Catherine perhaps appealed to me less because all the other eligible young men were marrying. For that is what an eligible young man is: he marries when the rest of them marry.

And most of the eligible young men of our city, now fast expanding into the young couples who were the younger married set, were setting up housekeeping in the new apartments in Goodwood's Addition, as near as possible to the Boulevard. Of course, a small minority of the lesser eligible, who had also the pioneering spirit, were buying bungalows farther out. But none of the pseudo-country life of the commuter for me.

My domestic ambitions first hit a snag when Catherine, after a portentously quiet inspection of the prospective apartment, was standing in the pre-shrunk sized kitchen, staring blankly out over the splendidly paved back yard, called a court, I suppose because one pays high tribute for it. It was only then I found the explanation of her troubled silence from the hesitant remark, "But, Hugh, I couldn't have a garden there."

It may have been because a promise is a promise, or it may have been because Catherine is Catherine; at any rate, a year after my reckless promise, found us in a rambling cottage overlooking the river, well beyond the sheltering sanctity of the Boulevard. The chief difference between our house and its scattering neighbors was that it sat, but really in quite a friendly manner and not at all proudly, in the midst of an acreage four lots bigger than the others. It had also a disconcerting habit of looking less opulent and splendid every time the agent left us in it alone.

To tell the truth—although our chief reason for living here was to redeem my promise of a garden—in the months that followed, I almost entirely forgot the garden. I occasionally did feel a mild wonder that I received no orders to bring home seeds or implements. I had expected to find a collection of seed catalogues mixed with the daily papers. But I was fast learning the golden rule of the happily married, "Never go to meet trouble"; and, when I did think of the garden, I assumed that it had faded away in the midst of more pressing domestic problems.

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For years Catherine's attitude toward her garden grew increasingly difficult for me to understand. I have known many amateur gardeners. Not all of them have been insufferably boastful or boresome. Some of them, decently clothed in shy pride, have been quite endurable. But a gardener's chief pleasures in his garden are showing it and talking about it. This seems quite reasonable to me. However, when one tries to justify his work and talk by sending cut flowers to friends, sick or well, the testimonies do not last. Evidently Adam and Eve themselves found a garden unbearable, with no one to show it off to, no one to describe it to.

Now Catherine's attitude has always been utterly incomprehensible for the simple reason that she hasn't any. She doesn't talk about her garden; I have never heard her on the telephone declining invitations or making any other excuse because she has to work in her garden.

I am developing a theory to explain

this curious gap in Catherine's proper relation to her garden, making use, at last, of some hazy information left from a college philosophy course. It has to do with satisfaction. As I have said, all the gardeners I know derive their satisfaction from their gardens by talking about them beforehand and showing them off afterward. Now Catherine doesn't need this talking or showing off because she gets satisfaction from her garden elsewhere and otherwise. I must admit my theory breaks down a bit here, but that can't be helped. I would like to settle it by saying that she draws complete satisfaction from working in her garden, but that is inexact. I have seen her quite distinctly, though bravely, disconsolate because the proper results have not followed her work.

I have reason to suspect that Catherine's garden entails more work than I am usually conscious of. Things seem not always to grow correctly. I inadvertently found her experimenting with six different kinds of soils and fertilizer when the gladiolus and snapdragon blooms in her path-borders did not come out happily. Indeed, I should say that Catherine's superiority as a gardener depends upon an unlimited supply of imagination and persistence. I remember distinctly when the lily pool and fountain were first installed; the pool looked very much like all the others I had seen. The water was dead and dark and full of floating specks and bugs. It was not a thing of beauty. I will admit I gloated, because I had from the first advised against a lily pool. I was never able to decide what colossal engineering feat Catherine quietly accomplished; suffice it to say the lily pool has for several years been what a lily pool should be but seldom is, a sparkle of clear, alive water receiving the fall of the fountain with the proper soothing gurgle and just the right amount of white spray.

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It is certainly no wonder that, with Catherine's lack of proper interest, her garden as an existing entity rather crept up on me. We had been living in our cottage almost a year and my daughter Mary was less than an hour old. I had been through the most harrowing experience of my life and I didn't really feel like any extra activity. Catherine was looking through an open window into the spring twilight. When she said to me, "Hugh, I believe the white hyacinths are blooming. I think I smell them." I didn't smell anything except ether, with wavering edges of antiseptic soap and Squibbs' pure talcum for infants.

I fear I shall always have a sneaking proud pity for all the fathers in the world because I don't believe any one of them has ever had the high privilege of leaving his first daughter to go out into spring starlight and white hyacinths. I had never felt so poetic. Catherine has a most distressing way of squelching my poetry with practicality. But small Mary was defenseless to protect herself by changing beauty to beefsteak or sonnets to syllogisms. I'm sure I should have named her Hyacinth or even perhaps Hyacinth Sue right there if Catherine, weak though she was, had not restrained me. Mary was a beautiful white baby with only a touch of rose and cream about her tiny face. I didn't fully appreciate her just then; but I have since acquired three sons in assorted shades of red, purple, yellow and green, and her beauty has grown on me. Catherine was sure she would be slender and still, with a beautiful quiet smile, and so we called her Mary.

The garden has grown up with the children. I have no clearly defined memory of Mary from the day I first saw her until more than a year later. Through the long summer twilight Catherine was grubbing quite contentedly in the dirt of the phlox-bed and Mary had been put to work, Catherine's prize method of entertainment. Mary's task was taking a census of the canterbury-bells. The process was to insert a chubby forefinger delicately into each cup, with extreme care not to miss one. She was deliciously absorbed in her work and I found it hard to let her alone. I was under the yard awning where I had been dawdling over some delayed work brought home. A belated bumblebee crawled against my small daughter's dimpled finger with the usual result. I had to roar with laughter at her sudden pained surprise. Then I was overwhelmed with sympathy when I saw her on the job again a few minutes after the hard-hearted Catherine had wrapped the finger in wet soda. She was giving each flower-cup a careful inspection before she ventured her finger. My righteously indignant protest only brought another of Catherine's primer lessons on the child as a person: "Hugh, dear, won't you please try to remember that the baby is human? First, you laugh when she's hurt as you wouldn't for a moment do with a grown person. Then, when she goes back to her work like any self-respecting woman, you flow over with maudlin sentiment, as if she were a doll."

But I think Catherine almost forgot young Hugh was human when he dived into the lily pool. Her troubled face as she salvaged the boy and a broken lily, the very first reward of several years of patient toil, showed the mother and the gardener in a terrible struggle. The boy was reclaimable, but that first lily, for all practical purposes, was a wreck.

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I've only been kept from writing a book on raising children by the harrowing story of a mother who had to stop her life-work as an authoritative writer on child training to regenerate the morals and manners of her own flapper daughter. My material will be carefully selected from Catherine's varied and unorthodox methods. They have been applied with my unwilling coöperation. Not one but I have vetoed on its first appearance; but I've always in honesty been forced to approve it, if only as the lesser of two evils. The fundamental necessity is a garden. The fundamental principle is for the child raiser to understand how and what the raisee thinks.

It is not so simple a system as it may seem. I always know what John thinks because he thinks very cautiously and thoroughly, and aloud. Hugh does not think at all. He acts solely on instinct, sadly disgusting John because his brother is sometimes right. He ought not to be. And poor John can almost any time be found puzzling loudly over

Hugh's illogical correctnesses. I'm quite sure now that Mary thinks. I used to wonder painfully over it—I don't any more—because she so rarely talks. But it takes thought to manage three vastly different brothers with Mary's devastating efficiency. So I've decided the silences that precede Mary's sudden laughter and surprising actions are full of thoughts.

My feeling for Mary puzzles me. My female relatives were Amazons. Even gentle Catherine has a quiet sufficiency that doesn't lend itself well to masculine protection. So I long ago concluded that the chivalric protectorate over the feminine by the gentlemen of the old school is sentimental piffle. But I know now, in spite of my lifetime prejudices, I should want to commit murder if anything happened to my daughter Mary's precious laughter.

My son Bob is my pet abomination. Not that I don't love him. He is my baby and I do love him. But I can get no conception of his mental workings. His speech is both rare and stingy. The one disciplinary rule in our family necessitates nicety and care in formulating orders: "Obedience first; explanation, argument and apologies may come afterward." Now it is positively impossible for Bob to change his mind. And he seems to have it carefully made up beforehand on every conceivable proposition. This is now my dark confession. I am afraid to give Bob any ultimatum because I don't know just what I should do if he had other ideas. I've thought about it with cold sweat on my brow. It would open a delicate diplomatic situation that I do not intend to face.

Strong, stern fathers are sure to think this a joke or an admission of weakness. That is because they are not intimately acquainted with my youngest son. For instance. He appeared at breakfast in close communion with "Tom Sawyer." Catherine lets them do this. I disapprove; but I understand some one once turned out a light on the child Catherine when she was in the middle of something. When breakfast was served, Bob put down his book with a huge sigh and made this statement: "Mother, I'll have to take some flowers to Miss Smith. You see," he went on conversationally, using patience and reason for my benefit, "I can't stop 'Tom Sawyer' right here and I've got to have a tall vase for her desk so she won't be so likely to see me reading."

This was the proper place for a lecture on the fate of little boys who read books in school as Father never did when he was a little boy. In fact, I had opened my mouth to begin, when I heard Catherine remark, "Seems a bit sneaky to me. Besides, I never noticed teachers were so easily bamboozled. And, of course, you'll have to take your medicine, if there is any."

As Bob went into the kitchen for flower-shears, Catherine called him back. "You understand you'll be answerable for the correctness of your study assignments to-night? And it is your responsibility that you lose nothing from your lesson?" Catherine scorns talking down to children, either in vocabulary or ethics.

"Sure; she's going to read a story and I will get the book and read it before I come home." Later I found Bob and Catherine in the garden engrossed in the comparative artistic merits of cornflower with coreopsis or gaillardia in the gross, and arguing just how much fern could be cut without ruining a plant. I washed my hands of the affair and fled, almost hoping dire punishment to befall Bob and humiliating disaster on Catherine.

Not that I couldn't have interfered. At one word from me Catherine would release Bob wholly to my tutelage with a relieved sigh and go on trimming the hollyhocks. But I had seen that young eight-year-old all but rebelling under his mother's firm but gentle hand often enough to know that this supervision was exactly what I did not want.

That evening young Bob was performing the indescribable feat of drinking from the fountain spray when I asked how the experiment of the book and the bouquet had succeeded. A brace of handsprings landed him choked and chuckling at my feet. "You know, Dad, I forgot 'Tom Sawyer' and had to finish it after I got home from school." I lost most of Bob's appreciative grin because I was giving Catherine a dirty look.

For Catherine is one of those trouble-hunters who insist on the whole truth and no evasions with children. My wrath rose higher. I myself could have purposely made the youngster forget his book, if I had refused to face the issue. But my heart softened when I saw Catherine, sitting flat in the marigolds, pulling weeds; her face was dirty and she had the grace to blush. Poor kid! So my obstreperous young son had at last conquered her as he had long ago finished me. The mighty Catherine! To fall to the humiliation of this cheap compromise with her son!

But what result when I tried to put these thoughts into comforting words for my wife? "I didn't, Hugh. The book was on the breakfast table and we really forgot it. We spent so much time on the flowers that he was getting to be late for school. I ran after him but he was already gone. I really hoped he would get caught. He may as well learn that he generally will."

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Our garden, however, is not always a lively domestic laboratory, although I do seem generally to recall it as a nursery. Through long hours of peace it is a lure for interesting and beautiful visitors. In the afternoon sun a black-cockaded goldfinch swings on the bushes. Dickcissels chee-chee-chee from the hedge. A rose-breasted grosbeak nests every year low in the cottonwoods. In June the black and white striped babies learn to fly about the walks and the children spend long afternoons in contented competition for glimpses of the rose spots beneath the father's wings. Only Bob has been patient enough to sight the chestnut spot of any of the catbirds that bathe in the fountains. Everybody expects some day to find a ruby-throat poised long enough to be really looked at. Striped snakes occasionally break the monotony of familiar friendly birds and in the autumn robber squirrels bark along the paths with samples of Catherine's bulbs and roots.

But the most loved garden dweller is our toad. Except that it may be our toads. For years a squashed-looking, hugely warted toad has snapped up slugs along our garden paths. We have spent patient research to find if the toad is a celibate or a family. Surely it could not make itself so contentedly domestic year after year in our garden with none other of its kind to cheer its lonely hearth. But we have never been able to find another toad. We are divided on the question and I am a one-toad man. So firm is my conviction that I have offered a reward to the first person bringing me two toads from our garden.

This reward is to be whatever the finder may ask. When the possibilities are considered, the rashness of such an offer is all too evident. John's reward will be the normal request of a boy of his age. He thinks them out, carefully and audibly, a different desire every summer. Not that John lightly changes his mind. It grows. If the toads are not found before John shall have added fifteen more years to his thirteen, I shall be forced to kill the visible toad in self-defense. He would ask for an established business and John's thoughts are too complete to be cheap.

Hugh would ask for anything from a lollypop to a locomotive, depending upon his immediate need. I refuse to tempt Fate by guessing on Bob. But the gleam in Mary's eye, with her engaging smile as she tries me with false alarms, promises my money's worth in something interesting from my only daughter. However, I fully expect to look up some day and find Catherine standing before me like a grim Nemesis, holding a toad gingerly between each thumb and index finger. Catherine believes in paying, gallantly and graciously, but she is reasonable. Right now, I've reason to believe she could be bought off with a new iris garden.

Our most disconcerting visitation is the small chocolate boy John carefully removed from under the goldenglow. I have years ago forgotten any desire to transplant my family and my garden into any fashionable residence district. In fact, I should as lief suggest renting out some of the children as leaving the garden. I've even come to agree that our polyglot high school is better than the fashionable schools our friends' children attend. But I would draw the line at living in the black belt. Investigation, however, proved this innocuous pickaninny the property of the maid-by-the-day at the recently converted boarding-house down the block. He is hugely enjoying himself spreading the propaganda of racial tolerance in our family.

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The garden itself I should like to describe, but I can't. Nobody could. The fountain and lily pool are somewhere near the middle. They were originally in the center, but the garden has grown and they are perforce left slightly to one side. The back border is a hedge, and two tall cottonwoods with a white gate between stand in the hedge and directly back of the fountain. The walks are wider than in most gardens and there are more of them. They are graveled with sharp, shiny crushed rock, whose chief virtue, according to Catherine's grave recommendation, is that it launders so nicely. Some ailanthus-trees are scattered about where they give the most convenient shade and there are plenty of resting places. But nobody would be safe to carry the description beyond these few permanent features. Of course, some flowers bloom where they grew in the beginning, but Catherine shifts her plants as another woman shifts furniture or trimming on dresses. The distinguishing characteristic in our garden is the curious distribution of flowers: little flowers grow under big ones in the most friendly and charming manner so that, without any crowding at all, no ground is left bare. People always blink at pansies and lobelia under the roses but, when the combination really won't work, Catherine tries another and still another. I might attempt to describe the wild-flower garden. It is a scrap-book of memories from all our family jaunts, extending from the shortest walks to our great all-American tour. But the only names I know sound like weeds and the wild-flower garden looks far otherwise.

Only once have I seen a weed in Catherine's garden. Even when I fell ill with double pneumonia, I'm sure Catherine did not neglect necessary work in the garden. I doubt if her sturdy spirit was daunted even when, on top of this, bewildered John was quarantined with whooping-cough. But when Hugh, really our most inconvenient child, broke his leg—then Catherine gave up. For six weeks she saw her garden only from the windows.

Then a few days ago Hugh and I were allowed under the big ailanthus-tree. And when I saw a tall thistle spreading itself like the green bay-tree of the wicked, in the dahlia bed the family disruption seemed to me complete. It was the rare quality of Hugh's speechless stare that called Catherine's attention to it—for up to that time, carrying pillows and adjusting us for comfort, she had not noticed it. The pain in her eyes as she came back up the path terrified me. Then my gallant Catherine—the even tenor of whose ways I have not seen moved in twenty years, whose tears have never been shed, who would not whimper even before death itself—choking! "Hugh, I shouldn't have wanted to pull it! I shouldn't have even cared!" No need for me to ask for the other part of this incoherent statement, knowing vaguely how far I had gone in the illness that seems to hit hardest the huskiest of men. Of all precious treasures gathered in Catherine's garden, the memory of this last tribute is the most precious.

# TABLE TALK

CALVIN COOLIDGE leaves the Presidency as he entered it—an inscrutable enigma. None of his biographers has yet explained the man or his motives; after seven years of expert political analysis his personality is as unfathomable as the granite of his native Green Mountains. The Washington correspondents have told us nothing; there are no letters of a Page or House to disclose his character as a leader or a human being. And we have a notion that when Mr. Coolidge writes his memoirs we shall know just as much and as little as we know to-day.

The suspicion that Calvin Coolidge is something of a genius—a taciturn, frugal, chill-blooded genius who has carried the nation in his vest pocket like a coin-silver watch for nearly two terms—breaks over us as Mr. Coolidge prepares to descend the rostrum. Few Presidents were more capable or less glorious; few have commanded such rigid obedience and received so scanty a portion of heroic acclaim or popular love. He ruled sternly, shrewdly, alone. Studying his pursed lineaments we wonder how this parochial lawyer ever generated the power to piece together the fragments of a discredited, graft-ridden régime and mold them into a durable, efficient, Coolidgean state. What superb indifference to the popular conception of a hero led him to fish with worms, ride a mechanical horse, and fail to lift his hand or eyes to the silent groups waiting for him at railway stations? What flair for the enigmatic caused him to propound his famous "I do not choose to run," and then lapse into silence while the nation, and even party chiefs, debated his intention?

Is Mr. Coolidge a uniquely dull case of a political accident who knew enough to steer a middle course and keep his teeth together, or is he, as we begin to suspect, the ultimate extension of Yankee hoss-trading sagacity, the apotheosis of non-committal prudence and straw-colored good sense? If he hadn't been President of the United States he would have made a splendid, if rather too cautious president of a country bank. But he would have been lonely and isolated then, even as he is now.

◆

NO ONE has yet collected the "Best Comics of 1928," but probably a tidy sum in royalties awaits the enterprising anthologist who culls the best "funnies" of the year and puts them in book form. A rich grist of domestic satire and everyday comedy is ground out by the comic-strip artists and cartoonists in the daily papers. The satire is usually mild and good-natured enough—but it's also pretty universal. *Caspar Milquetoast*, for example, the Timid Soul of H. T. Webster's creation, is a fairly representative citizen with his little fears and inhibitions. The originator of the garrulous *Andy Gump* is working wrist-deep in the clay of mortal male foibles. McManus's "Bringing Up Father" must chafe the frayed nerves of many a new-rich climber. Clare Briggs, Fontaine Fox, Percy Crosby and T. A. Dorgan take relishful sideswipes at American institutions, ranging from the boarding-house blusterer to the meek commuter on the 5:15. Americans don't like venom in their satires, and no successful comic-strip artist ever dips his pen in the poison of cruelty. Still, most of the comic barbs can prick the average man's skin and make him smile at the same time. Ephemeral fun and foam, these comic-strips, but we believe that an anthology of the best ones would offer a humorous and instructive critique of life Among Us Mortals.

◆

THE appraisal of American manners, races and dialects goes brilliantly forward in literature and science. At every university, in a thousand laboratories, and in the studies of many a thoughtful writer, the indigenous aspects of American culture are being scrutinized and celebrated. We are like the young heirs of a great estate who come with assayers and recorders to survey their property, glory in its dimensions and appraise its fabulous value.

Gullah, Pueblo, and Amerindian lore, the speech of obscure swamp-dwellers, the folk-songs of Carolina and other southern hillmen and the primitive arts of New Mexico are being salvaged by Mary Austin, Du Bose Heyward, Maristan Chapman, Julia Peterkin, E. C. L. Adams, Witter Bynner and others whose names may evoke a more limited recognition. Long after H. L. Mencken is forgotten as an editor he will be gratefully remembered for his scholarly volume on the American language. Even Jim Tully is contributing something with his apocryphal tales of "shanty Irish" and transcontinental *A 1* hoboes. A few months ago Dr. Greet of Columbia University recorded on the phonograph a dozen American dialects, from which comparative studies and permanent records will be made. But with all this activity, only the bare surface has been scratched; there are great unworked veins of Americana in the glacial rock-farms of northern New York and the back counties of Tennessee. The island dwellers off the coast of Maine and the troglodytes of New Mexico must have their Egglestons, their Rileys and their Sarah Orne Jewetts before the Great American Synthesis can be attempted.

◆

GANGS and gangsters have ceased to be glamorous literary by-products of the underworld; no longer can the movie director or the penny-a-liner seize upon Micky the Ape and Lefty Louie as rare material for his thriller. No, because Micky the Ape and ten thousand of his confrères have become a too-harrowing reality in the lives of law-abiding commoners all over the country. Few large cities are free of the bombshell racket that stalks by day, or the machine-gun fusillade that cuts down its victim by night. Municipal police seem to be powerless to prevent gang depredations or apprehend gang leaders. Powerful gang generals, of whom Scarface Al Capone is the most flagrant example, are apparently immune from legal punishment. With their own code of extortion and reprisal they govern their well-defined territory in imperial fashion; they are a law unto themselves, and within their own borders they either flout or bribe all constituted authority.

The gang and its criminal ramifications is a malignant cancer on American municipal government. It has a forked root—police graft and bootlegging—both branches of which sink deep into the rich flesh of most flourishing cities. No mere salving over of the diseased area will eradicate the gang evil. No addition of three or four armored cars will prevent fresh assaults upon the property and honor of certain great cities. The only weapon that can clip the swollen roots of gang terrorism is the bright ax of popular rebellion. Strict accountability of the police department to a stern civic committee with powers of removal, and such modification of the Eighteenth Amendment as will make bootlegging unprofitable (hence impossible) are the two means of extirpating the gang and all its works. There are no easy, there are no other ways of accomplishing this long delayed act of social amputation.

◆

STOCK-SWINDLERS have flourished hereabout since the days of the auriferous brick. There has always been something in our atmosphere that made *multum in parvo* sound slightly better than four per cent per annum. Well, some mighty gaseous illusions of easy money are floating over the landscape to-day, wafted upon gentle breezes generated by wildcat oratory. The "citrus grove" speech is well worth not listening to. So is the "Seawater Potash" canvass. Twenty-five per cent profit is conversative chatter with the citrus grove and potash spielers. "Double your money in three months," "Triple your original stake" are some of the glib lozenges that moisten their gilt-edged tongues. And what happens? Open your newspaper and select your own sequel. "Farmer Weeps in Court; Lifetime Savings Sunk in Cat and Rat, Ltd." The cats were to eat the rats, then their furs were to be sold as imitation squirrel. The rats were to live off the dead cats, and so forth and so on. There were millions in it, of course, until the first dividend day came around.

The line between legitimate investment and the Golconda racket is not so faintly defined that the average layman can't tell the difference. There are no rules, and in such cases good advice is wasted anyway, but let an old campaigner warn you that when a perfect stranger offers you more than twenty-five per cent on your money, it's pretty safe to let it keep plugging along in some old fogey bank at four and one-half.

◆

Poison gas broke up the last Geneva Conference. Peace delegates from the Christian nations of the world could not quite agree upon rules regarding the use of lethal gas in non-combatant areas, so the party adjourned in a deadlock. However, one nobly constructive suggestion made at the conference is now being tested by engineers. It seems that pipes are to be laid along city streets, high suction created, and presto—the gas is carried off! Thus thousands of women, children and non-combatants will be spared the inconvenience and incidental agony of death by gas.

Congratulations, gentlemen! You are getting on famously. Your suction-pipe ideal is worthy of a chapter in Swift or a page in Voltaire's "Zadig." Keep it up, Geneva. By all means let us have plenty of gas and a great many pipes in the next war, so that every one but the non-combatants will be perfectly satisfied and a new paragraph written into the humanization of murder.

◆

The difference between spirituality and religion is the difference between gold coin and paper money. In all civilized states the paper money of religion passes as legal tender, and is generally accepted at its face value. Yet how many of us realize that there must be a gold treasury of the spirit behind these tokens, else the paper money of religion is as valueless as revolutionary assignats or the notes of a Continental Congress?

Is there a gold deposit of spirituality behind the vast flotation of paper religion in the United States? The writer thinks there is not. He believes that there is not sufficient pure spirit in the world to cover one tenth of the religious currency now passing freely from hand to hand. The most he can hope is that minute traces of unalloyed gold exist in all men, deeply bedded beneath the surface lest the erosion of till and counter wear it to atoms. After all, promissory notes and commercial paper stand the daily strain better than fine gold. And ultimately, perhaps, a grain of gold redeems a ton of paper. It must be so, or else the religionists would be dealing in unsecured certificates and unredeemable banknotes.

# THE AMERICAN LEGEND

## *Emerson, the Mouse-Trap and Advertising*

ELIZABETH CORBETT

THERE was once a man who made a speech on advertising and didn't mention Emerson's mouse-trap. Some people will do anything to attract attention. But unlike Steve Brody and the lady who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, this person has had no imitators.

Not so many years ago Emerson was simply an American classic. That is, he was crammed for college entrance examinations, and his picture—framed with five other official American poets—hung in every one hundred per cent American home to show the different styles in whiskers.

Then all at once he was elevated to the rank of stepfather of his country. Instead of depending on the shaky foundations of transcendentalism, his reputation rests securely on the springs of a mouse-trap. To be sure he is resurrected only to be contradicted. But I have yet to hear of any business office buying preferred space to contradict "Thanatopsis" or "The Children's Hour." And the spring-board is an essential part of the glorious dive, even if it is left behind on the bank.

Let me quote an average dive, italics and all, though the grammar of his immortality might have set Emerson's teeth on edge:

"An old saying, attributed to Ralph Waldo Emerson, peer of American philosophers, reads as follows:

"'If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door.'

"But whoever said it, was wrong. They overlooked one very important element.

"It is not enough *merely to make* a better mouse-trap—the world *must be advised* that it is a better mouse-trap—where it may be purchased, and the price.

"When the world gets his news, it will begin beating the pathway—*and not before*. So let us add to this delightful philosophy this cold commercial fact—'*provided he advertises.*'"

In other words Emerson, or "whoever said it," said only half a mouthful. As a man used to claiming the public ear he should have known better. Nothing but mice are caught even in the most efficient mouse-traps. But the whole human race is ready and waiting to be caught by catchwords.

Back in the Dark Ages, before they attributed wisdom even to "whoever said it," there was another old saying to the effect that "Business is business." It was not an American saying. We energetic Americans could not rest satisfied with business which was simply business. We must do our best to read all life in terms of business.

Our great national industry, pastime and philosophy is selling things to each other. If the buyer were simply permitted to buy things, there would be no glory for the salesman. His athletic ideal is either to sell to a man who doesn't wish to buy, or to sell him more than he wishes to buy, or as a last resort to sell him something different. It is a manly program, and saves us from being altogether a nation of gallery.

American life is to resemble an American house in a prosperous suburb. It shall be thoroughly modern and convenient, and provided with all the necessities, including a good garage and a radio. The wisdom of our generation has enlarged our conception of what "necessities" are.

But modern houses are built without attics. Similarly in modern life there is room only for the immediately useful. The typical Victorian (poor old guy, in his day he thought he amounted to something; he didn't realize that he was created only as a horrible example for us to get away from)—the typical Victorian had an attic. He spent his dull days filling the attic with odds and ends. He refused to get rid of anything that "might come in handy." The modern would rather run the risk of needing something he has discarded than live encumbered by trash. A stark efficiency is our ideal. To be sure we can occasionally use some of the old trash. In that case it is trash no longer, but waste material salvaged by modern methods.

Because we can put his tradition to certain practical uses, we will keep Santa Claus, in whom we expressly do not believe. Under his benevolent whiskers we will inform the public that a paid-for Christmas is a merrier Christmas, or remind them to shop early before our overstocked condition compels us to cut any prices.

But it is easier to put Santa Claus to work than it is to do without Santa Claus. When it is not an outright delusion, efficiency comes perilously near to being a figure of speech. In order to enter the action with all its batteries, efficiency must appeal not to common sense but to imagination.

And there is a deeper reason underneath. Selling things to each other would be a drawn game if we began and ended with the sale. Even selling customers the things they don't want would be an achievement on a par with deer hunting and cold plunges. People do those things indeed, but we weaker spirits have a suspicion that they do them so they can brag about them.

* * *

The point of the American scheme is making a man think he wants things. (Or making his wife think she does. It is the woman who buys, even if it is the man who pays and pays and pays.) The consumer is created, not by any old-fashioned law of supply and demand, but by conscious effort behind the scenes. Even the sucker is not born with his sucking apparatus complete. He has to have help to get that way;

and in helping him we have gone so far ahead of the business which is simply business that we have made a complete circuit of the track and caught up with it from behind.

Nowadays the sign above the door of the successful craftsman does not read simply, "R. W. Emerson, Mouse-Traps." Nor is the highway sufficiently indicated by a wooden hand pointing and the words, "World, beat a path to this door." The only proper way to handle the marketing of a better mouse-trap is to put on a real campaign. A real campaign with slogans. Oh, the warlike glory of the terms an advertising man uses every day!

The sign will read, "Have you a tiger in your home? Or does *she* fear it as if it was?" (*Was*, not *were*. We aim to suggest elegance, but the subjunctive is a little too high-hat.)

Then there must be a picture printed in full colors. Not of the mouse-trap—most certainly not of that. Probably not even of the mouse. The picture will show a lady in ravishing negligée, though of course you understand she's the man's legal wife and all that—a lady who has leaped from the terrazzo floor to the seat of a Jacobean chair, and holds her draperies high about her shapely silk-stockinged legs.

You may become the putative husband of this gorgeous creature, you may share in the titillating episode of a domestic tiger hunt, silk stockings and all, for the small sum of five cents. In our next year's campaign we plan to use in all our advertising a painting of an actual tiger, for which we are paying ten thousand dollars to the celebrated animal painter MacSnoozle. This will be yours for next year's nickel. Whether the trap will actually catch the mouse is another matter. That you must find out for yourself.

Human nature abhors a bare fact, not only because it is hard, cold, and prickly, like sleeping directly on the springs, but because there is nothing else so preposterous. Man lives by his illusions, finding them not only pleasanter than facts, but always much easier to believe. The path of imagination is not a narrow byway reserved for the use of poets. It is the broad highroad down which we all tramp from the cradle to the grave. The very cradle and grave are figures of speech in these days of mausoleums and unrocked babies.

Take any article of everyday use. Suppose we settle on tooth-powder, which comes early in every day. Tooth-powder is a simple, gritty fact, which the faith of our fathers flavored with wintergreen, and let it go at that. But nowadays tooth-powder bids for our attention with a picture of a bathroom which Nero might have envied. Indeed it would have done very nicely for his violin practice. And on the margin of the bathroom is the inspired wash word, "A clean tooth lasts forever."

This statement is attractive for two reasons. The first is its manifest inaccuracy. For all that we have yet learned in the tepid realm of fact, a clean tooth decays just as readily as a dirty one. The second allure of the "slogan" is its promise of perpetual youth. If your clean teeth last forever, if the years pass over you without marring you, what a glorious fate is yours! And what a fine fellow you must be to deserve such a fate!

The flat fact that "Powdered chalk is the best base for a tooth-powder" must never be suffered to rear its head. But tell a woman that if she uses your tooth-powder she will always have plenty of dancing partners "attracted by her flashing smile." Tell a man that if his teeth are brushed he will "forge ahead in business by every aid to a magnetic personality." You not only boost sales. You not only encourage cleanliness. You also open a casement on magic lands.

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The most successful advertising will appeal to one or more of four human instincts: fear, vanity, sex, and "It tastes nice." Something may be said on the score of health or economy, but not much. The appeal to health has no push until it is pointed out that "Health is beauty." Then you are comfortably back on vanity. The appeal to economy is seldom worth anything except in the case of local tradesmen, and at that their customers must be women. Economy has its place among the homely virtues, but its place is out of sight. It is not interesting in itself, and it offers no point of departure for fairy-tales.

Let us play, then, on the four strings of fear, vanity, sex and appetite. These are four universal human qualities, springing direct from the two fundamental human needs, self-preservation and reproduction. But peace be with Dr. Freud. We must not come down even on the fundamentals with too flat a foot. It will never do to make the reader of advertising feel that he is a naked and necessitous creature. We are after his money in the end. But for both his sake and ours he is to be cajoled into a feeling of power, splendor and romance.

For instance we may desire to remind him that he needs more money, which inferentially may be obtained by enrolling in our correspondence course. Our well-bred advertisement will not ask, "Are you just a jump ahead of the sheriff?" Instead it will hint, "You may be the executive the Board of Directors is looking for." It will promise, "Your wife too may ride in a limousine." Picture of marcelled lady lolling in twelve-cylinder car. Picture of "executive" at desk executing. Implied picture of an entire life passed in executing, that is in giving orders to other people and watching them work. And all this may be yours by simply cutting out a coupon.

The advertising implies that the correspondence-school lessons study themselves. But what a grateful piece of optimism this is! No wonder people turn with relief to the advertising pages of a magazine. The articles point out in detail what is wrong with the world. The fiction is timid in its optimism. But in the advertising section enthusiasm bubbles on unchecked, gushes forth over the simplest articles of everyday use or homely consumption. In each case it has to compete with all the other enthusiasm on all the other advertising pages.

Must not this enthusiasm in time strike the reader as forced? Will it not drive him grimly back on the contrast of facts as he knows them?

Not at all. It encourages people to believe what they naturally wish to believe anyhow. Man is so constituted that the useless always fascinates him; and when he chooses a useful article, the chances are ten to one that his choice is determined by some other than its useful aspect.

All "slogans" to the contrary notwithstanding, a man does not buy an automobile "for economy in taking you there." The economy argument helps him to square his conscience, and to overlook the fact that he would be taken there more economically, and with fewer chances of accident, if he went on the street-car.

But the man who buys an automobile gets not merely a device for taking him there. He gets at least four other things which are more important:

To begin with, if this is his first car, it lifts him automatically into the car-owning class. In America holding office is a mark of the inability to do anything else, and land owning is largely in the hands of people who just haven't the nerve to get off the farm. The one satisfactory social distinction is "the car."

Second, it furnishes him with a perpetual topic of conversation. If necessary, people will submit themselves to insufferable tedium and hardship merely in order to have something to talk about. As material for talk a car is even ampler than fishing, golf and the collection of antiques. Not to speak of the fact that while talking about it you can ride in it.

Third, it puts the owner in possession of an elegance which he may not be able to realize in his own person. For obvious reasons this is not a "selling argument." But a lumpy man who buys a stream-line body can have vicariously all the thrills of slenderness and grace, and sit among beautiful lines without having to look at himself.

Fourth, it offers a means of escape. Within limits the car-owner is master of time and space. He can go where he chooses instead of where the railway company is willing to take him, and he is under no tension about catching the last train home.

The actual purchase of an automobile confers these benefits. In the other scale are trouble, expense and the uncertainty that accompanies any mechanical device. The one time in a hundred that you really must have the use of it is just the one time the car always chooses to break down.

But the advertising of automobiles —Ah, here is a world full of enchantments and quite innocent of drawbacks! A lovely lady in an evening cloak steps into the car after "the Opera." What visions of glory that word "Opera" evokes when you don't have to sit through it! A keen-faced chauffeur in perfect livery sits behind the wheel; and in the advertisements he never gets drunk or quits without notice or runs your car into some one else's.

In another picture the owner himself drives, and the back seat is filled with children of amazing beauty and unexampled docility. They never interrupt when Dad is speaking, or compare his car and driving unfavorably with others in their young experience. As for the women who drive themselves through a round of shopping and matinées, they are glamour's own daughters. Glorious aloof creatures, how far they transcend the harassed housewife who hangs from a strap in a public conveyance at half past five in the afternoon, with sixteen little packages slipping from her grasp and a face betraying all too plainly that her feet hurt her.

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This same nimbus of fulfilled desire is made to surround every article of daily use. By buying your usual brand of cheap cigarette you ally yourself with the keen-minded, beautifully groomed executive whose clear-cut features soften into a smile over that same cigarette on the billboards. You may drink coffee for breakfast because you don't know any other way to begin the day. But a card in the street-car links your particular brand of coffee to pictured people who have nothing to do in their elegant lives but drink coffee in choice sepia surroundings. Tomato catsup becomes the essence of summer; and it's a poet's summer, without hint of hot weather, mosquitoes or doubled laundry bills. Canned milk is the condensation of pastoral landscapes. Raisins are capsules packed with more than mortal beauty and vigor, not to speak of the seraphic piece of pie in the margin.

Of course any advertised article must be reasonably satisfactory in actual use, or advertising cannot save it. One need not be a Victorian to remember the delightful little eighteenth-century gentleman in a pigtail who used to step along his perky way in order to advertise a certain brand of breakfast-food. He entered our American mythology, but the breakfast-food passed into limbo. The public couldn't be persuaded to eat it. They couldn't be forced to.

But even with reasonably satisfactory merchandise behind it, modern advertising sounds like more than pardonable exaggeration. It is the deliberate creation of a world of illusion. Why not let the facts speak for themselves, with a certain amount of reiteration to drive them home?

A pattern for a conservative type of advertising was furnished by a small boy I know, who decided to write a letter to a young uncle away at college. From his penmanship lessons he had derived not only the science of writing but his notion of literary style. Having managed the salutation, he found the rest a mere matter of manual labor. Down page after page he went on,

"Dear Uncle Bert,
Uncle Bert,
Uncle Bert,"

—and ended as he began, with one more repetition of the formula,

"Uncle Bert."

Advertising of this type might accomplish practical results. It would assure the public that Jones's Jimcracks are gingersnaps, or remind them of the existence of Puffkins's Tooth Paste.

But it would be abominably dull to write, and you must remember that our advertising is written by our most successful poets. It is a wasteful rather than an efficient nation which chutes all its young poets into the advertising business.

Yet the result is not so dreadful as the young poets try to make themselves believe. The world is spared some tons of mediocre verse, with the possibility of one or two "deathless lyrics" somewhere in the heap. The young poet is spared the traditional starving in an attic, for advertising pays not only the advertiser but the copy-writer.

Also, advertising of the reiteration-of-fact type would make very dull reading. It has to be carried only one step further to become the sort of vacuum that human nature abhors.

⁂

Sometimes I have a dream in which all the advertising signs are changed by magic overnight. When the proprietors come down to business in the morning they find themselves confronted, and obliged to confront the public, with the exact truth: "Poor dressmaking done here." "We charge all the traffic will bear." "We give service if you kick hard enough." "Our ideal is easy money." "We repair what you might better throw away." "The customer is always wrong. If he weren't he wouldn't buy anything here."

If it is at all prolonged, this dream becomes a nightmare. The study of skeletons may be pleasing to an anatomist, but not even an anatomist would care to see society at large walking about in its skeletons. A sweeter, brighter world is that in which a maid just escaped from the movies wheels in a tea-cart set with a thousand-dollar silver service and Punk Cookies (fifteen cents a package at your grocer's), and a guest throws up her hands with the exclamation, "Mabel, you are the cleverest thing to bake these wonderful cookies yourself!" Or a young husband when he first catches sight of the oilcloth rug which is his wife's idea of a surprise, cries in delight, "Why, Nell, how did we ever manage to afford this beautiful Bokhara?"

These appreciative guests and husbands are easy to deride. But secretly we all wish our guests and husbands would treat us just that way.

The old saw insists that money cannot buy happiness. But unless money does buy happiness it buys nothing. Great wealth may be stultifying—that is a danger most of us escape. But properly viewed every fifteen cents is a golden opportunity. It will buy ten cents' worth of cookies that would be dear at a nickel: but it will also buy a quarter's worth of enhancement of the ego, better adjustment to surroundings, brighter hope for the future, increased emphasis on the fact that if you want a thing badly enough you can usually get it.

Money will even buy romance. You may tub yourself with Such Soap as Cleopatra Used—for all that we know to the contrary. From your coffee-pot you may pour either an alliance with the great figures of the diplomatic world, or the charm of the ante-bellum South at its balmiest. By the purchase of our Slenderizing Stouts (we have dropped the word corset; it sounded—well, it sounded too much like corset) you will not only regain your lost youth, but you will acquire a feline grace of outline remarkable even in the slender—and unslenderized.

Fancy has become the handmaiden of Commerce. Business is not business at all, but fairyland. Advertising might have whacked us over the head with indisputable facts—which I take to mean facts not interesting enough to dispute. Instead it has seized the chance to build up an American folklore.

Any folklore seems trivial in the making. In his own day Bonnie Dundee was nothing but a politician, and Prince Charlie a young man who aspired to his grandfather's hat. Older myths dealt with sordid matters of crop routine and rainfall. The story might please, but the underlying idea was the crude one of making a living. Even in the fairy-tales of our childhood, the heroic third son who always succeeds where his older brothers fail was simply a reaction against the law of primogeniture; and the ever fascinating and poetic three wishes were only a witch doctor's charm employed in lieu of science, sanitation and common sense.

Similarly our mighty mechanical civilization puts a softening halo around the grim bases on which it rests. It does not transform its servants into machines. Instead they transform the machines into symbols.

Radio and mouse-trap, tooth-paste and sanitary plumbing, will not liberate the human spirit. But the constraint they put upon it is merely the terms of the problem. The answer is not given in the back of the book. It is read between the lines of the problem itself.

In making facts look pretty we have stumbled upon a new method of interpretation. The answer to American life is the great American legend.

# TIME THE TYRANT

## *Repeats Nothing, Restores Nothing of All Man's Hopes and Fears*

### LEE S. GUNTER

YESTERDAY I saw a very small, nine-year-old boy lying motionless, face downward, on a trunk. In the next room, the funeral service was being read over what remained of his mother, who had died suddenly the day before.

After a few minutes, a woman gathered the child up in her arms. His body was limp and his eyes dull, almost glazed, but not from weeping. All the processes and resources of his being were gathered within him to meet this first terrific experience of spiritual agony. The woman endeavored to comfort him with many words, notably with references to "merciful Time" and "healing Time."

Lately I have been trying to write a novel. Sometimes it went so well that it wrote itself; sometimes it would not go at all; generally it was just hard work—like anything else. Some weeks ago, at the beginning of the final section, it balked definitely, and I had to put it aside and do something else. Last night, just before midnight, I took it up again. Ideas interlocked with fitting words so rapidly that I was hard pressed to get them down fast enough. I felt no weariness, lost all track of time, borne along upon a joy and elation almost too great to endure. The final sentence came upon the very crest of the wave. Completing it, I looked up from the paper to see the windows a strange, smoky orange. A week ago I was trapped in a burning building and I thought suffocatingly: "Fire—again—my God!" But it was not fire; only the broad morning of another day.

Here, it seemed to me, were the poles of human emotion: Fathomless anguish of grief in the face of death and loss, the "negative pole"; and the truly divine joy of creation and fulfilment, the "positive pole." And across these reflections, that kind woman's phrases about Time, cast their sinister gleam. She said that Time heals grief; but she would have been shocked inexpressibly to be told that Time "heals" joy with precisely the same facility.

Time does not heal; it only obliterates. Time takes no account of human distinctions. Joy and agony, success and failure, hope and despair, good and evil; all these are one—and nothing—to Time, the relentless, who repeats nothing, restores nothing of all man's hopes and fears.

Oh, the tyranny of Time!—of the minutes and the hours and the days and the slow nights. Of the weeks that merge resistlessly into months;

and the years that roll up as a devouring tide. "Merciful Time" to those who prefer length of days to fullness of life, and ease to insight; but bearer of loathed narcotics to all others.

For the wine of experience may not be drunk twice the same. We take the cup and we drain it, and whether it be suffering beyond the measure of speech, or whether it be joy supernal, matters little. The experience is ours —part and parcel of our brain and blood, soul and spirit, we think. And then comes Time: One minute—the vision flames; a thousand—it is no less bright. But Time knows no fatigue; feels no discouragement.

Softly and smoothly the small moments fall, each of them powerless, making no change that we may discover. But under their impact, the flesh-fabric of Memory dissolves; the great colors, the masterful lines, dim —fade—vanish, all but. We went down to the barrier—or was it up?—and we bought, with more than our heart's blood, that which was worth the price many times over. And Time, the unregarded, steals it away, leaving in its room quiet, and ease; the common round, self-satisfaction.

I wonder what Time does with all he filches? He can have no use for what he takes. Into what vast storehouse it goes; to await what unthinkable reassembly? For it cannot be that it is dissipated, or that it will remain unused.

## YOU COME TOO LATE

### EVELYN BIGELOW CLARK

You come too late—my need of you is gone,
For I have triumphed over time and pain,
And learned of sorrow how to stand alone
And how to smile and face the world again.
I gave you all, in love's great Sacrament
—My soul the wine, my heart the broken bread.
You feasted lightly and as lightly went,
And left me here with something in me dead.
My life is cleansed and empty now of grief;
I rise again—the pride of life is strong
And in the place of love and old belief,
Courage goes marching with a merry song.
Come in my friend, but do not hope to find
A trace of anything you left behind.

# OAK

## *The Symbol of a Stalwart Nobility*

WILSON FOLLETT

"AND if it ever does go through," the old man would say passionately, "—if we ever do get that route put by here, and mail coming every day to our very door in a government wagon, I tell you what: the first day that wagon comes down this road, I shut up the doors of my shop, and I walk up this lane, and I open the box, and I take out my Boston paper and sit right down on the grass here, with my back up against that elm-tree, and I read that paper through from the first head-line clean on to the want ads—and let anybody stop me that can! That's what I calculate to do, and I'll do it, too—if it's ten o'clock in the forenoon!"

Joel Ames Edwards could not remember when he had first heard Grandfather Alonzo Ames talk hopefully about the mail route that had not yet come. Joel was eleven now. From the age of six he had spent all of every summer on his grandfather's farm. All that time he had heard his grandfather speak of the day when the mail would come along their road in a government wagon.

When the old man touched on this subject, a trace of pardonable exaggeration came into his speech. "To our very door," was his inexact phrase. The mail would actually be deposited in a box on a post at the edge of the road; and Grandmother would be the one to step forth from the side door and peer into the box. Joel could see her doing this, her blue apron thrown up over her head if it were raining.

He couldn't, himself, quite take in the importance of the consummation which was to them so very important. Nevertheless, his grandfather succeeded in communicating to Joel a vicarious excitement about the mail route. The boy mightn't himself have any use for mail, daily or other, delivered "to our very door" or fetched from the post-office. But he did adore his grandfather; and what was important to that austere white-bearded old man was going to be important to his grandson, once he caught a glimmer of its existence. Alonzo Ames had contrived to make the mail route so momentous to the boy that it sometimes entered into his dreams on the winter nights when he was at home in town.

Grandfather Ames built wagons. Down the lane through the orchard, in the valley traversed by the brook from the pond, there was a wheelwright shop, with power from a water-wheel at the dam, and ten steps from it was the tiny blacksmith shop. Grandfather Ames built the wagons out of oak grown on wooded acres of his own, and out of iron hammered to the solidity of his own ideal on his own anvils, with hammers that he had also made. Every afternoon at ten minutes of five, he stopped his operations, harnessed gray Dolly into the democrat-wagon, and set out for the village, to get—with whatever kitchen provisions were on Grandmother's list—the mail.

"Bring me a letter from Daniel, 'Lon," Grandmother would nearly always call after him. She would be standing by the well, her hand shading her eyes if it were sunny, the blue apron flung up over her head if there were a drizzle.

Joel always went with his grandfather on this ride. It was three miles and seventeen rods from the curb of the well-house to the grain platform of Fred V. Jenkins (Hay, Grain, Feed, Hardware, Provisions, General Merchandise—POST-OFFICE). Grandfather had measured it more than once, with a piece of white flannel tied to the rim of his near wheel. The total for fifty years ran into miles—"more than a small fortune if you had it in dollars," Alonzo Ames would say.

There were other ways in which Joel's young mind was charged with the details of his grandfather's precision about everything. He knew that the giant sledge-hammer had a head weighing seventeen pounds two ounces, and that when it stood on that head in its corner the tip of the handle was exactly thirty-six inches from the floor. He could never forget the bet he saw his grandfather win in the blacksmith shop with that hammer—a bet to which Alonzo Ames was no party—by grasping the tip of the handle and turning it a slow, unhurried full circle through horizontal to vertical and on clear round to its original position, by the sheer inexorable power of a forearm tanned like bacon. Precision tinged the old man's memory of his own handiwork. He knew the age of any wagon he had made, as he did that of any acquaintance, by its birth-date. This very democrat-wagon in which they daily went for the mail he had built in the winter of 1884—"Your mother was eleven then, my boy."

The express-wagon, which they took on days when sacks of grain had to be brought, was older—1878. And the heavy blue farm-wagon, used for rough work on the place, that was the oldest of all, 1873; and, in its fresh paint and newly set tires, the newest looking.

It was not, though, the oldest of Grandfather's extant creations. One day when he and Joel drove on an errand that took them along the back road, they met a battered, paintless, and down-at-heels farm-wagon wobbling noisily behind a cadaverous horse, the seedy driver of which mumbled greetings through a tobacco-stained beard. Grandfather scrutinized the outfit from narrowed gray eyes. "I built that in 1867," he said when it had passed. And, after a silence: "Joe Littlepage never did take any care of things—any more than of himself." He looked unaccountably grave and absent, and said no more for a long time. Joel, somehow, never dared to say anything when his grandfather looked like that.

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At Jenkins's, Grandfather would do the errands on his list. Joel would scamper across the road to play with the minister's two sons until they saw, at the center of its moving cloud of dust, the mail-wagon posting over the hill into the main street of the village. He would then scuttle back to the store, because he liked, when the sacks were opened behind the post-office partition of glassed boxes, to see the mail pop into this compartment and that, with a special eye to his grandfather's Number 31, and a specially jealous catch of the breath whenever a letter or journal apparently aimed at this target shot instead into 29 or 33.

Joel was not the only one who experienced a tension during these few minutes, or who was fascinated by the speed with which Mis' Stella Harcourt performed these familiar motions. The talk, at other times animated, dwindled to murmurs. Every one stood in a huddle about the delivery wicket. Women who had come in to make purchases gave their orders self-consciously and slipped out as if they were being stared at. It was a species of rite, this sorting of the mail. When it was completed and the wicket shot up, the atmosphere changed on the instant. A discomfort suddenly melted. It was like the change of pitch on getting out of Sunday-morning meeting.

"Well, my boy, I guess we can go along home now, can't we?" Grandfather would say, as if it were Joel who had kept the expedition waiting. A yoke of oxen couldn't have started his grandfather home until the mail was in. Once, when the mail-wagon had had a hot-box coming across Chiswick Flat, they had waited until Fred Jenkins had to pull down and light the swinging kerosene lamps with tin reflectors. Grandmother had set a lighted hand-lamp in the kitchen window, but she herself sat in the dark of the sitting-room, to watch for their carriage-lamp. Grandfather charged the delay to anything and everything but its real cause; the lateness of the mail slipped in at the end, as a kind of afterthought. "Oh," said Grandmother Ames. She had lived with Alonzo Ames since 1859.

Ordinarily the mail was on time for all practical purposes. In the democrat-wagon, jogging down the main street to the Burnt Swamp turn, Grandfather would edge the Boston paper open with his right hand, the reins lying in his left, and look at the weather predictions, with a judicious after-glance at the sky. And if it were a Presidential year, or there were an important anti-trust suit going on, or some great public disaster had left yesterday's reader in suspense, he would pass the reins over to Joel and let him hold them for perhaps a mile, though with half an eye on the road. Grandfather was one of those Olympian, incomprehensible beings who not only read the editorial page, complete, but could actually see sense in political cartoons.

It was Grandfather's theory that the newspaper should be taken in by Joel and put by the two-burner reading-lamp, and that the letters should stay in his own coat-pocket (the coat lying on the wagon seat) until he had resumed the coat for supper. "Let all things be done decently and in order," he would quote. Grandmother, on the other hand, wanted to know whether there were letters; and if there were any for her, she wanted them. She would go out to the barn, always ask the same definite questions, always receive the same non-committal answers from Grandfather, and end by fishing the letters out of the pocket for herself. Thus she got her letters, and Grandfather got the satisfaction of airing his theory once more—including, for good measure, the dictum that women, who always resolved a newspaper into its sections instead of reading it in one piece, weren't fitted by nature to cope with anything less than a bound book.

If there were, for Grandmother, mail from Uncle Daniel or Aunt Sarah, or from Joel's mother, she would open it at once and, standing in the open barn door, read it first then and there by the late afternoon light. But if there were an envelop in an unrecognized hand, she would guess at its identity, hold it up to the lamplight, and make the meal a conclave of joint speculation.

After supper, Grandfather sat down by the reading-lamp in his great easy-chair and folded the Boston paper neatly open at the editorial page. And then Joel and Martha Ames, the boy of eleven and the wisp of a grandmother, suddenly became of exactly an age and put in an hour giggling together. For Grandfather Ames no sooner began to read than he began to go to sleep. He went to sleep with greater and greater frequency as the hour passed—his eyes glazing as he stared at the print, his head and his lids drooping simultaneously, until in the end his head nodded low enough to snap him awake with a jerk. Joel and his grandmother thought it immensely funny. They never tired of it, and by the end of the hour their joy would approach hysteria. As soon as he began to droop they gazed at him with a fascinated excitement; when he began to nod, they grinned at each other, choking; when the culminating nod came and his head jerked upright, a look of surprised, slightly injured dignity on his countenance, they giggled outright. And Alonzo Ames never minded this. It was the one occasion in life on which Joel dared laugh overtly at the one living man whom he perfectly feared, and loved to fear. Grandfather Ames would smile a sheepish and kindly smile. "Well, my boy, I guess it looks as if I'd gone about fur enough for one day."

And before Joel was asleep in the great carved four-poster upstairs, he would hear Grandfather wind the shelf-clock in the sitting-room—twelve burring turns with the key shaped like a crank, worn smooth by fifty years of the same thumb.

Joel half saw why it was that men would sometimes drive eight and ten miles to get Alonzo Ames to file a saw for them, and be actually pleased if they had to wait half the morning for it. It wasn't altogether the manifest superiority of the work done by a man who couldn't bear to do anything with mere average competence.

That such a man could be left wanting R. F. D. the way his grandfather did—that any government on earth could know that he wanted it and still not break a leg to give it to him—was more than Joel could get through his eleven-year-old head.

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One night toward the middle of August there was excitement. Joel and his grandfather had been late starting for the post-office, and it was dusk when, in the middle of Burnt Swamp, they met Abijah Ray driving home in his buggy. "Well, she's come!" Abijah sang out in his high, throaty whine. "Got my notice right here"—he slapped a coat-pocket —"and you're a-goin' to git yourn, 'Lon. They're all a-readin' of 'em, back there." He gestured with his whip in the direction of the village.

Grandfather looked at him with a kind of rigidity—the look that made people translate their excitement into such diction as would entitle a man of dignity and sense to recognize that something had been said.

"The mail route," Abijah amplified. "The R. F. D. She's a-comin' sure, this time. Tells you what kind of a box to git, 'n' where to locate her, 'n' all about it."

Grandfather gave a hardly audible whistle. Then his excitement partly wilted, and he asked: "Does it say *when*, 'Bije? *When's* the point interests me. A promise from the government is like a promise from a woman: not much good except she names the day. I've heard from the government afore now, 'Bije, on one account and another, and I sometimes think the government goes on the principle of Neill Gillson, that was comin' to fix my chimney. He was comin' the Monday, and when I caught him on the Wednesday and taxed him with it, he says: 'Wall, I kind o' figgered 'twas a mean man that wouldn't even promise.'"

Abijah Ray scratched his head slowly. "No, it don't say when, eggsackly," he admitted, "but it says we'll be give notice when they're ready to begin."

Grandfather had recovered his casualness. "Oh, well, then, it don't mean a thing," he assured the other. "You can set your heart easy, 'Bije. I guess Burdick is just plannin' on bein' reëlected, and gettin' out some campaign literature." Burdick was the Congressman of that district. "If I was you, I wouldn't lose no sleep over it till they name the day. S'long, 'Bije."

He clucked to gray Dolly. "Some folks just naturally believe everything they're told," he said to Joel, after awhile. Nevertheless, he coaxed Dolly to a pace that made her turn her head back several times, as if her feelings were hurt. At the post-office, Grandfather did not open the long, thick envelop which had come, under the government's frank, into his box; but he did join the group of his country neighbors who were reading their identical inclosures to each other, with a fusillade of questions and speculations. Also he borrowed Fred Jenkins's mail-order catalogue, a volume endlessly fascinating to Joel because of its illustrated pages of fishing-tackle, firearms and boats. That night Grandfather spread out the mail-order catalogue by the lamp; and when he had conned it, he got out a quire of ruled writing-paper and, with inexorable and slow method, indited, signed, sealed, directed and stamped a letter. To Grandmother's legitimate curiosity his replies were neatly evasive. But Joel, after he had heard the clock wound, heard the rumble of Grandfather Ames's voice from the kitchen bedroom, punctuated now and then with intervals which would mean that Martha Ames was being meekly vocal.

And ten days later came the resplendent new aluminum-painted mail-box with a door at one end, a red signal-flag to hoist, and the word "Ames" in bold black capitals. Grandfather did not open the package at the store. But when, at home, it was unwrapped, he set it in the glow of the reading-lamp, and both he and Grandmother spent so much time looking at it that once more the old man forgot to put on his usual entertainment. And once more Joel lay awake to the rumble of his grandfather's voice.

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He awoke to early morning light and the most magical sound of his young world: the clink-*clink*, clink-*clink*, musical and metallic, of the water-wheel penetrating the rush of the unchained water that drove it. This was another of the things, connected with Alonzo Ames, of which Joel's consciousness had begun much farther back than his memory could reach. It was the sound that filled, as a tapestried background, all his specially beautiful dreams; but let its actuality begin when he was within earshot, and it would pull him unceremoniously up from the seventh stratum of a boy's sleep. On this sunny morning he answered the magnetic call in two garments, with a conscientious pause at the back kitchen sink for dabs at his teeth and hair before he fled barefoot down the orchard path, the dew cold on his toes. He had to lie prone for a moment on the plank bridge across the brook-trench and peer back under, where in the redoubled rush of shadowy waters from the opened gate the small mud-pickerel struggled to keep from making tailway. But it was a shorter moment than usual. Running on, he came to where his grandfather stood by the huge power grindstone at the side of the shop, putting on to the newest, shiniest and sharpest of his axes an edge that was nothing less than sacramental.

"Hello, my boy. Up so soon, eh?" It was the fashion of his instinctive delicacy to ignore the spell which his water-run machinery and its noises had always exerted upon his grandson. He never twitted younger folk with their shy enthusiasms.

Joel did not see how any human being could dream of the possibility of improving the razor edge of this particular ax. Yet here was Grandfather pressing it against the huge stone with the gentle rotatory twist of which he was master, then rubbing off with a horny thumb the drops of rust-red water which the bright blade collected from the dripping spigot in the bucket above, then pressing some more. He couldn't have taken more subtle pains with this edge if he had been the King's chief executioner preparing to escort the Lord High Chancellor to the block.

"Well, my boy, shall we shut the gate?" he said at last. This "we" was the special dispensation that, perhaps three times in a summer, let Joel touch true sublimity. He darted into the back shop, flung himself over the lathe-bench, and seized the long handle that projected diagonally from the wheel-house into the far corner of the room. As he pulled it back and forth in slow strokes, closing inch by ratcheted inch the heavy water-gate at the flume, the clink-*clink*, clink-*clink* of the wheel slowed down—slowed down—stopped. The swish and tumult of waters in the walled trench dwindled too, until it was only the regular trickle of the brook through crevices of the dam. Down under their shaded home of plank bridge, the small mud-pickerel would now lie quiet again among the leaning weeds, their noses still pointed upstream. There was a deafening quality in the sudden silence, through which he heard, from the front shop, the silken-and-velvet whisper of the ax-blade taking its ultimate polish from the whetstone that always lay on the tool-bench.

For what? It was clear, at breakfast in the kitchen, that Grandmother knew all about it. Presently she drew Joel out into the back kitchen and, from the full cookie-jar, a huge crock, thrust upon him a great double handful of yesterday's hermits. "There, Joel: you'll want to be going along with your grandfather, and I want you should take these." And he had to find his coat, for pocket-room.

His grandfather had trundled the farm-wagon out the sliding door into the yard and removed its seat. He was harnessing Dolly on the barn floor. Now he backed her skilfully between the shafts and buckled the traces. The ax and a cross-cut saw were lying on the floor of the wagon, the head of the ax wrapped in a burlap sack. Grandfather had hung his jumper on one of the stakes. With the reins, he climbed in himself, over the wheel. Dolly stood; and tongue-tied Joel, standing at the corner of the well-house, felt his heart begin to thump with a kind of small ache.

Grandfather Ames looked at him, grave, unsmiling. "Well, my boy —?" he said.

Joel snatched up his bulging coat from the well-curb. "Oh, can I? Can I go?" He climbed in, hung his coat on another of the stakes, and stood behind Grandfather, bracing himself for the lurch of the start. They were off down the lane, Dolly holding back against the grade and letting them delicately over the thank-you-marms. There came the second of delicious rumble on the hollowness of the bridge; then they began to climb gently over rougher going, through a broad pasture grown up with sumach, over an outcropping of sun-warmed ledge at the crest of the rise, and down among swishing bushes. They stopped at a pair of bars at the edge of thick woodland. Joel hopped down to open the bars, and tugged them back into place when the wagon had rolled through into the sudden coolness and dimness.

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The wood-road descended, becoming mossy and boulder-strewn, so that the farm-wagon tilted crazily. Soon Joel began to hear a whispering like distant wind. It turned rapidly into a subdued roar, and in another minute they were fording the bush-grown wasteway, where among cardinal-flowers, cat-o'-nine-tails, and huge rocks the overflow of the pond made its own labyrinth of channels back into the main stream below. The water swirled round the hubs. Dolly stopped midway, knee-deep in enjoyment; Grandfather let her stand. Then they pulled up a sharp rise into clear and level woodland, bore in a wide curve to the north, and left the wood-road for a sunny clearing set about with oak and maple second growth, older, Grandfather remarked, than the farm-wagon of 1873. They had been working round to the far side of the pond and in toward its shore, in the area from which, every winter, Grandfather hauled his next winter's firewood across the ice to the circular saw at the shop.

Any man living within a twelve-mile radius, if he had a smattering of woodsmanship, would have said on entering this clearing, "Alonzo Ames." His ax took down every tree flush to the ground, and every cut looked like the work of a saw. All the brush of a winter's cutting was brought into one pile at the center, and on next season's snow it would be burned, leaving the place clean-shaven.

They drove across it now, toward a gleam of blue and sun-sparkle which Joel could make out through the fringe of forest. And suddenly he noticed a single straight oak standing twenty yards from the margin of the cleared space. Last winter's cutting had gone around without touching it. Like trees that have grown in a company, but not too thickly, it went up straight and far without branching, and showed to the most casual glance the stalwart nobility that trees conceal as long as they are crowded.

By this oak Alonzo Ames stopped Dolly and the wagon of 1873; and his silent upward scrutiny verified calculations from data that were, to an eleven-year-old grandson, invisible. Satisfied, he clambered out over the wheel and snapped the hitching-weight to Dolly's bridle.

"Hand me the ax, my boy," he said. And then, as Joel did so, unwrapping it, "You better stand here, I guess." He indicated a place to which his chips could not fly—redoubtable chips, edged almost like the ax-blade itself, and of a weight and speed to stun.

The old man braced his feet apart, settled into his stance, and swung the ax—a free, leisurely, loose-jointed motion that had behind it the two hundred and ten pounds' weight of a terrific bodily efficiency. The stroke pealed and echoed from that sap-filled butt and among the August foliage, but with a more muffled decisiveness than if it had been winter, when trees were leafless and the wood brittle with cold; *then* an ax spoke out with an inflection like the crack of a rifle. Joel watched, with fascinated eyes, the incision itself. Each massive chip that came out raised into slight relief the line of its cleavage, a precise demarcation of the blade on gleaming wood; and each next stroke erased this line and raised another farther in. Always, it seemed, there must be one of these welts left; there was no possible way to smooth down the last of them. But Joel had no more than formulated this thought when the last of them vanished: his grandfather paused, and the boy suddenly realized that the two planes of the incision had met in an angle exact and sharp, half-way through the great butt. His grandfather was not even breathing deeply. But Joel was suddenly astonished to find that he had been holding his own breath. He gasped for air like a swimmer coming up after a long dive.

With hardly a shift of his position Alonzo Ames began to send a wedge of daylight into the tree from the other side, to meet the first. Joel moved over slightly, behind him, to a position better for seeing. His grandfather, warmed up to the work now, and perhaps a little intoxicated with the exultant play of his own muscles, added an insistent speed to his precision. The chips flew out in a curving stream. Joel's eyes blurred in the effort to trace the progress of the cut; every one of the rain of strokes changed its shape. It was axmanship to make a boy think that his grandfather, had he been so minded, could have sawed the tree through at its butt and then chopped it down above the cut, in the seconds before it would have fallen.

Suddenly Grandfather Ames stepped two paces back from his work and stood leaning on the ax. Joel darted a quick look up. The top branches waved quivering across a small arc of sky, paused on a speck of fluffy cloud, waved again, and reeled into a wide sinking curve of gathered speed. Then, an instant of superb concussion from the midst of a rending crash of upper branches borne down, and Grandfather's quieting voice, "Whoa, Dolly—whoa, mare!"

The butt had come free. A flick of the ax knocked off the row of fine splinters left across the center of the stump. It was flat as a plate, with the one thin faint ridge straight across its center where the two cuts had met.

With his folding pocket-rule Grandfather measured off nine feet from the butt and nicked the bark with his ax. With the cross-cut saw he and Joel took off this nine-foot section. Grandfather backed the farm-wagon up to it, heaved the butt up until it rested on the tail of the body, and slid the great log in. Then he trimmed off the upper branches and, with saw and ax, worked the rest up into firewood of sizes for the air-tight stove in the shop. Joel, when not pulling at the saw, was adding to the brush-pile, stowing wood in the wagon, and filling the burlap sack with gleaming chips.

In what seemed to him no time at all, the ground held hardly a trace of their work except the white circle of fresh wood on the stump, left to tell in its concentric rings the tale of a fine tree's span of years in that place.

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It was a full year before Joel deciphered the meaning of their expedition. That it had to his grandfather a kind of ceremonial purport had been implicit in the very air of the occasion. The destruction of a growth older than Alonzo Ames himself had been accomplished in a way that denied its destructiveness, invested it with the gravity of a requiem or of a dedication.

After their work was done, Grandfather had put on his jumper and strolled toward the shore; and there he and Joel had sat for half an hour on the high bank, sniffing the scent of water-lilies and watching the occasional flying leap of a pickerel. Grandfather had even been so indulgent as to accept one of Joel's hermits.

Back at the shop, the old man had squared off the butt of the tree with the circular saw, measured and marked off a square centered on the heart of the log, measured and marked off a similar but smaller square at the other end of the nine-foot piece, set the guides on the sawing-table, and run the saw four times lengthwise through the log, trimming off bark and pulp-wood and leaving a nicely tapered rough obelisk. But this he shoved up on to the strong tie-beams under the roof of the back room, where the choicest of his wagon timber lay seasoned or seasoning; and there, for all Joel knew to the contrary, he forgot it.

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The boy, with all the relatives who could come, was at the farm for Thanksgiving; and again, alone, for the week after Christmas. Then he had four more days there in mid-February, when Grandfather was hauling wood across the ice; on one of them, they burned up the brush-pile to which, last August, they had added the waste of the oak-tree. More than once, warming himself between forays on the ice or into the woods, Joel had fed the shop stove with huge chips or a billet of wood from that same tree. Once he had the temerity, swallowing hard, to say, "*We* got this wood, grandpa." Alonzo Ames just smiled at him. More than once, Joel sat on the edge of the sawing-table with his feet in the great pile of sawdust, looking up at the obelisk, still seasoning on the tie-beams. He wished that his grandfather would notice this and volunteer some explanation.

June came and Joel, grown like a weed, and with another year of civics and geography behind him, picked up the mail-wagon at Chiswick station, rode the five miles to the village, threw his suit-case into the democrat-wagon at Jenkins's grain platform, and took possession of the right end of the seat. And there he was sitting when his grandfather came out of the post-office with the Boston paper and some letters.

His grandmother was standing on the porch watching the bend. "Well, Joel," she said when she kissed him, "I filled the cookie-jar this morning." It was all just as it had been every year, just as he wanted it always to be.

After supper he rambled about the place by the last hour of daylight. One of the first spots he visited was the back room of the shop. Grandfather's rough-sawed oak obelisk was still in its place. Joel saw by the remains of the pencil marks on the darkening wood that it had been given a quarter-turn since last he had noticed.

At the beginning of the dry August following, Alonzo Ames began to complain of feeling poorly. Even on cool days, at his work in the shop, he would frequently pause to wipe a beaded forehead with a blue bandana. At meals in the kitchen Joel noticed that big drops would form one after another at his wrists, run down to his elbows as he plied knife and fork from his low rush chair, and tumble to the floor, making a little darkened spot on the maple boards at each side of his place. Several times the boy overheard, in Grandmother's mild expostulatory voice, the word "doctor"; and each time his grandfather was ever so slightly testy and short with her, so that she soon relapsed into a life-long habit of keeping her worries to herself.

Toward the close of a suffocatingly hot afternoon, during the last hour of which Joel had seen the blue bandana more frequently than ever, Grandfather closed the shop half an hour earlier than usual, and plodded up the lane to the house so very slowly that it seemed as if it had been for this that he had allowed the extra time. Instead of turning into the barn he crossed the porch to the sitting-room door and went in. Martha Ames appeared with frightened eyes at the doorway to the kitchen.

"I feel kind of poorly, Marthy," said Grandfather. "I don't know how it comes I mind the hot weather so much more'n I ever did. Guess I'll have to lie down a minute before I harness up." He stretched himself out supine on the hair-cloth lounge by the three windows, breathing hard.

Grandmother made no comment. He relaxed and closed his eyes, and she went back to the kitchen. When, nearly an hour later, she heard Grandfather beginning to stir, she hurried to him. "'Lon," she said, "I want you shouldn't do any more to-day. Here's Joel wants to walk up to the village. He's going to fetch the mail. And the other things—we don't need—"

Grandfather was on his feet now, swaying a little. With her first words he had sunk back for a moment on the pillow, but her mention of the mail seemed to goad him. "No, no," he said with severity. "Now you just hold your hosses, Marthy. When I get so's I can't harness Dolly and drive three miles and seventeen rods for the mail, I'll be older'n I be now."

He stopped at the side door, his hand on the latch, and turned. "I tell you what, though," he said with emphasis. "If that mail route of theirs ever gets put through, and we have a government wagon bringing the mail every day—to our very door—I don't care if I never *see* the inside of Fred Jenkins's store for weeks at a time."

He stopped at the edge of the porch and turned again. "And I tell you one other thing," he added. "The first day I see that mail-wagon come down this road, I shut up the doors of that shop, and walk up that lane to the box, and take out that Boston paper o' mine, and sit right down on the grass there with my back up against the tree, good and comfortable, and read that paper through from murders to adver*tise*ments—before any womenfolk get it all sorted to pieces and scattered round the house," he added bitterly. "And I'd just like to see any one stop me." Joel saw his grandmother shake her head to herself, in a sad sort of bafflement.

And that was the night of the great tidings.

They were late in getting started; and when, as once before, they met Abijah Ray in the midst of Burnt Swamp, they saw that he had begun to brandish his arms wildly. "Well, she's a-named the day!" he yelled in his throaty whine, even before the wagons were abreast. He slapped his pocket. "I guess Burdick gits your vote now—hey? You set right still till a week f'm Thursday an' keep your eyes glued up that there road, an' you'll see that mail-wagon comin' round the turn sure's your name's Alonzo Ames. She's a-named the day!" He chuckled and flicked his chestnut mare with the whip.

"Well, you needn't to act as though you'd invented the whole mail system," Alonzo Ames flung after him. And then, to Joel, "It's always the empty wagon makes the most racket."

In the post-office there was the same vociferous group, exclaiming over a second batch of franked envelops. The first delivery to Route Number 4 would be on Thursday the 14th; and with the formal personal notices was a duplicate of the earlier printed instructions, which by this time even Joel knew by heart—the box to be of such-and-such a type and size, mounted at so many inches' height not more nor less than so many inches from the side of the road. And, yes, Grandfather's notice was in his box, along with the Boston paper of that morning.

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On the drive home and through the belated supper, the old man still breathed a little queerly and continued to produce the blue bandana; but he had forgotten that he was feeling poorly. And the next morning promptly after breakfast he led Joel back, without a word said on either side, to the subject of subjects. When the boy appeared in the front shop, a few minutes behind his grandfather, the nine-foot obelisk was laid out on the bench with elaborate and exact pencil markings, and Grandfather had the blade out of the largest of his planes and was giving it a final touch of the whetstone.

He planed all four of its surfaces down to his marks, the long shavings curling out over his right hand on the knob of the tool. Then he laid the post out on two saw-horses, and he and Joel sandpapered it to a satiny smoothness. After that he carried it into the back room and arranged it on the bed of the turning-lathe, tightening the clamps at each end.

"Well, my boy—think we can run the wheel just a *leetle* while?" It was six weeks since they had had any rain to speak of, and the pond was low. For two weeks now his grandfather had been turning away all work that needed the water-power.

Joel vaulted over the bench and began to pull the long handle back and forth. There was a gurgle and rush of water as inch by inch the heavy gate came open. The wheel began to turn, the main shaft to revolve. The whole inside of the shop became a whirr of machinery, and through it came the clink-*clink*, clink-*clink* of the turning wheel, accelerating to its full speed. Grandfather forced a broad cowhide belt from one shining drum to another, using a wagon-spoke. Then the old man pulled a handle, and at once the nine-foot post was whirling on its axis so fast that it appeared as a round column.

Grandfather laid a chisel of special shape against the rest and, calculating the angle nicely, pressed it against the wood at a marked point some seven inches from the smaller end—in and in, amid tiny flakes of chips that rattled like hail against the tin shield. He moved the chisel toward the right, relaxing his pressure; then still farther to the right, leaning more of the weight of his body against it. And the smaller end of the wooden shaft turned into a ball of the utmost perfection of roundness, under the magic of this freehand drawing done in spinning oak.

"I guess that's about all the water we can take, my boy," said Alonzo Ames. "The sandpaper'll do the rest—not so quick, mebbe." Joel leaped to the handle and shut the water-gate. A little later they left the post on its pair of saw-horses, the upper half in its first coat of white lead, the lower blackly tarred.

That was Wednesday. A week from to-morrow! On Saturday, Grandfather returned to the post and gave it the second coat. On Sunday, for the first time since the Saturday blizzard of eleven winters before, he did not go to church. Joel went, though, on foot—to tell Dr. Angell that his grandmother needed him for his grandfather. Alonzo Ames had not even tried to get out of bed that morning, and Joel and his grandmother had managed his morning chores.

It was, said the old doctor, more than a touch of malaria. He left some medicine, careful directions, and a clinical thermometer. He would be back to-morrow.

On Monday he said that on no account was Alonzo Ames to set foot out of bed for at least three days after his temperature was normal, whenever that might be. And—he would be back to-morrow.

"But, doctor," said the old man, with the querulousness of one who has had a long time to forget what it is to be ill, "Thursday—"

"Tell yourself the world is coming to an end Wednesday midnight," said Dr. Angell drily.

An hour later Martha Ames said, "Your grandfather wants to speak to you, Joel. Don't let him talk much if you can help it."

The boy went to the door of the kitchen bedroom. His grandfather smiled at him from the pillow, but he looked, somehow, shockingly wearied and wasted, and his grandson had a fleeting impression that whole weeks of illness had trampled him in the two days since Saturday.

"Something I wish you'd do for me, my boy," said Grandfather. "This touch of malary—be all right to-morrow. But we must have the paint dry in time, mustn't we?

"You put on the third coat. Post's right there on the saw-horses—*you* know. Pot of white lead in the corner. Mix it up good—take you longer than the painting, if you do it right. Same brush—and put it back in the turpentine. Soak the brush good in the paint before you—"

"Yes, Grandpa," said Joel. "I know just how to do it. I'll do it the very best I can." He was off like a shot. It was the first time in his life that he had known Alonzo Ames to delegate the most trifling detail of that work by which he was himself to be judged. What a terrific responsibility! Impatient as Joel was to feel the brush gliding in long, smooth strokes, and to have the job over and stand off admiring and criticizing it, he stirred and stirred the white lead until his forearm ached. He proved the paint and practised his stroke on a meaningless plank.

He went for the mail on foot. That night after supper his grandmother tiptoed to him and said, "Your grandfather wants to know if you got the post painted, Joel. I think he'd like best for you to tell him. But don't let him talk much, if you can help it."

Joel went again to the bedroom door. "I painted the post, Grandpa," he said shyly. "I thought it looked pretty good—not as good as what you would do, of course, but—"

"Thank you, my boy," said Alonzo Ames; and Joel could see him smiling feebly from the pillow, in the dimness.

His grandmother said that, if Grandfather were not better to-morrow, he must borrow a bicycle and ride to Chiswick to get his mother to come over for a few days. There was a brooding oppression upon the house, with its master flat on his back for the first time in forty years. But Tuesday, in spite of one chill, Alonzo Ames seemed a great deal better. And when, Wednesday, Joel went the third time for the mail, he reported to Dr. Angell that Grandfather's temperature had been normal all day. "Well, tell him not to forget that extra vacation in bed," said the doctor. "I'll stop Friday, and you let me know if you want me before."

◆

At the first gray of Thursday, in the thick of a dream of queerly babbling voices, Joel came awake to the discovery that he was being shaken—as violently, it seemed, as his grandmother's frail strength could manage. "Joel, wake up—wake up, Joel," she was saying between shakes. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. Martha Ames, in a quilted dressing-gown, was wringing her hands and moaning. "Oh, Joel, your grandfather—"

Joel's first confused thought, so unnerving to him was this abandonment to distress, was that his grandfather had died in the night. But she was tugging at his wrist now, sobbing the while. "Look, Joel—look!" She led him stumbling across the upper hall to where a sharper light flooded through the east window overlooking the road. "I can't do anything *with* him," she wailed. "Joel, *you* go."

Alonzo Ames, in brown overalls and jumper, was out on the lawn under the giant elm. Beside him was a wheelbarrow filled with tools; and on the grass lay the oak post, the shaft and surmounting ball vivid against the grass, like a birch-stem among pines. From a circle of lawn at the very edge of the road he had cut the turf, and this turf was neatly piled at the foot of the tree. The old man was driving a spade into the brown earth that he had laid bare.

"Go, Joel!"

He was half-way down the creaking stairs in his two garments, when it flashed into his mind that his feet were not very well equipped for the tussle that was coming. He ran back and slipped on, without stockings, his toughest shoes.

His grandfather, shoveling earth and stones into a pile by the roadside, flung a mere glance over his shoulder without pausing.

"Let me do it, Grandpa," Joel begged; and again, "Come, Grandpa—let *me* take the shovel." No answer. "*Won't* you go lie down, Grandpa? Just a little while? You know Dr. Angell said—and Grandma, she's—"

His grandfather wheeled on him with so stern a forbearance that Joel knew, with sinking, that there was no hope, that there never had been any hope. If the old man had raged at him, bellowed, or even stopped to phrase an argument, there might have been a dim chance to persuade or cajole him. But no one in his senses ever tried to pit himself against Alonzo Ames in the obstinacy of this frozen quietude. "My boy," he said, one foot on the spade ready for the next stroke, "you better tell your grandmother we'll be wantin' breakfast, come seven o'clock. And I guess we'll all be needin' to save our breath to cool our porridge." He drove the spade in with finality.

* * *

Joel found his grandmother walking up and down the sitting-room. "He won't pay any attention, Grandma," he said. "You know how he is—like iron. Or oak. But *don't* worry, Grandma: he seems lots better. Really he does. Maybe it's doing him good. Maybe it's just what he needs. Maybe he knows better than Dr. Angell." She smiled a wry and forlorn smile. "I'm going to stay with him," continued Joel, "and do all I can—all he'll let me. He promised he'd come to breakfast at seven."

Martha Ames smiled her thanks to her grandson for that: it gave at least the relief of something for hands to do that could otherwise only wring themselves futilely.

When Grandfather had got his post-hole down two feet it ran into the corner of a ledge. The sounding which he had taken with a crowbar had, by black luck, missed this obstruction by an inch or two.

"My boy," said Grandfather, "you know where the drills are? Get me the longest inch-and-a-half one."

For the first time in his life Joel Ames Edwards stood confronting his grandfather in dumb inaction in the face of a definite request. "Grandpa," he said, "couldn't we—couldn't you—set the post just a couple of inches farther this way—just against the point of the rock? Couldn't you, Grandpa?"

There was an intensity of rebuke in the way his grandfather gazed at him then. The conscience, the workmanship, of sixty years was focused in it, a lifetime's scorn of cheap and tricky makeshifts. "I don't seem to be so young and spry as what I was once," he said mildly. "I thought mebbe you could fetch the drill faster'n I could."

Three minutes later Joel was holding the long drill near its top, giving it a fraction of a turn after each stroke of the sledge wielded by his grandfather, amazed that the old man could swing it at all, even more amazed to find that he hadn't the smallest apprehension for his own hands, which a miscalculation of an inch would have crushed to bloody pulp. He knew that, with his grandfather's massive brown hands there on the drill where his own now were, he would never have dared swing even the light sledge hard enough to make the slightest impression.

His grandfather measured the quantity of black powder, tamped it and the wadding in with the fuse carefully arranged, and piled on timbers and an old carpet. When Joel leaped back into the reek of exploded gunpowder and pulled the remaining timbers aside, he saw that the corner of the ledge had come away cleanly in one great triangular boulder. He flung himself upon it savagely and desperately, and tugged until it seemed as if his arms were coming out of their shoulder-sockets. He was all but sobbing.

"There, there, my boy," said the deep voice behind and above him. "Easy does it." Alonzo Ames thrust the crowbar deep into the crack and put some of his weight on it. Nothing happened. He relaxed himself for a second of preparation.

Then he put all the force of his two hundred pounds and the still greater leverage of his will into one effort that was like an explosion of muscle following the explosion of powder. Joel heard, with a rending of earth and elm roots, another elemental noise that seemed to come from some deep hollow within his grandfather—a tearing, muffled grunt, part relief and, it might be, part pain. The boulder lay free, its sharp corner level with the edge of the ragged hole. The old man reeled for a moment, with a hand clutching at his breast, caught and steadied himself, stooped, and rolled the great rock over into the road. With four blows of the sledge he reduced it to a wheelbarrow load of splinters.

Grandmother called them in to breakfast, and, to Joel's relief, he went at once. When she asked, "How you feelin', 'Lon?" he replied that he had never felt better in his life. He ate, to prove it, hugely, lawlessly. He parried, as if they had been sallies of humor, his wife's efforts to get him to bed, and with a "Well, Joel—?" strode back to his task. He was so debonair that he had Joel convinced that he really was all right; that Grandmother, for once in her life, was only borrowing trouble.

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And so the post was set, with a careful application of rule and spirit-level this way and that, a vise-like wedging of small stones, a solid tamping of earth, a refitting and trimming of the turf. And, again with rule and level, Grandfather affixed the aluminum-painted box, driving deep with a bit-stock the long screws which he had substituted for the flimsy mail-order ones.

They stood back to survey their handiwork; walked up the road a hundred yards to view it as the mail-carrier might in an hour or two; walked back again. "Well, my boy," said Alonzo Ames, "if anybody was to come along by here the day after to-morrow, I shouldn't wonder a mite but what he'd find the post right there where we planted it. My grandfather used to say to me, when I wasn't much bigger'n you be now, that if you set a post with as much of it below ground as above, it won't be likely to get away from you right quick; anyhow, 'twon't blow away in the first light breeze that comes along." He paused reflectively. "And it's a *good* post," he summarized. "Oak."

He was so content that he left it to Joel to put everything away and water the ground about the post. When the boy returned by way of woodshed, back kitchen, and cookie-jar, his grandfather, in his special chair, was making gestures that denoted a weariness of the spirit and saying something about being "run by a passel of womenfolk." He was only teasing Grandmother, who was living for the moment when she could entice him back to the bed he ought not to have left.

He began to nod, as over his editorials. Presently he moved over to the hair-cloth lounge, lay down, and closed his eyes. When he began to breathe deeply, Grandmother came with an afghan and laid it over him.

Joel tiptoed into the kitchen after her. "Grandma," he whispered—then suddenly noticed, and pretended not to notice, that she was crying. "Grandma—we'll have to tell him when the—the wagon comes. We wouldn't dare—not to."

She fastened her grandson with a

look suddenly calm, one tear arrested in each eye. "I wish the mail had never been heard of," she said with cold passion. Then some inner fiber went limp. "Yes, we'll have to tell him."

* * *

It came, the government wagon, in a nimbus of dust, drawn smartly by two horses. Watching from the kitchen window, they recognized the portly figure of Jethro Davis of Chiswick Flat, to whom had been let the contract for Route Number 4. Joel hurried to the lounge.

"Grandpa," he said. "The mail-wagon—it's coming. It's here."

Gray-blue eyes opened, looked at him benevolently, and smiled from deep within, while the old man's features remained like noble stone.

"Grandpa"—more loudly—"the mail!"

The eyes closed. Martha Ames shook her head at her grandson. He stole away.

Jethro Davis, thrusting this and that into the box and pulling its gay red signal-flag aloft, looked at their windows in a puzzled way. Joel and his grandmother waved dispirited hands to him from the window. It was the most they could do. He flourished his whip, drove on, disappeared down the road toward Jacobs's.

"We mustn't get the mail," whispered Grandmother. "He'll want it to be right there in the box, when he—when he wakes up." Joel nodded.

Suddenly his grandfather's voice came, a great baying shout that filled the house, ringing like a bell under the low ceilings. "Joel!"

The boy ran. "Yes, Grandpa—?"

Alonzo Ames was sitting upright on the edge of the lounge. His eyes were wide open and excited. "What was it you said, my boy?" This was in answer to what his grandson had tried to tell him ten minutes ago. It had just pricked through some outer veil.

"I said—the mail, Grandpa. In the box. Jeth Davis brought it."

The old man got up with dignity. He stalked across the sitting-room to the door and fumbled at the latch. Joel darted to raise it for him. He went on in steady paces across the porch, across the lawn, to the box on the post. He opened its door, drew out his newspaper in its wrapper, and waved some letters toward Joel, who ran with them to his grandmother.

The old man ripped his Boston paper out of its wrapper, which he then crumpled into a wad and stuffed into a pocket of his overalls. He sat down, with his back against the elm, and spread out the journal on his knee. Joel and his grandmother watched him from the window.

Before he had turned a page his head dropped forward as it had done in his easy-chair.

"Here, Joel," said his grandmother; "I want you should tuck this around your grandfather." She handed him the afghan from the lounge.

Joel stole out to where his grandfather was sitting. His head had drooped forward to his knees now. His back had come away from the tree, so that it was no trouble at all to wrap the afghan completely round his shoulders.

But Alonzo Ames had no more need of this protection.

# HOW TO BE SWEET THOUGH SOPHISTICATED

## *A Rebound from Too Much Smartness*

### IRWIN EDMAN

ONE can learn as much about the prevailing temper of a generation by studying its contempts as by remembering its loves. It is indeed very difficult in our time to tell what we love, the old objects of our adoration having been riddled with suspicion, and love itself, in the skeptical hands of our contemporary wise men, having come into disrepute. To the Spartan, the ideal of life was represented by the warrior, disciplined and taut. To the medieval, the ideal of the good life was typified by the martyr, the ascetic or the saint. In the Renaissance one wished to be something like Castiglione's courtier, a polished fusion of the gentleman, the scholar, the soldier and the man of the world. The contemporary hero, the mythical pattern in the imitation of whom we would live, remains as yet undefined. We have no hero; what is more to the point, we suspect hero worship.

But it is only necessary to read the books of our more circumspect novelists or to move for an evening in the society of our more intelligent friends, to detect what we do not wish to be, or at least what we do not wish to be thought to be. To the modern spirit, disillusioned or at least unillusioned, the great evil to be avoided is sentimentality. We will forgive almost all sins save those of slushiness. We will condone all defects save those of the soft mind. There is going to be no nonsense about us, and though we may wince a little in private, or cause others to wince in public, we are not going to be children. We are not going to cry for the moon, swear by the stars, or go roller-skating on the rainbow. Not for us the sorrows of Werther, the melancholy of Byron, the purified ecstasies of Coventry Patmore's version, so angelic and so silly, of love. We have both learned and unlearned too much, we think, for that sort of thing. First as to what we have learned:

Science has ceased to be the esoteric possession of experts in a laboratory; it has become the popular jargon of the men in the street or at least of the women in the salon. We know enough about glands to be incredulous of our own or of anybody else's melancholy. When we are depressed we know that it is probably not the cosmos in general but the thyroid in particular that is wrong with us. We are more and more conversant with the chemistry of that clod of clay on a speck of star-dust, that we call human life. We are, therefore, increasingly impatient with the romantic expectation that the universe should conform exactly with the human heart's desire.

Love, again, may among adolescents parade its ancient recognizable rhetoric. But we know better. We see through the disguise, ornate and thin, by which lust conceals itself—even from itself. Every school-boy, almost, has read Freud. Every adult can quote Havelock Ellis. Our devotion may seem deep, but its depths are in the seamier profundities of our psyches. And as for that eternity with which we credit every passing affection—well, we smile ourselves at that outmoded sentimentalism. Eternal love! Eternal nonsense! A generation that has busied itself with the meaning of time and the flux of consciousness knows enough to discount the permanence of its passions. Another year, another place, and this so vivid absorption will be a memory regarded at best with ironic regret.

Besides all of which, we have lived through a war and its aftermath. We have learned the hollowness of high-sounding words masking low deeds. We have observed the terrible consequences of acting in a world of brutal fact with soft evasions, with the respectable rubbish of a sentimental moral tradition. We have acquired a wisdom cool and aseptic; we have unlearned the moralities, outwardly benign, actually perilous, on which we were brought up.

So having discarded the old myths, we have gradually been forming a hero-myth of our own. He—or she—we thank the stars (or we would, if we were in a mood to thank anything) is no hero. Every one has met an example of the blue-print Modern acceptable to the contemporary intelligence. It is to be met with at any current social gathering. Enter the Modern. It makes no difference whether it be a man or a woman. In either case, the ideas, like the figure and head-dress, will be much the same. He will not talk of love or admit it. He will not believe in the Good Life or be publicly seen leading it. He will have no nonsense about religion or believe that relic of primitive mentality still exists. He will be "anesthetized to all that Jesus or that Plato prized." He will have little patience with politeness or allow himself to practise it. He will try to be a tough mind gaily indifferent in a tough world. The last obscenity he will permit himself will be nobility. The last weakness he will indulge in will be to be sweet or soft. He will talk like a character out of Ernest Hemingway, act like one of Aldous Huxley's bizarre London intelligentsia—or pretend he does—and try to think in such terms as James Joyce's heroines use in their more untrammeled moments.

Now obviously if human nature changes—and it has changed only very little since paleolithic days—it certainly has not gone a complete metamorphosis in the last quarter of a century. Sophisticated people, whatever they may say, have feelings like their more naïve brothers. They love and hate, are stirred to wonder and beauty, hunger and thirst much like the Victorians whom they mock and the living boobies whom they despise. But the new lingo has become a cult and, thanks to the surgical psychologies, the new self-consciousness has become a fashion. It is now in the best circles indecent to be decent, shameful to be shy, offensive to be courteous, suspicious to be simple. Many of our newly smart would rather be found murdering their children than being kind to their parents. They would prefer to be damned for rudeness than to be snickered at for courtesy. They suspect even themselves for any outworn noble sentiment they may happen to experience, any unpremeditated act of kindness they may do, any spontaneous impulse of affection to which they may give way. How many gentle souls does one know who go about being gentle *sub rosa!* How many little amenities of life are people, for fear of being thought ridiculous, beginning to practise behind closed doors. As for love, what roundabout ways a lover will take to express it, for fear that his beloved may set him down as old fashioned and suburban.

It is not merely fear of what people will say, but fear of what one will think of one's self that makes it difficult in our time to be at once a "tough mind" and a gentle heart. All the new realism of thinking and writing and conversation have made us self-skeptical. Any one acquainted with the new psychiatry knows why. That gesture we intended to be generous we know to be timid or vain. The kindness we tried to utter we are told is a defense against our own weakness, a fear of not being kind. Enthusiasm is a symptom of prolonged adolescence. Rapture is a psychological debauch that is a vulgar truancy from reason.

Now it would seem to be high time to find out whether this sort of thing has not gone too far. The sophisticates themselves, I suspect, feel that it has. How else is one to account for the joy with which in our most advanced circles, intelligentlemen, intelligentlewomen hail any naïveté in literature or art. Exhibitions of primitive negro sculpture are visited by the best minds. For a season cultivated New York crowded to see a simple little Spanish play entitled "Cradle Song," which was compacted of old-fashioned tenderness and peace, a story of simple nuns, their demure ward, and her love-affair, all lavender and lace.

As for the respectable bourgeois rabble whom our sophisticated despise, these comfortable bumpkins cannot get enough of the traditional simple virtues and simple souls. Write them a story, as an Englishman did recently, of a brave father come down in the world, fighting the good fight against slimy obstacles for the love of his pure and devoted son, and you will have hundreds of thousands at your feet and at your publisher's. And what of the whole English-speaking world that quotes with glee the childlike whimsicalities of *Christopher Robin* and *Winnie-the-Pooh.*

The question indeed comes down to this: Is it possible to be at once sweet and sophisticated? In our generation can one be at once honest and kindly, intelligent and courteous, informed and gay? Is the price of modern knowledge ill humor and ill temper? Must we pay for having eaten of the tree of good and evil by losing our heritage of urbanity and our saving faith in people and things?

Is this the folly that one calls being wise?

These are rhetorical questions and they are intended to be such. This observer at least wishes to bear humble testimony to the conviction that contemporary wisdom has overreached itself. It is submitted that it is the easiest thing in the world, even the contemporary world, to find life agreeable, and to live it agreeably. It is easy to do these things without being a sentimentalist, or what is perhaps the equivalent, without being a fool. I submit that we are the only half-willing followers of fashion when we identify sophistication with the discourteous in manners, the brutal in action and the cynical in thought. It is diffidently proposed that insight into truth, and charm of life need not necessarily be contradictions in terms.

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First as to thought. There is a presumption, at once common and fallacious, that to be cynical is by definition to be honest and profound. The young man who has first had his eyes opened to the shallowness and mockery of conventional morals has a fine brusque sense of wisdom at no longer being taken in. He hears the preacher intone, "Our Father which art in Heaven," and he thinks of all the human peccadilloes of all the preachers he has ever known. He hears the political orator bellow of justice and the people's rights and his alert memory ruminates upon all the patent injustices of our social order, the travesties of criminal procedure, the mockeries of representative government, the robberies and swinish deceits practised upon a gullible public. His professors use high words about the good and he knows and sees what happens daily in the market-place. He hears of the goodness of God and he hears also of wars and rumors of wars and acts of God, floods and earthquakes that cannot remotely be construed as beneficent.

The honest mind insists, in our generation, to an unprecedented degree, on being realistic. To be realistic is tantamount to acknowledging that there is a deal of tinsel in our lives and our pretensions. God may still be in His Heaven, but there is more than sufficient evidence that all is not right with the world. But to be realistic is also to admit that an indictment of evils is not the whole story nor the whole universe.

Sophistication demands honesty; it does not require ill temper. There is a kindness of wisdom called mellowness and the history of literature is amiably strewn with its exemplars. Montaigne is the prince of these; his essays are the perfectly urbane expression of a man who kept his mind clear and his blood sweet. He knew as well as the latest contemporary futilitarian how much there is to bewail in the world. At its best life is short; half of its felicities are illusions and the other half are fatal in their consequences. There is little of which we can be certain, and much of which we must be regretful or ashamed.

But it is not clear now as it was to Montaigne that ill temper is hardly the mood with which to live pleasantly, nor the spirit which reason will commend to adopt toward the world. The light may have gone out of Heaven and meaning out of the earth. We may be fated animals crawling anxiously through the palpitation brief and confused, that we call life. But that chaotic interval is at moments clear with wonder or beauty, and even the disorder of our current societies permits moments of delight. These are clearly on the debit side of the ledger, and a realism that denies the doughnut in affirming the hole is both jaundiced and dishonest.

Nor is it any more honest or reasonable to be continually suspicious of our pleasures, our kindnesses or our raptures because the laboratory has been revealing the machinery by which these operate. Love, we are told, is merely a matter of glandular secretions. But to admit the truth of this physiological fact is far from denying that love exists. There may be a thousand subconscious reasons why we aid a friend in distress or sacrifice our life and energies for some lost or forlorn ideal. The causes of the late war may be demonstrated to have been sordid and mean, but even the most cynical will not deny that thousands of men gave their lives in the generous belief that they were not. It matters not what produces our raptures or our loves or loyalties. Even the most hardened can hardly contest their existence.

To know the material origins of our flights is not to deny their being or their value. To recognize the horrors and evils in the texture of existence is not to blind us to all the loveliness and liveliness there is to enjoy and to commemorate under the sun. It may be said indeed that the essence of being adult rather than childish is to cease to be sulky and irritable at finding life and existence to be what they are. Some time ago the "Survey" conducted a questionnaire about what it meant to be grown up. It means among other things to be able to face life steadily and without illusion—but also without disillusion.

And once one has surrendered the cult of disillusion it will not seem necessary any longer to parade a hard-boiled manner, a tough language and a sour mind. Many of our contemporaries are disappointed sentimentalists who try to conceal from their public their disappointment by the language of the prize-ring or the gutter. Those who have really learned to look candidly upon existence will not need to apologize for their candor with fighting words. If life is really tragic, we are all in the same boat, and the least we can do is to greet each other *pro tem* with a decent courtesy, if only to mitigate by friendliness the dark interval in which we live. It will not seem necessary to those truly gifted with a tragic sense of life to use the language of the street to prove they are not sentimental. No one was more profoundly candid about the universe than Thomas Hardy. No one had a gentler tongue. Nor is it necessary, finally, to be rough-neck in one's thinking. There is after all, little use in defying a universe that is a priori defined as indifferent.

Sentimentalism is usually attributed to a prolonged adolescence, a perpetual refusal to emerge from the mirage of cherished illusions to the candid prospect of realities. But the convention has risen in our own day that cynicism or perpetual disillusion is the symptom of maturity. The fallacy of sentimentalism is that it paints to itself a picture that con-forms comfortably with its own roseate desires. The fallacy of cynicism is that it paints the universe as in league against human ideals. A persistent satire upon life is hardly more adult than a persistent prettifying of it. One of the worst sins Dante could think of was to sulk in the sunlight. To those who did he assigned the eternal punishment of wallowing in the mud. To be understanding is to be equable, and to be equable is to escape the need for being smart or sulky or hard. "Heartbreak," says a character in Shaw's "Heartbreak House," "is the end of happiness and the beginning of peace." If our hearts were at peace, we should not need to put up so elaborate a smoke-screen of pert defense. We should not need to insist on singing our satirical praises to a God from whom all evils flow. We should not need to think of existence as a psychiatric clinic, nor to be its perpetual *enfants terribles*.

One might set up as a conceivable ideal for our generation the combination of the tough mind and the gentle heart. The tough mind will be undismayed by any fact or any horror; it will not be misled by any pleasure or mirage. It will know that man is neither an ape nor an angel, but a precarious and harassed animal living in an uncertain, sometimes abominable, sometimes exquisite world. The gentle heart will know how far even lust and hypocrisy have their understandable causes. It will know enough to discern good and forgive evil. Some one once called John Stuart Mill the saint of rationalism. The ideal of character for our generation, for any generation, is, perhaps, a union of the reasoner and the saint. Reason has led men into inhumanity; religion has led them into illusion. A fusion of the two spirits may be possible in an age that has learned to think candidly and has, since we are still human, not forgotten how to feel.

One has an image of what that modern type of the "high-minded man" will be like. He is to be met with at least in potentiality in some of the educated youth of our own day. I have known a dozen myself, young men and women who were not fooled by ancient illusions, were not hardened by a modern cult. Their minds were steel-like in their precision and taut in their honesty. Their hearts were, like those that Dante valued, gentle. They could relish the goods of life without blinding themselves to its nightmares. They could discern the tragedy of existence and laugh at its diversions. Of such, as it was said of old, may be the Kingdom of Heaven. From such may be forming the modern temper.

# THE WAITING MIRACLE

## *The Mad Colorado and the Boulder Dam Project*

### WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

THE basin of the Colorado covers, approximately, one thirteenth of the area of the UnitedStates. It is half as big as the region that lies east of the Mississippi. It is equal in size to New England, plus all of the Middle Atlantic States, with Ohio and Indiana thrown in. But it has largely run to waste. It is the least developed, the most sparcely inhabited portion of the country. It has a population only equal to that of the State of Rhode Island.

The remotest headwaters of the Colorado appear where the Green River taps certain crystal, ice-fed lakes in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming, and where the main stream chooses Long's Peak, the highest in Colorado, to stand as a monument at its very source. Both streams frolic through high mountain country, their waters occasionally diverted for purposes of irrigation. They flow into the plateau region which, the geologists say, has slowly risen a perpendicular mile because of the inner pressure of the earth. But as it has come up, the swift waters of the Colorado have eaten their way into it, have cut to the depth of a mile through its varying strata. The walls have tumbled in to widen the gorge. Tributaries have ripped their auxiliary, fantastic excavations—and the Grand Canyon came forth as the greatest earth-carving demonstration water ever gave.

Then the mad river becomes a sullen, clumsy, lowland stream from the banks of which thorned desert plants get the only glimpse of water ever vouchsafed in this corner of the world. But as the mad stream, now grown morose, nears its end it performs one final fantastic feat. It builds itself a trough of sand in which to run, a trough which, strangely, looks down from its high elevation—hundreds of feet—upon the plain that stretches away into California. The silt which makes the Colorado muddy, stops here as the waters slow down to build the land. It was thus that the stream built a dam across the Gulf of California, ages ago, and left its upper end (in what is now the United States) to dry out and become the Imperial Valley of to-day.

Private enterprise has here developed an irrigation canal which, for engineering convenience, runs for sixty miles on Mexican soil. Its builders pledged certain water to Mexico for the privilege of looping this canal across its border. Then they brought their canal back to the American side and spread its waters out until they irrigated 400,000 acres, worth $100,000,000, and furnished homes for sixty thousand people. The yield of this land is prodigious. Its crops are earlier and more tropical than those grown elsewhere in the United States.

But the mad river in its sand trough looks down in constant menace on these cultivators of the silt-lined valley.

Such is the situation into which, throughout the past two decades, the Government has been asked to look as into a crystal ball, and behold the vision. Yet it was strange that those who conjured up that vision were not fantastic magicians but practical engineers with slide-rules, water-gages and blue-prints. For ten years now, different and many groups of these engineers have applied all their tests to this vision and each has pronounced it a dream that can be made as real as the granite shaft to the first president that stands in the Mall at Washington. The unprecedented features of this undertaking to which the Government is about to set its hand and on the details of which it has already decided, may now be described.

The central feature is the great dam, the best location for which, all aspects of the problem considered, is at Boulder Canyon, fifty miles north of Needles, Arizona, and thirty miles east of Las Vegas, Nevada, its nearest railroad point. This is below the Grand Canyon section of the river—upon which it will have no effect—among barren desert hills, blistering in the sun.

Here the river, ages ago, broke through a mountain range. The gap it made is 400 feet wide at the water level, 900 feet wide at what is to be the top of the dam, 550 feet above. All the Government has to do in order to stop the mad river is to slip in a wedge that will fill the great gap that the ages have eaten out, and thus reconstruct the mountain range.

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But what an engineering feat this is! First the river must be turned aside. Three tunnels thirty-five feet across and each a mile long must be drilled through the solid rock of the mountain. These are to be the permanent conduits through which the water will flow to turn the turbines that will electrify this corner of the nation when the project is complete. Then a temporary dam must be built to divert the river through these tunnels while the excavation is being made and the foundation laid for the real dam.

The bottom of the river is here filled with a mass of loose gravel and boulders to a depth of 130 feet. This must all be taken out in order to reach bed-rock for a proper foundation. That foundation must be six hundred feet long up and down the river. Half the concrete that goes into the entire structure will be below ground. It will weld the great dam into the rock core of that planet which man calls his own. Then the gentle crescent—with its back up stream—which is to be the actual, visible structure will begin to rise. It will be an all concrete structure, whereas the Roosevelt Dam, built twenty years ago, was of stone fore and aft with only a concrete core. The efficiency of concrete has been vastly increased since then.

The Bureau of Reclamation, recipient of spectacular assignments, has built one dam after another that, in its day, was the highest in the world. Such was the Shoshone, in Wyoming, two decades ago. Then came the Arrowrock Dam, in Idaho, to take the honors; it was 349 feet high. Somewhere in India a dam 380 feet, is now being set up. But the Boulder Dam will far surpass them all. It will be 550 feet above the ground. The Great Pyramid of Egypt and St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome, could hide behind it and never be seen.

Arrowrock Dam with half a million cubic yards of concrete in it, once held the record of structural cubic content. Then came Elephant Butte Dam, in New Mexico, using 600,000 cubic yards of concrete. Now look at Boulder Canyon Dam. It will eat up 3,500,000 cubic yards of this liquid stone; it will bulk six times as large as any other structure of its kind that man has built. Even the Great Pyramid of Egypt, bulkiest of structures, wonder of the ages, will be forced to surrender.

Above the dam there will be a lake one hundred miles long and two, three, to four miles wide, created here in a semi-desert wilderness. It will meander in and out, and stretch its tendrils up innumerable casual tributaries. It will hold all the water that the Colorado River can ever send down in a year and a half. The engineers speak of the water it will store in acre-feet, an acre-foot being the amount of water that will cover one acre to the depth of one foot. There will be stored here twenty-eight million acre-feet of water. Approximately, this water would cover the State of Ohio to the depth of one foot, Massachusetts to a depth of five feet, Delaware to a depth of eighteen feet, or the District of Columbia to a depth of over six hundred feet. It is enough water to make this same Colorado River flow steadily throughout the whole year and be four or five times as big as it often is at low water in the natural state. Water, here in the dry country, is the prime asset; the Colorado River has a monopoly of it. Uncontrolled, most of it goes to waste; harnessed it may be made to perform miracles.

The cost of building this record-breaking dam is estimated at $41,500,000.

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The first thing that will happen when the dam goes in will be the removal of the threat of extermination that the river now holds over the low valleys it irrigates. It will be as though a runaway team had been brought to a sedate walk and hobbled to maintain that pace. There will be security against floods. Homes in the Imperial Valley, tropical and productive, will no longer be like those on the slopes of Vesuvius where tragedy forever impends.

But more than this, the river that has been a menace will become an asset, an asset in a score of ways, the most obvious of which is irrigation. Along this lower Colorado most of the land is a broken, chaotic waste, forever useless. There are occasional level valleys capable of being irrigated. Land in these amounting to about five hundred thousand acres has already been reclaimed and—here in the valley of the American Nile—have become prodigiously productive. To these areas will be brought the assurance of a steady and uninterrupted flow of water. Back of them and in reach of the canals that are planned, is an additional five hundred thousand acres of virgin land that can be reached by gravity ditches. Then there are two hundred thousand acres more on slightly elevated mesas where, with cheap electricity, it will be practicable to pump water for their reclamation.

Many complications arise out of the fact that the Colorado River runs for some fifty miles through Mexico before emptying into the gulf. If, at the time the United States acquired this land from Mexico, it had visualized this development on the lower river and so drawn the line as to include its mouth and the reclaimable land adjacent, many of these complications would have been avoided.

Now an All-American canal, an artificial waterway of magnificent sweep, is planned. It will come out of the river at Laguna Dam, twelve miles above Yuma. It will be 162 feet wide on the bottom and the water in it will flow to a depth of sixteen feet. As a canal to carry irrigation water these proportions are heroic. We have no other to compare to it. From Laguna to Yuma a canal of lesser proportions is already in operation. It must be enlarged. Then there is a stretch of broken washes to negotiate until Pilot Knob, in the very southeast corner of California, is reached.

It is here that the Imperial Valley Canal, detouring into Mexico, has its head. But instead of turning into Mexico the All-American canal dives under Pilot Knob and goes on its way just north of the international boundary. To do this it must engage in a quite spectacular undertaking. It must cut across a mesa, or tableland, on top of which rests that strange phenomenon of the dry country, an area of shifting sand dunes. It must make a cut through this tableland that at some places is a hundred feet deep. It must wrestle with the eternal problem of the shifting sand and whether its deep ditch will be a trap for wind-blown earth that will tend to fill it up. It is the problem that the British feared when they dug the Suez Canal, yet it proved not at all serious in the end. The engineers believe that the trapped sand will not be great in bulk and that the swift-flowing waters will sluice it out. If this is not correct it may be necessary to resort to dredging. Anyway there must be ten miles of this deep cut through this sand-topped mesa, all because an invisible international line prevents the canal from swerving a bit to the left. Then it will emerge at the edge of the irrigable land, where it will be divided into smaller units each of which will guide its share of the water to the desert sands that they may become tropically productive.

And against this job of devising water channels to irrigate the wastes, the Government proposes to spend $31,000,000.

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Fifty miles above Laguna Dam, on the Colorado, another of the engineering romances of this undertaking sets its stage. It is to this point that Los Angeles, allied with neighboring communities, expects to reach out a long arm, tap the tamed river, draw a considerable proportion of its life-giving waters across the deserts, over the mountaintops, down the western slope and finally send it through the garden hose to water its lawns. Los Angeles wants fifteen hundred cubic feet of water per second which it would lift out of the river with pumps. She would carry it along the upper edge of the great desert and into the Chocolate Mountains at the far end. Here there would be other lifts by pumping, one after another, until this flow of tamed water, itself equal to that of no mean river, is raised fourteen hundred feet above the level of the Colorado—no such feat in pumping has ever been undertaken anywhere in the world. Then the water would be sent through various tunnels, seventy-five miles of them altogether, would find itself on the Pacific side of the mountains, would coast down through various power-generating plants to the country where the motion-pictures are made and where the population insists on increasing without end. To get it there would cost a stupendous amount of money —150 millions, possibly 250 millions. The Federal Government would have nothing to do with this part of the undertaking other than to deliver the water, for a price, at the river edge. Los Angeles would be a customer of the Colorado River project, buying water from it. She and her associates would carry it over the mountains where water is life, and growth without it impossible.

The primary purposes of this undertaking on the Colorado is safety on the lower reaches of the river and reclamation through irrigation. An incidental appears along the way, however, that comes very near overshadowing the fundamentals. This incidental is power development. Where Boulder Dam stops the river and raises it 550 perpendicular feet, releasing the water under control, it makes possible the development of vast amounts of electric power. One of the tunnels may be tapped and enough of its water diverted through a power-house to spin the dynamos of one generating unit. It may be tapped again and another unit added. This may be continued almost indefinitely. It is estimated that a million horse-power of electricity could be generated here at Boulder Dam with the plant operating at full installed capacity. This would be as much electricity as is used in the whole State of California or in Illinois including Chicago. It would be more electricity than is used by any other State except New York and Pennsylvania. It is in fact, a stupendous amount of electricity, enough to supply an abundance to this part of the world for a long time to come. Then, when there is need for more, there are fourteen other dam sites along the mad river; latent resource based upon its very madness, that may be drawn upon by the people—to whom it belongs—whenever they are ready for it.

The Government may sell, to whoever wants to buy, the privilege of installing plants at the foot of the dam and developing this power. Failing thus to dispose of this latent energy it will itself develop power-plants and sell its product at wholesale. The chief market, naturally, will be southern California, but this whole section of the nation may ultimately gain cheap and abundant power to the end of time.

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This power by itself, which is but an incident, promises to yield a sufficient return to warrant building this dam. It alone would pay for the entire investment, but the Government intends to make the water it sells help in the financing. The itemized chief elements of cost have been estimated as follows:

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|---|---|
| Reservoir.......... | $41,500,000 |
| Power development . | 31,500,000 |
| All-American canal.. | 31,000,000 |
| Five years' interest.. | 21,000,000 |
| Total............ | $125,000,000 |

The plan for the financing of this huge undertaking contemplates the issuance of four per cent bonds, guaranteed by the Government, against the whole project; and the sale of water and power for the payment of those bonds. Thus the project will pay for itself. No money of the taxpayer will be applied to it. The Government lends only its credit and its good offices. Yet when the project has paid for itself in full, it will belong to the Government. What disposition the Government will make of it need not be decided now. All the points at controversy among such interested parties as the seven States of the Colorado Basin need not be settled now. The stupendous enterprise may proceed and the issues may be settled by judicial decision or otherwise as they arise.

# THE DUNES

### Roselle Mercier Montgomery

Here are the dunes, the lonely dunes that lift
   Between the sea and sky, like waves arrested,
   Green billows, motionless, their tops sand-crested
As though with foam. The sea-gulls cry and drift
Above their undulating loneliness,
   Their deep, embosomed peace. Here dies the fret
   Of crowded living; here one can forget
The world beyond these solitudes that bless.

A little lyric wind that bears the sea
   In every syllable, has brought my feet
   To where the sea and sky and sand-dunes meet.
Here, were the power of choosing given me,
I could surrender heaven, nor greatly mind
If I might keep the dunes, the sea, this wind.

# THE FUTURE NEWSPAPER

## *Radio Remodeling the Press*

### SILAS BENT

No other agency now exercises so marked an influence on the daily press as radio. In every field—information, opinion, entertainment and advertising—it is an established competitor and factor. In some quarters this has given rise to a belief that the newspaper may be on the verge of extinction. That urbane gentleman, for example, who writes "Table Talk" for The Century, says:

"Perhaps newsprint, formerly the only instrument for the dissemination of world intelligence, has seen the *mene*, *mene*, *tekel*, *upharsin* of contemporary change written upon the wall, and is calling for madder music, stronger wine, to douse the fearful suspicion that its hour has passed. What for example could be staler than to-morrow morning's newspaper account of a prize-fight or political convention one has already received over the radio? Combine radio and television into a gigantic device for recording and reproducing world news the moment it happens—and even the picturized tabloid is doomed as a pallid, antiquarian method of keeping abreast of the times."

Madder music, stronger wine, we have to-day even in some of our dignified eight-column papers. And the belief, not so uncommon as one might suppose, that this is the final flare-up of vitality which so often precedes dissolution, may give comfort to those who think all good has gone out of the press, leaving death as the only cure for the evils it embodies and engenders. I myself do not believe our newspapers are lost to grace, and even if I believed it I could not, on a cold examination of the facts, subscribe to the theory that they are doomed to annihilation. But from the facts already at hand the conclusion is inescapable that they are in a state of transition, and that we are to have a new and different journalism. What will it be? What kind of newspapers are we to have, say, fifteen or twenty years from now? Can we chart, from the data we have in hand, the press of the future?

Ten years ago newspaper publishers and editors ridiculed radio with broad grins. It was a plaything, quite outside the purview of an industry then coming rapidly into its own as a Big Business. That this short-sighted attitude persisted, even after the dissemination of news by broadcasting began, was surprising. The publisher stuck his head in the sands of a youthful tradition (for the press is a young institution, as recorded history goes, and its structure is even yet largely unexplored) and said to himself, "Radio can't touch me now." In the light of later events this attitude is comical to everybody but the publisher himself. He has nourished a myth that he is energetic, far-sighted and has always a firm grip on the forelock of Time. As a fact he is one of the slowest-moving business executives in American life, and his obstinate refusal to recognize the possibilities of radio confirmed the existence of an attribute already too well established. Danger signals were hung out for him back in the nineties, when Marconi began sending messages by wireless. From wireless telegraphy to telephony in the early part of this century was but a step. From telephony to broadcasting was an even shorter step. By 1920 the manufacture of receiving sets was a recognized industry, and still most of our newspaper publishers kept their heads in the sand.

By the end of the first quarter of this century (a generation, mind you, after radio came into being) the manufacture and sale of radio sets had multiplied three hundred fold, and millions of families were gathering about the loud-speakers. Now indeed the ostrich-publisher lifted his head and took a look at the radio programs he was printing every day. He had been giving space to this plaything, because it was a novelty and his readers were strangely interested in it. Very well: What was the "Seiberling hour"? It was the advertisement of a balloon tire. Yes, when he glanced down the columns of his radio page, he observed with amazement and indignation that he was advertising, without charge, radio advertisers: manufacturers of chewing-gum and safety-razors and storage-batteries; banks, movies, even his own best customers, department stores. It was a sad, a headachy awakening! He had petted and encouraged this freak, because freaks always make good newspaper reading; and here the thing was picking his pockets.

The publisher's first resentful reaction was to cut out the names of radio advertisers. "I won't call it the Seiberling hour," he announced. "I'll just print it as a musical program." But he found to his dismay that when he did this radio fans quit buying his paper and turned to others which brazenly printed the programs as given out by the broadcasting stations. He had dallied too long with the situation. He had to yield as gracefully as might be.

The two principal radio corporations, operating three big chains, did an advertising business in 1928 running to something more than twelve million dollars. This is a drop in the bucket, compared with more than eight hundred millions of business for the daily press. But the publisher felt that the twelve millions, or his share of it, came directly out of his till, and he felt aggrieved. He comforted himself with the reflection that there were only twenty-four hours in the day, and that only five of these, in the evening, were really useful to the radio advertiser. The broadcaster, thank Heaven, couldn't put more hours into the after-dinner period. It was true that the National Broadcasting Company's revenue from advertising in 1928 almost tripled its revenue of the year before, but there was an obvious physical limitation on that sort of pyramiding. The corporation was charging nearly five thousand dollars for an evening hour on the air, but then look at William Randolph Hearst: he was getting fifteen thousand for a single page of his Sunday magazine. And newspapers could print about as many pages as they pleased, provided they would cook up "reading matter" to run around the advertisements.

The advertising problem, it is easy to perceive, tended to solve itself after a fashion. The radio corporations couldn't increase the number of hours; they could only increase revenue, beyond a certain point, by increasing their rates, which would automatically cut down the number of their customers. But there was the matter of news.

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The first effect of broadcasting news by radio was the practical extermination of the pestiferous newspaper "extra." No one in New York who has been awakened from sound slumber by the hoarse cries of newsboys and has paid ten cents to one of the pirates only to find a bulletin about another murder in Harlem, will regret this development. Even the publisher didn't regret it. His extra editions had never been paying enterprises, because he got nothing extra for the advertisements in them—three fourths of his revenue came from the sale of space; the sale of news as a commodity hardly paid for the white paper he used. Thus, though a regular edition may now sometimes be labeled "extra," and may actually be put to press a few minutes ahead of time, the extra as we used to know it has gone by the board.

But there were other factors to be considered. During the 1928 baseball world's series, radio listeners heard the games described play by play. When a giant dirigible flew from Berlin to Lakehurst, loudspeakers told of its misadventures and its progress hour by hour. The result of the national election was old and cold when the press got around to it. A story told is a story with the fine edge of expectancy and suspense quite blunted. Who, after hearing Governor Smith's actual voice in a campaign speech, wanted to read the next morning what he had said? The author of "Table Talk" was quite right about that, and newspaper owners, for the most part, were frank enough to admit it.

A distinction must be made here. If one had actually attended an Al Smith rally, or had witnessed a world's series game, then he would want to read about it. He would have a proprietary, a partnership interest in it. He would want to know what the newspaper said about the cheering and the crowd. But if he had merely listened in, he would be somewhat in the position of the man who has read the story in one paper—he would hardly care to read it in another.

As an avenue of opinion, presenting both sides of public questions and social problems, the radio merely occupied a field which newspapers, for the most part, had already surrendered. They had found outspoken editorials incompatible with their main goal, mass circulation, and they looked on with a wry smile while broadcasting stations and open forums stepped in where they feared to tread. But the matter of the cap and bells was more serious, especially for afternoon dailies, which are three times as numerous in the United States as morning papers. The boast of the afternoon press was that it was read at leisure, and its advertisements studiously perused, during the quiet of the after-dinner hours. That boast, if ever it was justified, was now open to serious question. Here was the radio claiming an evening audience of forty millions; here was the afternoon press distributing about twenty-four million papers daily, except Sundays. In all probability these audiences pretty closely coincided. What were the millions actually doing? Were they reading newspapers, or listening to jazz, to sentimental ballads, to grand opera and vaudeville, to playlets and debates about the flapper? The advertiser would like to know. If he knew, it might make a difference in his appropriations.

The advertiser knows, however, that when he buys an hour on the air, and pays entertainers to hold his listeners, he gets only brief announcements of what he has to sell. He can cultivate good-will in his market, and that is about all. Certain department stores, to be sure, have gone further than that; they tell their unseen customers about bargains and about unusual commodities, for half an hour at a stretch, and count the money well-invested. And the national campaign committees, after the acceptance speeches, which were broadcast free, spent more than ten times as much on radio "space" as they spent on newspaper advertising. That was a bitter pill for the publisher, who was at considerable out-of-the-ordinary expense because of the election.

The tendency of the enlightened publisher now is to coöperate with radio, rather than to fight it. He sells advertising space when he can as a supplementary by-product of radio advertising. In many cases he has his own radio station, or leases time on one. At the beginning of 1928 there were thirty-six newspapers doing this, and many others followed suit during the year. The last of which I have heard was the Oklahoma City "Oklahoman" and "Times," under the alert managing editorship of Walter H. Harrison.

A word needs to be said about the impact of radio as a competitor of the news columns. The newspaper account of a world's series game, for example, became a twice-told tale. The fine frenzy of first announcement was lacking. And the precise effect of this was "madder music, stronger wine." Let me quote, for example, a passage from the beginning of a story in the first column, page one, of what is perhaps our most composed and pontifical New York paper:

"Establishing records that will live as long as the game itself, scaling a baseball Matterhorn where no other foot had ever trod before, the Yankees made it four in a row over the Cardinals to-day, seven to three, as Babe Ruth, for the second time in his incredible career, hit three homers in one world's series game. For the second successive year this super team of supermen defeated its National League rivals in four straight games to build for itself a monument that will be standing when the names of Ruth and Gehrig and Huggins are mellow memories out of the distant past."

This sort of reporting is merely a futile effort to drown out in print the pleasant excitation stimulated by Graham McNamee's voice. The futility of it will presently be apparent to all newspaper men. Karl Bickel, the astute head of United Press, says that radio "is forcing the newspapers to publish more intelligent and interpretive reports than ever before." If it isn't doing that as yet in all cases, it will.

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The tale is by no means told. It is possible to transmit pictures by air; it is possible to operate by radio an automatic printing machine. There is no reason to suppose that we may not in time have compact machines in our homes, driven by invisible waves, which will print and illustrate the tidings of the world in readiness for our breakfast-tables. Every man's newspaper could thus be manufactured in a corner of the dining-room, and the frightfully expensive and clumsy system of distribution now utilized by the press would disappear. In "Ballyhoo" I dealt at some length with this contingency, and I need not go further into details here. It is a possibility with which the newspaper publisher, if true to form, will decline to deal until it is already so well established that he can do nothing about it, except possibly to buy an interest in it. A more recent, and quite as disturbing a development, is the transmission of colored pictures and talking movies by air.

Fancy what this means: Sitting in your home you may witness distant events, observe the natural colors of the surroundings, and hear simultaneously the accompanying sounds. All the imperial pageantry and exotic color of a Sultan's nuptials, dancing-girls and warriors, wild horsemen and chanting priests, might have their being in our very presence, so that we could all but touch them. Even if color-printing be perfected, what can the daily press offer in competition with such a lure, or what pale promise make? Who, having heard a President deliver his message to Congress, having observed his gestures, the movement of his lips as he speaks, and the brilliant hues of the flags around him, will ever wish to read about it in a newspaper?

No, the newspaper cannot hope to compete with the radio in speed, for the radio tells what is happening while it happens; it cannot distribute to our homes images of persons and objects in continuing motion; it cannot give us more than a faint notion of the actual sounds accompanying an event.

But let us pause a moment. We have been talking as though all news could be transmitted in this fashion. As a fact the radio broadcaster and the movie camera-man are competent to cope with only a fraction of the news. They can deal only with *prearranged* events, sports, conventions, parades and funerals, diplomatic assemblies, and so on. When the bulletin of a subway disaster is flashed over the air it must be with due credit to some newspaper or news agency, and it can be told in no such detail as the public demands, when it is concerned about a real calamity.

The newspaper, moreover, offers an enduring record. The reader may, after glancing at a head-line, ignore that story and pass to another. He has the privilege of selection, denied to him by the radio, and he may read his news when and where he will, not at a specified time, in a specified place. If he is interested in the stock-market, he may turn first to that; if he is preoccupied with sports, he may read that section first. If he choose, he may throw aside the rest of the paper. I once knew of a man who bought three newspapers daily merely for their cross-word puzzles. No such highly specialized interest can be gratified with any success by the radio.

Each has its limitations, then. The radio can deal the better only with spectacular prearranged events; the newspaper can deal the better with unexpected scenes of violence and disaster, as well as with such subjects as the new Franco-British naval entente. So much is clear even now, and it is a certainty that the radio, if it continues to advance at a measure of its present speed, will have new marvels to offer. What will be the ultimate effect on the press? Realizing the perils of prophecy, I sought me out the seventh son of a seventh son, and sat at his feet.

"Describe to me," I urged, "the newspaper of the future."

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"What do you mean by 'the newspaper'?" my counselor demanded querulously. "There is not going to be a newspaper, or a press. There will be two quite divergent types. They will be alike only in that they will be printed from cast molds on the same kind of presses. Their contents will be radically different. The radio will act like an invisible sword. It will cut the American press apart in the middle.

"You are familiar, of course, with the astronomical theory that the mass which is now the moon once occupied the space which is now the Atlantic Ocean. Something of that sort is going to happen to our journalism. Part of the mass will be thrown off by centrifugal force, and will revolve around the parent body.

"At present the type of newspaper which is to become a satellite of real journalism is exemplified, after a fashion, by the tabloid picture paper. Only one of these has proved so far to be a highly profitable undertaking, and it may, for all I know, cling to the parent body instead of being thrown off with the others. To the others, at present dedicated to downright fakery, fiction, picture serials, comics and eroticism, many newspapers now in the eight-column form will be added, whether or not they adopt the smaller format. All the Hearst papers, for instance, are likely to become a part of the journalism of triviality and entertainment. They are already advertising themselves as successors to the court jester. Many others, which now decline to become picture tabloids, will sink to this level.

"We shall then have daily pulp-wood magazines, with only a smattering of sensational news in their show-windows. They may run to one hundred pages or more. They may print their pictures in color. Their photographers will scour the earth to make snap-shots of the bizarre and the shocking and the freakish. Their reporters, such as they have, will carry wireless transmitting devices, and will talk off their reports into their offices. But they will not be much concerned with news. Their chief function will be to entertain and thrill the mentally deficient. They will be called newspapers, but they will be that only to the extent of one half of one per cent.

"The main body of journalism, still capable of illuminating the world, will be as far away from our best newspapers of the present day as the flashy and pornographic pulpwood shockers are removed from the present tabloids. (All newspapers, for that matter, may adopt the tabloid format, for the convenience of their readers.) The main newspapers, although they will not be so numerous as to-day, will be much more worth while. They will have found it useless to compete with the shockers in sensational news; they will have found it wasteful to compete with the radio in sports and spectacular events. Therefore they will devote themselves to substantial information, and they will learn how to make it intellectually exciting. They will learn, as George Fort Milton says, to make the unimportant uninteresting and the important absorbing. As yet they are wholly deficient in this technique.

"Permit me, if I may, to abandon the unsatisfactory simile of a radiant body and a dead satellite. What we shall have in this country is an upper class of the press, and a lower, much lower, stratum of publications calling themselves newspapers. There will be no middle class. In the upper levels we will have real newspapers, modeled somewhat after the 'Manchester Guardian.' I do not mean that, within the next half century at least, they will devote to foreign affairs the same absorbed and expert attention as the 'Guardian.' I do mean that, like the 'Guardian,' they will be staffed by experts in various fields. They will have men who can write with authority about the departments of science, about domestic and national politics, about specific legislative proposals, about the Far East, the Balkans, the World Court, the inter-Ally debt, taxation and so on.

"In that day, not so far distant, fact stories will have disappeared pretty completely. What we shall have will be a compact statement and an interpretation of the facts, presented, probably under a signature, with fidelity and assurance. Newspaper work will become a recognized and undisputed profession, the men employed in it will receive suitable compensation, and the wilful violation of high ethical standards will be severely disciplined. The reader will be able to inform himself about the world and what is going on in it with a precision and completeness quite impossible now. And the effect on society, on politics and political institutions, on aggregations of capital and on organized propaganda, will be amazing until we come to take it for granted. Such a press as I have been describing must come into being if the democratic experiment is to prove successful."

The seventh son of a seventh son looked up from his crystal and sighed.

"That is all," he said.

"It is enough," I replied; "it will be more than enough if all you have said comes true."

# A MODERN'S SEARCH IN SCIENCE

## *An Introduction and an Explanation*

S. T.

IN OUR closing article of the series "A Modern in Search of Truth," we made this statement: "The spiritual center of the future must sift out *the best* from every department of life—science, religion, metaphysics, psychology; must collect, interpret, and relate the knowledge and inspiration available from all these different sources, instead of holding them mutually antagonistic as in the past."

Our desire is to create such a center in this magazine. And the present series of articles has been organized as one attempt at carrying out that idea. In view of the sense of conflict between three supposedly contradictory fields, we believe it will be a useful work to summarize the outstanding contributions of Religion, Science, and Psychology to the life and problems of the day, and to relate the contributions and conclusions of these different branches of research to each other. The summary of the different Religions has already been published by THE CENTURY. We are now about to publish the series on Science, and will follow this with S. T.'s summary of "A Modern's Search in Psychology."

Our desire through all this is to help clear the present spiritual confusion among our people—to find some solid ground and some satisfying belief, for the thousands of intelligent and sincerely seeking people who to-day find themselves spiritually adrift and "without a country." The spiritual center natural to the man and woman of to-day, is a center of honest inquiry: a place where one does not dogmatize to the other, but where *we investigate together*, fairly and open-mindedly, seeking only to discover what is true; assembling the knowledge of the best minds of the world on the subjects most important to us all, and proving for ourselves what seems good and worth incorporating as useful in our daily lives.

The method we propose to follow is to get the highest authority in each field to state his own case; to study the evidence and conclusions thus brought in from the various sections—as in the present scientific series from the departments of Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Plant Life, Biology, Anthropology, Psychical Research, Psychotherapy and so forth. And at the end of the inquiry, to compare and synthesize the conclusions of the entire group of contributors—to see wherein they agree or differ, and how much we have learned from them: how much further on we are in our quest for truth and in our understanding of life generally, as a result of these months of investigation and study.

In connection with our articles we shall suggest books for wider reading, selected in consultation with the authorities who write for us; and shall also print such interesting and instructive letters as we may receive from readers, apropos of special points in the articles. We want this to be a place for the friendly sharing of ideas, for intellectual and spiritual companionship and encouragement.

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The subject under discussion this month is Psychical Research, and the authority speaking to us, Sir Oliver Lodge. What are the salient facts presented to us in his paper? What constitute the chief results of these fifty years of investigation, by so many sincere, learned and patient people?

There seem to me to be four main points. The *evidence for survival* of the individual personality after death—with the possibility of communication with the departed. *Telepathy*—the direct action of mind upon mind—as an established if still little understood fact, and a possible means of general communication in the future. The existence of *more extensive human faculties* than we have been hitherto aware of, and that may lead us into a quite different order of life and activity. *New light on* the problem of the *interaction of mind and matter.*

The impressive thing about all these points is that the evidence rests now not on speculation, or the credulous enthusiasm of a few sentimental or bereaved persons; but on the scientific experiments, deductions, and deliberate statements of some of the world's most brilliant and respected men.

It is not a medium or a bereaved father, but Sir William Crookes who says, "In my opinion the facts substantiate the claims which have been made for them, viz: that they point to the existence of another order of human life continuous with this, and demonstrate the possibility under certain circumstances of communication between this world and the next."

It is not a novice with the ouija board but Sir William Barrett whose years of experiment brought him to the conclusion that "thought can be transmitted from one person to another without the use of the ordinary means of transmission and without the employment of the receptive organs such as sight and hearing."

It is Lord Rayleigh, Henry Sidgwick, William James, Arthur Balfour, who have been led by their study of unusual phenomena "to realize on a basis of actual fact that death is not the end of mental activity, that the mind is not limited to the brain, and that individual personality and character survive the loss of the body."

Whatever may be our personal bias as regards these questions, we must, as conscientious investigators, consider the weight of the testimony presented, and the irreproachable character of the distinguished protagonists.

We have heard their findings—or the working hypotheses on which they are proceeding. Assuming that these are correct, how do they affect our present life and possible destiny? Does the fact of survival of the personality, for example, solve all our spiritual problems and explain the mysteries of life?

Eastern people—who have always believed in such survival—say that it does not. The Hindus, to whom the "bright body" that survives and reincarnates, is as real as the substantial physical body—the Hindus say that it simply pushes the problem one step further back. For even the bright body must one day, finally, disintegrate. Anything that has form, is a compound—of certain materials plus the force that holds them together. The form endures only as long as the cohesive force holds. According to Orientals, the force that sustains the fine spiritual body, is desire: the desire for the experience of separate existence. Have that experience if you will, they say. It will never bring you the ultimate happiness and solution of life that we all seek—for nothing relative and necessarily limited (that is, something which has form) can do that. But through this experience with various forms and limitations, the soul gains knowledge, and so ultimately that desire for the formless and Infinite One that is the real and eternal.

Putting it into commonplace language, the fact that after the change called death, we may find ourselves in a world of subtler matter, with the possibility of still communicating with those we love, does not suddenly bestow on us all knowledge concerning the problems of existence or how to solve them. It simply takes us a little further on, into a world where we use a different kind of force and material, which have both the advantages and the disadvantages of their swifter action and greater pliability.

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The fact of survival does not solve the problem of life. What it does do is this: it gives more meaning to life, and more sense of purpose and justice to the cosmic scheme in general. It gives us more time—all the time we need—in which to make our mistakes and to learn. If we are not popped into this universe for the brief space of one lifetime, then to vanish into the limbo whence we came; if all the experience we gain here, all the pain we suffer and the richness of the happiness we enjoy, are not to be lost with one final plunge into oblivion, but are to be garnered and remembered and reincorporated into further experience and knowledge, leading to an ultimate of which we can have no conception now, yet toward which we have a reasonable basis for trust: then indeed life takes on an entirely different aspect—from either the accidental, meaningless mechanism of the materialists, or the hazy, incredible and unalluring "heaven" of the old theologians. It is equally difficult for the rational man and woman of to-day to believe either that this personality for which so much is suffered, so much staked, is just a biological accident, or that it is wafted here from some vague bourne beyond the skies, and returns thither, after a harassing cycle of temptation, sin and repentance.

If there is one characteristic of the modern mind, it is its instinct for logic and reasonableness. We all believe indomitably in "the coherence and common sense of the universe." We trust life. Every self-styled materialist and mechanist who goes on living, planning, hoping, trying to grow, proves every minute that he trusts it—whatever his tongue may be saying.

The argument for survival bears out this instinct. It fits in better with the idea of purpose and logic and natural order and sequence, than does the argument for a brief flutter of soul-less existence, then the abyss; or the argument that in the life of the race, the individual persists. Why all this suffering of generation after generation of individuals, for the sake of the hypothetical future individual who never arrives?

The theory of survival and reincarnation of the individual through a succession of lives, during which the spirit learns and grows and evolves by its own suffering and experience—with a certain amount of freedom of will and choice—is a theory that appeals to us by its reasonableness. On general philosophic grounds as well as on the evidence furnished by psychical research, we may, I believe, more reasonably accept it as a working hypothesis than any of the other views of life presented to us. Its main significance lies not in the issue so much stressed—of possible communication with friends gone ahead—but in the opportunity for them and for us, of further growth and development.

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Many people absolutely skeptical concerning survival and spirit communication, are respectful toward the theory of telepathy. I know a young motion-picture director in Hollywood skeptical about most things in the world except this. He was wakened in the night by a terribly vivid impression of his mother struggling to get out of a burning building. The next day he learned that she had nearly been burned to death, but had finally succeeded in escaping. Of course at the moment of terror, and fear of death, she thought intensely of her son. And—there being a strong bond between them—he "got" her state of mind. So he believes in telepathy. We cannot doubt the facts of our own experience.

When the craze for the ouija was at its height, a friend who had recently lost her husband, asked me to experiment with her. She was worried about certain valuable properties her husband had left, and wished some advice concerning them. For several minutes the little board under our hands moved busily, spelling out apparently quite sensible replies from the departed "Charley." I thought she ought to be satisfied, but she still rather stubbornly insisted on more details.

Suddenly the ouija stopped writing. At the same time I got a very strong mental impression. "I don't know what this has to do with your property," I said, "but I get the most vivid impression of a wet and miserable cat shivering toward the fire—oh, a wretchedly poor wet thing!"

My friend turned pale. "That settles it! When Charley was annoyed with me for nagging him about anything, he always said

'Bertha, for pity's sake don't be a *sick cat!*'"

I thought this rather an interesting episode, from whichever mind the idea was conveyed to me—his, or hers unconsciously. It seems doubtful whether the unconscious could convey anything so strong and clear. It came not as any psychic vision, but as a mental impression—exactly as though some one had impressed the idea or picture directly and unmistakably on one's mind.

In the light of that experience, I can quite well imagine telepathy as a future form of communication between individual minds—a method much simpler, and more powerful and dangerous than our present one. Will it make life easier? I frankly confess, I regard the period now dawning, with fascination combined with apprehension. I believe that it is perfectly plausible that we have this ethereal, spiritual or psychic body, as it has been variously described, from time immemorial. I believe that there is quite probably, indeed obviously, the subtler realm of the ether, in which waves of all sorts are impinging upon us, and affecting us; and that they will affect us of course far more powerfully as we become more fully aware of them. I believe that the control and direction of thought, the power of personal magnetism, the conscious (and often unscrupulous) use of suggestion, the science of the mind and emotions in relation to disease—all these are leading us into a new and subtle and terrifically dangerous and difficult world. And I believe that if we go into that world without some moral and spiritual ballast commensurate with the dynamic power of the fine forces that are being put into our hands, we go into a worse, not a better, situation.

The danger is that we shall not, with the old and clumsier powers, have learned our lesson—that it is not only stupid, it is impossible, to use any of these forms of power for private benefit. Already the new power is spoken of as a means of personal domination. And as the prestige of the power of the sword declines, we hear more and more of influencing, attracting, ruling, by the power of "personality," personal charm, and magnetism.

But the man or woman who aspires to magnetic, or any kind of personal power over others, is in thrall to a delusion as untrustworthy as the delusion of physical conquest that the world is just beginning to outgrow. There is no such thing as advantage to be gained by one living creature at the expense and deprivation of another. Let us get this into our heads, once and for all, on the threshold of this new "etheric" world. We are in very truth one body—certainly we found that out in the costly experience of the late war; no member of that body can be harmed, without harm coming eventually—and to-day very swiftly—to every other member. And the only sane way to use any sort of power, is not for individual aggrandizement, but for the greater knowledge, happiness, usefulness of us all. Otherwise we are simply running round in circles, trying to get ahead of ourselves.

These are some of the thoughts that come to us with the "more extensive faculties" described by psychical research. Life is growing constantly more conscious, more creative, more swiftly responsive to the individual will. It becomes therefore increasingly important that that will shall be wisely trained, and itself the expression of an enlightened and comprehensive consciousness. If, on the ectoplasm hypothesis the individual can even create material structures out of his own substance (and I recommend that before discarding this as a wild and impossible theory, you read von Schrenck-Notzing's "Phenomena of Materialisation")—the problem of sex takes on a different aspect, and a new form of creative power comes into view. But to change the form of power does not change the problem of how we are going to use our power. That remains curiously and perennially the same.

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Sir Oliver tells us that these various discoveries have brought psychic investigators to a new conception of the interaction between mind and matter. They emphasize "the possible dislocation between mind and body," and "lead us to the assumption . . . that mental activity is not wholly and solely an affair of the body and brain. Through the brain and nerve system we collect impressions, and translate these mental impressions into physical facts. But the mind dominates and utilizes the body. The brain is a transmissive vehicle, not an originator of thought. Mind dominates matter, and not vice versa." This is very interesting, coming from physicists, to whom the material theory of the universe has been so real.

Last month, from the quite different standpoint of the relativist and mathematician, Lord Haldane told us the same thing. "It is to mind that we are driven back, as the only basis on which all life can be made explicable. Mind operating at different degrees or levels—as in the bee, the dog, the man and other higher states of which man is occasionally conscious.

"Einstein teaches us that space and time are not fixed things that exist apart from the mind; they turn out to be nothing more than relations established between the mind and the things that it observes, and the relations vary according as the observant mind is still or moving—(as when the relativity of their position made men fancy that the earth was still, and the sun went round it).

"Thought is now seen to be molding things in a way our forefathers did not dream of. Mind and matter (the 'inside' and the 'outside' world) are not two different things which exclude each other. How they appear, what they seem to be to us, is entirely a matter of standpoints."

And thus through the latest discoveries of modern science, we are brought to the oldest declarations of ancient religion. To the old Hindu assertion that life is a psychological problem, depending entirely on the vision or state of consciousness and comprehension, of each individual. We think we are very wise in our generation. It is chastening to read, and cross-reference with our latest laboratory discoveries, these conclusions of the forest sages of five thousand years ago—who had no instrument but the clear mind that comes with absolute disinterestedness. As the result of their researches, they told their world:

"All these spheres or layers of the universe are only so many varying products of *prana* and *akasha* (force and matter). The lowest and most condensed is the Solar Sphere, consisting of the visible universe, in which *prana* appears as physical force, and *akasha* as sensible matter. The next is the Lunar Sphere, surrounding the Solar Sphere—the habitation of the gods and departed spirits. *Prana* appears in it as psychic forces, *akasha* as fine particles (this corresponding with the etheric and psychic world reported to-day). Beyond this is the Electric Sphere—a condition in which *prana* is almost inseparable from *akasha*, and you can hardly tell whether electricity is force or matter. Next is *Brahmaloka*, where there is neither *akasha* or *prana*, but both are merged into Mind-stuff, the primal energy. And here the soul contemplates the whole universe as "Samashti," or the sum-total of Mind. From this he finds that Unity which is the end."

All these are visions which rise in succession before the individual spirit. They come with his bondage (to egoistic desire) and disappear with his liberation. In reality there is but one Life playing through this vast variety of forms. And again ancients and moderns meet, in this idea of an eternal play of indestructible energy. But with the Easterns there is the great difference: that they conceive this endless play of cosmic life not as the automatic motion of a soulless machine, but as the overflowing creative movement of an all-comprehending, all-blissful Being.

"From joy does spring all this creation, in joy is it maintained, toward joy does it progress, and into joy does it enter."

There is no youthful suicide, or middle-aged despair, among people holding that conception of the universe.

# RENEGADE

ISABEL MCLENNAN MCMEEKIN

A sailor with a monkey,
Back from Mexico,
Passed me on the sidewalk
And I've got to go.
I'm going to the devil
(A steamer sails to-day),
I'm promised for a preacher,
But I just can't pray.

# THE JUSTICE OF SUAN HLI

## *How He Outwitted the Crafty and Sent His Money in Safety*

### REGINALD CAMPBELL

SUAN HLI was old, older than memory. He was thin and bent, and his wizened features were a mass of crisscross wrinkles. How long he had lived in his store in the town of Raheng no one seemed to know, but all the Lao-Siamese inhabitants of the district agreed that he must have dwelt there for many, many years.

Suan Hli himself could have told them, but he was not communicative. His store was his little world, and his hopes centered round a pagoda he one day hoped to build in the compound of the largest Chinese temple in Bangkok, the great capital that was situated some three hundred miles down-river to the south.

That pagoda! Suan Hli, sitting behind his counter, thought of it. It would be built as an everlasting tribute to his sacred ancestors, and it would be a worthy gift to them, for would it not cost him the whole of his life's savings?

Suan Hli, seeing the hour was late, rose stiffly to his feet, closed his store for the night, then slip-slopped into a little room at the back. There, placed on shelves, were rows and rows of boxes containing dirty, well-fingered one-tical notes to the grand total of nine thousand eight hundred. It was a large amount of money to have at the back of beyond, miles away from civilization and any possible aid of police; nevertheless he felt sure of its safety, for he had an amateur burglar-alarm system set up in his house; he had an automatic pistol at his side every night as he slept; and above all, by his long association with them, he had earned the respect of the majority of the simple-minded natives among whom he lived.

Suan Hli smiled like a little gnome, and stroked the boxes with loving hands. How they had grown in number during all these years! A tical here, a tical there, given him in return for the tinned meats, brooches, odd garments and finery that appealed to the simple souls of the district—these little contributions had gradually swelled to a mighty sum, and soon, say in four moons' time, the ten thousand tical mark would be reached, and then would he take his departure for distant Bangkok. Five days' journey through the forest would bring him to the nearest railway station, after which only a few hours' travel would lie between him and Siam's capital. Once there, he would hand the money over to his Chinese *kong see*, and that community would attend to the building of the pagoda.

And he? He would then lay down his bones and die, for he was tired; very, very tired. He was old, wracked with rheumatism, burned out with fever, and would willingly die now but for the fact that he must get those many ticals safely down to Bangkok for the sake of the pagoda.

A frown of anxiety creased the already wrinkled forehead of Suan Hli as he thought of the journey before him. Pack-bullocks would bear the boxes of wealth, and he would hire some trustworthy Kamoo coolies to form an escort; but—what of the five days' travel through the jungle before he reached the safety of the railway? Jungle vultures there were, he knew, vultures that might come and, overpowering his coolies, slay him and steal the precious ticals.

Suan Hli frowned. Should he hire boats and journey the entire way down to Bangkok by the river that ran outside his store? No, there would be more danger than ever in that enterprise, for robbers could wait for him along the banks and, moreover, the period of danger would be extended from five days to several weeks.

Suan Hli thought long; then, rising, he lit tapers before a niche in the wall, and communed with his ancestors. The incense burned. Night cloaked the land. Silence was in the store. Suan Hli was alone with the dead.

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*The following* morning, Mong Hpo, a Burmese, tied up his boats opposite Suan Hli's store. Mong Hpo had come up from Bangkok by water, and was now on his way to the far distant forests of the north, where he would trade in teak and elephants. Being short of provisions, and anxious to replenish his failing stock, he climbed up the bank and entered the shop. Suan Hli greeted him, and, being strangers to one another, they bowed low in many salaams before going into the Chinaman's inner room.

There tea was served, and the pair talked and drank until the sun blazed high in the sky, whereupon orders were given, and soon many were the cases of tinned foods and milk that were carried out of the store and placed in Mong Hpo's boats.

The Burmese then took his departure for the north, and as a result of his visit Suan Hli found himself the possessor of the required ten thousand ticals. So he immediately called for his head coolie and gave him certain instructions; and the coolie, pleasantly intrigued, told a friend. The friend told another friend, so that by the time evening mellowed over the world the whole village was talking. In one month from now, when the rains would have cleared sufficiently to ensure pack-bullocks easy travel, old Suan Hli was leaving Raheng, never to return.

The dusky Laos and the Siamese debated the matter with great interest, for the Chinaman had come to be looked on as a part of the town itself. One and all of them showed much concern at his going, and none more so than a certain half dozen evil featured rascals who crouched in an attap-roofed shelter at the far end of the market-place.

"Without doubt," said one, "Suan Hli must have much money, for has he not been here these many years? Then will good fortune come to us."

"But maybe he will have a coolie escort," complained another.

"Pah! Kamoo coolies he may have, but will not we be six strong men, all armed with guns? *Leukarn*, his money is ours for sure."

"Nevertheless will not all the district know of his departure?" grumbled the second speaker. "Perchance other men may conspire to get the money, even as we are doing. And these men might steal the money first."

Whereupon small, crafty Nai Deng spoke. "If we went as his protectors then all would be well, since thus would we be certain of being in his presence from the start to the finish of the journey. That being the case, we could slay him when we liked."

Ten minutes later Nai Deng was salaaming in Suan Hli's store. "Great One," he said respectfully, "I would fain speak to you on a secret matter."

"So," answered Suan Hli, and he led the new-comer into the little room at the back.

Nai Deng crouched almost double on the floor, and his shifty eyes glanced sideways at certain boxes that were placed row upon row on the shelves.

"Great One," he whispered, "it is said in the market-place that in one moon you are leaving for the railway. Now, Great One, it is also said that much money has come to you during your sojourn with us, therefore it seems to me that many evil men will be plotting for this money."

"That thought has occurred to me also," said Suan Hli gently, and his little face smiled.

"Lord and Great One, I, Nai Deng, have five friends. They are big men and to be trusted. Moreover, they have guns, every one of them, and souls that know no fear. If they could form your escort, then would no harm come to you; though should you travel with Kamoo coolies, I very much fear for your Honor, since Kamoos are timid men."

Nai Deng paused significantly.

"Nai Deng and his friends would require a reward for this service?" Suan Hli asked the Siamese.

"They would," answered Nai Deng decidedly.

"How much?"

"Lord, we desire one hundred ticals for each of us."

"It is too much. I give only eighty."

There followed much bargaining, but eventually an agreement was reached at ninety ticals, the money to be delivered after the Chinaman's safe arrival at the railway station.

Nai Deng then rose to depart, but Suan Hli restrained him. "Though I know of no evil against thee, Nai Deng," he said smoothly, "yet have I no knowledge of good. Now I would fain have proof that thou canst be trusted."

"Lord," answered the Siamese earnestly, "if such is in your power, it would gladden my heart to have a proof whereby to earn your Honor's trust."

Suan Hli thought a while. His slanting eyes gazed vacantly into the distance as if he had forgotten his companion, and not until a full ten minutes had elapsed did he speak.

"Nai Deng, I have a coat," said he. "It is a rich coat, made of much fine cloth and woven gold. Now this coat I wish to send to my *kong see* in Bangkok, so that it may come as a present to them and as a token of my good-will before I myself arrive to join their company. If to-morrow Nai Deng would take this coat to the railway station, deliver it to the booking-clerk, and bring back the receipt for it to me in safety, then will I trust him."

"Lord, this will I do," answered Nai Deng, "though, owing to the distance, it will be eight—nine—ten days before I get back to Raheng again."

"It matters not," the Chinaman told him, "since I, Suan Hli, will not start forth till one moon from now. So Nai Deng will go?"

"He will go."

"Then come to-morrow morning, and I will give thee the coat."

Punctually the next morning Nai Deng arrived at the Chinaman's store. He was shown into the inner room, and there on the table lay the coat, which was a rich coat, even as Suan Hli had said. The Chinaman took up the garment, rolled it into a bundle, wrapped it in brown paper, and made a neat parcel of it. The parcel he then addressed in Siamese writing to his *kong see* at Bangkok, after which he handed it, together with the postage money, to the expectant Nai Deng.

"Now go, Nai Deng, and may good luck attend thee on the journey. And see that thou dost not forget to bring back the booking-clerk's receipt."

The man vanished, and Suan Hli turned to a niche in the wall. He lighted tapers, and the pungent smell of incense wafted through the room. Suan Hli was with his ancestors again.

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Nine days elapsed, and at noon on the tenth Nai Deng reappeared in the store, bringing the treasured receipt with him. The parcel was now safely posted to Bangkok, but the journey to and from the railway had been no light undertaking. He had to cross mountainous paths, still wet and slippery from the recent rains; he had been obliged to endure heat, cold, fever and weariness for nine successive days, but at last his trial was ended and the proof of his good faith to hand.

"Thou hast done well," said Suan Hli, after carefully examining the receipt. "And now, since Suan Hli is just, here are ten extra ticals for thy services, also an agreement engaging thee and thy men as his escort to the railway station."

"And when will the Great One be pleased to start?" asked Nai Deng, as he pocketed the money.

"In two weeks from now, provided the weather favors. Meanwhile see that your guns are cleaned and ready for use if need be."

"Great One, we will see to that," said Nai Deng fervently.

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Exactly a fortnight later the Chinaman moved off with his escort. His thin, frail body, wracked more than ever with pain, was balanced on a quiet old pony. Behind the pony four patient pack-bullocks trod meekly, carrying their load of square wooden boxes in baskets suspended on each side of their meager flanks. Ahead and astern of the animals there strode three stalwart guards, each heavily armed.

The party passed through the market-place of the town, where the villagers, one and all, salaamed a last good-by to the little Chinaman. Suan Hli smiled a gnome-like farewell to them, and soon their chattering faded in the distance and the towering walls of the jungle rose up in solid sheets of green to left and right of the path that led to the distant railway.

Mile after mile slid by, until, when evening came the party found itself in the very heart of the forest. Here camp was made and a shelter of bamboo fronds was prepared for Suan Hli. When the old man was at rest, the boxes were taken from off the bullocks' backs and placed all round him; fires were lighted and the evening meal of rice cooked and eaten. Then the guards squatted in a circle outside the shelter, and silence descended on the dark forest.

Suan Hli lay very still, listening to that silence. His body was sore stricken, for the unaccustomed ride had brought him added suffering; nevertheless that wistful smile still lingered on his features, for through the fronds above him he could see the stars. They were age-old, those stars, and invested with certain great truths upon which Suan Hli had pondered much. Truth, truth begat philosophy, and Suan Hli was a philosopher—wherefore in spite of the pain he smiled.

The night wore on, and presently the old man was aware of a sound outside his shelter. He withdrew his gaze from the heavens, and beheld his guards grouped round the entrance. Foremost was Nai Deng.

"Death comes to thee, O Chinaman," said Nai Deng, raising his gun.

Suan Hli stood upright and folded his hands crosswise in his loose sleeves. "Nai Deng is well skilled in the use of his gun?" he asked the murderer.

"He is well skilled," echoed Nai Deng, and fired.

The little Chinaman fell, and lay upon his back, quite still. He was smiling as never before, as if he were happy to be free from his pain, as indeed he was.

The robbers stooped and, after examining the motionless form, sprang upon the boxes. Shouting in greedy eagerness they pried them open with their jungle-knives, then they drew back aghast. For, jammed tightly in each of the boxes, were, not tical notes, but ball upon ball of worthless packing paper.

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Some three months later a Burmese named Mong Hpo, having recently returned by rail to Bangkok after an exhaustive tour of the north, had occasion to visit a certain wealthy Chinese merchant. The pair conversed for a time on trade matters, and then—

"Ah Fong," said the Burmese to the Chinaman sitting before him, "on my visit up north I was helped greatly on one occasion by a man of your race."

"This is pleasant talk to hear," said Ah Fong politely.

"The person was one Suan Hli, who lives at Raheng," continued Mong Hpo. "Now I, Mong Hpo, had been guilty of great foolishness in that I traveled by water from Bangkok with ten notes to the value of one thousand ticals each as my only means of buying the wherewithal to live. As I said, this was great foolishness, for of what is the use of a thousand-tical note in the wilderness?"

"Of what *is* the use?" echoed Ah Fong gravely.

"I reach Raheng, where I see Suan Hli's store. I need provisions, also I think he may be able to change one, maybe two, of my notes. I enter that store, and speak to Suan Hli privately. He sell me all the goods I require, and, what did please me more, he gave me one-tical notes to the total value of nine thousand eight hundred ticals. For these, together with the food I had bought, did I then give him my ten one-thousand tical notes in exchange, and thus did I benefit greatly."

Mong Hpo paused, spat betel-nut into a large lacquer bowl on the floor, then continued.

"I think Suan Hli a clever man," said he, "for he not let me take those one-tical notes in their boxes to my boats. No, instead he make me put them in empty milk-cases, for he say that if the populace see much money going out of the store, maybe evil men will hear of the matter and attack me for the sake of my wealth. This did I do, with much profit to myself, since I had my notes of small value which were easy to circulate, and yet was I safe from attack. Wherefore, O Ah Fong, Suan Hli did perform me a great service, and I would fain see him again one day."

"That," answered Ah Fong, "will Mong Hpo never do, for Suan Hli is dead."

The Burmese was distressed. He spread his hands and made sympathetic inquiries. The Chinaman explained.

"Three and a half moons ago, my *kong see* did receive a parcel," he said gravely. "The parcel was from Suan Hli, and contained a coat. Sewn in the coat were ten notes to the value of one thousand ticals each. There was also a letter from Suan Hli which explained that the money was for the building of a pagoda in our temple compound here in Bangkok. This letter stated in addition that he was leaving Raheng shortly for the railway, but that robbers might attack him on the way. If, so he wrote, he did not arrive in Bangkok by a certain date, we were to inform the police and state, amongst other things, that a certain Nai Deng might be suspected of the murder."

"Huh," breathed the Burmese, deeply interested.

"I will end this tale," said Ah Fong, "by saying that yesterday, following a trial, Nai Deng was executed, and five other robbers were sentenced to imprisonment for life."

"Which was all exceeding just," murmured Mong Hpo, after he had digested the information.

"It was just," conceded the other. "Moreover, it was strange, for we have found out that it was Nai Deng himself who delivered the parcel to the railway clerk."

"*Meh!*" exclaimed Mong Hpo in surprise. "Then this Nai Deng not only delivered the money to safety, but also took his own death warrant."

"He did," agreed Ah Fong. "Of a truth, Nai Deng helped our good friend greatly, and I think the greatest service of all was the last he performed."

"Meaning the killing?"

"Meaning even that; for had Suan Hli wished to live, why should he have taken decoy cases through the jungle, as we now know that he did?"

Mong Hpo spat again. "Suan Hli wished to die, of that we can be sure," he told his companion. "The money was safe, and he—he was old and in great pain, and of what then is the use of life?"

"Of no use at all," said Ah Fong, and sipped his tea.

# FIVE OUT OF NINE

## *The Futile but Forceful Dissenting Opinion*

JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

WHEN, on the last day of February, 1927, the Supreme Court of the United States handed down its decision in the case of Tyson versus Banton, the court ran true to form. It declared invalid a law of the State of New York, designed to protect the theater-going public from the oppression of the exorbitant prices currently charged by theater-ticket brokers. The New York legislature had seen fit to say that no ticket broker should charge in excess of fifty cents in advance of the price printed on the ticket; but the ticket brokers, claiming they had been deprived of their property without due process of law, had seen fit to beseech the court to rush the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution to their rescue. The court obligingly complied, and that protective wing was spread over those whose zealous quest for gain had incurred the wrath of a helpless public—still helpless, despite the vigorous, well-reasoned, and sound dissenting opinions of four of the nine judges.

In order to understand the sad fate of this legislative attempt, it is necessary to look into the nature of the conflicting interests of State and nation, of the clashes between the Federal Constitution and the regulatory powers of the once sovereign States. When the Constitution was adopted in 1789 as the fundamental law of the land, its framers beamed with pride at the thought that they had produced a document sufficiently broad and flexible to meet the needs of changing situations and conditions for many generations to come. Unwittingly, by their very generality of phrasing, they placed upon the shoulders of the Supreme Court the grave responsibility of settling the countless conflicts that were bound to arise from our peculiar dual system of government. For although a new central government had been formed, it had been so formed only upon the mutual guarantees of the individual States that each one of them should retain something of its original sovereignty. Thus we have had since 1789 the federal government and the separate State governments running side by side, but not always keeping to parallel paths, and not infrequently colliding.

Under the Constitution the federal government became one of expressly delegated powers, while all powers not delegated were reserved to the States. But with the Supreme Court's early pronouncement that the federal government had the implied power to make laws incidental to the carrying out of its express powers, the federal government was enabled to encroach upon some fields of internal control which, from time immemorial, had been the peculiar province of the State government, notably the regulation of the conduct of the individual in his human relations with his fellow-man. An example of this inroad to-day is the Mann Act. The Mann Act is a federal law designed to prevent the white-slave traffic. Besides being quite generally used as a threat of blackmail in individual cases devoid of public menace, its excuse for being a federal enactment is that it derives its authority from the power over interstate commerce which the Constitution expressly gives to the federal government. Then there is that section of the federal Judicial Code which provides that any United States revenue officer indicted in the State court for any crime committed under color of his office may have his case removed to the federal court for trial. This makes it possible for a prohibition agent to shoot up the town, and then invoke the protection of his federal cohorts against the wrath of the legitimate State forces of justice.

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To enact laws in asserted pursuance of some constitutional grant is one way in which the federal government removes from the States their time-honored control over the normal rights of their citizens as human beings. Another very poignant way of effecting the same result is to negative by judicial decree various State laws as repugnant to some constitutional prohibition. I doubt very much whether the framers of the Constitution would put the stamp of approval on federal interference with the efforts of the State legislatures to secure the welfare of their own people. The State is and should be the guardian of its citizens. Inherent in its power is its right to protect the public against criminal conduct, and its right to regulate all matters affected with a public interest. Its very business is to promote peace and quiet among its citizenry, and to look after the public health, and the public morals and safety. The State is *parens patriæ*.

Yet the State's efforts in the exercise of its prerogative have been frequently balked as being in conflict with some provision or other of the Constitution. Ever since the Civil War the docket of the Supreme Court has been crowded with cases wherein legislative enactments of the various States have been called in question and their overthrow sought—enactments which the founders of the nation never dreamed would take up the time of our highest judicial tribunal, much less be overthrown by it. The period immediately following the Civil War found the Constitution supplemented with several bright and shining amendments. The thirteenth amendment did away with involuntary servitude and made the negro a free man. But in order to make the negro free in fact as well as in name, the fourteenth amendment was adopted for the sole purpose of restraining the States from making any discrimination on account of race. That the fourteenth amendment should be restricted in its application to the protection of the new rights of the negro was voiced by the Supreme Court itself in the first case brought to its attention wherein the new amendment was invoked—a case in which a State regulation of slaughter-houses was upheld, despite the contention that the proprietors had been deprived of property without due process of law. But so broad was the wording of the amendment—"Nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law"—that five years after the above decision the very same court extended the amendment to apply to matters that had nothing whatever to do with the negro. From that day to this the main purpose of the amendment has been lost sight of in the constant clamor about due process of law raised by every one aggrieved in a business way through some State law designed to promote the public welfare. As finally construed, the fourteenth amendment gives enormous jurisdiction to all courts regarding State legislative action. It enlarges the national powers beyond the wildest dreams of the early nationalists, to the consequent diminution of the lawmaking powers of the sovereign States.

So we have to-day the spectacle of a multitude of lawyers earnestly beseeching the learned justices at Washington to throw overboard all manner of sapient State laws, simply because their clients happen to be retarded in their quest for gain. Of course, not every State law that is challenged is overthrown. The police power of the State still survives the fourteenth amendment, but it survives it in a badly damaged condition. State regulations for the public good are scrutinized very closely to see whether they deprive a person of life, liberty or property, and many of the laws that are finally held to be so arbitrary and unreasonable as to work such a deprivation, are invalidated only after a bitter struggle among the nine Supreme Court judges. It is difficult for some of these jurists to justify the sweeping extension of the fourteenth amendment. It is difficult for them to say that they know more about the local evils which the State legislatures sought to remedy than the State legislators know themselves. It is difficult for them to take judicial notice of conditions that they do not know exist, and to take unto themselves the task of making the local laws. And in their dissenting opinions is there much sound reasoning which the majority of the judges might well have heeded.

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One of the earliest of the modern cases of constitutional importance in connection with the clash between the fourteenth amendment and the State "police power" came up to the Supreme Court from the State of New York. A statute had been there enacted making it unlawful for bakery proprietors to require their employees to work more than sixty hours a week or more than ten hours a day. This law was certainly a reasonable measure for safeguarding the health of two classes of people, the employees and the food-consuming public. The legislature held that the bakers ought not to be driven to ill health by overwork, and that the public ought not to be injured by contaminated bread. But the overlords of the business saw their profits being pricked, and proceeded to invoke the due process clause of the Constitution. Lo and behold, the court upheld the contention of the aggrieved proprietors, and kicked out the offending law on the ground that it was an arbitrary and unreasonable interference with the liberty of the individual freely to contract for his services.

This decision was not, however, reached by unanimous opinion. Four of the nine judges, in well reasoned opinions, vigorously defended the law as a very proper health measure. They maintained that the New York legislature knew more about conditions existing in New York bakeries than did the judges in Washington, and that if the local lawmakers saw fit to remedy existing evils in the interest of their people, there was nothing in the Constitution to prevent them. The world was thus afforded the strange spectacle of five wise and learned men telling four wise and learned men, who held views contrary to their own, that no reasonable man could say this law was a proper legislative enactment.

From Kansas came a case of equal importance to the working-man. Public opinion had given its sanction to the labor union as being an essential weapon in the struggle against proprietary oppression. To offset this it had become the practice of employers to force their men to have no connection with labor organizations under penalty of banishment from their only field of livelihood. Whereupon the Kansas legislature passed a law making it a criminal offense for any employer to require his employees to agree not to become or remain a member of any labor union during the time of his employment. Capital sprang up in arms, and hurrying to its gilded copy of the Constitution, turned frantically to the fourteenth amendment. Satisfied that its fundamental rights of property had been invaded, it rushed its legal battalions straight to Washington, armed with all manner of verbal artillery. After prolonged consideration the Supreme Court capitulated and the day was won.

The Kansas law had been torn to bits and the fragments tossed to the wind. Again the court had been loath to deprive the individual of his right freely to contract for services, and again the court had been divided. This time there were three strong dissenting voices, each contending that a law enacted in an attempt to promote internal peace and to prevent discontent, should be upheld as a normal exercise of the State "police power" unless clearly outrageous. And clearly, under existing conditions, a workman might not unnaturally believe that only by belonging to a labor union could he secure a contract that would be fair to him. If that belief could be held by a reasonable man, then it should be enforced by law in order to establish the equality of position between the parties in which the liberty of contract begins.

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Another acute angle of the labor problem was chalked on the blackboard of the Supreme Court by lawyers from the far-away frontier. On the main street of Bisbee, Arizona, there thrived a restaurant which was somewhat paradoxically called the "English Kitchen"—that is, it thrived until the cooks and waiters grew tired of their lot in life, and, with some moderate splurge of profanity, told the boss that he knew just exactly what he could do. Nothing daunted, the boss proceeded to hire some Mexican bad men to take the place of his ungrateful helpers. Whereat the strikers went on parade before the "English Kitchen," clad mostly in large sign-boards announcing to the public that the boss was a bit unfair, that he was quite generally a bad actor, and that his food was nothing if not rotten. Some of the patrons being shooed away by this display of frankness, the boss ran, in a bristle of rage, to the nearest court-house to get an injunction against the parading strikers. Meanwhile the Arizona lawmakers had seen fit to frown upon the indiscriminate use of the injunction, and had embellished the statute books with a law that prohibited the issuing of injunctions in disputes between employers and employees, unless necessary to prevent irreparable injury to property rights. Further, these lawmakers had provided that the property rights alleged to be injured must be described with minute particularity in the petition for the injunction. There was nothing left for the boss to do but maintain that this unfriendly statue was obnoxious to his rights under the Constitution. This he promptly did, and the drama of the "English Kitchen" was carried to Washington.

By a bare majority vote the Supreme Court cut short the life of the Arizona statute and left it to be buried in the potter's field. The five prevailing judges held that the State of Arizona had deprived the boss of his property without due process of law. The four dissenting judges maintained that a man's business was a course of conduct which could be regulated by the legislature in the exercise of their sound discretion as to what was best for the public welfare. Surely, if a reasonable man, in a position to know the local situation by virtue of being on the ground, can think there is danger of abuse in the injunction, and especially as it is applied in labor disputes, a law incorporating such views should not be declared invalid. In connection with this statute it is important to note that it is not the province of a judge to overthrow a law simply because he thinks it an unwise measure, or because he would not have passed it had he been in the Arizona legislature. A judge may think a law is somewhat absurd, yet it is his duty to allow it, unless he can clearly see that it violates fundamental principles as they have been understood by the traditions of our people and our law.

A few years ago the legislature of the State of Washington enacted a law forbidding employment agencies to receive fees from workers for whom they found positions. Several of the agencies hit by this measure called upon the fourteenth amendment to upset this law. The Supreme Court threw out the law as a violation of the constitutional guarantees of the complainants, but again only because five men are better than four. A bare majority of the judges agreed that the statute unduly restricted the liberty of the complainants to engage in business, and that it in effect destroyed their occupation as agents for workers. The dissenting judges, however, lent a more willing ear to the evils that were complained of, and that the statute in question sought to remedy. It was shown to the court that fraud was practised on poor patrons, who were, for the most part, people of small intelligence and easily duped. It appeared to be the practice of employment agencies current in the State of Washington to charge excessive fees and to send applicants to work at unsuitable jobs such a distance away from the city that they could not afford to get back. It was also shown that there was frequent collusion between agent and employer, whereby the applicant would get work for a few days, then be discharged, and the fees split between agent and employer. Further, girls were often induced to leave their jobs for supposedly better ones, only to find themselves ushered into houses of prostitution.

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The Supreme Court overthrew another law manifestly designed to prevent the perpetration of fraud on the public. This was a Nebraska statute requiring bread in certain quantities to maintain a specified weight twenty-four hours after baking. A maximum weight was prescribed as well as a minimum, and this became the focus of attack. But, as pointed out by the dissenting opinions, the fixing of a maximum weight was not arbitrary and unreasonable, for loaves of bread come in more than one standard size, and an overweight pound loaf might be palmed off rather handily as a full sized pound and a half loaf. The very purpose of the law was to protect buyers from short weights, and honest bakers from unfair competition. It is interesting to know that the total yearly output of the complaining bread manufacturers was twenty-three and a half million pounds.

In addition to the Tyson theater-ticket case, there have been three recent cases in which the fourteenth amendment has been used to carry the objectives over the turbulent stream of State regulation. Manufacturers in Pennsylvania, millionaires in Wisconsin, and transportation companies in California have all gone safely across to the other side, and may turn to scoff at the troublesome legislators whose troublesome laws have been sunk once and for all by the judgment of our highest tribunal. In the Pennsylvania case the court nullified a State law which forbade the use of shoddy in the manufacture of bedding. The Pennsylvania lawmakers thought, not unreasonably, that unsterilized shoddy might spread disease, and they knew it to be the actual practice of certain manufacturers to fill beds with shoddy from filthy floors. The majority opinion held that the law made an arbitrary classification, in view of the fact that sterilization might eliminate the danger. But the three dissenting judges knew that such a remedy was thoroughly impractical, and declared that the legislature had the right to forbid the use of the offending material in order to destroy an evil fostered on a large scale. In the Wisconsin case the court voided a State law which conclusively presumed that any gift made within six years of the death of the donor was a gift made in contemplation of death, and hence was subject to the State inheritance tax. The dissenting judges here contended that the legislature had a perfect right to take whatever steps it saw fit to do away with the prevalent and well-known custom of sidestepping the tax, even though the restriction of the statute covered a considerable period of time. In the California case the court invalidated a State law which required private trucking companies to obtain a certificate that public necessity and convenience required their operation on the public highway—three judges dissenting. The voice of dissent was here based on the power of the law-making body to regulate highway traffic.

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History and authority and precedent being the deities they are in matters legal, it is little wonder that the necessary five judges in the Tyson theater-ticket case held that the Federal Constitution gave a man a perfect right to sell his property at whatever price he chose, and that the theatrical business was not sufficiently clothed with a public interest to be subject to state regulation—no prior decision ever having said it was. It mattered not that hundreds of thousands of people were being annually "gypped" on theater tickets, and that the New York legislature had taken steps to prevent the outrage. The prevailing judges were interested in seeing to it that suffering people were not deprived of their property in violation of their constitutional rights, our only complaint being they safeguarded the property of the wrong people.

It is, of course, a delicate matter to determine the proper balance of power in fundamental questions such as these. Posterity will doubtless witness similar conflicts with similar results, and both conflict and result beyond the vision not only of the most far-sighted of the original framers of the Constitution, but also of the makers of its fourteenth amendment. In the mean time here are two statements that deserve our thoughtful consideration: there is grave danger in pressing the fourteenth amendment too far, and there is great force in the dissenting opinion.

# THE SOUTHERN MIND

## *Old-fashioned, but of Long and Honorable Descent*

### MARISTAN CHAPMAN

THE complexity of the south, its variegated background in religion, politics and economics, its widely differing topography and multiplicated climates, is not to be subdued by spelling the word with a capital "S." When any one begins to settle affairs below the Mason and Dixon line by beginning with a rotund reference to The South, be sure that he has nothing specific to say.

The trouble with information about the southern States is that it is spread thin over the entire territory. It is popularly supposed to be "sunny," yet the rainiest district in the United States is located in the southern Appalachians. They condense every cloud that passes from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi Valley, and tourists from the north who inhabit the mountain resorts are perennially outraged at the soaking they get. It is significant that they come back each year to renew their lamentations. Similarly we hear of the "sluggish south," because a percentage of poor whites have hookworm; or the "advancing south," because some town has run up two new factories within the year.

The South (with a capital "S") is set forth as a warning or an example. Articles appear on Industrial Conditions in the South, which attempt in a few thousand words to cover the South Carolina cotton mills, the cut-over pine region of Georgia with its enormous turpentine industry, the mountain ranges with their oil, timber and coal; the articles wander through the smoke of north Alabama's iron and steel district, on through swamps to the Mississippi cotton plantations, and back to the blue-grass country of Tennessee with its dairies. No territory of such variety may be covered in a few thousand words of comment, and pin-point pictures are bound to be misleading.

And why is it that general impressions of a casual observer are considered sound basis for opinion when the south is under discussion, while nothing short of complete statistical data are required for a similar review of the north? Dogmatic statements about the south are made very often without the ghost of a fact to substantiate them. Let there be dogmatic statements, by all means, for they are the expository framework of any faith, but let them be grounded upon something more than fleeting glimpses by a hurried visitor.

Only serene thoughts can last and controversy digs its own grave, so it is not in any spirit of defiance that this article comments on some current aspects of the south to-day.

It has become the fashion to pretend that all "feeling" due to the Civil War has evaporated, or has been smothered in industrial amity. But, although the Civil War is sixty-four years gone, the different type of mind and the philosophy of life that made that war are still set over against each other. Dead partizanships spring to life at the merest touch, and vigorous passions and prejudices still distort interpretation and vitiate analyses. The south still labors under the inferiority complex, and modern southerners feel their fathers' blood grow hot in their veins as they repel attacks from the north with pens instead of swords. The north, on the other hand, is not so ancestor-ridden, and the new industrialist is occupied solely with to-day's problems of progress and efficiency; he has short patience with tradition and history.

And here we have one of the widest divergencies of viewpoint: the assumption that the economic, industrial type of mind is in itself superior to the esthetic. This idea has held sway because the economic is more obviously useful to material well-being; but it has led to the false argument that a step from agrarianism to manufacture is necessarily a step forward. For example, "change" and "progress" are not necessarily synonymous terms, yet they are used interchangeably by northern critics in reference to southern affairs.

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Discussions about the development and expansion of the south are all material. There is too great stress on the statistics of industry, too much cataloguing of mines, mills and machinery. Nothing is said of the attitude, the spiritual state, of the modern south, and nobody has pointed out that while southerners continue to think parochially they cannot function nationally. Until the south changes its traditional attitude it will not attain industrial value—it is trying to drive a hitched horse.

Now industry has a vindictive life of its own. Machinery is built to increase production, and increased production involves the building of more machinery; we produce that we may consume, and we must consume in order to produce. Once set in motion the industrial modern life must be tended, or it will eat us up. The southerner cannot quite decide whether the chasing of this goose is worth the gold. He has not even made up his mind that material prosperity is the best end of human endeavor.

The southern mind is old-fashioned, but it is native and of long and honorable descent. The southerner cannot escape from it, and the northerner will be baffled so long as he ignores it. Primarily it is of the French school, with a bias toward agrarianism, congenial to the needs and temper of its society. It is parochial in outlook, but singularly simple and homogeneous. It retains the eighteenth-century cut and clings to its own form of culture, insisting that it breeds creative ideas, though it may not produce immediate and paying returns.

As long as the southern mind clings to its traditions there will be those who think of the south in terms of the Lost Cause. We do not wish to regard ourselves, nor wish to be regarded in this combative light, but there seems no help for it. Lost Causes shrink away to nothing, but the hopes that inspired them are as vital as when first born. Time is kind to success, and its verdict inclines to the side of the biggest guns; meanwhile the vanquished have the consolation of talking with the ghosts who stood for the lost ideals, and such talk is sometimes profitable.

The southerner has the traditional type of mind. He goes on from generation to generation and carries the memory of his past with him. He is proud of the fit of his old-fashioned dress clothes and finds himself very comfortable in his old business suit. The northerner has no patience with such sentimentality. He sheds yesterdays like cast-off coats. He has used and done with yesterday and wears to-day jauntily, even flamboyantly, and keeps an eye ahead for the fashions that will be to-morrow.

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But we cannot divorce the present from the past if the present and the future are to be adjusted properly. Development is continuous, not merely contiguous, and the trouble with most plans to modernize the south is that the economic doctors have tried to make a sharp break. They would raze the old south and build a new one on entirely different foundations. This is only possible on paper where the south may be dealt with in terms of acreage and resources and horse-power; it is not possible to do it in fact because of the existence of the troublesome human beings that inhabit the valuable region.

In the first place, the southern mind is lacking in the discipline necessary to industrial coöperation. Besides being traditional the southerner is incurably idealistic. He is a poet and dreamer, and as such is hopelessly out-classed in the industrial struggle. When he is not lovingly recalling the past, he is building lavishly for the future on very insecure foundations. In his calculations he ignores stresses, strains and weight. The modern southerner who calls himself progressive plans industrial expansion far in advance of his means and materials. He is enthusiastic and forward-looking, and as practical as a school-boy dreaming himself a captain of industry. Seeing vast resources lying idle, he envisions completed factories—and, as a consequence, makes stupendous economic mistakes. It is no wonder his northern confrère who would like to lend a helping hand turns away with a gesture of hopelessness, exclaiming in irritation at such uselessness and fatuity. Sentiment, tradition and enthusiasm may have their place, but they are futile before the matter-of-factness of economics.

Not only the southern mind and temperament is at variance with its commercial needs, but its sociology. The south is predominantly rural. It is not adjusted to the complex problems of industrialism, which involves, to begin with, living together in large numbers. Even in modern southern cities and in factory towns the tendency of the population is to sprawl rather than to huddle. And the problem of mixing white and black laborers is still with us, not to mention the impossibility of getting the lowland cracker to work with the town-fetched mill-hand, and leaving out of account the six million or so highlanders who won't work side by side with anybody. The north has a supply of labor glad to work anywhere and having in its racial background a habit of congestion.

However, it is fatally easy to discuss the evident aspects of a subject instead of going to the roots of it, especially when the roots go in so many directions as in the southern industrial plant. Discussion of the obvious so readily covers our ignorance of the obscure.

The southern States suffer from group isolation which fosters sectionalism, provincialism, self-centeredness and general suspicion, just as individual isolation makes for a morose and suspicious attitude toward other human beings. In both cases we find pride and an angry resentment to criticism.

The south, we are told, must learn to think nationally instead of sectionally. But it is a hard thing to get together such elements as the cotton-planter, the stock-raiser, the turpentine rider, the iron-founder, the swamp trapper and the upland timber-man. It is particularly difficult because through all runs a clannish sympathy as strong as their industrial bonds are weak. The southern States cling together with all the quarrelsome harmony of a family. Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky are of one mind; their inordinate pride preventing them from letting go any of good they hold in order to make room for more modern virtues and necessities. Over against them stand South Carolina, Alabama and Mississippi, more forward-looking and readier to grasp opportunity, though at the same time economically less able to do so than their neighbors. North Carolina, Texas and Louisiana each is a law to itself. Georgia and Florida will sink or swim together despite fraternal bickerings; and Arkansas and Oklahoma, while now numbered with the southern States are converted territories and not strictly part of the traditional south we are here discussing. The south, it seems, is not entirely solid—nor sluggish—nor sunny.

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Assuming it can get together, the south will still be confronted with the task of learning the language and customs of the modern industrial world, while retaining, at the same time, its broad cultural background. Progressive industrialists recommend forsaking the background, forgetting it; but there again they reckon without that troublesome factor, the human mind.

As a consequence of this stubborn attitude, northern industrialists have come to the conclusion that the only way to bring the south up to date is to march in and take hold of it themselves. Whereupon there arises a great cry from the south that it refuses to be exploited. If it cannot furnish capital to start its own resources into life, it can at least guard those resources from the greedy north. Paternal northern capitalists, whose intentions are of the purest, are startled and disgusted; and sometimes they withdraw, taking their money with them.

Now let us look at some of the reasons for this dog-in-the-manger attitude of the south. It is, to begin with, a defense reaction against the northerner's assumption that his presence is necessarily a blessing, and against his attitude that in bringing industry to the south he is conferring a boon out of all proportion to the reward he may reap for himself. He too often comes south with the arrogance of one bestowing charity (unasked, however obviously necessary) and of demanding thanks for his generosity. The modern industrialist is not primarily humanitarian. He must make his factories pay their way or he will, financially speaking, perish. The fact that the care of employees and consideration for their welfare furthers this end is incidental; it pays, and against protests that the Christian spirit of service that animates industry is not mercenary, we may set the fact that it requires hard-won legislation to make these principles generally operative.

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But to gather back to the subject, let us take the concrete instance of the migration of cotton mills. The mills are being moved from New England for very practical reasons, the last, and most incidental of which is the expansion of southern industry. Other reasons are a climate peculiarly suited to cotton-spinning, since it contains enough moisture in the atmosphere to obviate the necessity for mechanical supply of dampening, with consequent saving on the apparatus; and also the fact that labor may be had for less wages because living is cheaper in the south and native laborers do not yet know what may be done by collective bargaining. The mills move because the south has not yet reached the legislative labor standards of the north. There is no law limiting women's working hours to forty-eight a week; and no law forbidding them to work all night; so a mill may be run night and day, with a consequent saving on overhead. And so it is with other industries.

No blame attaches to the manufacturer who looks sharply after his own interests, but the south objects to adjurations to be grateful to northern enterprise, as if the sole object of capital investment in the south were philanthropic. More particularly when the south's tardy legislation and old-world customs are held up to ridicule by the very people who make profitable use of them.

A further source of grievance in the south to-day is the crude unkindness of northern capitalists in tying up resources to await later development. Here is a case of dog-in-the-manger that fairly may be set against the southerner's craving to keep his property to himself even though it lie idle—for at least it is his in the first instance.

This matter of tying up resources is a widespread but little known habit of individual investors. The writer does not want to open the question of such stupendous issues as Muscle Shoals, which being more a matter of politics than of economics are of national concern. The irritating factor under consideration is the speculator who seals up the oil-fields of Tennessee, who retains for his future use the gold-mines in the same locality; who buys up tracts of land to hold in case some one else should wish to develop them; who buys mill sites and abandons them so that they become ugly patches of neglect and waste, whence all are warned by decaying notice-boards. And, what makes all this more futile and insulting is the fact that such speculators allow the backwardness of the regions they have thus sealed up to be laid as a charge against southern sluggishness. They criticize unkempt sealed areas from drawing-room windows as their holiday trains carry them to a more tempting part of the south for their recreation. When in the course of years they do develop, they will point proudly to their work, saying how much they have done. The southern mind does not know how to combat this sort of thing, so it frets and tries to believe that it is still "poor" and can do nothing.

It may be that the south will awake to an industrial consciousness; or it may be that tradition will prove too strong and she will absorb and make over the modern machine age until it is adapted to her needs, and made suitable to her philosophy. She has great tenacity and a startling integrity for a territory so diverse. In either case, let the north, our self-constituted guide, philosopher and octopus beware.

(Next Month: *The Mountain Man*)

# FOR ANN, PAINTING DAVIS

BARBARA MADISON TUNNELL

In setting down this man who will, I fear,
Fidget a little on the model's stand,
See that you keep the colors clean and clear
And that the brush is steady in your hand.
Is it because he's straight and tall and lean
That you are daubing at the palette now,
Or do you like his mind, or have you seen
A decent modeling of throat and brow?

Is it your plan to paint him hard and cold,
Detached as lonely planets roaming space;
Or have you insight swift and brushes bold
Enough to show the secrets in his face?
Are you another Rembrandt that you can
Attempt to paint a portrait of this man?

# WEST POINT'S PREDICAMENT

## *Why Are There More Than Two Hundred Vacancies in Its Corps of Cadets*

### B. C. LONG LANCE

FROM one end of the United States to the other a horde of eager students clamoring for higher education was turned away from our colleges and universities last year. Yale fixed 850 as the number of freshmen who could be admitted last fall, and deliberately selected that number from 1500 students who applied. Princeton is using similar selective methods, while Johns Hopkins and Stanford have adopted drastic measures to check a too rapid expansion. At the great State universities the enrolments have risen to such amazing numbers as to overburden even their most elaborate facilities, made in frantic efforts to meet this remarkable situation. Everywhere the demand has far outstripped the ability of our colleges to supply education.

Yet, there is one institution with an international reputation that is running on only two thirds of its actual capacity. The United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, which pays its students $1,072 a year to be educated and guarantees them a life position, has at the moment of this writing 225 vacancies in its Corps of Cadets. Yearly it is turning out just two thirds of its graduate capacity, while the American army is so pressed for officers that it is forced every year to hold civilian examinations to meet its demands.

At the beginning of the last term at West Point only twelve States and the District of Columbia had their quota of appointments entirely filled. The States were Maine, Connecticut, West Virginia, New Jersey, Florida, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Oregon. The other thirty-six States had an average of only eighty-six per cent of their quota. New York State was only eighty per cent filled; Vermont and Tennessee, seventy-five per cent, and North and South Dakota were as low as seventy per cent.

Why do these vacancies exist at West Point when our other colleges and universities are crowded to the bursting point? How can we account for the failure of West Point to utilize only a little more than two thirds of its graduating capacity?

It can safely be assumed that the average American young man who has a chance to win that distinguished designation "a West Pointer" still considers himself the most fortunate young man in his Congressional district. And why shouldn't he? West Point has perhaps the finest graduate record of any college in the country. It has a way all its own of making men who stand the test, and there is hardly a business man in the country who would not jump at the opportunity to hire a West Point graduate should he choose to leave the army. General Custer spent three years trying to get an appointment from his Ohio Congressman, and there are thousands of young men to-day who are just as eager as was Custer. And yet we have this odd situation of 225 vacancies staring us in the face.

Since we must admit that it is no lack of public interest that is keeping West Point down, and the United States Army underofficered by West Point graduates, then we might ask, "Is the course too difficult?"

Economic factors and the methods of instruction at the Academy have an important bearing on the answer to this question. At West Point the cadet has absolutely no concern over money matters—the Government pays him liberally to accept his education; in fact, so well that he has a handy bank balance at the end of his four-year course. Consequently he is free to devote his entire attention to his studies.

For academic work, West Point classes are divided into small sections, according to the demonstrated ability of the individual students; and each of these sections is under a separate instructor. The sections at the foot of a class usually consist of six or eight of the most backward men, so that the instructor can give individual attention to the man who needs it most. In addition to this, instructors are required to give extra time—outside of the regular periods—to any cadet who asks for it. As long as a cadet is *willing* to work, his instructors give him every possible assistance.

The best way, however, to determine whether the West Point course is too difficult, is to compare it with other college courses. And to be fair in this comparison, we must remember that West Point is a highly scientific college, preparing its men for a specific profession—war—embracing rigid instruction in engineering, artillery, aviation, horsemanship, telegraphy, tanks, musketry, drill, military tactics, interior economy, physical culture and leadership—and with this training goes an academic course comparable with the best that any college offers.

West Point was founded in 1802 as an engineering college, and though the military courses were added forty years later, it was for a half-century the only engineering school in the United States. Until the Civil War all of the engineering in this country was done by the officer graduates of West Point. The great transcontinental railways owe their beginnings to men turned out by the Academy; as do such engineering projects as the Panama Canal and Muscle Shoals, to-day.

Though West Point has long since ceased to be solely an engineering school, yet it still carries more technical subjects than appear in the average scientific college course. Therefore the comparison must be made between West Point and its nearest counterpart—an engineering college. Both courses are admittedly difficult; yet a survey of the 133 engineering schools in the United States and Canada reveals that the cadets who survive the first six months at West Point are thirteen per cent more efficient in mastering the difficult course than are the civilian students at these engineering schools. Yet engineering courses everywhere are crowded while 225 cadetships stand vacant at West Point. Clearly the course is not too difficult. To glance through the varied list of subjects about which the West Point graduate must know something, makes me wonder how the cadet finds time to tackle all of these various branches of learning. But it must be remembered that West Point is a going concern the year round. Instead of vacation or other work during the summer months, the entire Cadet Corps moves out of doors in June and lives a very comfortable and healthful life in a tented city on the athletic field until September. In this way some of the outdoor subjects are carried on in summer almost as a matter of healthful recreation.

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But we are still in the dark as to why West Point is not filled, when the War Department wants it filled and the army wants its graduate officers.

Are the West Point entrance requirements at fault? Every candidate must pass a thorough physical examination. Here the requirements diverge somewhat from those of other colleges; but it would be absurd to assume that out of our vast population we cannot each year produce four or five hundred physically qualified candidates.

The mental requirements are *below those of the average college*, where fifteen credit units are demanded for admission—the Academy requires only fourteen. The West Point candidate who presents a certificate showing that he has graduated with good grades from any accredited high school, is *not required to take any mental examination whatever!* In fact, under this certificate system at least ten per cent of the cadets admitted are men who would stand no chance of getting into such colleges as Yale, Dartmouth or Princeton, all of which require some form of mental examination.

The fact that *fifty per cent* of the cadets are admitted to West Point without mental examination necessitates, during the first six months, a wholesale elimination of those who are unfit or unprepared to do the required work. More men are dropped from each new class during its first half-year than throughout the rest of the four-year course. As a result of the last semiannual examinations, seventy men were dropped from the "plebe" class for failing in their studies—seventy heart-broken American young men who through no fault of their own had been admitted to West Point without having had the proper preparation. They packed their clothes and left the Academy nursing an inferiority-complex that may stay with them the rest of their lives. As any one who has instructed "plebes" at West Point can testify, the only way that these yearly unfits could be kept at the Academy would be to conduct primary classes for them.

But here is the significant fact: out of these seventy cadets who failed last February, *only seven had taken an entrance examination.* Sixty-three of them had come into the Academy on a "ticket"—a certificate. What did it cost the Government to bring these men to the Academy at five cents a mile, and feed, clothe and pay them for six months? The exact figure is $60,000. A prodigal waste, it seems.

How did these men get their appointments? Here is a list showing the ten sources of appointment to the Academy, and how each source stood last year as to two hundred of the present vacancies in the Cadet Corps.

U. S. M. A. Appointments Vacant—April 4, 1927

| | *Vacant* | | *Quota* | *Per Cent* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Senators | 22 | out of | 192 | 11.4 |
| Representatives | 136 | “ “ | 870 | 15.6 |
| Territories | 0 | “ “ | 4 | 00.0 |
| Dist. Columbia | 0 | “ “ | 4 | 00.0 |
| Porto Rico | 0 | “ “ | 2 | 00.0 |
| President | 11 | “ “ | 100 | 11.0 |
| Vice-President | 0 | “ “ | 2 | 00.0 |
| Honor Schools | 4 | “ “ | 20 | 20.0 |
| Army | 21 | “ “ | 90 | 23.3 |
| National Guard | 6 | “ “ | 90 | 06.6 |
| | 200 | | 1374 | |

From this it will be seen that the Representatives of Congress have the largest number of vacancies, and the army and the Honor Schools have the greatest percentage of vacant cadetships. That is very significant, because the three ways of getting into West Point on the “ticket” system—without examinations—are through the Congressmen, Senators and Honor Schools. Virtually all other appointments are made on the basis of competitive entrance examinations.

Another glance at the above list will now disclose the fugitive “X” that we have been looking for: the reason why West Point is running only on two thirds of its graduate capacity. It will be seen that out of 200 vacancies—now greater—which existed last year, 162 were due to the failure of cadets appointed by Representatives, the Honor Schools and the Senators. And these failures account for more than *four fifths* of the present vacancies at West Point—as the above figures show.

To refine the point to a definite conclusion, here is what we have found:

Of all the students who enter West Point, one half go in on a “ticket”—without examination. Of seventy who were “found”—kicked out—as a result of the last semiannual examinations, sixty-three were “ticket” men. That is, ninety per cent of those who were turned out had not taken an entrance examination. Of the *two hundred* vacancies that existed at West Point last year, *four fifths* came from the sources of appointment where certificates from “accredited schools” are accepted in lieu of an entrance examination.

No further comment is necessary to place the blame for West Point's present predicament on the—*Certificate System.* This system was created by an act of Congress in 1914, much against the wishes of the army and the West Point authorities. And here is the immediate result. In 1913, the year preceding this act, the dismissals amounted to exactly three per cent of the “plebe” class. In 1914, when the act came into effect, the dismissals jumped to ten per cent—and in three years to twenty per cent! They have remained around this figure ever since!

This Congressional act of 1914 has made it possible for an appointee to enter West Point without taking a mental examination, provided he can produce an educational certificate showing fourteen credit units from an "accredited school." What is an "accredited school?" That is the catch. Nobody knows. There is no standardization of academic education in the United States. Each State, each school district has its own set of standards. The War Department may designate an "accredited school" this year, and the next year it may change principals and cease to be what an "accredited school" should be; yet it will go on turning out unqualified men for West Point, the Government will go on losing large sums of money annually, and the boys will go on getting a tremendous jolt when they are let out.

The War Department also designates twenty military academies in the United States as "Honor Schools," with the provision that the top-graduate at each of these schools every year is entitled to enter West Point without a mental examination. As will be seen—from the list of the sources of appointments—this system is not standing the test that it should. Out of twenty appointments it has four vacancies, which gives it the second highest percentage of failures in the list. That this system is sometimes abused is evident from an incident at West Point last summer. The mental rating of one of the Honor School cadets in the present "plebe" class was so low—even in the comparatively easy summer tests—that a number of the professors made an investigation. They found that this cadet who came as top-graduate of his particular military academy, had stood as low as fifty-third in his class. It is not necessary to say that he was sent back home.

As to this "ticket" system, I can say one thing with absolute surety: the authorities at West Point are *positively and unqualifiedly against it.* They believe that no candidate should be admitted who has not taken the same 15-credit-unit examination required by Yale, Harvard and Princeton.

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If the authorities are against this system, why don't they change it? Because they can't; Congress must do that. The officers of West Point cannot even invite the attention of the country to this situation. It is against the regulations of the army for them to write or talk publicly about the policy and affairs of the Academy.

Of the hundred and more officers on duty at West Point as instructors, disciplinarians and professors, only eight are on permanent duty there. The rest, including the superintendent, are "on tour" at the Academy for hitches of four years. These eight permanent departmental heads—professors of high army rank—are kept to assure a conformity of policy. In the changing of rules, they act in an advisory capacity to the War Department, which in turn rejects or approves their recommendations and passes them on to Congress. And Congress has the final say.

It might be a pertinent question to ask: Why does not Congress do away with the "ticket" system, if West Point is against it? Because, under the "ticket" system, Congressmen may appoint whomever they please, without running the risk of having a favorite appointee turned down for having failed in his entrance examination. I have heard it characterized as "a part of their pork-barrel." However that may be, it must be added that some of the Representatives take great pride in the success of their appointees, and a few of them, on their own initiative, have instituted in their districts a system of regional competitive examinations for their candidates to the Military Academy.

For the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the procedure of obtaining appointments to West Point, I might explain that each United States Senator and each Congressman is entitled to recommend two yearly appointments—young men between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two, and not less than 5 feet 4 inches in height. The selection of these candidates is entirely in the hands of the individual Congressman or Senator, as long as the appointee is a resident of the district or State involved.

The President of the United States, besides signing his approval of all recommended appointments, has the privilege of 120 appointments himself, of whom twenty are selected from the Honor Military Schools; forty from among the sons of veterans who were killed in action or died prior to July 2, 1921, of wounds or disease contracted in line of duty, and sixty from the United States and dependencies at large, mainly to provide for the sons of army officers who may want to enter West Point.

The army and National Guard appointments are made by holding preliminary examinations each year in the various military districts, for men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-two, who have spent at least one year in the army or National Guard. The successful candidates in these preliminaries are later required to take the regular West Point entrance examinations. The poor showing of the army in the foregoing list of vacant cadetships—it had twenty-one vacancies out of a quota of ninety—is no doubt due to the fact that some of these unfortunate fellows with interrupted educations, are forced to "cram" for a year or more in order to pass the examinations, and then when they get in they have not the proper educational background to continue through the rigid course of the cadet. But those who do succeed—men with previous army experience—make good officers.

I might as well say right here that West Point takes nothing for granted in its new material. The fifty per cent of its admittances who take the entrance examinations must pass sixty-six per cent in algebra, plane geometry, English and literature, ancient, medieval, modern and United States history, and geography. And to make sure that the new cadets really know these subjects and have not passed the examinations by a mere process of "cramming," West Point races its new material completely through these subjects during the first four months of school. Here is where all of the "ticket" men who fail, are "found" and let out. They are not "found" in the subjects that West Point introduces to them, but in the subjects they are *supposed to have mastered* before coming to the Academy. Hence the poor showing of certificate men. A man who has to take the examinations will spend months brushing up on those subjects; whereas, a man who is to enter on a "ticket" will naturally leave well enough alone until he gets to the "Point," then suddenly he finds himself being rushed through subjects he has not even thought about since leaving his previous school. Mathematics—geometry and algebra—is the subject that gets them.

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The more experienced officials at West Point agree that the ideal type for West Point is the college man—the man with two or more years of college training. At this moment forty-four per cent of the cadets at West Point are college men, many of them graduates with degrees. And the records of these men at the Academy more than bear out the officers' contention.

And this brings us to the crux of the situation: The whole trouble at West Point pivots around the fact that they are not getting the *right kind of men to work on.* Once it has labored six months in clearing out the inferior material which is handed it yearly, the Academy runs along smoothly, one hundred per cent efficient. But when every year seventy or eighty men are dropped of each "plebe" class, the graduating strength of that class is irreparably reduced by that number, while Yale and Harvard go on turning out capacity classes because they picked the right men in the first place.

What West Point wants is not mere "book-worms," but purposeful young men who *must* have good physiques and normal faculties; men of the college-going type who would have made good in business had they not gone to the Military Academy—for, what West Point develops is *leadership.*

West Point is not only failing to get, in many instances, the right kind of men, but it is yearly losing from the army a good percentage of its best men as soon as they are graduated—or shortly afterward.

When a man enters West Point he takes an oath to serve eight years in the United States Army—four at West Point and four in the army itself after graduation, "*unless sooner discharged by competent authority.*" This in effect means that he can get his discharge upon graduation if he wants it.

I shall take my own class as an example—class '20, with which I should have been graduated had I not gone overseas. From this class of 227 graduates, seventy-seven are now back in civilian life, in the first eight years of commissioned service. That is more than thirty-four per cent of the entire class of 1920. And yet the United States Army is forced to hold civilian examinations yearly in order to fill its officer demands.

Why did these seventy-seven men—many of them of high rating—leave the army to go into business? And why is West Point not attracting more of the type of young man that it wants and needs? The reason is this, according to army officers:

The life after graduation is not made attractive enough financially to draw and hold the more progressive type of young college man in this highly commercial age in which we live. No one enters West Point or the army with the idea of making money, but every one to-day wants to live decently. Two of my classmates who are now first lieutenants in the army have told me that they are not married because they have not been able to save enough money to get married on. Another, who married three years ago, told me that during these first three years he had to spend nearly three thousand dollars more than he has earned in the army—and he hasn't made any permanent investments. But let the figures speak for themselves.

ARMY OFFICERS' PAY

| *2nd Lieut.* | *Base Pay Per Month* | *Ration* | *Total Per Month* |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st 3 yrs. | $125 | $18 | $143. |
| Next 2 yrs. | 131.25 | 18 | 149.25 |
| Over 5 yrs. | 175 | 18 (Single) | 193. |
| | | 36 (Married) | 211. |

According to research made by Princeton University, the average wage of her graduates at the end of the first decade is $5,800. My married classmates after their ninth year of service as officers in the United States Army are earning just $2,760 a year. If they are living at an army post they are allowed $60 a month for quarters, light and heat—making a total of $3,480 a year; or $2,320 less than the average Princeton graduate.

Army officers' pay has increased just ten per cent in the last ten years, while the cost of living has increased fifty per cent, with a commensurate raise in the wages of civilian employees.

At West Point the cadet is taught to cultivate the highest social instincts and to acquire the very best tastes in the standard of living, yet when he is graduated he is not paid as much as an elevator boy in a New York office building. He has social obligations; he is accepted everywhere, both here and abroad, and he must stay at good hotels wherever he goes—on $143 a month!

Before being admitted to Sandhurst—the English West Point—a man must be financially independent, simply for social reasons. But people of this country would never stand for an army officered solely by its moneyed aristocrats. In fact, the overwhelming bulk of West Point candidates since it became a Military Academy, has come from the farming class. Or to be exact with official figures, since 1842 the sons of only six capitalists have been candidates at West Point, while there have been 2199 candidates whose fathers were farmers—young men who had to make their own way after leaving the farm and receiving their education. Shouldn't we give these finest men of America a decent living? They can't protest; they are in the army with their hands and tongues tied by the necessary rules of discipline; their only recourse is to get out if they are not satisfied—or get kicked out for kicking.

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Some may bring up the point that an army officer is retired at the age of sixty-four with retirement pay. That distant hope will certainly not bring any high grade cadets to the Academy, any more than it will cause those who quit the army to stay there. Youngsters are not built to look that far ahead. And, after all, we are dealing with the definite, practical and current problem of West Point; not with a problem of old age. You might as well bring up free hospital service as an inducement to get the right men into West Point and to keep them in the army.

Let us not evade the point; let us look the thing squarely in the face and give the West Point graduate what is coming to him in common human fairness: a decent living wage—he has gone through four years of Spartan life at the Academy, and he is not hard to please.

I have talked all this over with the highest officers of the United States Army, and they agree that the pay of the lower officers especially—the first and second lieutenants—is ridiculous, and that it should be increased by Congress. They hold that if the life immediately after graduation were made more attractive, West Point would get the men and the type of men it needs.

Let no one get the impression from what I have said that West Point has lost its romantic lure for the young men of America. It has not. This year 1028 candidates sent in their certificates for entrance and only 388 were accepted. Thus the Academy began this year's term—June 1928—with 208 vacancies, which will have been increased to nearly 300 by the time the first semi-annual examinations are over in February. No, the lure is eminently there; but a proper selection can never be made until the "ticket" system is done away with by Congress and army life is made more comfortable financially.

Every one naturally expects that a West Point graduate will make a good army officer; so it means nothing to the average person if I mention such historic names as Generals John J. Pershing, George A. Custer, Philip Sheridan, Robert E. Lee, Hugh L. Scott, Nelson A. Miles, and a score of others whose life-histories taken together make up a large part of the history of the United States. But, in a closing paragraph, let us see what West Point has contributed to the civilian life of this nation.

Among its 8486 graduates, West Point has educated and turned back into civilian life: One President of the United States (U. S. Grant), one President of the Confederate States (Jefferson Davis), three Presidential candidates, two Vice-Presidential candidates, four members of the United States Cabinet, fifteen ambassadors, twenty-six members of the United States Congress, nineteen governors, ninety members of State legislatures, nineteen mayors of cities, fifty-three university presidents, twenty-one judges, twenty-one bank presidents, forty-two editors, thirteen publishers, 242 authors, 123 presidents of railroads and corporations, 110 manufacturers, seventeen consuls-general, five geologists, fourteen inventors, 178 professors, 310 engineers, one bishop, twenty-one clergymen and several hundred other business, political and professional men equally important.

In the words of the late ex-President Roosevelt, "No other educational institution in the land has contributed so many names as West Point has contributed to the honor roll of the nation's greatest citizens."

I hold that both the army and the nation need more men of the sterling caliber that West Point graduates. How long are we going to allow an *inefficient appointment system* and an *elevator boy's salary* to stand between West Point and the men that it needs?

# WHEN THE READER WRITES

My dear Editor,

Don Seitz cost me four bits yesterday, but it was worth it. "The Ass and the Elephant" is the best piece of political writing that I have had the pleasure of reading for many a day, and it seems to put in most enlightening fashion the ebbs and flows of American politics for nearly 150 years.

Sincerely yours,
R. S. KELLOGG

New York City.

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My dear Editor,

I much enjoyed "The Ass and the Elephant" in the November CENTURY as I do anything Mr. Don C. Seitz has lately written. However, this article fairly begins with two common misstatements which are bad enough in the "Hurry up" of every day newspaper work, but which in an article deliberately written for magazine perusal are well nigh unpardonable. Thus:

". . . a federal republic, not *the democracy it pretends to be.*"

No thinker worthy of your attention ever made any such pretension. Also thus:

". . . it has befallen that the vote of one man in this court can and often does govern the United States in great vitalities."

For the sake of a brilliant reputation and to save something of that regard held for Mr. Seitz as a public writer, not to mention the cause of truth, "can" this stupid observation and then throw the can away! He is indeed, as the magazine says, "the Grand Old Man of the American press," and being an old man not grand myself, I appeal to him to adhere to what Tennyson called "precision of statement."

Very respectfully,
CHARLES E. CLAYPOOL

Seattle, Washington.

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My dear Editor,

I have read with great sympathetic interest, Arthur Hobson Quinn's article "What's Right With the Colleges."

I find myself in entire accord with the position that he takes in regard to college education of to-day.

Our University Club with its 3500 members is not a group of specialists, but a number of men speaking the same language and with a common heritage, and I hope that members of the Club in the next generation will have these human contacts that obtain to-day.

Yours very sincerely,
ROBERT C. HILL

New York City.

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My dear Editor,

Swami Shivananda, the President of the Ramakrishna Mission of India, and brother-disciple of Swami Vivekananda, wants to express his deep appreciation of the article "A Modern in Search of Truth" by S. T. The Swami is happy to find that S. T. has got such a thorough knowledge and true understanding of the Hindu philosophy. And it is indeed remarkable to find that a Westerner could represent the Eastern viewpoint so correctly.

The article is doubly interesting inasmuch as the writer was a guest in our monasteries in India.

Yours sincerely,
SWAMI PRABHAVANANDA

Portland, Oregon.

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My dear Editor,

I am taking the liberty of writing you a line to thank you for the article in the September CENTURY entitled, "England on the Bias" by Berton Braley. I have been wishing for some time that I had the ability to do what the author has done. It is a very fair and accurate estimate of the situation and I wish to thank him so much for putting it into words in a way in which it will reach a large majority; for as Walter H. Page said, so aptly, the mission of the magazine is for just such purposes as this.

I am an appreciative American girl,
KATE CHEESMAN

London, England.

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My dear Editor,

I am so pleased with the farm paper by Lewis F. Carr entitled "Let Us Confess Our Errors" which I have just read. It is not often that we get matter in the magazines in defense of the one industry upon which all others depend in the last analysis.

Accept my congratulations on this most excellent article.

Yours very truly,
FRANK A. ELLS

Charlotte, Michigan.

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# IS THE PLANT A SENTIENT BEING

*Recent Discoveries Have Revealed the Unity of All Life*

SIR J. C. BOSE

Do plants feel? One cannot give a direct answer to this inquiry, without being a plant. A man who loves his dog, believes that it has feelings and emotions which are almost human; but when he goes hunting, he refuses to believe that the hunted creature has any feeling when it is being done to death. Some would extend consciousness and feeling to the quadruped, but not to the fish. At what point does consciousness enter the domain of life?

The philosopher Bergson says that it is by no means assured that a highly complex brain is indispensable to consciousness. The lower we go in the animal series, the more the nervous centers are simplified and separated from each other. If, then, at the top of the scale of living beings, consciousness is attached to very complicated nervous centers, must we not suppose that it accompanies the nervous system down its whole descent?

There are various tests of conscious life: the animal answers to a shock by a twitching movement; it has a power within, which is spontaneous, like the automatic beats of its heart. An animal exhibits abrupt movement when it is struck; an ordinary plant apparently shows no such movement. The nerve in the animal carries an invisible impulse which causes the distant muscle to contract. Until recently no such nervous tissue had been discovered in the plant. The heart of the animal beats continuously, as long as life remains, for the maintenance of the circulation of blood. Until recently no such pulsatory tissue had been suspected for the circulation of sap in the plant. Two streams of life were thus supposed to flow side by side, with nothing in common between the two.

Is the world then a chaos where things happen by chance, or is it a cosmos in which the human mind is some day to discover a sequence of order and law? Is there any fundamental unity underlying all the seeming diversity?

How did life make its first appearance on earth? No life, as we understand it now, could have existed when the earth was a mass of molten matter. It has been suggested that

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the seed of life was imported to this earth by the cosmic dust from other worlds; but this would merely transfer the difficulty backwards. Or perhaps matter itself is sensitive, so that at some critical period of the earth's history, the surrounding conditions may have favored the appearance of life out of non-life.

The results of my investigations, first announced in 1900 at the International Congress of Science in Paris, have indeed shown that all matter is sensitive, and that it answers to stimulation by definite signs of electrical response. Over-stimulation was found to cause fatigue, from which there was a recovery after a period of rest. Prolonged rest made the substance inert and irresponsive. A strong shock was needed to wake it up into readiness for response. Other experiments showed that while stimulating drugs cause an enhancement of response of inorganic matter, poisons kill it altogether.

Matter has thus within itself the promise and potency of life. With an enlarged cosmic sense, we may regard the million orbs that thread their path through space, as akin to organisms, having a definite history of their past, and an evolutionary progress for their future. We may then come to realize that they are by no means insensate clods, locked in the rigor of death, but active organisms "whose breath is perchance luminous vapor, whose blood is liquid metal and whose food is a stream of meteorites."

* * *

Before passing into the subject of the inner life of plants, I will say a few words about the Eastern method of pursuit of truth.

Nothing can be more vulgar or more untrue than the ignorant assertion that the world owes its progress of knowledge to any particular race. The whole world is interdependent, and a constant stream of thought has throughout ages enriched the common heritage of mankind. It is the realization of this mutual dependence that has kept the mighty human fabric bound together, and ensured the continuity and permanence of civilization. Although science is neither of the East nor of the West, but international in its universality, yet India by her habit of mind and inherited gifts handed down from generation to generation, is specially fitted to make great contributions in furtherance of knowledge. The burning Indian imagination, which can extort new order out of a mass of apparently contradictory facts, can also be held in check by the habit of concentration. It is this restraint which confers the power to hold the mind in pursuit of truth in infinite patience.

What of the fruit of knowledge? The material advances secured by it, have no doubt brought great accessions of power and wealth. There has been a feverish rush, even in the realm of science, for exploiting applications of knowledge, not so often for saving as for destruction. In the absence of some power of restraint, civilization is now trembling in an unstable poise on the brink of ruin. Some complementary ideal there must be to save man from that aimless rush which must end in disaster. He has followed the lure and excitement of some insatiable ambition, never pausing a moment to think of the ultimate object for which success is to serve as a temporary incentive. He forgot that far more potent than competition, is mutual help and coöperation in the scheme of life. The ideal of giving, of self-renunciation in response to the highest call of humanity, must be the true object of knowledge. The motive power for this must be found not in personal ambition, but in the effacement of all littleness, and in the uprooting of that ignorance which is to be purchased at another's loss. This I know, that no vision of truth can come except in the absence of all sources of distraction, and when the mind has reached the point of rest.

According to the best traditions of ancient India, there can be no conflict between knowledge and religion, for the highest knowledge *is* religion. Therefore the house of knowledge is not a mere laboratory, but a temple. It was with this idea that my Research Institute was founded, where scholars devote their whole life to pursuit of knowledge for the common benefit of humanity. It was my further wish that, as far as the limited accommodation of my Institute would permit, its facilities should be open to all nationalities, to men and women alike, and for all time to come. In this I was attempting to revive the great traditions of my country, which as far back as twenty-five centuries ago, welcomed scholars from all parts of the world within the precincts of its ancient seats of learning.

Entering the Institute, the visitor finds to his left the lotus fountain with a bas-relief of a Woman Carrying Light to the Temple. Without her no light can be kindled in the sanctuary. She is the true light-bearer, and no plaything of man. The visitor then enters the vast auditorium where the discoveries made at the Institute are announced to the world for the first time. Beyond this is the Garden, which is the true laboratory for the study of life and its marvelous manifestations. There the creepers, the plants and the trees are played upon by their natural environment—sunlight and wind and the chill at midnight, under the vault of starry space. There are other surroundings also, where they will be subjected to the chromatic action of different lights, to invisible rays and to electrically charged atmosphere.

From this lofty point of observation, sheltered by trees, the student will watch the panorama of life. Isolated from all distractions, he will learn to attune himself to nature; the obscuring veil will be lifted, and he will gradually come to see how, throughout the great ocean of life, community outweighs apparent dissimilarity. Out of discord, he will realize the great harmony.

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We hear little and see still less of the myriad movements and voices of life. But out of the imperfection of his senses, man has built himself a raft of thought to make daring adventures in the great seas of the Unknown. He is a creative being, and if his organs of perception are defective, he creates others which have no such limitations. When visible light ends, he still follows the invisible; when the note of the audible reaches the unheard, even then he gathers the tremulous message.

The real difficulty that thwarts investigation into plant life at every step, arises from the fact that the interplay of life-action is taking place within the dark profundities of the tree which our eyes cannot penetrate. As the first step to discover the hidden mechanism in its interior, one has to become the tree, and feel the pulse-beat of its throbbing life. After this one must justify the correctness of the insight by experimental tests. For this, it was necessary to invent instruments of surpassing delicacy and sensitiveness, which could gain access to the smallest unit of life—a single cell or life-atom—and thus record its throbbing pulsation.

The invention of the microscope, which magnifies only several thousand times, initiated a new era in the advance of biological science. My Magnetic Crescograph, which produces the stupendous magnification of fifty million times, is now revealing the wonders of a new world—the plant itself being made to reveal the secrets of its inner life. Even in this path of self-restraint and verification, the inquirer is making for a region of surpassing wonder. In his voyage of discovery, he catches an occasional glimpse of the ineffable, that had hitherto been hidden from his view. That vision crushes out of him all self-sufficiency, all that kept him unconscious of the great pulse that beats through the universe. It was by the combination of the introspective and the highly advanced experimental methods that it was possible to establish the unity of all life. The barrier that divided kindred phenomena is now thrown down, the plant and animal being found as a multiple unity in a single ocean of being.

We will now try to discover whether the ordinary plants are as inert and insensitive as they are supposed to be. The plant when struck does not show any movement, but this absence of movement is due to a quite different cause from that of insensitiveness.

The living tissue is attached to wood, which is inflexible. To find out whether the plant perceives and reacts to a shock, the stem is placed between a fixed rod and a movable magnifying lever, the movement of which is further magnified by optical means to something like a million times. The experiment described was carried out before a group of world-famous scientists of the University of Vienna. A very feeble electric shock was sent through the plant, and through one of the leading physicians who was in the same circuit. The human being felt nothing, but the Contraction Recorder showed that the plant gave a shuddering twitch under the shock. Ordinary plants are not only sensitive, but they are able to register impressions which are far below the range of human perception. How blind we are, how limited our knowledge! The little we can see is nothing, compared with the vastness we cannot.

What happens when the shock is no longer feeble, but terrible in its intensity?

The plant was strapped in the electric chair, with moist sponge to facilitate the passage of the current. The plant became quiescent after a while, as indicated by the stationary line of bright light reflected from the magnifying recorder. By switching a key, a high voltage current drones like thunder through the machine.

This produces a convulsion in the plant, the line of light being jerked violently to the left—it is not dead as yet. There is once more the growl of the destroyer, followed by another convulsion, the line of light having gone right round toward that from which there is to be no recovery. The plant is probed again. It answers no more, being stilled with the stillness of death.

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In simple vegetable life, where lies the plant-psyche, the faint copy of our consciousness? I have been able to discover a nervous structure in plants, the characteristic reactions of which are likely to lead to a better understanding of our own psychic life. The characteristic of nervous structure is that an invisible impulse is sent along it to produce movement at a distance, or give rise to sensation at the perceiving brain. In the *Mimosa pudica*, when we apply a pinch on a leaflet, something invisible travels along the leafstalk and reaching its sensitive leaf-joint, causes contraction and gives rise to the sudden fall of the leaf. It has been wrongly thought that this impulse is not nervous but hydro-mechanical, like the movement of water in a pipe. I have, however, proved the erroneousness of this view by various critical tests.

For example, the movement of water in a pipe will not be affected by application of cold outside. But when the conductive tissue or nerve is cooled, the impulse in the *Mimosa* becomes slowed down, and finally arrested. The pipe will not lose consciousness and stop the flow of water if it be chloroformed, nor will its conducting power be abolished by applying round it a bandage soaked in poison. But under similar treatment the impulse in *Mimosa* becomes arrested or abolished. I have finally been able to localize the nervous strand in the interior of the plant, by means of the Electric Probe which picked up the nervous message that was being transmitted along it.

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The following observations as regards the growth or degeneration of nervous activity through use and disuse are highly suggestive. A plant carefully protected under glass looks sleek and flourishing, yet in reality is flabby and decadent. Anatomically, the nervous tissue is present, but from want of use it is functionally inactive.

It is very interesting to watch, in a plant in this condition, the growth of nervous power under the influence of stimulating blows. There is at first no transmission, but after a time the nervous impulse begins to be transmitted; continued stimulation enhances nervous power to a maximum. Here we have displayed before us the modification of the organism by its environment—the creation of the organ by the cumulative effect of stimulation. With us, too, it is not cotton-wool protection but shock of adversity that evolves true manhood. The nerve unstimulated lies inert; it becomes energized only by the action of stimulus. Every moment of our present is enriched by the store of latent memories, which is nothing but the imprint of previous stimulation that we call experience. Stimulation by thought increases our power of thought, and it is by accumulation of stimuli that nervous matter ultimately becomes automatic—a phase which is seen in many steps from the birth of thought to inspiration.

Perhaps the most unexpected mechanism in the plant which I have been able to discover, is that for the coördination of various organs for the advantage of the plant as a whole. Different groups of living cells have thus taken upon themselves specific duties, certain peripheral organs being specialized for perception of external changes which may be either beneficial or inimical to life. A mere perception would be of little use, unless a message is sent, and effective action taken without the least delay. I find that an ingoing or sensory impulse is actually sent to certain centers in the interior which may be regarded as executive in their function. The most astonishing thing now occurs in response to the message. The energy that had been conserved, is now discharged with almost explosive intensity and rapidity. An outgoing or motor impulse is thus generated for the readjustment of the outlying organs to meet the crisis. There must always be a ceaseless alertness and immediate action in response, for the general good; for any disharmony means the destruction of the commonwealth. An example of this will suffice.

*Mimosa pudica* is a weed which covers large areas of ground in the tropics. The procumbent stems bear numerous leaves, so that the entire tract appears a mass of vivid green. The danger which threatens the life of the plant is from grazing cattle, the attack of which is followed by the sudden fall of the leaves. It has been suggested that the movement of the leaves serves the purpose of scaring the cattle, though they are already accustomed to the swaying branches of trees. Moreover, the cow is not sufficiently intelligent to notice the slight movement of the leaf of *Mimosa*, nor would it be frightened by it. The nervous reflex, however, subserves the protection of the plant in a different way. When one of the leaflets is trampled on or bitten, the excitatory impulse is immediately transmitted throughout the length of the plant. In regard to the behavior of a particular leaf, the sensory impulse causes it to fall so that it presses against the ground. The reflexes at the center give rise to motor impulses which cause upward closure of all the leaflets. Nothing could be more striking than the rapid change, by which large patches of vivid green become transformed into thin lines of dull gray, unnoticeable against the dull background of the soil. The plant escapes danger by making itself invisible.

A continuity is thus established between the simplest and most complex type of life, an evolution from rudimentary beings toward perfection. There can be no humiliation in our kinship with the lowest of the low. Rather is it a matter of pride for man to have risen through ceaseless efforts from a mass of formless jelly to his present state. In this ascent, the most important factor has been the ever growing elaboration of the nervous function. And man by opening himself at will to new areas of stimulation, is thereby determining his own higher evolution.

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It is one of the greatest of mysteries how we are brought into contact with the external world; how blows from without are felt within. Our sense-organs are like so many antennæ, radiating in various directions and picking up messages of many kinds; these bear moreover a certain potentiality to induce in us a sensation which may either be agreeable or disagreeable. The quality of the sensation is often affected by the intensity of the impinging stimulus. It is well known that while a gentle touch or moderate stimulus of light, heat or sound, may produce a sensation which may be described as pleasant, an intense stimulus of the same nature causes a sensation which is extremely unpleasant or even painful.

The intensity of the impulse that reaches the central organ depends on two factors: the strength of the external stimulus, and the condition of the conductor that transmits the impulse. Under normal conditions, extremely weak stimulation gives rise to an impulse which is so feeble that it cannot be transmitted, and therefore remains below the threshold of perception. Moderate stimulation gives rise to sensation not unpleasant; very strong stimulation, on the other hand, causes an intense reaction of a painful character.

Our sensation is thus colored by the intensity of the nervous excitation that reaches the perceptive organ. We are subject to human limitations through the imperfection of our senses on the one hand, and our over-sensibility on the other. There are happenings which elude us because the stimulus is too feeble to waken our senses; the external shock may, however, be so intense as to fill our life with pain. Since we have little power to alter the external world, is it possible to control the nervous impulse itself so that it shall be exalted in one case and inhibited or obliterated in the other? Does science hold out the hope of any such possibility? This question is plainly fraught with high significance.

There is much resemblance between the conduction of electric impulse by a metallic wire and of excitatory impulse by a nerve. In the metal, the power of conduction is constant, and the intensity of electric impulse simply depends on the intensity of the electric force that is applied. If the conducting power of the nerve were constant, then the intensity of the nervous impulse and the resulting sensation would entirely depend on the intensity of the impinging impulse. In that case, modification of sensation would be an impossibility. But there may be a likelihood that the power of conduction possessed by a nerve is not constant, but capable of change, so that the facility for the passage of the impulse may be either decreased or increased. Should this surmise prove correct, then we arrive at the momentous conclusion that sensation itself is modifiable, whatever be the external stimulus.

The thrill produced by stimulation of the receptive outer end of the nerve, is sent inward from point to point of the conducting thread, as a molecular disturbance. An acceleration or inhibition of impulse will evidently be produced by two opposite molecular dispositions. The molecules may be visualized as a row of standing books. A certain intensity of blow applied, say to the book on the extreme right, causes it to fall to the left, hitting its neighbor and making the other books topple over in succession. If the books had previously been tilted slightly to the left, a disposition would have been given to them which would bring about an upset under a feebler blow and accelerate the speed of the impulse. A tilt in the opposite direction would, on the other hand, be a predisposition to retard or inhibit the impulse.

Is it at all possible to induce opposite molecular dispositions in the nerve, so that in the one case a subliminal stimulus will be effectively transmitted and brought into sensory prominence; and an intense wave due to a violent stimulus may be inhibited during transit and thus become obliterated?

For this, the molecules of the nerve have to be coerced at one's bidding, into arranging themselves favorably or unfavorably for the passage of impulse. This was effected by electric coercion. The results obtained are of great interest; by conferring on the nerve a favorable molecular disposition, a feeble stimulus previously below the threshold of perception, now produced an extraordinarily large response. Conversely, an intense excitation generated by a violent stimulus was arrested during transit by the induction of an opposite molecular disposition of the nervous tissue. Thus under a particular molecular disposition of the nerve, the experimental frog responded to stimulation which had hitherto been below its threshold of perception. Under the opposite disposition the violent spasm of intense irritation caused by application of salt, was at once quelled as if by magic.

The foregoing experiments have demonstrated that two opposite molecular dispositions can be electrically induced in a nerve, accelerating or inhibiting the passage of the impulse. The question naturally arises whether or not the action of the will upon the nerves of the body may not be of a similar nature.

Now, full scientific attention has not been given to the power of our will in controlling all bodily functions. Very few have realized how great becomes the power of will intensified by practice and concentration. There can be no doubt of the predispositions which can be conferred on the nerve by internal power of will in facilitating or inhibiting the nervous impulse. The effect of attention or expectation in enhancing perception is familiar, as also the power of suggestion.

In the determination of sensations, then, the internal stimulus of the will may play as important a part as the shock from outside. And thus, through the inner control of the nerve, the character of the resulting sensation may become profoundly modified. The external, then, is not so overwhelmingly dominant, and man is no longer a passive agent in the hands of destiny. He has a latent power which will raise him above the terrors of his inimical surroundings. It rests with him whether the channels through which the outside world reaches him should at his command be widened or closed. It should thus be possible for him to catch those indistinct messages which have hitherto passed by him unperceived; or he may withdraw within himself, so that in his inner realm the jarring notes and the din of the world no longer affect him.

* * *

From the plant to the animal, then, we follow the long stairway of the Ascent of Life. In the spiritual triumph of the martyr who willingly sacrifices his life for the cause of humanity, we see the higher and higher expression of that evolutionary process by which life rises above and beyond all the circumstances of the environment, and fortifies itself to control them.

The thrill in matter, the throb in life, the pulse of growth, the impulse coursing through the nerve and the resulting sensation—how diverse are all these, and yet how unified. How strange it is that the tremor of excitation in nervous matter should be not merely transmitted but transmuted and reflected like the image on a mirror, from a different plane of life, in sensation and in affection, in thought and in emotion. Of these which is the more real, the material body, or the image that is independent of it? Which of these is undecaying, and which is beyond the reach of death?

It was a woman in the Vedic time who when asked to take her choice of the wealth that would be hers for the asking, inquired whether that would win for her deathlessness. Many a nation has risen in the past, and won the empire of the world. A few buried fragments are all that remain as memorials of the great dynasties that wielded temporal power. There is, however, another element which finds its incarnation in matter, yet transcends its transmutation and apparent destruction. That is, the burning flame of thought, which has been handed down through fleeting generations.

Not in matter but in thought, not in possession, not even in attainments, but in ideals is to be found the seed of immortality.

# BROTHER TO SHYLOCK

*The Quaint History of an Old and Honorable Profession*

AVERY STRAKOSCH

THERE were four of us, three writers and a painter. All evening we had discussed various ways of making money, both stodgy and exciting. Each of us had been on his uppers at one time or another, and L——, the painter, listened silently for a long time as we recalled the hundreds of manuscripts that had returned to us like so many homing pigeons.

We wondered as we looked back, why we should always have a sense of satisfaction in the thought we were "creative artists," even when the bank account paled, sank low and finally died. Some one, I think it was T——, who writes about wild animals very successfully, said he believed struggling painters had it all over struggling writers. A painter could always pawn a picture, even if it were a poor one. But no pawnbroker in the world would advance five cents on a rejected manuscript.

That, I think, is how we began to discuss pawnbrokers.

L——, in whose beautiful studio we dined, had been silent most of the time. Now he laughed and said he believed he knew more about pawnbrokers than any one else in the world. If he gave up painting, he said, he might become a champion, a crusader for Brokers of Pawn.

This is the story he told us:

I have pawned everything I own, at one time or another. Jewelry, clothes, fishing-tackle, cameras, canvases—everything except my paint-box, palette and brushes. I've tried to raise money on those, but I've never been able to find a pawnbroker thoughtless enough to take away my means of livelihood. I've known lots of them in every section of New York City, because I've lived all over the place. Harlem, the lower East Side, the Chelsea district and of course, Greenwich Village. First I went to them because I needed money, and later because I found the contents of their shops more fascinating than any gilded emporium on Fifth Avenue. You can always discover some one thing in a pawnshop that you've wanted to own, all your life, you know.

At times I grew quite chummy with several: knew their kids, met the missus, ate an occasional Wiener schnitzel in the room behind the shop. And do you know what I discovered? They all hated being pawnbrokers! There wasn't one of them who would have stayed in the business if he had known how to do anything else that would have brought him the same income. As the pawnbrokerage business is almost always inherited it's hard to get away from it. It goes from father to son, and more often from uncle to nephew—that's where the pawnbroker got his title, "Uncle." It seems that most of the pawnbrokers in New York are related either by blood or marriage.

At one time I lived on West Fourth Street, a most convenient distance from the pawnshops on lower Eighth Avenue. I had been there a short time when one day I noticed with amusement a large sign that crowned a tumble-down brick building.

"When in Need," it urged with extraordinary appeal, "Call on Uncle Moe!"

Needless to say, I promptly turned my footsteps toward Uncle Moe's.

The first time I saw him, he sat behind his counter quietly reading a book. A stooped old man with a fan-shaped beard of silver, and a black skullcap that made him seem older than he was. His eyes, reluctant to leave the page before him, met mine wearily. They gazed down a long aquiline nose and behind their weariness I imagined the wisdom of all ages—tolerance, cynicism. No, he didn't wear the traditional greasy vest—few of them do—neither was there that aggressive gesture of prejudice for the watch I laid on the counter, that sometimes greets you in a pawnshop.

I must have stared at him for a long time for I remember feeling suddenly embarrassed. Uncle Moe, through some alchemy of personality had transferred me, so it seemed, to the Middle Ages. I saw him in a voluminous fourteenth century gabardine, and when I placed my poor trash on his counter I imagined him bending over the crown jewels of an Isabella. Perhaps the shade of Cristoforo Colombo was at my side!

Young, impressionable, I believed if I could get this old fellow to pose for me my fortune would be made. That scholarly face, that mouth with its full lower lip and narrow upper one. My portrait of him would hang in the museum, I felt sure, a challenge to all the Old Masters!

So I tried to make friends with Uncle Moe. I talked of his business. His replies were short. I looked over his stock, asking the price of a brass Buddha here, a gold necklace there. I was treated austerely, if not contemptuously. This happened every time I went to this particular Temple of Unredemption. How dared he lure a poor young artist with that warm sign of sympathy when he, the keeper, remained so aloof? Then one day he told me I was a curious young jackdaw, and laughed. I felt squelched, put in my place. The masterpiece of my imagination faded away. I feared I could never get close enough to Uncle Moe to ask him to sit for me!

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After a while I moved away from that neighborhood. A few years later, for old times' sake, I walked through Fourth Street one day, looked at the place where once I had been young, gay and starving. I went on to Eighth Avenue. Imagine my surprise to see no sign rearing itself above the traffic, no three swaying balls of gold—those symbols of Faith, Hope and Charity—no building at all. Nothing but the open tunnel for a new subway.

I accosted the policeman at Fourteenth Street.

"What has happened to the pawnbroker there?" I pointed to what was now a deep hole in the earth.

"You mean Uncle Moe?"

"The very same!"

"Oh, he made his million. He's livin' on his income somewhere abroad." He blew his whistle, there was a stampede of traffic. I felt I had lost something I could never recover.

Last spring after completing a commission in Nice, I made a walking tour along the Riviera. You probably know San Remo, an enchanting old town just over the Italian border. It was my first visit there. Fascinated, I explored the place for days. I wandered undisturbed up and down its ancient hillsides, accompanied by a dark youth who considered it a privilege to carry my easel, camp-chair and paint-box.

One afternoon as the sun was setting, I came back from a long walk in the country. I had often noticed a small coral-colored villa that topped one of the hills on the edge of the town. This afternoon I stopped enchanted, as the aureate light reflected itself in the glass of the long, narrow windows. For a few moments it was not a house but a giant pigeon-blood ruby. As we approached, the view suddenly changed, clouds covered the sun, and the little villa, against a Maxfield Parrish sky, became a diminutive castle in pastels. It was like a quickly shifted stage-setting, designed by some extraordinary craftsman. Imagine my surprise, if you can, when a door in this little castle opened and a man with a silver, fan-shaped beard appeared on the terrace!

The far-away echo of heavy traffic on Eighth Avenue came to my ears. I closed my eyes and saw an alluring sign which began, "When in Need—"

"Whose villa is that, Giacomo?" I asked my boy.

"The coral one? It belongs to a rich American, signore."

"Do you know him?"

"Ha! Every one in San Remo knows the patriarch!"

"But do you know his name? Listen, Giacomo, could it be Uncle Moe?"

"Oh, no, signore. He is no one's uncle! His name is Moses Baumgarten!"

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The next morning I climbed alone the winding road that led to the coral villa. If this Baumgarten person were really Uncle Moe, I had made up my mind to get him, this time, to sit for me. In my thoughts I again saw him in a gabardine, the secret aid of kings! I knocked on the thick oak door which to my surprise opened instantly. I was face to face with Uncle Moe!

He looked at me for a moment before he recognized me.

"Can't I get away from my past?" he growled. Nevertheless I noticed that his eyes had lost their weary, resigned expression. They twinkled now. He seemed actually pleased to see me, as he beckoned and I followed through the door, across a hall and out another opening into a walled garden thick with Alpine roses. He arranged two chairs before a low rustic table, then called to his servant for a bottle of Lacrime Cristi.

"Now," he said politely, "tell me what brings you to this little place?"

"'When in Need,'" I quoted flippantly, "'Call on Uncle Moe!'"

I soon discovered that the master of Coral Villa had no desire to listen. His wife, a son and a daughter, were away on a holiday, and he had been alone for several months. He wanted to do the talking, and he wanted to talk especially about himself.

"I suppose," he began with a chuckle, "you are wondering why I live here so far away from all my customers!" He stopped to make a wry face. "You must never divulge my secret in San Remo, that I was once a pawnbroker! Not that I am ashamed of the profession as it *is*. It is what it always *seems* to be that made me close shop. It is an honorable business, but alas, it will always have a dishonorable name!

"I have known many pawnbrokers who were fine men. There was my grandfather and my father—both honest to a fault. I, myself? I have never dealt hard with the poor or the improvident. My career, as far as honor goes, is an open book! And yet—well, my own children have no idea their father was a pawnbroker! For years, on the side, I traded in real estate—and as far as they know, my father and grandfather did likewise. I wouldn't have them know the truth. I sent them abroad to school. I refused to see them become social pariahs!

"Do you know anything about the business—how it started?" Uncle Moe refilled my glass and his. "Here in Italy, in Perugia, two Franciscan monks were the first to start the modern pawnshop. They believed the poor needed material help first and spiritual comfort afterward. Penniless, these two begged money until they had enough to open what they called a lending house.

"You can imagine what happened! Human nature was the same four hundred years ago as to-day! All the grateful borrowers flocked to them, arranged their journeys to Paradise through the Franciscan order! Imagine too, their competitors for souls, the Dominicans. Furious, enraged, at what the Franciscans had put over on them! What a picture! Can't you see it? One order considering the pawnshop a device of the devil, while the other gave it full benefit of clergy! At the same time there was Savonarola praying his head off in Florence, and finally realizing that the pawnshop had come to stay. What a painting that would make, my boy! Savonarola, himself opening the first Florentine pawnshop, surrounded by Dominican brothers, horror-stricken at the proceedings! And best of all the Pope in Rome, an extravagant old fellow, agreeing to it all. What a borrower *he* was! Nothing of value remained stationary in the Vatican in his day. Papal plate, furniture and jewels, anything he could raise money on—there is even a record of his pawning statues of the Twelve Apostles!"

"But I thought," I interrupted, "that—?"

"You thought my people originated the business, I suppose? No. But the Jews were as bad as the Christians! Many of them were usurers. People tried to borrow first at the pawnshop because the interest rates were low, but if their collateral was insufficient, they had to go to the usurer. There, after they had mortgaged their souls, more or less, they got the money they wanted. You can understand how easy it was for the public to associate the pawnbroker and the usurer. We became related. If not a Shylock himself, at least a brother to Shylock!

"Few persons realize that a pawnbroker, more than any other person, has to live by the letter of the law. In New York, or in any other American city, before a pawnbroker can get a license, he must furnish the best character references. He must also be a man of established means, for he has to pay a high price for his license, and post a bond of at least ten thousand dollars. He must always have several hundred thousand dollars cash at his disposal so he can lend large or small amounts at a moment's notice.

"There are many fallacies concerning the pawnbroker. Professional money-lending has often bred abuse and tyranny. That's why there are laws made to govern it! And most people like to believe the pawnbroker makes his money squeezing the poor, or at least that he deals so closely with them they are afraid to demand their rights. Before the war, and especially before prohibition most of our steady customers were among the poor. Those were the days when you could tell it was Monday without looking at the calendar.

"I can remember when I was a child, the fear I had of the regiments of roistering Irish, soaked in whisky, who crashed my father's pawnshop at the beginning of the week, begging loans on anything that was portable. Saturday, pay day, they returned for their belongings. This performance was repeated week in, week out. They knew they were borrowing at the rate of three per cent a week. But they wouldn't have believed you if you had pointed out they were paying at the rate of twelve to fourteen per cent a month, or over one hundred and fifty per cent a year! And if you had refused them money your shop would have been wrecked before your eyes."

◆

"I am against prohibition," continued Uncle Moe, proving it emphatically by calling to his servant for another bottle of Lacrime Cristi, "but I'm glad it did away with the men and women who would have taken the clothes from their children's backs if they could have found a pawnbroker heartless enough to lend to them on such collateral.

"And who will ever forget the panic of 1894! Thousands out of work and hungry. What a friendly place the pawnshop grew to be then. We often advanced money on utterly worthless things so the people could buy food. We nearly killed ourselves working on double shift, to keep open day and night.

"Any other business would have received some sort of recognition under these extraordinary circumstances. But the pawnbroker? He was only accused of milking the poor! What happened? A smug group of wealthy so-called philanthropists sprang up. They formed—with a neat profit in mind—what they announced as a remedial society. They would lend to the poor, too. And where we were legally permitted three per cent on loans under one hundred dollars, and two per cent on higher sums, they charged only one per cent. They obtained a special charter from the New York Legislature and established themselves under both banking and pawnbroking laws. But I must admit, that here for the first time, the pawnbroker put on a cloak of dignity. Their shops weren't like ours, overflowing with picturesque, worthless articles, anything from ruby encrusted sharks' teeth to gold mounted accordions. Oh, no. The conservative pawnshop was housed in a building especially designed, a building the most fastidious might mistake for a bank! Marble floors and walls, ceilings stippled with gold, clerks like bank-tellers!

"Yet this didn't bother us. We were like the Franciscans. We already had our followers. Two decades went by before an entirely unlooked for set of circumstances affected our business. War, prohibition and fake jewelry. These were the blows that killed 'uncle'!

"The war developed all those slogans about saving. You remember? And entreaties to buy Liberty Bonds on the installment plan. People who had never saved, suddenly began. Saving became a fetish. They kept away from the pawnshop. It was no longer necessary.

"On the other hand, the war brought us new customers. Middle-class business men who went overseas with the premonition they wouldn't return. Before they left they pawned everything they had. Thousands didn't come back, and the pawnbroker lost both his loan and interest. Of course, he could sell all unredeemed things at public auction at the end of thirteen months—the legal period that pledges must be held—but one very seldom breaks even on such forced sales.

"The final blow came when the French dressmakers decreed that women should pay large sums for imitation jewels that are worth less than their settings.

"Yet, there will always be a certain class of persons who invest in the safest of all collateral—diamonds.

"You see, there is an irresistible lure about diamonds. Every one feels it at one time or another. The smart society woman, down to the bootlegger and the temporarily successful gambler. These people are always investing in 'white stones' when they have the money. Diamonds are eloquent, they advertise prosperity, they tell the crowd that everything is quite O. K., and they are the best portable security in the world, quickly negotiable from Cape Town to Shanghai.

"The big diamond owners are in a class by themselves. They are the secret borrowers. A rich woman will seldom admit to her banker that she is so hard up for cash she needs to borrow on her jewelry. She'd rather go to a pawnshop where she is not known, where no questions are asked, except in an unusual case, that is, if her jewels happen to be of extraordinary value.

"A prominent woman once brought me a long necklace of blue-white, square-cut diamonds. I loaned her $56,000 on it. She confided to me that she was borrowing this money to help her husband, whose reputation would have been endangered, his business lost, if his associates had known his financial embarrassment.

"Clothes used to be a favorite pledge. Not much money but quick. Men brought their evening clothes first, then extra suits and finally their overcoats. They didn't leave them longer than necessary, except winter overcoats if it happened to be summer. It's always been considered rather clever to store a fur coat in a pawnshop for about fifty cents a month or a little over three dollars, counting interest and insurance, for the season. I think you'd be surprised at the well-known names on many a pawnbroker's book of records, after which is marked 'fur coat.' There is very little money in this for the pawnbroker and to-day many of them refuse to take clothes. In fact most pawnbrokers prefer jewelry as collateral. Emeralds are good, sapphires and rubies too, as well as pearls, but their value goes up and down. It is the diamond borrower who will eventually, I should say within ten years, change the pawnbroker into a jeweler.

"So always buy the best diamonds, my boy," Uncle Moe counselled me confidentially, "for you never know when they will come in very handy."

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A soft breeze blew up from the Mediterranean. The sun caught Uncle Moe's long beard and studded it brilliantly. It was time to make my request, I thought. I thanked him for his advice on diamonds, and then hesitated.

"Uncle Moe," I began.

"I know," he interrupted, "you think I've painted the pawnbroker an angel about to fly to heaven—eh? Well, if he is, it's very often because he has to be. Pawnbrokers have less chance to be dishonest than other men. They are all under municipal supervision. They are under oath to make a written report, on special cards furnished by the police, of every loan they make. These they have to send to the Police Department each day. Did you know there is even a special group of policemen called the Pawnshop Squad? Each member has a certain district to cover. He arrives when least expected, checks up the pawnbroker's books and looks over every item he has taken in.

"When something is reported missing to Headquarters it is the pawnbroker who is given a detailed description of the article, who is told first, long before the newspapers know about it. The police have to have confidence in pawnbrokers. They depend upon them to help locate lost or stolen property to the tune, in large cities, of about two hundred thousand dollars a year.

"There are over five thousand watches and six thousand pieces of jewelry pawned every day of the week in New York City! In the business districts, in the neighborhood of Wall Street and Times Square the average daily loans in each shop are between fifteen and sixteen thousand dollars.

"There are one hundred and ninety-nine registered pawnbrokers in New York, but the number is growing less each year. You see the game is no longer worth the name!

"There are a few who have been foolish enough to deal in what the police call 'hot stuff'—stolen goods.

"There was, for instance, R—— and his son. They were rated millionaires, and yet they were fools enough to fall for what they thought would be a little easy money! A colored girl came to their shop in Harlem, first with several rings, and later a necklace and a number of diamond brooches. In all, about ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. The

R——s realized the goods were stolen. They looked wise, proceeded to take advantage of her guilt and gave her very small loans for her trouble. The next haul she made she did not take to the R——s. She wanted more money than they would give her. But while she was considering what to do, she could not resist wearing the jewelry. A colored policeman stopped her as she glittered along the street and asked for the history of her various adornments. She finally confessed and still incensed at the way the R——s had treated her, quickly took the policeman to their shop. Both R—— and his son denied ever seeing the girl, but a search of the premises was made and the jewelry found. The R——s had been faking their reports. They had given the girl no receipt, or pawn-ticket, and on their police cards they had described the pieces as a few inexpensive odds and ends. The evidence was strongly against them, and it cost old man R—— about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in lawyers' fees to keep out of jail. But his son went to Sing Sing for a year and of course their licenses were revoked. The case was naturally played up in all the newspapers, and society had good reason to brand the business once again.

"I remember a nervous-looking man, who came to me one day with a wonderful necklace. Pearls, large, matched, rose-colored. He wanted to pledge them for one hundred thousand dollars! An enormous loan, but they were worth it several times over. I asked him for their history—where did he get them? He gave me a cock-and-bull story, and I knew in a moment they were 'hot stuff.' There was only one course to take. I called the police.

"Now if the public had known I was offered those pearls I would have been branded immediately. Uncle Moe, the charlatan, would have been a receiver of stolen goods! The fact that I did the honest thing would not count, for wasn't I a pawnbroker?"

The wind came stronger from the sea. It grew chilly. Uncle Moe, in a bastard Italian called for a wrap. The servant appeared with a swirling cape and placed it over his shoulders. The gabardine, the gabardine! Uncle Moe sat lost in thought, the old Eighth Avenue look of weariness had returned to his eyes. My fingers ached for a drawing pencil!

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We were leaving L——'s studio now. In the dimly lighted hallway I caught my coat on something sharp. A loose nail projected from a flat crate against the wall.

"Sorry," called L——. "My picture of Uncle Moe. You can see him in a week or two. I've sold him to the Museum."

# THAT PASSETH UNDERSTANDIN'

## *A Tumbleweed Valley Tale*

WILLIAM M. JOHN

"YOUR remarks are interestin'," Uncle Asy Mulberry said. "Here I've been readin' stories in magazines, off and on, ever since me and Ma got a year's subscription to 'Godey's Lady's Book' give to us for a weddin' present, and I ain't never suspected once how I was bein' fooled.

"You say all you fellers who write ever aim to do is to furnish the skeleton, and the reader's supposed to apply the flesh. I'll swan, if I was a few years younger, I think I'd quit the garage business and take up writin'; it must be about the easiest trade in the world to learn.

"The doin's of Lee Gregory and his wife, for instance, would of made one of the grandest skeletons to build to that I've ever run across. The reader could of put on here and took off there, till his imagination was weaker than a range cow in the spring, and then I doubt if he'd of known just how the thing ought to turn out. I might call it 'Dolores Alsworth's Skeleton,' if I wanted the reader to be interested right off."

"I am ready to start applying, Uncle Asy," I said. And this is the skeleton Uncle Asa built.

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Well, sir, to begin with, if you're goin' to get anything at all out of Gregory's story, you've got to bear in mind two facts: first, that sometimes you can figure out what a man's next move will be, but never a woman's; and second, that there are women who love with a love that passeth understandin', for sure.

The Gregorys come to Dawson about the time me and Ma set up in the feed and livery business here in Hopeville. He was a lawyer, and a good one. A tall slim man about forty, I reckon, but didn't look it by ten years; had brown eyes that the consumption kept a little too bright. Lee come to Colorado on account of the consumption.

Money wasn't over-plentiful with us in them days, so I drove into Dawson and peddled the butter Ma made from the two cows we was milkin', and the Gregorys was my best customers. I generally landed at their place about noon, and, unless I lied and told Mrs. Gregory I'd had dinner, she'd always make me come in and eat with them. It was more than a year, before I could of told you that her eyes was blue and her hair blacker than a magpie's head; for she was the kind of a woman who never seemed to get out of her husband's shadow, if you get what I mean.

She did everythin' but draw Lee's

breath for him when he was 'round the house. If she wasn't bathin' his face to cool the fever, she'd be shinin' his shoes; and if she wasn't worryin' about the weight of his flannels, she'd be frettin' because the butcher had sent round steak when he knew Lee liked T bone.

Gregory would laugh and pat her hand. "You know, Asy," he'd say, "if it wasn't for Melissa, I expect I'd of been a dead man a long time ago." He seemed satisfied to let her do all the worryin' about his health.

One Saturday, Mrs. Gregory was all upset. She asked me if I wouldn't please come in and have dinner with 'em. "Mr. Mulberry," she whispered, puttin' down the dish of potatoes she was carryin' into the dinin'-room and layin' her hand on my arm, "Lee had a bad hemorrhage yesterday. If he don't get out of that office, he'll die. Won't you help me persuade him to go to the country to live?"

I nodded and went on in with her. "How you feelin', Mr. Gregory?" I says.

"Well, Asy," he says, "Melissa's been doin' quite a bit of worryin' over my general condition, the past week."

"If he'd only give up the law for a few years and live outdoors, he'd get well in no time," Mrs. Gregory says, a nervous twitch bendin' down the corners of her mouth.

"Why don't you?" I says. "Noad Minor's dead anxious to sell. His land's right in Hopeville, you might say. You and Mrs. Gregory could be comfortable there."

Gregory frowned. "I don't like the country," he says. "I'd be no good on a farm. The law's my profession, and I might as well be dead as to be out of it."

The tears started to Mrs. Gregory's eyes, and she dropped her head and begun fiddlin' with the food in her plate.

We didn't say anythin' more about it then, but on a Saturday, three weeks later, a hired girl come to the door and said Mr. Gregory wanted to know if I'd come in a few minutes.

Lee was settin' at the table with his hand over his face as if he was tryin' to keep the spots on the tablecloth from starin' at him. "Set down, Asy," he says.

"Where's Mrs. Gregory?" I asked.

"Sick in bed," he says. "Been sick ever since Sunday. The doctor thinks it's tuberculosis, and I'm afraid she's contracted it from me."

"Can't the doctor do anythin'?" I says.

"That's what I want to talk to you about," he says. "The only thing the doctor can suggest is for her to be out in the sunshine a lot; he thinks there's a chance for her to get well if we'd move to the country where she wouldn't be so cooped up. It may be what they call the quick consumption, so there's no time to lose. Is the Minor place still for sale?"

"It is," I says, "unless it's been sold since I started up here this mornin'."

Gregory drew a long breath, as if he was havin' to force the words out. "Then if you'll meet the nine o'clock train to-morrow with a rig, I'll drive out and look at it."

◆

The Gregorys had been livin' on the Minor place three months or more, before Dolores Alsworth drifted across Lee's path, so to speak.

In all my seventy-eight years, I ain't never seen anythin' change a man as quick and as much, as givin' up the law and movin' to the country did Gregory. He didn't get exactly sullen, any more than a house where nobody's livin' is sullen, but when he looked at you, it was as if the windows in an empty house was starin' out at you.

Lee was right when he said he'd be no good on a farm. He took hold of the wrong end of everything, and when he wasn't doin' any actual work, he'd drift back and forth across the place, like a tumbleweed whipped by a March wind.

Accordin' to Ma, there wasn't any time I could call spare, so long as we still owed on the barn, but I used to sneak off pretty regular and go up to Gregory's, just to see if I could straighten things out a bit. Mrs. Gregory stayed in bed most of the time, and I'd sit and visit with her some, when Lee wasn't 'round.

"I think Lee's lookin' better," she says, one day.

"I know he is," I says.

"Oh, I'm so glad you think so, Mr. Mulberry," she says. "Lee hardly ever comes in to a meal without askin' how I'm feelin'. If I say I'm a little better, he begins to plan on movin' back to Dawson, right away—if I can only keep from gettin' well too fast!" she tacked on with a smile I couldn't altogether figure out.

But I started to tell you about Dolores Alsworth. Me and Gregory was settin' on the ditch bank one mornin', and he was tellin' me some of the fine points of the law he'd used in winnin' the case against the railroad for Sam Taylor.

"It looked like they had the jury—" he was sayin', when I heard somebody call, "Meester Mulberry," and turnin' 'round, I saw Dolores Alsworth had stopped her rig in the road, about a hundred feet from where we was.

I glanced 'round quick to see that nobody but Lee was present—that's an instinct every man's born with, I reckon, when a woman like Dolores Alsworth happens along. I could of put all the good I knew about Dolores in three words: she was pretty. She always made me think of the pussy-willow sprigs that grow along the ditch banks in the spring; tall and slender and soft; the kind of softness you can't keep from runnin' your hand over.

Her pa, Cecil Middleton, had married Juanita Martinez, a full-blooded Mexican, and settled down here in Tumbleweed Valley. Dolores was about twenty at the time the old folks was drowned in Dead Man's Arroyo. A month later she married Jim Alsworth. They lived on the Middleton ranch for almost a year; then one night Jim saw a man run out of the back door as he was ridin' in from the round-up. Jim emptied his six-shooter into the feller, and without stoppin' to see who it was he'd killed, turned and rode out of the country.

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Alsworth had been gone about four years, when Gregory bought out Minor, and Dolores hadn't depended entirely on the ravens, durin' that time, either. She'd had several right lively entanglements; but her one big catch was Willis Pope, foreman for the Circle Dot outfit. Pope was a married man, but his wife joined her folks back in Kansas, and he got himself another job closer to town and Dolores.

When I picked up her horse's foot that mornin' I seen the critter had been lame for six months. "Come see a fine specimen of ring-bone," I called to Gregory.

He got up and moseyed out to the road, glanced at the horse's hoof and then at Dolores; then forgot all about there bein' a horse present.

Dolores held out a gloved hand for him to press. "You are my neighbor, Meester Gregory, I think," she says, leanin' forward and smilin' to the best possible advantage.

Lee took her hand and stood there lookin' into her eyes the way you've seen a rabbit set on the edge of a hole and look at a rattler.

I broke the spell with, "It's ring-bone, Dolores, but you're late in discoverin' it."

"Thanks," she says, and gathered up her reins. "My land it joins yours, Meester Gregory, and I hope you will be a friend to me," she called back as her horse limped away.

It was more than a week before I seen the Gregorys again, and I was plumb surprised to find Mrs. Gregory dressed and settin' out doors with Lee, on the sunny side of the house.

I'd hardly got there, before I heard the rattle of buggy wheels. Lee must of been waitin' to hear 'em, for he jumped up and said, "That's Mrs. Alsworth, now. She wants me to look over a piece of alfalfa with her. You stay and visit with Melissa, Asy. It'll do her good to have company."

He was at the gate by the time Dolores got there. I reckon Mrs. Gregory caught my frown, for she says, "I'm so glad Lee met Mrs. Alsworth. He's interested in helpin' her with her farm; I think he may even decide to buy it."

Well, she couldn't of surprised me more if she'd of told me Dolores had joined the Baptist flock and was preparin' for foreign mission work. I knew she hadn't paid a dollar on the mortgage since her pa died, but I'd never heard she wanted to sell, and I couldn't believe Lee wanted more land.

"You'd be pleased if he did," I says, "wouldn't you? You're lookin' a lot better just thinkin' about it."

"Oh, I'm all right," she says; then turned pink and added, "I'm a lot better."

"Gettin' sick the way you did may turn out for the best, yet," I says.

"Yes," she says, "I'm beginning to think it will."

"You can't always understand Providence," I says.

She didn't say anythin' for a spell; just set there, drawin' pictures in the dust with the toe of her shoe. Then her lips parted as if she was catchin' an extra deep breath. "Mr. Mulberry," she says, "do you believe it's wrong to lie—even act a lie—if it's to help somebody else, somebody you love well enough to die for?"

"'Course not," I says. "What made you think of that?"

"Oh—oh, I suppose any one alone as much as I am," she says, "has time to think of a lot of things that would never enter the head of a busy, active person. I've heard people talk of the terrible afflictions God is supposed to send on those who lie." She pushed her sunbonnet away from her face and smiled; right then was the first time I'd ever noticed that Mrs. Gregory was pretty. Sort of like a turtle-dove; I'd shot turtle-doves on the prairie 'round here for years, before I ever stopped to look at one long enough to find out they was the prettiest birds that fly. Most of us go through life lookin' for the bright colors.

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Well, from the snatches of talk I heard the next few days, I couldn't help wonderin' if there wasn't a terrible affliction hoverin' over Mrs. Gregory. "I seen Lee Gregory and Dolores Alsworth drivin' up the ditch together," one would say, and the next feller, "Dolores was doin' her best to interest Gregory in her farm again, to-day. Wonder Willis Pope don't take a hand in that." And they'd follow the remarks up with grins that showed the full meanin' of their words.

"I hear you're aimin' to buy the Alsworth farm," I says to Lee, the next time I met him.

"I can't decide what's the best thing for Dolores to do," he says, earnest as death. "She has a pretty heavy mortgage on the farm, but there's a possibility she can hold on with my help. Dolores is a mighty smart girl."

"She is," I thought. "She's drained Pope of everythin' he has, and is playin' you for some new clothes and enough cash to settle up her bill at the store. Soon as that's done, she'll throw you over and look for somebody else."

But I was a mite niggardly in estimatin' Dolores's desires and her ability for havin' 'em fulfilled. The followin' Tuesday, she drove up in front here, in a brand-new rubber-tired rig, with Mrs. Gregory, lookin' as chirp as a robin on a spring mornin', settin' in the seat beside her.

Dolores wanted her horse's shoes reset, so she stayed and visited with me while Mrs. Gregory went over to the store.

"You're lookin' well, Dolores," I says.

She smoothed the skirt of her black silk dress, touched the red rose tucked in her hair, and give me a sidelong glance. "Do you like me, Meester Mulberry?" she says. "Meester Gregory he like me best in black too. He say I should always dress in the Spanish style."

"Well, nobody could lay a case of sore eyes to lookin' at you," I says. "But I wouldn't think you'd find them clothes too handy on a farm."

She dropped the lids over her big brown eyes till the lashes made shadows on her cheeks. "I do not like the farm, but Meester Gregory say I like it better, if he can get the mortgage paid for me."

I didn't press that subject, not wantin' to appear nosey, but when I seen Mrs. Gregory smile as she got in the buggy with Dolores, I couldn't help thinkin' how hard most of us struggle for things that are worse than useless, once we get 'em.

"That woman must be crazy," Ma says. She'd come 'round front and was standin' there watchin'.

"Which woman?" I says.

"Why, Mrs. Gregory, of course," she says.

"Maybe there's nothin' wrong about it," I says. "If there is, she probably don't suspect."

Ma give one of the most eloquent sniffs I ever heard her exhale. "Don't suspect!" she says. "She's stone deaf if she don't. Everybody was talkin' about it right before her, when she visited the Ladies' Aid, yesterday; they all but mentioned names. The minister's wife told me afterwards that she didn't believe in hurtin' anybody's feelin's, but it was only Christian to let Mrs. Gregory know what she was up against, and maybe she could correct it. Every woman in the Aid pities her. I think she's tryin' to win him back by bein' extra nice to Dolores, but I can tell her that she's wastin' her time."

Well, it looked like Ma's theory was right. Mrs. Gregory never visited the Ladies' Aid again, and kept pretty close home. Pity is about the hardest thing there is to bear. Folks have to be gettin' a lot of pleasure out of it themselves, 'fore they take time to pity you.

Occasionally she'd ride down with Dolores to buy some groceries, and every time I'd see her, she'd tell me how pleased she was that Lee was becomin' so interested in farmin'. 'Course, I could of told her that all Lee's high spirits wasn't due to a love of the soil, but, somehow, I'm weak that way, when it comes to lettin' people know the truth.

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If Mrs. Gregory had been blind to the truth up to the night of the Fourth-of-July Mexican dance at Romero's hall, she didn't need anybody to open her eyes after that.

I was settin' outside the barn about ten o'clock the evenin' of that Fourth, talkin' to Pedro Amado's boy, Manuel. My lantern was lit and on the ground beside me, so I seen Mrs. Gregory the minute she come 'round the corner.

She could hardly speak at first, she'd been hurryin' so fast. "Have you—have you seen Lee any place, Mr. Mulberry?" she panted. "He didn't come home to supper, and I'm afraid something's happened."

I got up and grabbed my lantern. "No, he ain't been down here, Mrs. Gregory," I says, "but if you're worried, I'll get a rig and we'll go out and look for him."

"He's never stayed out—" she started to say, when Manuel busts in, "I see Meester Gregory dance at Romero's."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was worried. That was good of you to tell me, boy," she says, totterin' back a step, and a shadow of her old smile flittin' across her face.

"Come inside and rest a while," I says. "You ain't in no hurry to get back."

She followed me in without sayin' a word. I put the lantern on the table in the little room we called the office and pushed a chair up beside it for her.

A cowboy, who'd come in for the dance, had left his gun and chaps in the office for safe keepin'. His cartridge-belt and six-shooter was lyin' on the table. Mrs. Gregory reached over and touched the gun. "Lee has a pistol like this," she says. "One of his clients gave it to him. Do you suppose this one has ever killed anybody?"

"No," I says, "it ain't likely. There ain't anythin' really worth killin' a person over, nohow."

"Unless it would be to save some one you loved," she says. "I think seein' some one you loved bein' hurt would be the hardest thing in the world to bear."

"Well, yes," I begun, but was stopped by somebody outside callin', "Asy! Asy!"

Mrs. Gregory jumped to her feet and her hands fluttered in front of her. "It's Lee!" she whispered. "He mustn't find me here. He'll think I'm such a baby about him. Hide me till he's gone!"

I opened the grain-room door and she stepped in there. I'd hardly got it closed again, before Gregory was in the office, with Dolores Alsworth hangin' on his arm.

Lee swayed over and clapped his hand on my shoulder. "Asy," he says, his voice thicker than ditch-water, and his breath strong enough to hang a set of double harness on, "Asy, we want your rubber-tired buggy and your best team. I want to take the little girl into Dawson and pay off her mortgage. Dolores don't like mortgages."

Dolores was dressed in red and had some red flowers stuck in her hair. Her eyes was so black they looked like holes burned in her white face. She made me think of a hot smoky flame lickin' a piñon log.

"You'd better wait till mornin'," I says.

Dolores give Lee's arm a jerk, and he simpered, "No, want to go to-night. Got to be in Dawson in the mornin'."

I pushed 'em toward the door. "Wait out there in the barn a minute," I says, "and I'll be out."

"Surest thing you know, Asy. Do anythin' for you, Asy," Lee mumbled as I closed the door behind 'em.

I stopped long enough to hang the gun on a peg behind some harness, before I slipped into the grain-room. Mrs. Gregory was standin' as straight as if she'd been nailed to a board. "Don't—don't let them know I'm—" she begun, when Lee called in, "You needn't bother, Asy. The little girl's goin' to borrow a rig from one of the boys."

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Before Lee and Dolores got back from Dawson, the next evenin', I'd heard from no less than a dozen different sources that the blanket had been lifted off the old Middleton place, for the first time in twenty years.

"Well," I says to Ma at supper, "I reckon this'll end it. She'll leave him now, and I can't say that I blame her much, though, of course, any man's liable to make a mistake, once in a while."

"It's lucky for the male race that Saint Peter's a man," Ma says. "You'd better go up there after supper and see if you can do anythin' to help Mrs. Gregory. She might want to come down here and spend the night."

Lee was settin' in the front room, propped up in an easy-chair, and Mrs. Gregory was bathin' his head, when I got there. She said she was afraid he'd caught cold bein' 'round the irrigatin' water so much and it had brought on his fever again. I asked Lee if he wanted to sell his team of gray fillies and started on back to the barn.

On my way home I met Dolores and Willis Pope, drivin' along and chatterin' like a couple of magpies over a picked bone. I decided that Lee had seen what a fool he was makin' of himself and was goin' to give the girl up.

But Lee hadn't ever give that a thought, I reckon; he didn't even seem to suspect that Dolores and Pope had planned the whole thing. He hung 'round Dolores like a stray dog that's tryin' to locate a home, and she treated him worse than most folks would treat a stray dog.

He'd go to Romero's hall Saturday nights and watch Dolores and Pope dancin' together; his eyes fairly eatin' the girl up. If Willis left her for a minute, Gregory was beside her, pleadin' and beggin' for a dance.

Dolores would laugh right in his face and say, "How many times I tell you to keep away from me. Maybe you forget I have not the mortgage on my place."

It begun to tell on Lee; he'd hardly speak when he met you on the road, and his shoulders drooped worse than mine does to-day. Mrs. Gregory was right pitiful. She went every place with him he'd let her, and when she looked at him her eyes would fill with tears. You couldn't help noticin' it. Becky Gibbs said to Ma, "I can't understand a woman takin' on so, 'cause her own husband's been jilted by another woman."

I couldn't understand it either; maybe because I didn't remember, at the time, what Mrs. Gregory had said about seein' some one you loved hurt, bein' the hardest thing in the world to stand. I thought if Lee would get interested in the law again, it might help; so I persuaded George Stevens to ask him to take his case against the Ditch Company. But Gregory said he didn't suppose he'd ever try a case again.

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I was settin' on Billy Debusk's porch one evenin', along the first part of August. It was dusk, and the mosquitoes was keepin' me so busy brushin' my ears that I didn't recognize Lee and his wife till they was almost on the porch.

"I'll go in and get it," Mrs. Gregory says, and went on in the store. Lee nodded to me and leaned against the iron bars Billy had across his windows.

The weather not bein' anythin' to brag about, I was turnin' my thoughts over to find a cheerful remark to make, when Dolores Alsworth and Willis Pope drove up. Willis hadn't more than got inside the store, before Lee pulled himself together and walked to the buggy where Dolores was settin'. "Dolores, I think you might—" I heard him say, and at the same time she called Willis.

"Will you let him all the time pest me?" she says as Pope's high heels clicked across the porch.

Without sayin' a word, Willis struck Gregory. Lee may have hit back, but he didn't put up what you could call any sort of a fight.

Mrs. Gregory and Billy Debusk come runnin' to the door just in time to hear Dolores say, "Do it good, Willis. Hit him hard. Kill him!"

Willis did it good. He hadn't struck more than half a dozen blows, before Gregory was on the ground and not makin' a move to get up.

Mrs. Gregory give a little scream and dropped a sack of rice she was holdin'; then she run toward Lee.

"Get in," Dolores says to Pope. "We buy to-morrow the groceries. Maybe he learn how to treat a lady."

Willis brushed one hand against the other and jumped into the buggy beside her. We could hear 'em laughin' to each other, even after the dusk had swallowed 'em up down the road.

I took Lee and Mrs. Gregory home. He was still unconscious and right bloody when we got there, so I carried him into the house and put him to bed. He come to, pretty soon, and mumbled Dolores's name.

The lines in Mrs. Gregory's face drew tighter than barbed wire on a new fence. She grabbed his hand in both of hers and pressed it to her cheek. "That's all right, dear," she soothed. "That's all right. You've been hurt—but—but you go to sleep, and it won't hurt any more."

I felt ashamed to be settin' there listenin', that way. It was like starin' at a cripple, if you get what I mean. I told her, if she thought she didn't need me any longer, I'd go. She trembled and looked out the black window; then she says that if I didn't mind stayin', she'd appreciate it.

Lee fell into a regular sleep, and I heard the clock in the front room strike twelve, before Mrs. Gregory spoke again. She rubbed her hand over her forehead and sort of panted; the way you do when you've been runnin' too fast or are excited. "It's awful hot," she says. "I believe I'll go out in the air a little while, Mr. Mulberry."

It wasn't but a minute or two till the screen door closed, and I guess I dropped into a doze, right afterwards, for I dreamed I heard buggy wheels goin' away from the house.

The clock struck two, before Mrs. Gregory come in again. She leaned over and kissed Lee on the forehead and then looked at me and smiled, one of her old smiles.

"I feel a lot better, now," she says. "I'm sorry—sorry to have kept you so long, Mr. Mulberry. But if—if you want to go home and get to bed, I think Lee'll be all right."

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I was hookin' up Ambrosia to a single rig for a drummer to drive into Dawson, the next day, when Manuel Amado come runnin' into the barn, all out of breath. "Dolores Alsworth she is killed!" he sputtered. "Somebody shoot her maybe last night."

Well, sir, that caused a heap of excitement here in the valley. Some folks thought perhaps Jim Alsworth had come back and killed her; there'd been talk about Jim bein' seen in this part of the country. And I reckon a lot of people would of laid it on Gregory, if he hadn't been so bad hurt that he wasn't out of bed in time to attend the funeral. But who shot Dolores is one mystery Tumbleweed Valley's never been able to figure out.

Gregory spoke to me about it the last time I seen him before he died. He was defendin' a man accused of murder, and when he'd finished his argument, he come over and set down beside me. "Asy," he says, "this case reminds me, in a way, of the Alsworth murder. I don't believe they'll ever find the man who did it."

# THE FOURTH R FOR WOMEN

## *There Is an Undeveloped Field Awaiting Her*

ADA COMSTOCK

THE discovering or creative mind is the hero of this piece—or, rather, the heroine, for it is the woman's mind with which it chiefly deals. To suggest a way of giving that mind greater encouragement to develop its precious endowment is my purpose; but first a few words of prologue are necessary.

Two or three times a day there flashes by my house a boy on a motor-cycle. He is a well-built youngster of seventeen or eighteen, with a ruddy countenance like the youthful David, and he rides his sputtering steed with easy mastery. What differentiates him from other boys who ride by, however, is the impression he gives of complete and happy concentration. "Le Penseur" of Rodin is no more absorbed than this flying youth—this fortunate youth who finds himself alive on the very day in the history of the world for which he seems made! From babyhood he has been fascinated by mechanisms, and especially by those which have to do with electricity. When his room overflowed with cells and batteries and coils and pulleys, the disused garage became his shop; and there with his tolerant collie for companion he builds and takes apart and experiments. This summer he operates the moving-picture machine at one of the local theaters, the supreme moment having been the night when he was permitted, because the machine worked poorly, to take it to pieces after the evening performance and set it up again. Next year he goes to a technical school. The days are not long enough, life is too short, for his adventures in the world of electrical energy.

In the seventeenth century this boy would have sailed with Cortez or with Drake. Two generations ago he would have traveled the Oregon trail. There is a picture by Sir John Millais which represents the youthful Raleigh and a companion listening, with eyes set on a far horizon, to the recitals of a swarthy and earringed sailor. The young Raleighs of to-day dream of the atom, of the microbe, of the strange ways of electrical and thermal energy. It is the beauty and mystery of airships and radio which absorb them; and their sailor with bearded lips is the technical school or the university. "Where can I go now? There are no new places to discover," said one of our polar adventurers recently; but we are only crossing the threshold of exploration into the nature of the forces which control us and which we control. The labors, the perils, the heroic failures and successes of the modern explorer will be sustained in the future as in the past by imagination; but it is an imagination that has to be nourished by the knowledge to which institutions of learning give easiest access. Learning and adventure to-day join forces in the university.

It is the recognition of this fact both by the universities and by the world outside, that will save Oxford and Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, from the early dissolution into ruins predicted for them by Mr. H. G. Wells. They know themselves to be neither mills nor factories, and they have freed themselves from the amiable delusion that they are gardens. Instead, they incline to estimate the qualifications of their students and their own achievement in education in terms of power. Barrett Wendell, great teacher that he was, put the case in this way in a letter to a friend:

"The whole man [the student, that is to say] is before us; but to be what he may be and what we would make him, he needs not what we have to give him but the magic word that will speak to him. And when this is once spoken, somehow he flashes into a sane completeness of being that has often seemed unattainable."

To touch the imagination, and, when it has responded, to speed it on its flight with all that previous human endeavor has been able to accumulate or to discern, is the primary task of the university. In that first stirring of the imagination the equipment of the university, in its variety and magnitude, often plays a part. The great library which reckons its volumes in the millions may be hardly more useful to the undergraduate than a well-chosen collection of fifty thousand books; but it is powerful to awe and trouble and entice. Deliberately the university sets its traps for the unwary imagination. In the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard the students who elect the first course in Fine Arts can reach their class-room only by a route beset by lures in the shape of some of the finest works in sculpture and painting which the Museum possesses. The tutorial system at Harvard and Radcliffe addresses itself to kindling in the mind of the student not merely a passive interest in his chosen field, but an imaginative grasp of the pleasure and profit afforded by exploration in it. In a recent article Professor Alfred North Whitehead put the idea with unapproachable succinctness in these words: "The true function of the university is to preserve the zest of life by uniting the young and the old in the imaginative consideration of learning."

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In the days when exploration of the surface of the globe was the great adventure, the place taken by such names as Elizabeth and Isabella shows that the appeal of discovery was felt by women as well as by men. In the adventures of to-day women have an increasing part. Fifty years ago when the opening of opportunities for higher education to women was a live issue, the dust raised by doubts whether they were capable of such training told of the advance of the movement; and to-day similar doubts of their capacity for creative and independent thought show that something is happening. Most dispiriting of these, perhaps, are the expressions of disappointed hope that come from those who looked for more immediate results from the spread of college and university training among women. In honest distress they ask why so few women have attained distinction as scientists, as inventors, as creative scholars. Yet a little thinking would suggest why this harvest might be slow in yielding its increase. It is only in the last twenty years, after all, that women in any number have been receiving the initial training which creative scholarship requires. The next step, the one which carries the keen, imaginative, ardent student into the ranks of creative scholars, is a difficult step for any one; and millions of dollars have been devoted in the last decade to establishing research foundations and endowing fellowships to make it easier for the young man. But for the young woman this step has all the difficulties which beset her brother, with some difficulties added and some which weigh more heavily. The financial demands of graduate study are harder for her to meet. Not so many avenues for remunerative work during the summer are open to her; not so many fellowships are available. The universities where she studies were organized for men, and however kindly the individual members of the faculty may show themselves (and I believe university people to be, on the whole, the kindest in the world), the close discipleship which the young man may enjoy, the stimulating comradeship with other disciples, are not so easily attainable for the young woman. Loneliness and isolation often add their burden to her days of meager living and intense application. After she has taken her doctor's degree and goes, as the young scholar usually does, into a teaching position, it must be, ordinarily, in a small college where facilities for scholarship in library and laboratory are inadequate, and where the teaching schedule is so heavy as to preclude much devotion to study. We are coming to see, I believe, that marriage is essentially far more compatible with the continuation of a woman's career than has been assumed. Even so, marriage has withdrawn many able scholars from the field. All in all, the odds seem heavily against the emergence of the woman scholar; and he who asks why women have produced so few scholars of first distinction can be met with a broadside of answers.

Nevertheless, the woman scholar is emerging. Madame Curie, Dr. Florence Sabin, Dr. Annie Jump Cannon, Professor Margaret F. Washburn are not isolated examples. When the Association to Aid Scientific Research by Women met last April to award its biennial prize of two thousand dollars, it had before it more than forty nominations of women doing scientific work of genuine distinction, a number of whom had international reputations. In the strenuous competition for Guggenheim fellowships women are repeatedly among the winners. The Sachs Research Fellowships in Fine Arts, open to American scholars without distinction of sex, has this year been won by a woman; and, if one may be permitted a moment of boasting, the Charles Eliot Norton Fellowship, open to students at Harvard and Radcliffe, and giving the recipient a year of study at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, has for two years in succession gone to Radcliffe. Among mature scholars, younger and older, there are women whom the best of their men colleagues hail as equals; and among the young women now in college we have an increasing number who are showing the vigor, the originality, the ardent, eager minds that characterize the creative scholar. "She has exuberant mental energy," a tutor in philosophy told me not long since of a certain sophomore. "She keeps me busy finding something hard enough for her to bite on—anything less than Kant is too easy."

A scholar of distinction, who has had much experience with young disciples, both men and women, writes as follows in a recent letter: "Some day I think that I may undertake to satisfy myself just what the special qualities are which capable women bring to their research work in economics, and which men generally possess in less degree. The old generalization to the effect that women are more concrete, more intuitive, more interested in the individual instance, and less abstract, less 'rational,' less given to generalizations, does not satisfy me, and I am not disposed to think it entirely true. There *is* a difference, however. And the difference is of a sort which makes the competent woman investigator a very competent person indeed, and one from whom substantial contributions to our knowledge and understanding of economic life are to be expected. One thing particularly interests me. Women are notoriously docile and intellectually *passive* in their classroom work as students. But as research workers they are in exceptional degree independent and intellectually active, some times even stubbornly so. A woman profits even more than a man, I think, from the freedom and the opportunity for self-assertion which ought to be assured to every research worker."

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Whether there is less or more of this creative energy among women than among men is a question provocative of argument, perhaps, but hardly susceptible of proof. That it exists among women is indubitable. To release it, to give it scope, is important for the individual whose life is otherwise frustrated, but still more important for society, which rests its hope of advancement upon the eyes and brains of its pioneers, and in which the waste of such powers is the supreme folly. The fourth R for women is research.

So far as the first rung on the ladder of scholarship is concerned, this country has done exceedingly well by women. In the sixty-three years since the "Vassar Female College" opened its doors, such colleges for women as Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr, Goucher, Sweet Briar, Connecticut, Wells and Milwaukee-Downer have come into being; Mount Holyoke, Wheaton and Mills have been transformed from seminaries into colleges; Barnard, Radcliffe and the Women's College of Brown University have made accessible to women the faculties of the universities with which they are associated. Other universities, notably those which are State-supported, have opened their doors to women on the same terms as to men. Of the 211 colleges and universities on the approved list of the Association of American Universities only forty-six exclude women.

It is easy to amass figures to show how widely women have availed themselves of these opportunities. In the University of California in 1925–26 there were 14,878 women, in the University of Chicago 7564, in Minnesota 6171, in Michigan 4086 and in Wisconsin 3248. East and West, North and South, they crowd into the colleges and universities, coming from every type of home and every group in society. This year there are probably not far short of 400,000 women enrolled in institutions of higher learning. It is often said that never in the history of the world has higher education been made available on such a scale as in the United States to-day; but it is in respect to the scale on which women are receiving this training that the marvel is ten-fold marvelous.

As far as the quality of their work is concerned, no one will deny, unless possibly Signor Mussolini, that women have justified the opportunities given them. I recall an embarrassing comparison once made in a certain State university between the average scholastic records made by the men in the fraternities and the women in the sororities. If my memory serves me, the average record of the fraternity which stood highest was a fraction of a per cent higher than that of the sorority which stood lowest. Otherwise the sororities filled the upper part of the scale and the fraternities the lower. The idea that low grades are somehow creditable has never taken root in the minds of women students, nor has high scholarship seemed to them an achievement for those incapable of other triumphs. No social stigma rests upon the brilliant woman student, and no barrier of convention prevents her from responding to the fascination which the exercise of her talents may have for her. "If a girl is pretty, she don't need a college education," a gentleman who was asked to contribute to a campaign for funds is said to have remarked, "and if she's not pretty, 'taint adequate." But the pretty girl has been as eager for what college could give as her plainer sister; and no feature of the success of the colleges for women has been more satisfying than the emergence as leaders, in scholarship as well as in student activities, of those whose native endowment, mental, moral and physical, was greatest. To find such students and to enable them to go to college has become one of the chief occupations of clubs of alumnæ; and, indeed, a girl of outstanding qualities may find herself the object of vigorous competition on the part of clubs representing different colleges. "Who is the equivalent, in a college for women, of the captain of the foot-ball team in a college for men?" some one asked me recently. She is usually the president of the Student Government Association; she has usually some of the qualities of leadership which distinguish the foot-ball captain; and I venture to say that in nine cases out of ten she takes her degree at least *cum laude*. No college is successful enough in evoking and developing the innate powers of its students; but in undergraduate days the scholarly ability of the girl has perhaps a better chance of coming to light than that of her brother.

When entrance upon graduate study is in view, however, the situation changes. The daughter, her family may think, has been away from home a long time, the expense of her training has been considerable. Unless she looks forward to a career of teaching in secondary school or college the benefits of further training are not easily defined. *Research* is a term which to many suggests cobwebs and desiccation rather than a vital interest appropriate to a charming young woman. The girl herself, even when she has clearly glimpsed the possibility of a life-long adventure in the realm of scholarship, may well hesitate to enter the shadowy place of probation which the graduate school of a university appears to her to be. A master's degree, earned by carrying a few advanced courses, is not formidable; but if she sets her gaze beyond it she sees a road necessarily long and arduous, threatening her with rigors hard to bear at her age, and perhaps actually harmful. Financially, she has more to fear than the young man. Fellowships are smaller and fewer for her than for him. If they both look forward to teaching, his chance of a remunerative post and one which will permit the continuance of research is greater than hers, because to him are open positions in university faculties to which women are seldom regarded as eligible. One of the minor sorrows of women is the fact that most women's colleges aspire to a balanced faculty of men and women, while colleges for men and coeducational institutions tend to prefer the complete lack of balance which now characterizes them. Curiously enough, it is sometimes the name of having women on the faculty rather than the fact, which seems to be objectionable; and one could mention institutions for the education of men in which women are giving instruction, but without the appropriate title or salary.

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Many of these obstacles to the progress of women in the field of scholarship, time will remove or custom change; but the uninviting situation in the graduate schools deserves, I believe, action. These schools are ordinarily to be found, of course, in the university centers, with their great libraries, laboratories, museums and well-known scholars. The young people who resort to them come from colleges in every part of the United States and from foreign countries, with every variety of experience and training. They know neither the university nor one another. Their work, as soon as it has become at all advanced, isolates them. At their age, usually from twenty-two to twenty-six, they would not care to be housed in dormitories like those provided for undergraduates; but the alternative is a room in some boarding-house or apartment, with the chances against any companionship or contacts of a helpful sort. For social life of the usual type these young candidates for the doctor's degree have no time, and invitations to tea and dinner from kindly members of the university community are likely to seem irrelevant. Some of them are fortunate enough to be working under the direction of a man who is able to adopt his young disciples and to meet their human needs; but in our universities, where the college is the main interest, the distinguished teacher is likely to be so over-burdened with large classes and a heavy teaching schedule that his graduate students must exercise patience and ingenuity if they are to get from him the direction that they need. The stimulus of endless hours of shop talk which is so necessary to the novice in any field, the cultivation which should go hand in hand with learning and which might result if the students had a means of easy contact with one another and with older scholars, are available to them, if at all, only by chance. In this respect the woman is at a greater disadvantage than the man. The university is organized for men, and in the rooms of the young instructors, in the clubs and eating-houses near-by, the men graduates will occasionally find the intellectual companionship and encouragement which they need; but the young woman has no such freedom. What should be a community of young scholars in the most stirring period of their lives is often only a "sum total" of hard-working and isolated and lonely individuals gaining from each day only an advance in the special fields in which they labor. They are, strangely enough, the step-children of the university; and, as often happens, it is the daughter who suffers most from the aloofness of the relationship.

One can imagine a situation in striking contrast to the one which exists. In every great university community where women are trained, a few remain for years engaged in some work of important research. With appropriate fellowships available, the number of such women would be larger. Around them might be developed an informal guild of young scholars, unorganized, unnamed, but giving to the eager youngster in the field of research the sense that she was not going her way alone. Assuredly there should be a guild house; and any one who engages in dream architecture can spend delightful hours upon a plan which would meet the social and personal needs of the woman scholar. Quiet and privacy it should offer her, but also, on the easiest and least formal and least premeditated terms, a chance to meet students in her own and other fields, to hear and to talk with visiting scholars, and to acquire at last the sense of the fraternity into which she is entering.

It is my belief that we are educating in our schools and colleges to-day numbers of young women who in mind, temperament and inclination are fitted to engage in the pioneer work of contributing to the world's store of knowledge. I believe that such work is not incompatible with the conditions of a woman's life, but is, rather, one of the lines of endeavor which may best be adapted to them. It is time for some institution to establish conditions that will demonstrate convincingly the practicability, the dignity and the human satisfaction of the career of high scholarship for women.

# THE NEW PEACE IN THE CARIBBEAN

## *Not of Disarmament but That of a Strong Man Armed*

CYRUS FRENCH WICKER

THE ratification of the Kellogg Peace Pact will be regarded in America with feelings of regret, of indifference or of high endeavor, according to the efforts that we as a nation have made to carry out its promise of an enduring world peace.

It is particularly appropriate, ten years after the close of the World War in which the United States was a participant, that we try to determine what attitude America now takes toward peace, what are the ideals toward which we are working, and what has actually been accomplished by the United States in various parts of the world, and particularly among our nearest neighbors, toward making those ideals practicable.

No one doubts that the face of America is turned toward peace. From that dramatic moment when Secretary of State Hughes proposed the limitation of armaments at the first disarmament congress in Washington, the vision and the leadership have been hers. Power to compel peace has gone hand in hand with intention and opportunity, for to-day the United States is supreme throughout the entire continent of North America and dominant in many more distant portions of the globe. Yet a candid review of our national history shows that the American people have rarely during any long period of time expressed an unqualified desire for universal peace. Freely admitting its blessings upon all human relationships, we have never hesitated to fight for things that we held to be more important than peace itself. Our record is warlike; and it is doubtful whether there is any great nation of antiquity or of to-day, including those considered to be of a military or belligerent nature, that has not kept the peace for longer periods than we have.

Virtually all of the additions to our national territory have come through war or as a result of war. Even our purchases have not been free from the menace of force or our statesmen ignorant of the effect of a threat of war at a critical period in the negotiations. In later days and more particularly in the region of the Caribbean, our foreign policy has been characterized by gestures which, had they been directed against powerful neighbors, would have produced forceful retaliation. Indeed in Latin America, at the moment of writing, our assumption of leadership in peace is denied; and from the Kellogg Peace Pact six nations, among them Argentina, Brazil and Chile, the three most powerful and influential nations of South America, have drawn back or have withheld their consent.

Peace-loving America has indeed been fortunate in her isolation and, except where drawn like all the world into the last great war, her conflicts with distant and powerful nations have been few. Bounded east and west by the world's widest oceans, we have land frontiers only on the north and south. Even there our national attitude has appeared vastly different on the two boundaries. A few gunboats on the Great Lakes and a mere border patrol for customs purposes have served to keep with Canada, for over a century and on the longest frontier in the world, a peace based on mutual understanding and the recognition of neighborly rights.

Far different are our relations with our neighbors to the south. In that direction the United States has been continually advancing its frontiers and adding to its territory the former possessions of Latin America. With the sole exception of the purchase from Denmark of the Virgin Islands in the eastern Caribbean, our expansion to the west, the southwest and the south has been entirely at the expense of Latin America and, in striking contrast to our relations with Canada, has been accomplished in almost every instance by war or warlike menace.

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Our first period of national expansion began with the infancy of our nation and lasted up to the Civil War. In retrospect it appears territorial rather than strategic in character, concerned with the acquisition of adjacent lands and, while unparalleled in extent, limited to our same continental area. Beginning with Louisiana and the Floridas, leading up to Texas and exacting the utmost advantage from the war with Mexico, we acquired these earliest and largest additions to our national heritage by the primitive method of first desiring the territory greatly, because of its agricultural and commercial value, and then proceeding to acquire it to satisfy that desire. Louisiana was obtained, by purchase it is true, from Napoleon I to whom Spain, the rightful owner, had transferred conditional title some years before in return for promises of a dynastic nature which were never fulfilled. The legal title remained of course in Spanish hands; yet when the American commissioners, Monroe and Livingston, sent over by Jefferson to negotiate for the purchase of the island of New Orleans, were offered the immensely larger territory of Louisiana, they seized the opportunity created by Napoleon's necessity and accepted the offer in the name of the United States. Despite the almost frantic protests of Spain that the title was still hers, since Napoleon had not performed his part of the agreement and moreover had himself promised never to cede Louisiana to any country other than Spain, Congress promptly ratified the contract and, assuming an aggressively belligerent attitude toward Spain, compelled that country, already engaged in European war, to yield.

West Florida, possessing the natural advantage of position on the east bank of the Mississippi, was acquired in 1810, without cost, by the simpler expedient of moving our settlers in until they formed a majority of the inhabitants, later negotiating for purchase and raising the question of Spain's doubtful title and finally, under threat of war if our demands were refused, occupying the area militarily and formally annexing it to the United States.

East Florida followed in 1819, partly to round out our southern border but largely in order to secure for our young nation an entrance to the Gulf of Mexico and the control of the commerce passing between Cuba and Florida. Five million dollars was credited to Spain in return for this territory, but was later paid over to our own settlers as compensation for their claims against the Spanish Government. Matters like title, ownership and previous possession seem to have been lost sight of or ignored in the face of the national desire for expansion and considerations of commercial supremacy. Even Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States and in our own time a revered champion of liberty and democracy, said openly that all of Florida would fall to the United States should Spain become engaged in a European war.

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The annexation of Texas was frankly and openly an act of war with Mexico and was so understood and accepted by the United States. Although Texas had won her independence from Mexico in 1836 by her own efforts and had maintained this position for ten years as a separate state, sending and receiving ministers and conducting foreign relations with the United States as with a foreign nation, her affections and interests were clearly bound up with her northern neighbor, and at the close of the ten year period she applied formally for annexation. Rightly regarding this move as a fatal obstacle to her eventual recovery of Texas by force of arms, Mexico informed the United States that annexation would be regarded as an·act of war. The challenge was accepted and war with Mexico followed, resulting not only in the loss of Texas, but also in the wresting from Mexico of a far greater area in the southwest, including what are now the States of Arizona, New Mexico, California, Colorado and parts of Utah and Nevada. Neither side regarded the affair as other than the invocation of war to settle the ownership of desirable territory; and Texas was the price paid by our nearest Latin American neighbor for daring to oppose the farther territorial expansion of the United States.

The Gadsden Purchase of 1853, by which another slice of Latin territory was added to the still disputed southern border, was effected seven years later in order that the United States might secure for the projected Southern Pacific railroad a right of way at a lower and more convenient level than was possible within the confines of the United States. While war was not directly threatened during the negotiations, American troops were concentrated on the frontier as a precautionary measure and the depredations of Indians, together with resulting claims for damages on both sides, played a large part in determining the price to be paid. The situation became so tense that a far more important objective, the control of the lower Colorado River with its attendant right to water for irrigation purposes, was entirely lost sight of, to reappear among the vexatious problems leading to recent interventions in Mexican territory.

These immense tracts and territories taken from formerly Spanish possessions bordering on the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico, gave us exclusive ownership of the Gulf coast, the Mississippi Valley and the Florida Straits, and consequently the control of the commerce of that entire area from the Rio Grande to Jacksonville. These possessions were not acquired peacefully, but were wrested from a people inferior in military power and unable to defend their claims of prior or lawful title. Peace ensued; which proved to be a peace before the storm, as Americans turned from foreign expansion to deal with the growing dissensions between the States, leading up to the Civil War. Then followed the long period of reconstruction, during which the North was too busy and the South too exhausted to push dominion farther into the lands of our Latin neighbors. It took another war, this time directly with Spain, to reopen the story of American expansion in the Caribbean; and when it came it found the problem had assumed a new character and involved a new area.

In this war with Spain over her few remaining Caribbean possessions, the United States, somewhat against her will and certainly without deliberate intention, stepped out from the continent and took possession of the islands of the sea. No longer did we expand by annexing contiguous territory; but striding overseas we freed Cuba, took the Philippines and, with something of national embarrassment, welcomed an alien but smiling Porto Rico. Five years later, impelled by the single will of vigorous Roosevelt, to who knows what destiny, we poised and struck at far-off Panama. There, one thousand miles south of Florida, we built the first interoceanic canal—for the protection of which we have been filling up the gaps in the Caribbean ever since—and opened the way for interventions in Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua.

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The Spanish War made us a world power; but the building of the canal made us an empire, involving the usual panoply of naval bases, protectorates, spheres of influence and control of strategic points around the entire Caribbean Sea. Just as a man, having acquired land, built his home and achieved peace in his own household, might desire then to open relations with his nearest neighbors across the intervening yard, so the United States emerged from the Civil War and the period of reconstruction to renew acquaintance with the neighboring republics of the Caribbean—and found their attitude far different from what was expected. Contacts were inevitable, since the most intimate and important interests of the United States, both for self-protection and in the development of foreign trade, lie in this region nearest home. But the countries of the Caribbean, having studied the history of our great expansion and particularly the results of the Mexican and Spanish wars, showed doubt, suspicion and fear.

We speak broadly of the relations

of the United States with Latin America; but in reality that region in which our foreign policy is being most clearly expressed and most closely watched, is limited to the Caribbean area, lying between the Lesser Antilles on the east, Cuba, Haiti and Santo Domingo on the north, Mexico and Central America on the west, and Panama, with the mainland of Colombia and Venezuela to the south. Twelve out of the twenty countries of Latin America (including El Salvador among her Central American neighbors) border on that sea; and it is safe to say that their problems absorb probably nine tenths of the attention of our State Department and a high percentage of the space in our press devoted to foreign affairs.

Within that area Mexico, our nearest neighbor, appears at this moment synonymous with trouble over land legislation, Constitutional amendments and controversy over oil leases. In Cuba, almost within sight of Florida, President Machado has publicly announced that the time has come to remove the limitations placed upon Cuban sovereignty by the Platt amendment. The Haitian Republic is still policed by native constabulary officered by American marines; while in Santo Domingo we have but recently withdrawn our direct supervision over the customs while retaining general control over the finances of the country. Panama has reopened the matter of the Canal Treaty of 1903 and requested its revision; in Nicaragua, American marines are stationed in every city of the republic pending the outcome of the national election which has been supervised by American military and civil agents. Even tiny Costa Rica has presented to the world the yet unsettled question of the Costa Rican rights in the Nicaraguan canal route and caused acute embarrassment to the State Department by asking the League of Nations to interpret the peculiarly American principle of the Monroe Doctrine and to state the effect upon that doctrine of its definition as a "regional understanding" under Article XXI of the League Covenant.

Adding to that the fact that all of Central America is torn by conflicting opinions as to Central American federation, the future of the Permanent Court of International Justice, the attitude of the League and the position of the United States in Nicaragua, and the fact that Colombia and Venezuela are drawn inevitably into the circle of our influence in the Caribbean, the one through its geographical nearness to the United States and the Canal Zone and the other by the recent exploitation of the vast oil-producing region in the north Andean district, making Venezuela the second largest producer of petroleum in the world—we see that the Caribbean area is not only the objective of American economic and financial expansion, but also the site of our most vexatious problems in foreign policy.

To call this area the natural abode of peace is to deny the facts. To say, however, that the object of the recent activities of the United States is to make of the Caribbean a peaceful sea, to preclude it forever from becoming a site of war or of hostile action directed against either the United States or any country of Latin America, is to understand the unannounced but clearly discernable policy of the United States throughout the entire Caribbean area.

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The Caribbean has often been called the American Mediterranean, and compared in many ways to that sea around which so much of European life and civilization and culture have centered. Resemblances are noticeable, particularly as to climate, which is not unlike in certain areas; yet fundamental differences exist, of which none is more striking than the political relationships existing between the countries around the Caribbean and those bordering on the Mediterranean.

The nations of the Caribbean, with the exception of British Honduras, are fully sovereign, independent states, members of the society of nations and, except for Mexico and the United States, fellow-members in the League of Nations. The countries bordering the southern shore of the Mediterranean are, on the contrary, merely colonies, dependent upon and wholly subservient to their mother lands. France, Spain and Italy all possess colonies on the opposite side; France has Morocco, Algeria and Tunis; Italy the colony of Tripoli, and Spain her zone in northern Morocco extending from Ceuta to Mellila. Each of those nations look to their African colonies for food supplies, as the Romans did before them, and for soldiers in time of war; and this in turn has led to ever present jealousy and competition on the part of the several European masters. Especially is this true to-day, when the conduct of modern warfare is dependent as never before on products from tropical and semi-tropical lands. Rubber, cotton, vegetable oils, including the invaluable castor-bean oil for the lubrication of airplane motors, fibers, sugar, coffee, cacao, hardwoods for airplane propeller blades, dyes, lacquers and varnishes; and among metals, manganese, copper and nitrates; all are vital factors in the waging of a prolonged war. In consequence, intense rivalry has sprung up among these nations over the possession and exploitation of their colonial empires and the necessity for maintaining across the Mediterranean uninterrupted transport of food and material and men, resulting in the alarming increase in submarines, destroyers and the material for war on land and sea and sky. Requirements of national defense have permitted no slackening in the race for military and naval supremacy of the Mediterranean; the mere gesture of Germany, in 1911, indicating her desire to establish a naval base in Morocco, not indeed within the Mediterranean, but far down on the Atlantic coast, precipitated a European crisis requiring the calling of an international conference to preserve world peace.

During all recorded history the Mediterranean has been a sea dark with warfare and shadowed with bitter rivalry and hate. Phenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Venetians and Genoese, down to the modern members of the League of Nations, all have used its waters as avenues of commerce and as the field for naval battles.

From this rivalry of jealous nations over trade routes, colonial possessions and supplies of materials of war, the Caribbean Sea is free—thanks to its present control by one nation only, in place of a group of nations such as hold in their hands the precarious peace of the Mediterranean. Conditions here would be the same as in southern Europe were it not for the United States, which has maintained for over a century a peace of the Caribbean, proclaiming that it shall never be used as a site of war.

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America too has need of uninterrupted communication across this sea, for purposes of trade in time of peace and of self-defense in time of war. If our nation should become involved with any first-class naval power we also might be deprived of those tropical products, essential to carrying on of war, for which no substitute could be found or manufactured within the United States. The added possibility that in such a war Mexico might be ranged against us, renders any plan for obtaining such articles by an overland route impracticable. The long and costly transport of tropical products by the land route, with the necessity of convoy and the diversion of troops necessary to guard the supply trains, constitute distinct disadvantages over the easier and safer transport by sea across the Caribbean.

The United States has no longer any powerful rival on that sea nor, with the exception of Jamaica, are there any important island possessions belonging to European nations that could be utilized there as naval bases in time of war. But this situation, of inestimable importance to the present and future peace of the Caribbean, is not the result of accident or of our own good luck. It is the result of a definite foreign policy of the United States in the Caribbean as part of the plan of national defense, proclaimed a hundred years ago in the Monroe Doctrine and maintained, under varying interpretations to meet changing conditions, down to our present time.

Encroachments upon this plan within the past dozen years, in Cuba, Haiti and in Santo Domingo, have been met with prompt and decisive action by the United States Government, with such effect that to-day this policy has been extended to cover the entire Caribbean area, removing it forever as a field for intervention politically, territorially or financially, by any nation, whether European, Asiatic or American, except with the consent of the United States.

But the United States has done more. Not content with announcing the policy of non-intervention by other nations in this encircled sea, it has within the past thirty years acquired exclusively for itself every strategic point within the whole region subjected to our influence and control. The task was not difficult, owing to the scarcity of good harbors available as naval bases; but of such as there are, the United States controls them all. Key West in Florida, which commands the Florida Straits. By treaty with Cuba we secured the magnificent harbor of Guantanamo, now the winter rendezvous of the Atlantic fleet, controlling the northern Caribbean. Colon, from the adjacent American base at Cristobal, protects the immediate vicinity of the Panama Canal; while through a recent treaty with Nicaragua the United States now holds a lease for ninety-nine years, with extension for another ninety-nine years, upon Great Corn and Little Corn Islands, lying just off the Atlantic entrance to the proposed Nicaraguan canal route, and the Bay of Fonseca, on the Pacific side of Nicaragua, considered the safest harbor on the Pacific Ocean and the third finest natural harbor in the world.

Finally, by the purchase for twenty-five million dollars of the Danish West Indies, our country has acquired the harbor of St. Thomas which, from its position far to windward, is the key to the defense of the Caribbean Sea. From this harbor destroyers and submarines may, within the waters sheltered by the chain of islands to windward, reach any part of the Caribbean within the shortest possible time. That its acquisition was sought by Germany before the world war is well known, as also that, had she been successful, there might have been established at this most strategic point of the Caribbean another Helgoland, to become the site of a powerful European naval base at the very gateway to the American sea.

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In these days of long-distance cruising submarines and ocean-crossing airships, the question of safe harbors and bases of supplies becomes a vital factor in war. Any small creek or harbor of sufficient depth may become a depot where supplies of oil and gasoline, together with most valuable information, may be picked up by an enemy vessel. A great part of the efforts of the United States Naval Intelligence Service during the war was spent in patroling the coast line not only of the United States but also of the whole of Latin America bordering on the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. Had strong enemy naval bases existed in the vicinity, the task of protecting American lives, and our vessels of war and transport, would have been immeasurably harder.

This, then, is the accomplished work of the United States, which has not only removed the Caribbean as a site of possible enemy activity, but also has made assurance doubly sure by taking over all potential naval bases and strategic points. Our statesmen, by acquiring these positions with the least possible friction and the greatest rapidity before they were taken by others, have within the short space of thirty years excluded from our immediate neighborhood the irritations, the rivalries, the conflicts that for ages have characterized the Mediterranean, and by so doing have determined the destiny of the Caribbean as a peaceful sea.

This is the new peace of the Caribbean; a peace not of disarmament, but the peace of a strong man armed. To leave a door open invites robbery, and to disarm invites international aggression. Within this limited area we have but done what England did one hundred and fifty years before, in acquiring strategic points and naval bases all over the world, securing thereby her naval supremacy and the unity of her wide extended empire. Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, Aden, Bombay, Singapore, Hong Kong, Halifax and a score of others, strung around the world to make the seas safe for British ships and British commerce, have their counterpart in the harbors, naval bases and canal routes owned or controlled by the United States in the American Mediterranean.

Based on the idea that peace is a result of single purpose and single control—not of opposing jealousies and intrigues, a precarious balance of power with war the inevitable result of any slight increase in military strength or the accident of a new discovery—the United States has acquired at little cost possessions which, of utmost value now, will in a hundred years be without price in the maintenance of peace.

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It must not be inferred that this situation is perfect or that it has been attained without grave blunders and graver injustice. The American lack of understanding and recognition of the susceptibilities and sensitiveness of otherwise friendly neighbors has resulted too often in arousing among the nations of the Caribbean feelings of suspicion and fear. The present situation presents no brief in defense of the means at times employed by the United States in its dealings with the weaker countries of Central America or again with the more powerful nations of Mexico, Colombia and the island republics. But the facts of history are clear. Within a single generation the United States has taken possession of every strategical point around the entire Caribbean—Key West, Guantanamo, Porto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Cristobal, Great Corn and Little Corn Islands, and the two canal routes—and has created and maintained virtual protectorates over Cuba, Santo Domingo and Haiti. The work is done, and the Caribbean will never, as long as the United States exists, become a site for hostile action against our own country or our immediate neighbors.

With that achievement comes regret that in the process too little consideration was paid to the feelings, the sentiment, the very rights of the peoples and small nations possessing these coveted points. It must ever be deplored that the relations between the United States and the small republics of the south were not sufficiently intimate and friendly, were not so characterized by confidence and trust in each other, that coöperation rather than compulsion might have been the guiding force in attaining the peace of the Caribbean.

Endowed with the same virtues and ideals, molded by similar circumstances, brought face to face with the same dangers and difficulties and problems in a new world, winning independence almost together and governed, outwardly at least, by the same forms of representative government, and appreciative of the same culture, it would have been well if that further step had been taken which would have resulted in coöperation and mutual effort in attaining the common end of safety, prosperity and peace.

This last remains, however, as the work of our statesmen of to-day. The peace itself is bigger than the means that have been employed to achieve it. Our task is to study the work of our predecessors, to undo the harm that has been done to nations or to individuals in the too hasty effort to arrive at the sought-for goal, to avoid the blunders arising from ignorance, selfishness and greed, to make adequate compensation for all injuries and above all to create and foster understanding and friendship with every nation bordering on the Caribbean, so that they may confidently join with us in the policy of peace and in the control of the Caribbean by the United States, in conjunction with and in the interests of them all.

This policy of the United States in the Caribbean is big enough to win the approval and receive the assistance of all nations bordering on that sea if it is brought before them with patience, with good-will and with the earnest and sincere desire to enlist their understanding, coöperation and support.

# LINES FOR AN ANTIQUE SHOP

MOLLY ANDERSON HALEY

The sense of hovering hands is in this room,
  Of ghostly fingers that have laid their spell
On chest and chair, on spinning-wheel and loom,
  On plate and powder-horn that served them well.
Around these symbols of a vanished day
  There is a zone of hallowed silence drawn,
And under film of dust and disarray
  Are titles vested yet in owners gone.
Let him stand hushed who enters in to buy,
  Bring more than check-book to this market-place:
Possession is for him who still holds high
  The stern and hard-won standards of his race,
And price—a heart too humble to forget
  "The ancient landmarks that thy fathers set!"

# AN ARCTIC WINTERING

## *Ice Haven in 1596 Was a Wild and Irksome Resort*

### LLEWELYN POWYS

FEW European seaport cities suggest to the mind so much of the atmosphere of nautical adventure, of nautical discovery, as does Amsterdam. The round "Weeping Tower," from the top of which the sailors' wives would watch the ships take their departure, still stands overlooking the harbor's mouth. High up above the bridges that span the canals, bridges whose darkened hollows are even yet fitted with heavy iron rings for the mooring of barges, may be seen the tall houses in which once resided the shrewd burgomasters involved in the seafaring enterprises of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Beyond the green embankment lies the Zuyder Zee, opening out into the green limitless oceans of the world.

The salt smell that rises to one's nostrils from the quays and docks is redolent of brave, ancient times. The great warehouses, with their pulleys, their open lofts, their well-worn beams and floors, speak eloquently of the innumerable crates of foreign merchandise they have stored—merchandise long since disposed of, dispersed and forgotten. And of all the adventurous explorations that have set sail from Amsterdam none, perhaps, is more inspiring than the one undertaken by William Barents and Jacob van Heemskerk in 1596 in search of the Northeast passage.

These two men had both received instruction from Peter Plancius, that sagacious pastor whose interests were divided between the importunate uncertainties of theological and geographical problems. Peter Plancius was the same good man who afterward gave such generous help to Henry Hudson, when, with his mixed crew of Dutch and English, he, in his turn, set out on his third memorable voyage for a discovery of a passage to Cathay. For it was to that half mythical land that the minds of these solid citizens were forever turning when harried by a ruthless soldiery at home they looked for new and more profitable trade routes oversea. In 1594 Barents made his first voyage. On this occasion he explored Novaya Zemlya, rounded its northernmost cape, and discovered the Orange Islands. The next year a still more ambitious navigation was instigated wherein no less than seven vessels stored with goods of exchange set sail for China by this imaginary northeastern route. They passed through the Vaigach Strait, but any farther advance was obstructed by the ice-floes of the Kara Sea, and they returned to Holland disheartened.

In 1596 the expedition with which we are now concerned was fitted out. It consisted of two ships under the leadership of Heemskerk and John Cornelius Ryp, with Barents as its chief pilot. Differences occurred between the captains, and after the discovery of Spitzbergen, Barents and Heemskerk, with a crew of twenty-seven men, separated from Ryp, and, trusting themselves to God, steered once again for the northern coast of Novaya Zemlya. They were now resolved, against all odds, to reach that warm passage perfumed with incense-bearing trees which, as the cosmographers assured them, led down to those fabulous lands from which they could fetch "all the principalest commodities and fruites of the earth."

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In these modern times our knowledge of the world is so concise that it is a hard matter to jerk our imaginations back to those days when all still remained unpredictable and mysterious, when unicorns were reputed to be bred in the paddocks of the great Khan, when mermen and mermaids were believed to pass a strange, half-human existence among the seaweed-grown rocks and sandy, shell-gravel levels at the bottom of the sea. And yet such was the "vision of the earth" as it presented itself to these simple sailors, who, on July first, sailed away to the North-east upon their desperate journey. Over the blue, cold water they sped, over the bulging, crested waters of the Barents Sea, as it has since been called, twenty-nine sturdy Dutchmen below white sails, on deck, and under hatches. The very polar bears that they encountered were to them new and startling gazing-stocks. They had tried to rope one thinking "to have shewed him for a strange wonder in Holland." Barents himself had already learned that these yellow-white animals with their long, lean heads were not easily to be mastered. His first encounters with them are vividly related by good Gerrit de Veer, one of his crew.

It had happened that some of his men on his first voyage had gone on shore at Novaya Zemlya to pick up certain stones, "that glistered like gold." Two of the sailors, weary with the labor, had lain down to rest in a place hidden from view. "A great leane white beare came sodainly stealing out, and caught one of them fast by the necke; who not knowing what it was that tooke him by the neck, cried out and said 'Who is it that pulles me so by the necke?' Wherewith the other that lay near him in a hollow, lifted up his head to see who it was, and perceiving it to be a monstrous beare, cryed and sayd 'Oh mate, it is a beare!' and therewith presently rose up and ran away." The bear then bit the unfortunate man's head "in sunder, and suckt out the blood." The rest of the sailors now advanced to the rescue, but the animal "perceiving them to come towards her, fiercely and cruelly ran at them, and got another of them out from the company, which she tare in pieces, wherewith all the rest ran away." For some time they could not be persuaded to renew the attack, and one cannot but feel sympathy with their reasoning. "Our men are already dead, and we shall get the beare well enough, though wee oppose not ourselves into so open danger; if we might save our fellowes lives, then we would make haste; but now we neede not make such speede, but take her at an advantage, with most securitie for ourselves, for we have to doe with a cruell, fierce and ravenous beast." However, under the direction of their stout leaders they again went forward "and after the marster and pilote had shot three times and mist . . . the pursur stepping somewhat forward, and seeing the beare to be within the length of a shot, presently leveled his peece, and discharging it at the beare, shot her into the head between both the eyes, and yet she held the man still faste by his necke, and lifted up her head, with the man in her mouth, but she beganne somewhat to stagger. . . . At last William Geysen went to them, and with all his might stroke the beare upon the snout with his peece, at which time the beare fell to the ground, making a great noyse, and William Geysen leaping upon her cut her throat."

Wherever they had gone on land in these deserted and frozen countries they had had adventures. On the coast of northern Russia (on the second voyage) they met with a troop of Samoyeds, a hardy people, who subsisted upon the flesh of reindeer and fish and wild geese. They found on a hill a rough wooden idol, and in consequence named this headland Beelthooke, or Image Point. They held discourse with the natives, a simple people wearing "cappes of hartes or bucke skinnes, the rough side outwardes, which stande close to their heades, and are very fitte." The honest mariners offered them refreshment. "We set fresh butter and cheese before them to eat, but they refused it, saying that that day was a fasting day with them; but at last when they saw some of our pickled herrings, they eat them, both heads, tayles, skin and guts." The Dutchmen noticed with interest that the ground before the image was strewn with "great store of ashes, and bones of hartes" as though sacrifices were made unto it. The rough grace of their departure is most admirably described "and when we were in our penace, we al put off our hattes and bowed our heades unto them, sounding our trumpet; they in their manner saluting us also, and then went to their sleads again . . . which stood always ready with one or two hartes in them." These were narrations of the past.

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Their "notable, skilfull and wise pilote" had in 1596 a mind to round Ice Cape, pass the Orange Islands, and steer eastward through the Tartarian Sea. On they went over those gray, ice-engendering waters with their hearts stoutly set upon finding the desired opening. To one side of their ship extended those wide acres that circumvent the northern pole of our planet. They had manned their small vessel with as many unmarried men as they could "that they might not be disswaded by means of their wives and children, to leave off the voyage." The monotony of the days was broken by spectacles that were to them new and wild and desolate. "Then we saw a great thing driving in the sea, which we thought had been a shippe, but passing along by it wee perceived it to be a dead whale, that stouncke monstrously; and on it there sate a great number of sea meawes."

A party of men in a small ship's boat now rowed to the mainland of Novaya Zemlya, and hauling it onto the shore climbed up a high hill to see if they could discover the open water of their desire. There they saw it clear and virginal of ice, an uninterrupted sea extending even to the horizon south-east and east south-east. "We were much comforted againe, thinking wee had woon our voyage, and knew not how we should get soone enough on board to certifie William Barents thereof." But their exaltation was premature for the ship was soon once more embayed; the Kara sea, as ever, proving itself to be ice blocked.

By the end of August they were compelled to take shelter in a small cove a little way down the eastern coast of Novaya Zemlya. Here their ship became locked between huge icebergs that day after day drove down upon her from the north. The pressure of the ice eventually lifted her bodily from the water, and there, with prow pointing upward, she was held fast, not to be budged. Her timber creaked and grated in answer to the groaning ice that with hungry movements compassed her about. No power of man could shift her. The company then had no alternative but to prepare for a wintering in this far northern ground which till that time had never felt upon its snow-covered surface the pressure of a human foot.

With planks taken from the ship they set to work to build themselves a house on Ice Haven, "that we might winter there and attend such adventure as God would send us." Already it froze two fingers thick in the salt water. By early October the house was ready. It was surmounted with a May-pole made of frozen snow. It was built with a chimney and the roof was covered with a sail kept down by the weight of pebbles from the shore. "We fetched segges from the sea side."

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The prospect before them was the most dreary. The sun was low upon the horizon, each day bringing its final disappearance nearer and nearer. And it was in this tiny shelter that they had to face the long winter months. Its four walls comprised their civilization. They were lost to the world. Around them was a nude and sterile landscape tormented with frost. The snug, side-street taverns of Amsterdam, reflecting their warm yellow window lights upon the canal waters of the old city, existed only in memory; how infinitely remote they were from the unvisited, uninhabitable strand over which, day after day, night after night, interminable blizzards expended their fury, piling up, upon the frozen, contracted earth, more and more snow! They had beer with them, but whatever of it purged out of the barrel froze as hard as if it had been glue. When they visited the abandoned ship to fetch more rations they were pestered by the cold: "we could hardly go against the winde and a man could hardly draw his breath, the snowe drove so hard on our faces." They had collected a large quantity of driftwood and this served them for fuel. They set up their sixteenth century dial "and made the clock strike" so that they could the better follow the passing of the days. When they could shovel the snow away sufficiently to get the door open they set traps for foxes, the flesh of which tasted to them like venison.

By November seventh the sun was "not full above the east but passed on the horizon along by the earth . . . the next day we could see nothing but the upper part of the sun above the horizon." From that time they were engulfed in the dread darkness of a perpetual night. In its plenitude, and during the days before and after, the moon encircled the heavens without rising above or sinking below the earth's rim, and during the intervals between the driving, bitter storms the stars shone down upon the small, ice-locked haven, which formed their prison yard. Except for their fire, and a small lamp filled with bear's fat, and a bundle of tallow candles, they could look for no illumination other than what was afforded by moon and stars. The days were as the nights and the nights as the days. "Foule weather with great snow" was the scant record of many of their hours. For with a fury devoid of purpose the wind flew shrieking over the ice. It whistled through the crevices of their hut, it whipped at the encrusted snow, and with mad hurricane gusts went howling past them to the distant southward tracts of the land of their solitary sojourn. And there was none to mark its merciless and witless progress save these twenty-nine human beings who had been carried so far from the "natural" lands of Christendom. For even in these days of science there yet remains something *unnatural* about the arctic zone—about this northernmost end of the earth where, to an eye uninstructed in astronomical calculations, the celestial bodies in the firmament above seem to undergo so abnormal and so unaccountable a derangement.

It grew so cold that the clock would no longer work and they were fain to mark the passing of time with hour glasses. "We set up the sand glass of 12 houres, and when it was run out we set it up again, still watching it lest we should miss our time." When they washed their shirts "it was so cold that when we had washt and wroong them, they presently froze so stiff out of warm water, that although we lay'd them by a great fire, the side that lay next the fire thawed, but the other side was hard frozen . . . whereby we were forced to put them into the seething water again to thaw them, it was so exceeding cold." They each took turns in chopping up the driftwood for the fire, for the cook had his hands full dressing meat and melting snow, for "commonly our drink was water which we molt out of snow." The great Dutch cheeses they had were divided so that any sailor might eat "when he list." They made caps out of the skins of the foxes they took "to wear upon our heads therewith to keep them warm from the extreame cold."

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They heard strange noises out in the night, noises not to be explained, noises that chilled them with the sense of their appalling isolation: "For the night, which of itself is solitarie and fearefull made that which was doubtfull to be worse feared." Sometimes the foxes had the temerity to climb upon their muffled roof-top, and once a bear also, and they were in dread lest she would come to them down the aperture of the chimney, for it was too dark for them to use their muskets. Presently, however, the animal, after tearing at the sail-cloth a while, took her departure.

The days passed, the weeks passed, and still the easterly wind blew, bringing with it "an extreame cold, almost not to be endured . . . whereupon wee lookt pittifully one upon the other, being in great feare, that if the extremity of the cold grew to be more and more we should all die there with cold." One of the sailors suggested that they should use certain pieces of coal for their fire which they had brought from the ship, and to conserve the heat better they blocked up the chimney. At first they were greatly content with the new device and got into their bunks each with a warm stone to comfort him. Happier than they had been for weeks they stayed a while talking, but the coal gas accumulated in the unventilated room till at last they were taken "with a great swounding and daseling in our heads" and were compelled to open the door, two or three of them having fallen insensible. "After the master, when we were come to ourselves againe, gave every one of us a little wine to comfort our hearts."

By December the cold was so severe that the sailors' shoes froze as hard as horn and they were compelled to make slippers "ye upper part being sheepeskins, which we put on over three or four pair of socks." Yet even this plan was only partly successful for as they sat about the fire "we burnt our hose before we could feele the heate, so that we had work enough to do to patch our hose, and which is more if we had not sooner smelt than felt them, we should have burnt them ere we had known it."

On clear days when the air was still they would emerge with their "rudges" on their feet and look up at the stars that in their ordered stations moved round above the north pole, above the far-stretching resonant wastes. No snow-muffled shrub, no snow-bearing fir-tree broke the white outline. The crisp, sparkling light from the path of the Milky Way, whether they looked toward land or sea, fell only upon ice and snow, snow and ice. The stars were alone familiar, were the same stars that transformed into silver sheeting the leaded roof of the Oude Kirk at Amsterdam. Still the cold increased rather than diminished and sitting over their driftwood fire they discussed its intensity, reckoning in their rustic fashion "that if they stood a barrel full of water without the doore, it would in one night freeze from the top to the bottom."

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By the end of December they "put each other in good comfort that the sun was then about half over and ready to come to us againe." They were eager to note the first change in the wind "and thrust half a pike out of the chimney with a little cloth or feather upon it," but they had to watch its initial movements with great care, for a few seconds after its exposure their primitive weather cock was frozen immovable.

On Twelfth-night they made merry, having persuaded Heemskerk to allow the cook to make "pancakes with oyle" and ration out to them a little wine so that they might drink to the Three Kings, "giving thanks that the hardest time of the winter was past, being in good hope that we should live to talk of those things at home in our own country."

Then at last, with the coming of spring, the sun reappeared and they knew the worst of their forlorn vigil was over. They revisited the ice-locked ship, and found that the bears had kept "an evil favoured house therein." Their release made them merry and they gamboled together for exercise "for we had a long time sitten dull."

On April seventeenth they saw open water and a little bird swimming therein, "but as soon as it espied us it dived under the water." It was apparent to all that the ship could never be refloated and they employed their time in getting seaworthy their two open herring-boats in which they proposed, under the tuition of God, to return to their own country. They raised the gunwales and fitted them and calked them. "We made full account we had a long troublesome voyage in hand." In these two frail crafts they would have to sail fifteen hundred miles over the open sea. After their winter's deprivation they were so weak they could hardly persevere with the work, and would not have done so had they not known that to stop offered the dismal alternative of becoming, as Heemskerk reminded them, burghers of Novaya Zemlya.

With infinite labor they made ready a track along which they could drag their boats to the water's edge. With hatchets and shovels they leveled the "knobbes and hilles of ice." On July thirteenth they had all in readiness and went back for the last time to their lodging to fetch William Barents who was lying sick there in his bunk. The good pilot, before he left the house, wrote a letter which he put into a musket charge and hanged it up in the chimney "shewing how we came out of Holland to sail to the kingdom of China . . . but if any man chanced to come thither they might know what had happened unto us, and how we had been forced in our extremity to make that house, and had dwelt ten months therein." Much goods and much gear they were compelled to leave behind—their great iron-wheeled clock, pots and pans, ropes and spars.

Glad as they were to leave "that wild, desert, irksome, fearfull, and cold country" there were still appalling difficulties to be surmounted. "In drowsie miseling weather, whereby we were all dankish and wet," they made their way up the east coast of Novaya Zemlya. When they rounded Ice Point, Barents was already so weak that he had to be lifted up to see the bleak headland which he had been the first pilot to circumnavigate. In a few more days he was dead. "The death of William Barents put us in no small discomfort, as being the chiefe guide and onely pilot on whom we reposed ourselves next under God." Their progress was slow. They were often compelled to drag their boat onto floating masses of ice. But this in itself was no easy matter. It was necessary first to fasten ropes on the treacherous bergs "and no man, like the tale of the mise, durst hang the bell about ye cat's neck." The perils they encountered in the open waters were often as great: "the waves went so hollow that it was most fearful and we thereby saw nothing but death before our eyes, and every twinkling of an eye looked when we should sincke." Once they observed hundreds of walruses lying upon a floating island of ice: "we sailed close by them and drave them from thence, which had cost us deare for they, being mighty strong fishes and of great force swam towards us, as if they would be revenged on us for the dispight that we had done them . . . it was not wisely done for us to wake sleeping wolves."

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On they sailed across that desolate ocean "with a good gale of wind out of the east and east north-east, so that we gest that betweene every mealetide we sailed eighteene miles." Well can we understand the relief they felt when at last they saw upon the coast of Russia green trees. They had been like cattle stalled away, separated from intercourse with their kind, and merely to view human beings again was a sufficient reward. "We were much comforted to see the Russians, for that in thirteene months that we departed from John Cornelison we had not seen any man, but only monstrous and cruell wild beares; for then we were in some comfort to see that we had lived so long to come in company of men againe."

By the end of October they had reached Amsterdam. The talk of their return was soon bruited about the city. Prince Maurice happened to be entertaining the Ambassador of the King of Denmark at dinner and when the news of their arrival reached the palace he summoned them at once to his table so that he might hear from their lips the story of their adventures. And the twenty-two surviving mariners were led into his presence still wearing their uncouth garments, "our caps furd with white foxes" and there in the presence of their Stadholder "we made rehearsall of our journey both forwards and backwards."

Two hundred and seventy-five arctic winters passed over the small, abandoned house on Ice Haven, and then in 1871 Captain Carlsen, a certain Norwegian skipper, having ventured to that far coast, came upon it still standing in frozen preservation as it had been left. There was the great clock with its rusty wheels, there were the pots and pans, the abandoned tools, the note of William Barents in the powder horn with its writing still legible. These tangible relics of the expedition were brought back to Holland and are to-day carefully protected in Amsterdam.

Last summer, when I visited the city, I saw nothing that moved me so deeply as this collection of oddly assorted objects salvaged from the deserted habitation. Especially, perhaps, was my imagination stirred by a bundle of tallow candles that had remained over from those that had served to give a homely light to these brave men in their outer darkness. "It being a weary time for us to bee without the sunne and to want the greatest comfort that God sendeth unto man, heare upon earth, and that rejoyceth every living thing."

# DESTINY COMES TO NEW ENGLAND

## *A Study in Historical Perspective*

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

I ARRIVED at Thomaston, Connecticut, on the late train. The town's single taxicab took me through the shaded streets and up Academy Hill, where I could make out the dark outlines of cottages and newly paved streets through the dusk. I felt a slight resentment at this progress which, as it were, built upon the graves of the past. At any rate, the roads to the farm were little changed. The driver put his motor into second gear for the long climb. Above the whirr of the engine I could hear water splashing over the ruined mill-dam of the Brickyard.

Why I returned to New England I do not know. It was not precisely that nostalgia for one's childhood which draws one back to familiar scenes made precious by association. There was a little of this longing, it is true, for I am somewhat of a sentimentalist where my childhood is concerned, even though it was not a particularly happy one. Yet in my return I felt that there was more than whimsical indulgence. Change—that destroyer bearing the banner of progress—had been at work, leaving the countryside more and more impoverished of those characteristics I had come to believe typical of New England. Consequently, I was viewing something much wider in scope than a mere decline of childhood scenes.

Try as one will to deny it, the real New England has degenerated into a Mecca for tourists. Winter and summer they come, making the yearly income from this source alone sixty million dollars and the temporary increase in population, during the summer months, over twenty-five per cent. This means that two million people come each summer *to enjoy* the endowments of nature (how impossible it was for the old New Englander *to enjoy* nature!) and to look upon the gravestones of the past. In our progressive times, in New England, humans *use* nature; while formerly, nature, as it were, *used* humans!

Worldly minds have debated the precise significance of change in New England as elsewhere. Each of these minds, so it seems, derives a unique import in the simple fact that *this* had become *that.* Most of them, however, find it incontestable that transition in New England is synonymous with progress. Yet in their researches, it occurs to me, they have also proved another thesis, but have neglected to state it. In fine, all that they have said makes evident the truth that the provincial has become the national. This is the significant fact about the New England of today. And its further significance lies in the dismaying revelation that what was unique and provincial is either dying or dead, and that that New England which was properly an entity worthy of the name, is on the decline.

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The next morning I looked out the kitchen window and saw that the chestnut-trees had been cut down in a patch of wood north of the house, which we called "The Chestnuts." My mother explained that the trees had become so old and dry that it was necessary to cut them down and saw them into firewood. Years before they had died of the blight, a disease which killed almost all the chestnut-trees (except horse-chestnut) in the northeast. After that they stood, stripped of bark and lifeless, among the growing oaks and maples.

I sat down to a breakfast of whole-wheat cereal with heavy cream, scrambled eggs with creamed potatoes and sausage, melted cheese on French toast, apple pie and savory coffee. Mother had eaten breakfast earlier, but she drank a cup of Postum with me while we talked of the past. How, indeed, could one talk of anything but the past with such a breakfast?

After breakfast I walked down the drive, past the lilac bushes trembling slightly in the morning breezes. They seem most fragrant at that time, when they are still a trifle wet with the dew. I breathed deeply, inhaling the nostalgic sweetness of their aroma. They reminded me, somehow, of dignified old ladies in silk dresses—blossoms blending into hues of purple and lavender against the deep green of the heart-shaped leaves. Some of the peonies were blossomed and I stooped to run my fingers across the velvet texture of their red petals. The hollyhocks were not yet in bloom, but within a few weeks their nodding, poppy-like flowers would furnish decorative backgrounds for butterflies.

In the freshness of the morning I walked by old farms taken over by the new generation of agriculturists. Once or twice I was greeted with a "How'd do," or a "Howdy," but even those typical salutations had given way to such expressions as "Hello," and "Good morning." These instances, insignificant in themselves, are typical of innumerable changes through which the provincial has by a subtle process become the universal or, at least, the national. What in the future might be termed provincial aspects of New England might also be termed provincial aspects of the Middle West. The decline of New England marks the ascent of the United States. Ours is a nationally collectivistic era in which the part is subservient to the whole.

That New England was unique, boasting a particular literature, a particular type of being, and even particular standards of morals, goes without dispute. The original settlers, as even the most backward school-child knows, were Puritans from England. This having been the case, it might be said that they had achieved something of the tempo of New England before coming to these shores. When they did come over, the environment awaited them, to harden the mold and posit the nature. The settlers found a gruff New

England and a stubborn soil, conquerable only through monotonously hard manual labor, day in and day out. They worked so hard by day on the rocky fields of their hill farms that they found no time in which to develop an appreciation for the beauty of that country. They came home at night, weary, with gnarled hands and with aching backs. They sat down at the supper table by lamplight and found a comforting enjoyment in warm food. They said little because—since work was their sustenance—speech seemed so futile. Their wives—who had at first observed a sympathetic silence—had become almost as terse and matter-of-fact as their husbands. Their children remained silent through fear. The New Englander has been famous for his economy of words, for his gruffness, and for his shrewd mind in business ventures. These qualities, native to New England, were the direct results of environmental conditions.

Bearing in mind the exigencies of his life it is easy to understand the New Englander's approach to religion. His was a monotheistic religion. Jehovah was decidedly the God of New England just as he was the God of the Hebrews. The Trinity never has been (until recently) the particular concern of Protestantism. Christ and the Holy Ghost were merely Biblical figures to the New Englander. The Nazarene's theology did not concern him, for his own theology was that of the stern Jehovah of the Old Testament. His God was a stern and righteous God who punished sin mercilessly and gave an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. To New England, that grim figure was the only conceivable deity.

The women of New England made it their ideal to complement their husbands. Their religion was perhaps more humane, but they tried not to make this obvious (their *duty* came before their own ideas of life) and sometimes succeeded in being less merciful than their husbands. However, as it was their privilege to be modest and feminine, so it was their privilege to admire a sunset or an orchard in bloom. Burdened with the cares of farmers' wives they yet found time to tend flower-beds, to trim hedges, to cultivate the peonies and the hollyhocks. Led by fate into a colorless existence they often became grim and short of words, yet their feminine estheticism was never subdued; it found expression if only in an embroidered counterpane.

When I think of the women of New England I remember the aroma of warm bread. It was true of them that they accepted uncomplainingly the lot of farmers' wives. One heard of few divorce scandals in those days. Marital trouble was so rare that it achieved tremendous importance when it did appear. I do not say that New England women were happy. On the contrary, I believe that, in their case, an outward calm hid an inner restlessness. Women have more profound expectations of life than men and they are not so easily satisfied. But *those* women knew inherently the wisdom of resignation.

Indeed, one might say that stoicism was a predominant quality of New England. Whatever doctrines of faith the inhabitants may have professed, at heart they were fatalists. "What will be will be," was not only an axiom to them, it really summed up their philosophy. They knew little of laughter and little of tears. Happiness never freed them from themselves and sorrow was a silence too fatal to have been disturbed by weeping.

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Contemporary life has all but destroyed that typical New Englander. The new citizen has modern ideas, a modern home and a modern religion. When he laughs he does so without restraint. When sorrowful his sadness—if it be a bit pathetic—is apparent. And at the last, when he is dead he is buried not in the family graveyard behind an old pasture, in the shade of pine-trees, with his ancestors, but in the town cemetery, under a modern tombstone.

From the population of nine hundred thousand which New England boasted in 1783 to the eight million of the present census, is a considerable jump, even over a century. Still more significant than the fact of its position on the Eastern shores, making it relatively accessible to immigrants from abroad, also making it *the* base for shipping, was the invasion of industrialism after 1830. Immediately after the patent office was about to close for lack of inventions, industrialism began its historical ascent to power over middle-class New England landowners. However, it is inconceivable that a character such as that of New England should submit readily to change, and it is not surprising that the change should not have been completed until the turn of the twentieth century. Nor is it surprising that even now, one occasionally finds a left-over from the old tradition, an old lady in lavender, tending her hollyhocks, or an old man whose Calvinistic mind is not at all amenable to the new order of things.

Industrialism is, of course, the child of invention, and a child who proved to be extremely precocious during the course of the nineteenth century. One has only to compare the ride of Paul Revere with the earliest railroads and telegraphs to perceive the tremendous possibilities of industrialism. The telegraph, the railroads, telephones and so forth, afforded, more and more, a ready means of communication which, in turn, made the hardness of the natural environment less formidable. Added to this, invention resulted in centers of industry throughout New England, centers which immediately made it possible for the New Englander to escape the hard lot to which he had been resigned. This is most important since without the closed-in force of environment which preceded industrialism, there could have been no New England. Earlier in this paper I have discussed at some length the character of the true New Englander and have tried to make apparent that he was undeniably the result of certain environmental conditions. It follows, as a matter of course, that industrialism should prove a disintegrating influence and this, we find, has been true. Just as ease of communication served to diminish the vernacular of a rural people, so industrialism, bringing with it the railroad, the printing-press and so forth, tended to make life universally similar and robbed New England of that unique, provincial quality which was its singular possession. Industrialism has not only menaced provincialism; it has destroyed it in all save the most remote districts!

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the *closed-in* force of environment and the conflict which industrialism brought about, especially with its pet child, the American factory. Throughout the nineteenth century, even while emancipated from the natural environment, there was yet a spiritual environment from which the New Englander did not wholly free himself until the close of the century. (It must be remembered in connection with this, that the farmer was still bound by his environment until the latter part of the nineteenth century; there are specimens still existing in remote districts.) Once a people have developed a particular philosophy and a specific tradition they are most reluctant to part from them. This was especially true of New England because of the simple austerity of its philosophy, a *closed-in* doctrine of one God, one morality, and that final acceptance of destiny, "what will be will be." This was not a cloak worn in a cold environment which it could doff in a warmer climate. It was much more innate than that. It was human nature; and human nature, as Joseph Conrad once so aptly expressed it, is not amenable to persuasion. The particular nature which New England developed was strong enough to withstand industrialism for some time. Indeed, while industrialism was still young the New England tradition continued to strengthen and found its peak only around the middle of the nineteenth century, perhaps even a bit later. Certain it is that after Emily Dickinson had carried the Emerson motif to its ultimate realization (I do not mention Walt Whitman in connection with Emerson because Whitman's departure from Emerson was not chiefly from Emerson's New England limitations) and Hawthorne had done all that might be done with the novel from a Puritan point of view, the disintegration of what was essentially New England set in and the new order of things came to the fore.

Coincident with the beginning of industrialism there was the influx of large numbers of foreigners: Irish, German (1840 to 1850) and, subsequently, Poles, Czechs, Russians and so on. They, too, played their part in the disintegration of New England in spite of the old superstition that the Anglo-Saxon creature possesses a unique nature which cannot be influenced except for the bad. This, of course, was sheer nonsense. (One has only to reflect momentarily to perceive that a Latin influence is precisely what the Anglo-Saxon needs to save him from emotional sterility.) The fact remains that foreigners, during the course of a century, have been assimilated by natives in New England. The result has been to produce, what might be expected, a different type of being. The assimilation of a new people is never effected without the natives experiencing at least subtle and almost imperceptible changes among themselves. Whether these changes be for better or for worse is beside the point. They are real and, even in this age, they are manifest.

The old New Englander fought a losing fight with his gruff environment. The contemporary settler reaps enviable harvests. Not, to be sure, without work. There never has been, nor is there now, an opportunity at all inviting to the man who is afraid of work. The Plymouth Rock, which is possibly the most popularly known breed of poultry in New England, has never been known to lay golden eggs. Nevertheless the new farmer has it much easier than the old. He has been educated at the Agricultural college. He tills the soil with scientific implements. He has studied various loams and their needs. He subscribes to modern farming journals and listens to weather reports each day over the radio. Even Jack Frost is thwarted! He markets his produce not only to local stores but also to nearby cities, thus netting something resembling an income—an income, in fact, which allows him the pleasure of the theater, a car and winter travel. Certainly, then, it is evident that this farmer bears no resemblance to his predecessor.

Turning to the townspeople we find an even more devastating change. The New Englander of the town is much the same as any other middle-class suburbanite. His life is easy and he is contented. He has his family, his radio, his car and his political tendencies. There is nothing in the smooth tempo of his life to inspire philosophy; consequently, he has none unless one would call the tenets of the Eddie Guest school a philosophy. Certain it is that this sentimental contentment is quite unlike the vital austerities of the Concord School. It will be at once suggested that the two are parallel and the reply to that would be that there is actually no parallel whatsoever. The creed of the present day New Englander might be: "I have hopes to get ahead (materially, mind you) but meanwhile everything is quite tolerable." Now then, compare that to the philosophy of the old New Englander, that philosophy which resolved itself into "what will be will be," a creed which accepted unquestioningly the frustrations of the environment, and which, finally and inevitably, rejected the creed of material progress as being beneath the dignity of the human soul. The distinction is so obvious that it is to be wondered that only the minority has discovered it.

The change that has befallen the New England woman is somewhat the same in so far as the new attitude is concerned; but, in addition to this, she has become, without a doubt, as much a modern woman as her metropolitan sister. The female of the species, in city or country, possesses a subtle cleverness that formerly hid itself behind the delicate, fragile leaves of the clinging vine. More and more, this resourcefulness (for this is, after all, a predominately feminine trait) becomes apparent. It resolves itself into a worldliness—that gradual reaching for freedom which typifies the modern woman. In the old New England, wifehood constituted an ideal. In the new it constitutes a compromise!

Thanks to modern science, the "good wife," even if she happens to be wedded to a farmer, has a comparatively easy time of it. More often than not she has a car of her own and afternoons find her attending a matinée in the nearest city, or visiting with friends. Her duties, once such drudgery, have become merely the necessity of turning on the switch of the electric oven, or running over the room with a vacuum-cleaner. Where her predecessor worked fourteen and more hours a day, she works five or six. In her free time she attends the theater, goes to lectures or reads books. She is infinitely less resourceful *as a woman*, but much more so as a human being, that is to say, in the practical sense. In fine, she is no longer utterly dependent on man. This brings us to what is perhaps the most radical of all changes: when this modern wife is dissatisfied with marital conditions she sues for divorce.

Religion, as a matter of course, is more lax than it was in the past. As for the one God, he has given way to the various modern explanations of the Trinity, and religion itself is more practical than spiritual. For confirmation of this fact one has but to compare the Puritan conception of God with that of the present day. The Puritan God made of life a severe test of the soul; the modern God makes life progressive, not so much a test for the soul as an opportunity for the soul to progress—only, unfortunately, genuine spirituality is not progressive. This word can hardly apply to matters of essence; it belongs more accurately to the world of material things and I fear that that is where one will most likely find the religion of the present day.

On the whole, it may be seen that although family life has become increasingly more pleasant, more tolerable, it has lost something in austerity. In the old régime, life was compressed into such limits that its only means of expansion were vertical, as exemplified, let us say, in the transcendentalism of Emerson and in the poems of Emily Dickinson. Nowadays there is no such compression and, consequently, there is the chance for expansion outward, that is to say, horizontally, an almost irresistible departure for the average human creature with his notorious, gregarious weaknesses. He prefers, with that judicious common sense for which he is famous, the ample warmth of earth to the cool, transcendental austerities.

At the present day it is hard to conceive of a literary artist, respected as a genius, devoting page after page in a novel to protest against nude statues. It is likewise hard to conceive of a master of characterization portraying a descendant of a faun and of degenerate Italian nobility, who is possessed of the conscience of a Puritan. Yet Hawthorne is guilty of these offenses and of many others—and as to his genius, critical opinion leaves hardly a doubt. Even a genius found himself unable to rise above the stress of New England! Many others tried it; Emerson for one. Emily Dickinson for another. Yet in mentioning these three I mention three whose genius sufficed to emancipate them somewhat from the environment, so that we are able to enjoy the austerity of their work in the present age and are not troubled too often with prudishness, as we are with most of the New England authors. What they might have been without the environment we dare not say, for both their greatest and their meanest traits as artists may be ascribed tentatively to the rigidity of their surroundings. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the Puritan influence still prevailed. Henry James, feeling oppressed, fled to Europe. Mark Twain bravely set up his establishment in Hartford, making his Asylum Avenue home a stop-over for the literati of Boston. But in spite of his courage and his greatness, there is present in all but his best work a trace of that Puritan background which was his literary heritage. Howells, too, along with the majority of his contemporaries, bore traces of degenerate Puritanism, a Puritanism eminently to be less respected than the original. It remained for the literary artists who belonged essentially to the twentieth century really to contemplate New England objectively.

Among contemporaries who write or have written of New England the most striking fact is that their writings are entirely retrospective. O'Neill's tragedies objectify a New England that has become somewhat of a legend (since historical fact is so incomprehensible out of its own day) and Robert Frost has done the same thing in poetry. There is, in fact, a steadily increasing literature of New England which is treating of that environment in perspective, which is discovering in frustration, in resignation and in austere concepts of God, all the elements of great art. Edna St. Vincent Millay, Amy Lowell and Edwin Arlington Robinson have all contributed to this new literature. I refer the curious to O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," a drama of a degenerate New England; Robinson's poems; Amy Lowell's beautiful tribute to the past, "Lilacs"; Frost's "North of Boston" and Edna St. Vincent Millay's poetry. In the writings of any of these authors one is able to see New England in perspective, to allow it that respect which is its due, perhaps even to experience a momentary homesickness for its uniqueness.

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Returning from my walk I saw an old farm-house, its clapboards shaking in the wind, with a "For Sale" sign tacked to the porch. Its architecture was colonial and one could see that it must have been at one time the home of a proud family of New Englanders. There were no traces of modernization on either the house or the outbuildings, and evidently this fact made its sale uncertain. The dingy white palings of the garden fence were worn and some of them had fallen, through lack of repairs. I walked through a gap in the fence and followed a brook that led by an old pasture. At the end of this pasture, where the brook went into a ravine, I found the family graveyard. The most recent stone was marked 1899. Several of the stones had been knocked down or else had shifted further into the ground. I stooped down in the shade of the old pine-trees to read the epitaphs. They brought to mind something definitely provincial. They epitomized all that I might have said of New England.

I walked home again, over the hills, feeling content with the purple horizons. At any rate, I thought, New England is still New England in perspective. But an airplane, headed for Bethany Field, soon relieved me of that pleasant delusion. I went home and told Mother that I was returning to New York in the morning.

That night we did not turn on the radio. Instead, Mother sat down at the piano and played "Ben Bolt." I remembered beautiful, shy ladies gathering roses—yellow, pink, red, and white roses—in the drowsy sunshine of June. I remembered a New England before the motor-car, or the radio, or the electric lights. I remembered a New England that is now all but forgotten, that has become a legend, a poem.

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Why, indeed, should any one remember? Electric lights are far superior to oil lamps—yet I recall how the latter were placed in a row on the kitchen shelf and how, at nine o'clock or so (because of physical weariness) one took a lamp and went to bed. Motor-cars are indispensably quick and convenient—yet I remember prim ladies with dresses of purple silk that swished as they stepped into the carriage to drive to church. The radio has brought the best of music (and also the worst, unfortunately) to remote farms—yet I recall the old parlor organ and my mother and father singing songs about *Ben Bolt*, *Nellie Grey*, and a little boy named Bobby who had a sled.

Modern theology has neglected the immortal soul; to the average mind, I suppose, beefsteak and progress are more tangible symbols than the old references to God's wrath; but to those of us who have recognized the "duplicity" of the infinite, there is a tendency to look back upon the austerities almost with longing—and this is true especially of those whose courtesy forces them to listen to the dribble which is preached from most of the pulpits in New England today. Contemporary life has made for progress, indeed, and it has been that most obvious progress which your modern citizen thrills to; yet in the onward march something has been lost and that something was New England.

Each improvement in New England is another death blow to its original character. I was glad to return to New York so that I would not be compelled to observe this transition. I have no quarrel, really, with the modernizing process through which the provincial becomes the national. "What must be must be," is a good axiom and I am forced to repeat it. But my sympathy is with that New England which did not join, because it could not join, that onward march of progress. The dead do not march! I remember very well those chestnuts that seemed like silver ghosts of trees with grotesque trunks, and limbs that were intricate fingers complaining to the moon. But that is a gesture that the true New Englander never would have allowed himself.

It has been said that death is beautiful. Dying, also, is beautiful, but it is so only in perspective. That is why I prefer at the moment to be in New York. I have a bowl of lilacs on my table and their fragrance is New England. They will live for days yet; they are hardy flowers. But some time they, too, will be gone and I shall remember their purple eloquence as I might the flowers upon a corpse. Where life was there is death. No more profound a transition may be imagined.

# A FRIEND

### LEWIS COLWELL

I was a sheaf of fears
But garmented
To bear the splendid semblance
Of a man;
Then one day I met God
And compact made
Of friendship
To be lasting as life's span.

I kept mine badly—
He failed not in His—
And when War's gore-stained kennels
Loosed their horde,
He, hating battle
Less than cowardice,
Helped me to buckle on
My shining sword.

And on a day
Death rode a hurtling shell
That could not pass me by
In its mad race,
He held His wounded hands
Before my eyes;
So that I saw no line
Of Death's dark face.

And on this spinning sphere
Where I had dwelt,
Save for His helping,
Fear's tight-fettered slave,
He let them write—
In letters hewn from stone—
Above my head—
"Perished Among the Brave."

# TABLE TALK

NEVER since the Renaissance has art patronage been as powerful and generous as it now is in America. Liberal as the Medicis undoubtedly were, their lifetime disbursements probably do not equal the huge sum expended annually by the patrons of American art. One thinks of the Whitney, Flagler, Kahn and Guggenheim fortunes, devoted to the purchase of paintings, pottery and sculpture—or to the direct support of creative artists by means of endowments and fellowships. And for every millionaire patron, there are a hundred less wealthy purchasers who contribute their tithe to the flood of American art patronage.

Such patronage argues not merely a money surplus, but an educated and directed interest in native art and artists. There have always been rich men who cared nothing for art, and poor men who cared too much. But to-day we are getting a fertilizing fusion of money, appreciation and talent, a happy combination that is having noticeable effect upon contemporary art. The traditional theory that art flourishes most luxuriantly under intelligent patronage is about to receive its grandest proof since the days of Lorenzo.

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CIGARETTE manufacturers have learned that mild blends of native tobacco sell very much faster than heavy Turkish and Egyptian, even when allowing for the difference in price. One hundred billion mildly blended cigarettes were consumed in 1927—twice as many as were smoked in 1922.

Simple deductions from these facts would indicate that we like our cigarettes oftener and milder. Which seems to be the beginning of a general definition of our national culture. "Oftener and Milder!" Apply it to most of the things we do—eating, drinking, driving, celebrating, marrying. It holds, doesn't it? As close as a mere phrase can come to describing anything, "Oftener and Milder" just about describes the salient features of our American philosophy.

◆

OUT where the car-tracks used to end in a tangle of semi-rural brambles, the Town Airport now occupies the level stretch that was formerly a cow-pasture. The car-tracks were torn up years ago when the bus put the trolley lines out of existence. At one time the local high school thought of building a "stadium" out there, but nothing ever came of it. Finally, a group of air-minded citizens convinced the Board of Selectmen that if Balmville was to take its rightful place among the cities of the world, it must have an airport. So a couple of town shovelers were sent out there with rakes to smooth the place off; a sign was erected; and now the whizzing tourist is informed that he is passing the Balmville Airport; The Largest Landing Field in Soskedora County.

Well, Balmville is right, pragmatically and ideally right. What though the only craft that has landed there thus far was the clumsy "Jenny" plane of a one-propeller "Air Circus"? What though the town fathers stubbornly refuse to appropriate two hundred dollars for pulling up the quack grass and field stone? Deep down in its rustic old heart Balmville is right. Smart paragraphers may laugh as much as they please—but just wait and see what happens ten years from now!

◆

THE overburdened condition of our higher courts, which are running from two to four years behind their calendars, is due chiefly to the abuse of a precious right—the right of appeal. Originally, an appeal was a justifiable check upon the irrevocable decision of a court which had small sympathy with the humble appellant. When we were instituting our form of judicial procedure (which we borrowed largely from English sources) it seemed democratically wise to insure to the private citizen his right of appeal. Theoretically, it still seems wise, but a scrutiny of any court calendar will show that in an overwhelming percentage of cases the appeal is poorly supported and scarcely justifiable. Justice is delayed, the court machinery is needlessly clogged, and the dignity of the lower tribunal is seriously impaired. Furthermore, it is so expensive to appeal a case, that the rich man has a decided advantage in this legal maneuver. It would seem equable, therefore, to make the decisions of the lower court more rigorous and binding, and to withhold the privilege of appeal unless considerations of grave importance were advanced by the appellant. The machinery which regulates this matter of appeals from a lower to a higher court seems to be out of gear, and might well be overhauled by a commission of our best legal mechanicians.

◆

MOST lives—even the lives of great men—remind us chiefly that there are huge and recurrent lapses in their actual achievement, and extensive lacunas in their positive living. Take for example the life of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Even his biographer cannot tell us what he was doing for ten years after leaving college. What occupied Tennyson between 1832 and 1840? Woodrow Wilson between 1885 and 1900? It would be just as absurd to say that they were doing nothing, as to contend that they were preparing themselves for the work that lay ahead of them. Actually, no man knows that he is destined for immortality or high office; he only knows that he is living from year to year, storing up accumulated energies and experience, waiting and hoping that his chance will come. And after ten years have slipped past in this fashion, an embarrassing gap is observed by biographers and other clear-sighted gentlemen who see the great man's life in convenient perspective.

"Am I getting anywhere?", "Why doesn't something happen to me?" and "Am I under the sod already?" are questions that Hawthorne and Woodrow Wilson were putting to themselves at the age of thirty-five, Zola at thirty, Napoleon at twenty, Jackie Coogan at sixteen, and perhaps the present Reader, and the Writer at all ages. For this last unhappy pair, consolation lies in the spectacle of many an immortal who passed through a decade or a quarter century without apparent achievement or progress. Something is going on, of course, but it's a something that doesn't show in letters, actions, speeches, bank balances or published volumes. Life is idling at half-speed; there is a slack in the time and tide of our affairs, we speak in gray monotones, and even a sympathetic biographer will be unable to trace the vague outlines of our utterance.

◆

PERSONS with a flair for alliterative speculation might possibly tell us what has become of the old Three-B Club, frequented in other days by the *what'll-you-have-gentsia*. At the Three-B Club, national problems were solved amid purple fumes of smoke and language, females entered not, and the "Police Gazette" was standard literature. A branch of the club stood at almost every corner, there was no admission fee, no membership dues, and the membership was greater than all combined lodges and fraternal organizations in America.

The late lamented Three-B Club, was the bibulous trilogy of Billiards, Bowling and Bar, where, as the poet tells us,

"The absolute rule was to shoot Kelly pool
As you chewed on a nickel cigar."

Respected members of our leading professions have at various times been inducted into the Three-B membership. Some, it is true, have preferred nine-ball to Kelly pool; and others with insurgent tendencies have chosen to bowl at duck-pins instead of the orthodox candle-pins. But these were mere peccadilloes, conceits airier than dandelion-puff, and no bar to honest brotherhood in the Three-B ranks. Of late, however, the Three-B lads have disappeared. Golf, squash, old age, what not, have bitten deep into the ranks. The old club-houses are gone; soda-fountains and lending libraries have taken their places; the cue-ball and candle-pin molder, and the shiny instep (badge preferential of the initiate) are seen no more in the land.

◆

"MACHINE AGE" is a fairly obvious nomenclature for our present era; in reality, this is the Vicarious Age. The Beebes, Byrds and Lindberghs, the Luckners, Fords and Lawrences get all the fun and adventure; the rest of us stay at home and get most of the comfort and safety. But there are cravings that hot showers and policed streets cannot satisfy; while the pole-star beacons the adventurer on his outbound cruise, we chafe by the steam-radiator and look at the rotogravure pictures of heroes, or scour the magazine sections for written accounts of their romantic adventurings. *We have delegated to our spiritual vicars the thrilling business of adventure.* And when a hundred million people permit a few men to live dangerously or interestingly for them, the vicarious faculty is sufficiently developed to warrant an era being named after it.

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PRISON administration is at best a melancholy theme. Society shuns all thought of the lugubrious buildings and the sullen inmates serving out their penal deaths. But it is gratifying to know that despite the general abhorrence of anything connected with prisons, a few individuals and organizations devote most of their energies to the improvement of prison conditions and to the amelioration of the prisoners' wretched lot.

Such an organization is the Prison Association of New York, which for eighty-three years has worked unceasingly to improve the prisons of New York State. The 1928 report of this association is a document of vast social importance. Its recommendations of a psychiatric clinic for the study of crime factors; its introduction of compensation laws for prisoners permanently injured while laboring in penal institutions; and its insistence upon further advances in prison hygiene are evidences of our changing attitude toward the criminal.

Slowly but certainly we are approaching Samuel Butler's conception of crime and its treatment. In "Erewhon" Butler suggests that criminals be sent to hospitals and be treated by doctors until they "recover." The criminal is a sick man—that much is now admitted—and thanks to the efforts of patient Prison Associations, society is picking up some elementary ideas about his treatment and cure.

# WAS A MAJOR

## *You See, She Thought She Loved Him*

### LLEWELLYN HUGHES

YES, I killed him. Drilled a hole between his eyes. Put him out of his misery. And with the same shot I believe I put her out of her misery too. Leastways, that's what I had in mind. The woman. Oh, it's not a thing to boast about; but I'm glad I did it and when the time comes I'm ready to face my Maker and take the medicine he's got in store for me. Well—here's how.

Strange what a man sets out to be—what he hopes for—what he thinks he'd like to become—and what he *does* become. I remember as a kid I wanted to be a doctor, comfort people, cure 'em of their ills. Somewhere along the trail that got knocked out of me. Funny, isn't it? Money spent on a lad at college—all that sort of thing—for nothing. I quit Cambridge overnight, got the yen to go out West with a gang of surveyors—stayed two years on the prairie—that irrigation job for the C. P. R.—snowstorms—mosquitoes—black flies—alkali water—the bad lands. Oh, well—there it is.

Drank like a fool in Calgary until I met a girl. Now there's another funny thing. There ought to be some sort of a law, some algebraic formula, let's say, to figure these matters out for a fellow. The brain isn't quite good enough. One doesn't know for sure, one can't be positive about things. As I look back something seems to tell me I'd have been all right if she and I had pulled together, trod life's path as they say; if I'd been a bit more determined, for instance; hadn't accepted her refusal—the gentle shaking of her head, that's all it was. But, Lord! there's no telling. Maybe it wouldn't have panned out at all. How is one to know? Now here I am, fallen from degree, one of His Majesty's late officers, bumming round Shanghai and waiting till the Reaper bundles me up in a tarpaulin jacket. Have a drink and pass the bottle.

But there's one thing they can't take away from me. Look here, war is a futile thing, a damnable business; men speaking one language killing men because they speak another; all the brains of a nation back of them; men, millions of them, who if left alone would be friendly enough with one another; decent, church-loving individuals, humane, kindly, getting a little drunk now and then, slaving day after day so as to bring up their kiddies properly. Yes, war is a decadent thing; a hark-back to barbarism—always has been, always will be, no matter which way you look at it; a hell of a commentary on our vaunted civilization. Social culture, eh? The Paris dressmakers can order that; and the Germans wouldn't have made such a bad mess out of it if they'd won the war. Civilization? A smug, mouthing word for the ranters, the demagogues and the parsons is that. Well—here's looking at you.

But I'll tell you something. To be a good soldier is about as fine a thing as a man can want. Once you're in uniform, once you're forced, pushed, compelled and trained to go to war—it's something to go through with it nobly, to take the worst with the best—if there is any best—to prove your courage, to fight with the knowledge that you are representing a cause—be it right or wrong—hell! what's it matter?—and to come through it creditably.

By Jove! nobody can take that away from me. "Major Tarrant," they say. "He's a bum. He's a derelict, drooling over a glass of grog in some low-down Shanghai dive. Major Tarrant! Look at him. He needs a bath, a wash, a shave. He's down at heel and out at elbow. Resorts with rats and women twice as bad. He's in the gutter—waiting for the end."

Well, maybe it's so. I've nothing left to live for. I'm gone inside—a victim of science and a thing called poison-gas—and no doctor on this earth can save me. But they didn't talk that way about me in the war. Oh no, my boy. They sang another tune then. And I've got that credit with me still—and nobody can ever take it away from me.

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I was in Calgary when Sir Edward Grey thumbed his nose at the Kaiser. There's another funny thing. I knew then, knew at once, that that was what I wanted to be most of all. I wanted to be a soldier. I'd been in charge of a survey gang out on the prairie. I knew how to handle men. Besides, I wanted to put thousands of miles between myself and a girl. Strange thing, that. A man loves a woman and because she doesn't happen to care for him in return he wants to go to the farthermost ends of the earth, bury himself in some outlandish place and drink his memories soggy. Selfishness, that's what it is. Masculine conceit. We've only got to be scratched a little—even the worst of us—to find ourselves chock full of it. Why, even now—the other day—the slut I'm living with. . . . Oh! well—what's the use? We're too damned brittle where a woman's concerned. She can make a man or monkey out of us every time. Well—here's how.

Comes to that, I wasn't good enough for her. I knew that, right along. It was all the difference between Beelzebub—and an angel. She merely felt sorry for me, pitied me, because I loved her. I'd done her a slight service. There was a river, and during the spring when the snow and ice were melting it ran high and swept over some rapids. That's all it amounted to. She lost the paddle of her canoe, and I went in after her—landing up in the hospital. She came to see me once or twice. I'll never forget that. I'll never forget her eyes and that soft, quiet voice of hers. Lost my head completely—delirious half the time—told her I loved her—begged her to marry me—poured my heart out to her. Couldn't help myself. Fate was dangling my one and only chance for happiness in front of my crazy eyes. There she was—a young, pale-faced woman—and I couldn't help reaching out for her. . . . With her beside me I could have accomplished anything—risen to prominence—achieved wealth, property—anything I wanted—anything—anything. Once in a lifetime a man meets a woman like that. Only once. A woman whom he knows will help to bring out the best in him and rid him of the worst. Oh well—all in a day, I suppose.

Lord! it's funny. Take the women themselves, for instance. You'd think the Lord God would have given 'em a proportion of intuition—a bit more sense than he gave a man—considering all they've got to go through, children and all that. But there it is. They've no better slant on life, human nature, than we have. Pick the wrong man likely as they'd pick the right one. Give their love, their confidence, and a life-long devotion to a thing that's not worth calling a man. That's what she did.

Fascinated by him, I suppose. Mesmerized—like a bird by a rattlesnake; for he was about as smooth and as dangerous: to women only, mark you. You see, I'd already heard something about him when I was in Calgary: tall and darkly handsome, flower in his coat, hat on one side—all that sort of business. He used to go from her into the lank arms of some moll. He was unpleasantly mixed up in a septic poisoning case—some girl who died in the hospital. He was smooth enough to get out of that mess—and shortly afterward she married him. Well—that's the way it goes.

I tried my damnedest to put her out of my thoughts. I concentrated every minute of my time on being a soldier, rose from bombardier to corporal, then on to sergeant; in England they sent me to a cadet school, and when I rejoined my battery I held a commission. By the end of nineteen seventeen I'd been wounded four times, and as many times returned to France. In eighteen I wound up major of my guns.

There was hardly an original thing left in the battery then; neither gun, handspike, drag-rope, man nor officer; nothing save its *esprit de corps.* That remained. Six guns we were and we spat at half-second intervals, took a couple of seconds to reload, then spat again. Ho! I can tell you a few things about firing the guns, my boy. We were cursed by the adjacent batteries day and night, for we drew the enemy fire in an avalanche. But we got in our own licks, let me tell you. We caught his reinforcements coming in and scattered the shreds of them over the countryside, we blew his batteries up to heaven and hell and fertilized the earth with his gun-crews. Ho! I saw a bit of soldiering over in France, let me tell you—yes, by George! I did. Well—here's looking at you.

Yes, Sanctuary Wood and Paschendale and Vimy Ridge and Amiens. Arras in seventeen. Its smashed cathedral—like a piece of lace thrown up against the sky. Overhead, shells whining, screaming, howling, roaring—going east and going west. Street after street of empty, abandoned houses. The looter's paradise. Pull out a dresser drawer, look in the cupboard, ransack the cedar-chest, upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber. Reduced one of my best sergeants once for taking the miniature of a rare old Arras lady—found it in his haversack—made the blighter take it back and put it where he found it.

And there's another thing I often think about. The coming of dawn. An hour when you felt you were the only person left in a forgotten, ravished world—an hour when sounds seemed hollow, when your fellow-men seemed ghosts, when the earth was grayed by the shadow of the coming Reaper. Ho! that was the time to make your heart and nerve and sinew serve your turn, my boy!—when the sound of an approaching shell seemed to come right at you; when you realized that the enemy could fight as well as you, were equally as good artillerymen, and as brave.

Ho! I could talk for hours. Why, I could tell you of little bits of bravery—imperceptible actions to manifest one's courage—on the part of lads ill-qualified for war—small things that never earn a medal; and yet so fine, so human, so tremendous in their way, that I feel my ribbons ill become me.

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Williams—hic—that was his name. Williams. Tall and dark and handsome. Small world, they say. Thousands of batteries in France, and he had to come to mine. Didn't know me, mind you—didn't know me from Adam. But I knew him. I knew him the minute I clapped eyes on him. I didn't have to go to his papers to verify it. Williams. Lieutenant Williams.

Gad! I tried to like the man at first; tried my damnedest—for her sake. Figured that if he'd guts enough to leave her and the kid—there was a two-year-old child—there might be something to him after all. Hell! He'd come east to escape joining up—left her to take care of herself and the kid—deserted her after making her life a mockery—beaten her—and worse. Joined up? The army had got the sod in Montreal, conscripted him.

We were back near a place called Beaumetz when he came to us—out there on rest for a few days. Drank too much—all of us—and the rum opened Williams's yap. Told tales out of school about his women and the fascination he had for 'em. Thought himself no end of a smart fellow. But there, within sound of the guns, when a few stray shells began falling, it was easy to detect what manner of man he was. I knew what lay back of his stammering tone, his festive boasting. The man was a slacker, a sensualist and a dummy soldier.

So I got him alone the night before we went back into the line, fed him rum and urged him to talk. It wasn't difficult. He boasted of his lousy conquests, told me things about his wife—intimate things—that had me nearly crazy; how he won her, why he'd married her, the money she expected and now—in nineteen eighteen—had just received: the one reason he wanted to go back to her. Think of that! I could have taken him by the throat and strangled him. I don't know to this day how I managed to control myself. I went out into the night and threw my head up to the heavens, praying to God that the moment we got into action a shell would blot him off the face of the earth. That's how hard it hit me. Pass the damned bottle.

That and his yellowness under fire. We were being pretty heavily shelled and were back of the front line a little, on a hill—a bad spot. The enemy knew we had a post there and they trained machine-guns on us. My signaler was killed. They got him through the heart, poor lad.

Yes, Williams. Gad! there we were, the two of us—alone. I'd forced him up there with me, mark you—almost had to drag him along. Now there we were—alone. The intake of his breath made a little whistle through his teeth. By George! there's one thing I can't condone, and that's a shivering coward. I tell you I was glad—yes, glad—when they got my signaler through the heart—for I hated to poison his youthful eyes with the sight of an officer gibbering and puling under fire.

And then I got to thinking. She was nothing to me, that's true. She still loved this thing that quaked and whined beside me—loved him God knows why—but loved him. And he intended to return to her, to make her life a further hell, to pretend he was true to her, to spend her money—pull the wool over her eyes in a thousand ways and one.

I remember yanking his head back to take a look at him. He was groveling on the ground. I never saw a more hideous sight. His lips were loose, shapeless. He was crouched up in a hole, trembling like a hunk of jelly.

Maybe I lost my senses. I don't know. The mere thought of a thing like that preserved by cowardice when all around him men—real men—were going bravely to their death. . . . That drove me mad. The philosophy—call it what you will—God and his strange ways—was utterly beyond me. I took one final look at his face, then yanked out my revolver. I hope I did my duty. I think I did, but— Who's to say?

◆

No, my boy, there are two institutions to which a man like me can cling to, two institutions the solid foundations of which will put him to rights: A good woman, and the army. Both represent rules and regulations which are binding, which should and must be adhered to. To flout the institution of either just isn't done, that's all—just isn't thought of. It's not regimental, not cricket. And the recognition of that means success and happiness and—promotion. Look at me! I became a major!

And as major I was father to many a lad. And many a lad I learned to love and watched him come and go. I never failed to try and make things easier for him, to buck him up and say a kindly word of cheer. Sometimes I'd come across him filling sand-bags. Sometimes, in the dead of night, I'd find him leaning on his gun, doing his guard duty.

"Hello, my lad," I'd say, "how goes it?"

"Nothing to report, sir."

"I mean about yourself, my lad. How goes it with you—and the heart that's in you?"

"Everything O.K., sir."

"That's the way to talk, my lad—and I know you mean it, too. Look here, let's get together—you and me. There's precious little difference between us. I'm major of this battery and you are one of its gunners. We're both soldiers, my lad; both trying to give the best that's in us and face things bravely. You've likely got a girl back home—"

"I have, sir."

"Well, let me tell you something. You couldn't possibly do anything finer for her than what you're doing now. This is the true test of your love for her, my lad. Maybe, some day, you'll go back and marry her, rise in business and be a credit to your children. But remember this. Success is measured in terms of how a man overcomes his difficulties, the dangers that beset him. And right here—now you're in it—is the place to prove what you can do in that line.

"Oh, it may all sound like flapdoodle to you, my lad—when every minute of the night and day you're up against the risk of losing a leg, an eye or perhaps your life. But success doesn't necessarily mean living. You can find it gloriously in death—if it comes to that. Your love for that girl of yours doesn't have to be proved by going back and kissing her. I know, of course, that's the thing you hope to do, naturally. We all want to live. Live, and make our friends and those nearest and dearest to us—make them happy.

"But don't forget this, laddie. When you give up your life for a friend or sweetheart you've done something nobler than you could ever do by living. Not many crumbs of comfort in that, is there? But there it is. The sacrifice—if needs be—which you are perfectly willing to make for that girl of yours, for your home and country and the God that's in you—is the biggest thing in life that you can do. If not, tell me what is bigger? Get the point?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here's my hand. Let's face whatever is in store for us, lad—face it with the consolation it's the biggest thing in life that we can do. Fact, my lad. Think it over."

That's the way I talked to my lads—restoring a little color to their pale and anxious faces, bringing a little light into the wistfulness of their eyes, helping them to bear their cross a little easier. Yes, many a hundred of 'em. Lads before battle, men during it, and heroes afterward whether they be dead or living. I hope they liked me for the love I bore them. I think they did—but there's no telling since most of them are gone. Well—there it is.

I'm out of the army now—so that's all finished. I've nothing to hold on to: neither good woman nor the uniform. That's me, my boy. Don't care to return to Canada in case I'd come across her somewhere. Got my discharge . . . shipped aboard a Tramp—hic—came here.

Killed him. Put him out of his misery and—hic—put her in the way of a bit of happiness—as I hope. Couldn't even write to her. You see, she thought she loved him. And to look into her eyes after what I'd done required more courage than I ever possessed. Some day—if what the parson says is true—she may understand and forgive me. Until then. . . . well, hic, pass the bottle.

Empty, eh? Then it's time to call it a night. Give me a pull out of this chair, will you, my boy? Hic—till I get on these pins of mine. You see they're wooden—both of 'em. Thanks. Good night.

# A MODERN'S SEARCH IN SCIENCE

## *Life Can Be Trusted at Every Step of the Way*

S. T.

IT IS our Western habit to think of Hindus as poets, philosophers, mystics, religious devotees and saints, but not as men of concrete fact, painstaking experiment and severely accurate analysis—in short, not as practical men of science. Yet if we study Indian history, we find that that great country has made some of the most important of all contributions to scientific knowledge. India was the pioneer in geometry, in arithmetic (we owe to her our science of numbers) and in astronomy—I remember being taken to see, near Delhi, what is supposedly the oldest observatory in the world.

And now we have the greatest scientist of plant life who has ever lived, a Hindu. Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose's work is, quite naturally, more widely known in Europe and England than in America. He made his first great impression at the Congress of Science in Paris in 1900, and has since lectured and taught extensively in European universities and at Oxford. During the three months between the time of his agreeing to do the article in this issue, and the time of its completion, he was stopped in Vienna, Munich and Cairo by the governments or special groups of scientists and students in those cities, who literally besieged—and captured—him for lectures and demonstrations.

However, in the midst of all these pressing engagements, he scrupulously kept his word, summing up the almost unbelievably delicate experiments and tremendous deductions of a lifetime devoted to research in plant life.

The two leading points of this summary, to me, are: first, the sensitiveness of all matter and *the unity of all life*—here established not simply as a metaphysical ideal, but as a scientific fact. Identity of response to stimuli, on the part of minerals, plants, animals and mankind; kinship of consciousness, experience and behavior, throughout this "great ocean" of cosmic existence. This is a majestic conclusion, and one likely to revolutionize our point of view with regard to our relationships to the organisms of other kingdoms.

Second, in the light of a clearer understanding of the action of the will on nervous and bodily functions, a new vision of *the creative power of man* over his further evolution and destiny. This is a conclusion even more significant for us men and women whose destiny it may drastically affect. And Sir Jagadis includes in this part of his discussion something that I have long been looking for: a statement in scientific language of the theories so capably practised by Christian Science and New Thought healers—but which they express in terms that are often ambiguous and unscientific. It is curious that one should at last stumble on such a statement in an article on plant life! Curious, too, that in that same article one should find such a complete contradiction of the metaphysicians' affirmations with regard to despised and perpetually arraigned "matter."

"Matter is unreal. Matter is mortal error. There is no life, truth, intelligence nor substance in matter."

Says Sir Jagadis: "All matter is sensitive, and answers to stimulation by definite signs of response. Matter has thus within itself the promise and potency of life."

And in the light of the vision modern science has given us of what we used to consider "solid" matter—streams of energy, galaxies of electrons and protons, each a whirling world in itself—who to-day can think of matter as inanimate, unintelligent, *dull?* Even the supposedly lifeless planets, "the million orbs that thread their path through space," Sir Jagadis tells us, "are by no means insensate clods locked in the rigor of death, but active organisms 'whose breath is perchance luminous vapor, whose blood is liquid metal and whose food is a stream of meteorites.'" Who can read that stirring declaration, without thrilling to the common Life inspiring us all, throughout all states and kingdoms, without feeling indeed that "the barrier that divided kindred phenomena is now thrown down, and mineral, plant, animal and man are found to be a multiple unity in a single ocean of being"?

On the other hand, the natural scientist has come through the convincing proofs of his research—in mathematics, physics, plant life, biology—to the point where he acknowledges with the Christian Scientist that the creative cause behind all this marvelous pageant of forces, must be an Infinite Mind.

"It is to mind that we are driven back as the only basis on which all life can be made explicable," says Lord Haldane, speaking for the relativists and mathematicians. "We are impelled toward the conception as the foundation of the universe, of absolute mind."

"In its ultimate essence, energy may be incomprehensible to us except as an exhibition of the direct operation of what we call Mind or Will," said J. A. Fleming, in a lecture on "Waves in Water, Air and Ether."

"Perhaps everything that we can measure in the world is reducible to electricity, and everything that we cannot measure to mind," says J. Arthur Thomson. "We reach the old truth, 'in the beginning was mind.'"

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So the two supposed irreconcilables, the scientists and the metaphysicians, the realists and the idealists, the material and the spiritual groups, are seen to be approaching—have already met—in the great modern conceptions of matter as ethereal streams of energy, of God as the Infinite Intelligence underlying, transforming, recreating this energy in its myriad forms of manifestation. And the point of view of future generations as to the long-disputed spirit and matter, God and Nature, is, I believe, expressed in the concluding statement of Bose's now famous Friday afternoon lecture before the Royal Institution in London:

"When I saw these things [the results of his experiments] before my eyes, I felt that I began to understand the truth proclaimed by my ancestors on the banks of the Ganges three thousand years ago—'They who see but One in all the changing manifoldness of this universe, unto them belongs eternal truth, unto none else, unto none else!'"

When we shall have acquired this religious attitude toward science, and shall have also applied the scientific method to religion—life will wear a very different aspect. As one of the objects of this series of articles is to record the views of scientists themselves on the relation between religion and science—to prove whether there is a great gulf fixed between the two—let us not forget to record Sir J. C. Bose's position.

"There can be no conflict between knowledge and religion, for the highest knowledge is religion." And in a letter to us last summer, he said: "I believe that the seeming conflict has arisen from the ignorant bigotry of those who profess dogmatic religion, and dogmatic science. The true spirit of religion and science cannot be stated dogmatically. . . . In consequence of the exploitation of scientific knowledge, civilization is now trembling on the brink of ruin. Some complementary ideal there must be, to save man from the aimless rush which must end in disaster. The ideal of self-giving, in response to the highest call of humanity, must be the true object of knowledge."

In the Bose Institute, and throughout all of Sir Jagadis's personal activities, this ideal is magnificently lived up to.

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Coming now to the second point of special significance in his summary: the action of the will, and *the creative power of man* over his future evolution and destiny. Bose reminds us that in the ascent from the simplest to the most complex type of life, the most important factor has been the ever-growing elaboration of the nervous function. He shows us how blow after blow upon nervous tissue—at first inactive, unresponsive—eventually produces a response; how continued stimulation enhances nervous power to the maximum, and actually in time creates an organ (by the cumulative effect of the repeated stimuli). "Every moment of our present is nothing but the imprint of previous stimulation that we call experience. It is by accumulation of stimuli that nervous matter becomes automatic; and man by opening himself to such stimulation as he desires, can make of himself what he wills."

It is difficult to accept the implications of this statement; *can* we altogether and immediately realize the possibilities that it opens up to us? We are so in the habit of fancying ourselves ruled by outer circumstances—environment, superiors, a run of bad luck, an epidemic of ill health—always attributing what happens to us as the result of forces over which we are supposed to have little or no control. But modern science as well as modern metaphysics brings the responsibility directly down to the individual; and tells us that we either help or hinder the passage of everything that comes into our lives from the outside world. Sir Jagadis shows that we can alter the actual nerve-tissue and nervous response of our own organisms, so that we may now perceive impulses from the outside, of which we have been hitherto unconscious; while impulses that have produced violent and painful effects, we may tone down or arrest entirely.

"Full scientific attention has not been given to the power of the will in control of the bodily functions. *There can be no doubt of the predisposition which can be conferred on the nerve by internal power of will in inhibiting or facilitating the passage of the nervous impulse.*"

Here is the scientific, accurate and rational statement of the theory that the Christian Science and New Thought healers have been so splendidly demonstrating—but so vaguely and sentimentally expressing. They call the predisposing process "knowing the Truth"; coming into the consciousness that "man is pure spirit—life, health, goodness, wisdom; hence cannot be sick, weak or imperfect." Naturally, if they convey this suggestion, powerfully, sincerely, repeatedly, to the mind and will of their patient, it acts upon the brain and the nervous tissue of his body, and effects a definite and beneficial change. No one nowadays can afford to smile superiorly at the transformations wrought in health and life by the thousands of devoted Christian Science and New Thought workers.

But to my mind, they would be even more efficient, and not one whit less spiritual, if they faced the truth of what they are actually doing, and claimed no more than what they really know. Man *can* be sick, weak and imperfect. Let us not delude ourselves with the idea that such conditions are "only an *appearance* of evil." But by the same process (sustained thought, repeated suggestion) by which he encourages his weakness and imperfection, he can bring about instead his much more perfect health and strength. And health and harmonious functioning are more in line with what we know of cosmic laws in general, than are the pathological conditions of weakness and disease.

This is what we know—what we can rationally accept, and safely proceed upon. And surely it is enough in itself, without dangerous assumptions as to God, man, life and immortality. I have admired very much the attitude of the Coué school of suggestionists—which by the way is by no means a vanished institution, but very much alive, working in conjunction with some two hundred doctors in New York alone. From the first they have stood for strict accuracy, and no metaphysical assumptions.

"What is the matter with the patient, we don't know," they say. "The doctors don't know. Nine tenths of their work is admittedly speculation—for the disease itself is only a symptom of the physical or mental condition that is the real malady. But we do know that suggestion enters the ear, is converted into nervous force, acts upon the cells of the brain, and thus through the nerve-system changes the molecules of the body. Therefore we convey our simple formula, that can't go wrong."

This statement, based on concrete experiment, and observation, agrees with Bose's—built by the same methods and upon the same scrupulously exact language. I, myself, would rather advance one step upon sure ground, knowing that as far as I go I *am* sure, and that I can take the next step in security—than rush ahead on the rosiest of assertions that may one day collapse, and with them my whole fabric of life. Some of the statements that one hears delivered by metaphysical teachers to their all too eagerly accepting audiences, make one tremble for the disillusion and shipwreck that seem bound to come, from banking blindly on some of these "Truth principles."

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The important thing to remember, is that scientists, suggestionists, metaphysicians and psychologists—from their various fields—all bring us the same report: namely, that we who stand at the door of our own being—the individual by his individual will—can control the factors that come into our lives from the outside, can ourselves determine the elements that shall enter into the constitution of our minds and bodies.

Here again terms are dangerous, and we need to have a very clear understanding of what we mean by "will." My own idea of will is not at all the taut, tense, pushing or pulling frequently associated with this word; but simply *habitual conscious choice.* Every moment of every day, objects, persons, influences come before the mind demanding entrance, attention. "I will have this one—I will not have that. You may come in—you stay out." Thus the individual will strikes down or freely admits, and sometimes eagerly paves the way for, outside ideas and impulses. As a matter of fact we are always doing this, we are continually exercising our will and letting in or keeping out this multitude of passing thoughts and influences. But most of us are doing it automatically, or at best only half consciously. Those who are awake to the great possibilities inherent in the exercise of this power of individual choice, urge us to use it consciously and thoughtfully, weaving into our lives what we truly desire to have in them; instead of picking up every passing impression as a magnet picks up every passing bit of dust and tinsel.

This is the constructive, self-determined use of the will. This is the creative power of man over his future evolution and destiny. Sir Jagadis speaks of the eternal mystery of the relation between subject and object, the inside and the outside world. In the last article of our "Modern in Search of Truth" series, we pointed out how what appears to us as inside and outside—the vision of life in general—depends entirely upon the perceiving instruments of the individual. And that the nature of our activities—as Bose puts it, the repeated stimuli, continued blows upon nervous tissue—gradually creates our instruments.

It is within the power of the human being, by a specific use of the energy he controls, to deliver the sort of blow, convey the kind of suggestion, upon that sensitive and malleable nervous and cellular stuff, that will create an organ as much finer than the present body and brain, as the human brain is finer than that of the animal. It is not only possible, but surely the noble obligation of the noble opportunity to which the evolutionary process has now brought us. By a different use of the energy hitherto spent in fighting one another, we can no doubt develop instruments of perception that will give us an utterly different and far more satisfying and extensive field of vision and experience.

What will life look like then? What will appear to us as self and universe, God and man, the inside and the outside world?

I don't know. But what interests me most intensely, is to get on with the process and find out! One thing I am absolutely sure of, as we travel that long and amazing journey of evolutionary ascent, is that we can trust life every step of the way. I know it not out of blind faith, but out of rational conviction. Because what I see of life on all sides is reasonable, orderly and to be trusted.

And I wonder if that is not, all in all, a fairly good creed—very simple, yet certainly comprehensive—a creed good to enter this world with, good to work, enjoy, suffer and learn with, good to go out with when the time comes to leave this world for whatever may lie beyond: *I trust life*, in any and every one of its forms that I may be led to experience.

"God will not be outdone in courtesy," says the old adage. I believe that the man or woman who has that simple creed, will find life in any world and any state or stage, reciprocal in generosity.

(Next Month: *Natural History and Human Life*)

# SEPARATED

GERTRUDE B. GUNDERSON

Not by a judge and jury
Deciding evidence;
Not by a frank acknowledgment
Of broken confidence;

Not by a recognition
Of priestly ban or bars—
But by their own souls' dissonance,
Divergent as the stars.

# THE COMING MAN IN FRANCE

*Poincaré's Inevitable Successor*

ERNEST DIMNET

"WHO would succeed Poincaré if he should fail France?" is a question frequently asked by people who follow French politics. In November, 1928, M. Poincaré was compelled, by the sudden secession of M. Caillaux and the Radical group he leads, to send in his resignation. After a few days' hesitancy he made up his mind and succeeded himself. But it is improbable that the same procedure can be repeated, and the old question arises again: Who is the coming man? Who is the likeliest Prime Minister of France in the event of another crisis? There is little doubt as to the answer. The coming man is unmistakable, the future Prime Minister of France can only be André Tardieu, who in 1917 and 1918 was as popular a figure in New York as General Dawes, in the same years, was in Paris.

I remember, as if it were yesterday, the first articles on foreign affairs, which, about 1905, were published in "Le Temps" above the somewhat too elegant pseudonym Georges Villiers. The French of those days were superbly indifferent to foreign politics. Fashoda was of yesterday, and the Tangier speech of Kaiser Wilhelm, with its unmistakable sound of a war alarm, was the event of the day; yet, even the cultivated French paid little heed to echoes from beyond the frontiers. They did not believe in the possibility of a war. Most of them thought they had acted up to Gambetta's advice concerning Alsace and Lorraine: "Think of it all the time, but never speak of it." In reality, they had ceased thinking about it as well as speaking about it, and they imagined that everybody was as averse to war as they themselves were. The notion of bloodshed was so hateful that bloodshed seemed impossible. Even the most horrid murders—the case of one Soleillant was as hideous as the Hickman case—could not rouse the President of those days, M. Fallières, to apply capital punishment. Year after year the military appropriations were being reduced; even M. Clemenceau, of all statesmen, in such anxious years as 1908 and 1909, took an active part in this curtailment. Peace, literature and art appeared to be the only important affairs and filled the newspapers. Foreign news, colonial matters, trade statistics and shipping intelligence were regarded as dull stuff and were skipped without a qualm.

"Le Temps" was respected as being the most substantial and authoritative newspaper in the republic; but its attention to foreign news, and the habit its editor had of devoting his leading article to it, were deemed an affectation, and society poked fun at it. M. Francis de Pressensé—the predecessor of my friend M. Abel Chevalley, who himself was succeeded by the so-called Georges Villiers—was often ridiculed as "*le clergyman anonyme du Temps*."

Why was it that Georges Villiers, at barely twenty-six, immediately created a sensation? On the one hand, the *salons*, copying the embassies and affecting to be more serious, began—after the Kaiser had made his famous Tangier speech—to discuss the possibility of a war. "We were very anxious, last night" was a phrase with which the present writer, in mock solemnity, used to salute the amateur diplomatists, his friends. A score of young writers saw their chance in this nascent interest. They promptly learned English, and bombarded editors with articles born of the London "Times," Cassell's Dictionary and the "Economiste Français" in its more intelligible moods. The word "realism," which is now on the lips of all public men and means nothing else than what honest English calls practicalness, became a slogan and gave rise to a vast amount of attitudinizing. All these ambitious young writers wished to be Georges Villiers.

On the other hand, the real Villiers was the incarnation of success, and success is a magician. He was not thirty, and he was in a situation second only to that of a Minister of Foreign Affairs, only more secure. He had been admitted to that seminary of French celebrities, the Ecole Normale Supérieure; but he had the ambition, as well as the talent, of a Prévost-Paradol, and early deserted his ill-dressed schoolmates there for the elegant crowd at the Ecole des Sciences Politiques. From this brilliant institution he graduated as attaché, first to the Berlin Embassy, later to the Petersburg, and no doubt saw more of the "*carrière*" than his less interested colleagues could see. That was not all. It had occurred to many before him that "the Ecole Normale will lead a man to every success, provided he has the sense to leave it"; but it was the first time that any one had attempted to use the diplomatic service in this far-seeing way. No sooner could M. André Tardieu—otherwise known as Georges Villiers—print on his cards "ex-secrétaire d'Ambassade," than he shook the dust off his diplomatic shoes and posted back to Paris, which at that time was a land of opportunities second to none.

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The most popular but far and away the least "diplomatic" newspaper of those days, "Le Petit Parisien," first welcomed his contributions. The rule at the office of this incredibly successful little sheet was that all editorials, by whomsoever written, were signed Jean Frollo, and the remuneration was uniformly forty francs. In spite of this anonymity, M. Tardieu's articles paved the way for him to the "Figaro" office, where he was treated more ceremoniously. A casual meeting with M. Adrien Hébrard, the editor of "Le Temps" and a keen judge of men, did the rest. In a few weeks M. Tardieu, as Georges Villiers, was writing the editorials of the most important French organ. Two or three years later his progress was made more conspicuous by another kind of success—one which recalled the career of no less a person than Georges Clemenceau. M. Tardieu did not fight duels as the latter did, but his name was mentioned along with those of Opéra-Comique girls, and it was not absent from a colonial scandal, the Ngoko-Sangha affair. Meanwhile, there was no surprise when he was given a fat sinecure by the government. Shortly after, it was indeed a surprise to see both France and Germany in their discussion of such a momentous matter as the Congo difficulty, giving up the traditional methods of diplomacy in order to have the matter carried on in the press; but it seemed natural that the French spokesman should be Georges Villiers, with his vast knowledge, level head and deliberately impersonal style. When, in 1905, M. Delcassé had to resign as Minister of Foreign Affairs, virtually at the behest of the Kaiser, Georges Villiers called the event "an unprecedented humiliation," which it was; and the phrase, no matter how hackneyed, was repeated as if a Carlyle had just coined it for the occasion. It was at this period, that M. Tardieu, rivaling Julius Cæsar, could be seen, in the interval between the opera and supper, dictating two different articles to two secretaries—and he equaled Jaurès in his capacity to quote endless tirades from the classics.

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In 1908, M. Tardieu was invited to lecture at Harvard. He himself has recorded with some amusement how Professor Münsterberg tried to dissuade the academic authorities from inviting a Frenchman. German erudition and German methods had long been in favor in the American universities, but there were symptoms which showed that America was becoming aware that French scholarship and French culture were more congenial to her own intellectual tendencies, and resistance from those in power was inevitable. However, M. Tardieu received a formal invitation and spent three or four months in the United States.

There are very few well-to-do French people of to-day who do not plan a trip to America, and French boys and girls are beginning to be seen at American schools. But twenty years ago, Frenchmen who knew English were still so completely under the spell of British customs and civilization that the thought of crossing the Atlantic only occurred to a few writers, like Paul Bourget, in quest of fresh impressions or definite information. They were invariably interested in what they saw, but seldom were they really influenced, and M. Tardieu was no exception. His book, "Notes sur les Etats-Unis"—which I had with me when I paid my first visit to the United States—shows a reaction somewhat similar to that of the provincial Frenchman in his first contact with Paris. He felt more surprise than real admiration. And as surprise generally produces first a stare and then a smile, the smile was not absent from M. Tardieu's chapters.

Yet, when one rereads those "Notes" in the light of later developments, one discovers under the flowing narrative, a deeper and continuous impression, which was, no doubt, the chief fruit of M. Tardieu's visit. He was struck by the superiority of character in the United States and by the unlimited capacity of Americans for action. "A land of stronger men" summarizes his conclusions. Compared with what the French still were in those days, and were to remain until the approach of the war called forth their virile qualities, the Americans were indeed another kind of men. Perhaps unconsciously M. Tardieu, who had ambition and felt in himself the desire and power to push his way on and up, realized that he could be an American in France, or even in Europe, by knowing what he wanted and by wanting it with a resolution which in Paris would pass for character. When he resumed his work on "Le Temps," he may not have been another man, but he was more forcibly what he had formerly been. As able a critic as Herr Stresemann not long ago described the Tardieu of those days as "the crabbed governess of Europe," while Prince Bülow used to say, "there are six great powers in the world, if you don't count Tardieu." The Germans have always appreciated French intelligence.

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In May 1914 M. Tardieu was elected to the Chamber. Three months later the war broke out and the new deputy who was a reserve officer rejoined his regiment. In a few months M. Tardieu's excellent health broke down, and after a short stay at G. H. Q., the higher command thought he would be more useful in the Chamber than with the army and he was demobilized. Back then, to the Chamber he went. His return coincided with a feverish discussion of what was going on at the Front, which occupied the Chamber in secret committee. M. Tardieu apparently had a capacity for asking those questions about the conduct of the war that the Cabinet regarded as the most annoying. The author of an anonymous article on M. Tardieu published in the "Revue de Paris" for June, 1927, says that old Ribot, the paradoxical Premier of this tense period, thought it wiser to get rid of this questioner, and that M. Tardieu owed his mission to the United States to the old man's timidity. I cannot believe that history was, in this case, so like the comic stage. A friend of mine who was in M. Ribot's cabinet had no little admiration for the contrast between the slender frail old gentleman and his moral courage. It seems much more probable that M. Ribot, who had an American wife and had repeatedly visited the United States, thought he saw in M. Tardieu the qualities which would fit him for dealing with practical business men at a time when every word would count and not a single step could be wasted.

To America then, came M. Tardieu; a cruiser landed him at an unfrequented Virginian port just a month after President Wilson had finally decided that war was a necessity. It was an event of little interest —a politician who had long been a journalist was landing. Yet when the same man was to sail again he was not a mere politician, but a diplomat who had done big things and who felt he was ready for more.

The year which M. Tardieu spent in America as High Commissioner of France to the United States did more for him than even his unparalleled success on "Le Temps." The opportunities for personal development and worldly advancement were unique. He has told us of these American experiences in "Devant l'Obstacle," a book published in 1927, which has been translated, unfortunately in impossible translator's lingo, under the title "France and America." The French title is much more revealing. Plainly, M. Tardieu went to the United States in 1917 fully realizing the difficulty of his task; and when, ten years later, he sat down to write a book weighing the chances for a Franco-American understanding, the same idea was present and he selected a title implying difficulty.

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There is no doubt that what M. Tardieu tackled in May 1917 might have daunted a less brave man. America had just come into the war, but she was not ready. It had been part of her Government's policy that she should not be ready. However, she was now in the war, and her passionate desire, the longing of all her men and women, was to be prepared. This was the time when a foreigner—an associate, it is true, but an outsider all the same—came upon the scene and virtually said: "Get ready, by all means; but it is more important that you should help us over there, for we are in need of vast supplies, which we cannot obtain except from you. We need foodstuffs, chemicals, coal and steel by the million tons. Every day I receive from my colleagues in Paris, desperate cables beseeching me to send more coal, more wheat, more nitrate. You say you haven't got the boats in which to transport those multitudinous cargoes. Build the boats! You are America, and you are our sole hope."

Nor was this all. "Send us men too," said M. Tardieu. But America did not wish to send her men till there were enough of them to be called *her* army. When M. Tardieu answered, "Send the men; we can train them; we have three years' experience," he knew only too well that worse difficulties would arise; yet, in the end these difficulties were conquered.

"Devant l'Obstacle" is a pathetic book, the work of a man who, day after day, was beset by problems which seemed insoluble. Many times it recalls the narratives of soldiers in battle, for that strange element—"Is it possible that I was there?"—is never absent. Yet, it is an optimist's book, for M. Tardieu ultimately was successful, incredibly successful, in his mission. And when the author deals with the larger question, "How can France, as a nation, do with America what I did with Americans?" he is also an optimist. Three hundred pages are filled with historical examples of lack of understanding between France and America, French people and American people, yet the book is concluded with an encouraging statement, one which sums up the experiences of many other Frenchmen familiar with the United States—namely, "The one obstacle between France and America is not lack of comprehension, it is merely lack of acquaintance."

In the spring of 1918, M. Tardieu was recalled. His presence in New York had become less necessary; but there were two million Americans in France and a Commissioner of Franco-American relations was imperative. Clemenceau did not hesitate in his choice. General Huguet has recently published a book showing how difficult the collaboration with the British high command was at first, and how impossible Haig's acceptance of Foch's directions seemed for a long time. There was never any such friction between the American staff and the French. On the contrary, the truth of M. Tardieu's fundamental contention that the Americans and the French only need to become acquainted in order to understand each other was demonstrated by the facts. Yet this amicability was due in no small part to the fact that the two protagonists on the French side were Clemenceau and Tardieu, both of whom had lived in America and were in sympathy with American idiosyncrasies.

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It was natural that M. Tardieu should not be absent from the peace negotiations. He belonged to the Cabinet, he spoke English, and people had not forgotten that, only four years before, he was Georges Villiers, a specialist in foreign affairs who lacked nothing except the personal experience of diplomacy, and this he had recently acquired in the most modern business laboratory, New York. A good deal of criticism has been leveled at M. Tardieu for his share in the Treaty of Versailles. People have said that he was hostile to Austria and opposed the formation of a new confederacy of Southern Germany in which Austria would have been at home. He is reproached with having taken the responsibility of leaving Germany as she was, with nothing to hinder her return to the position she held in Europe before the war. A famous American politician once told me that the treaty, as far as it pertained to France, was easy to draw up—pure and simple annexation of the left bank of the Rhine. After such a struggle, he said, a proportionate redivision was a necessity as well as a right. Easy and simple indeed, only too easy and too simple. If Germany were dismembered either by annexations or by the revival of the Southern confederacy, how could she pay? Critics of the type of Signor Nitti who, on the pacifist side, also view the Treaty as something which plain common sense and Christian charity could have made perfect, would do well to read M. Tardieu's book on the peace negotiations, in my opinion the best of all similar publications. They would promptly realize that the Treaty might tend toward justice, but, owing to evident impossibilities, could not accomplish it. Germany ought to pay for all the damages she had caused, but she could not do so. Austria and Hungary ought to make life possible for the nations they had for centuries tyrannized over, but these new nations could only exist by the annexation of racial minorities. Italy could not get all she wanted, but if she were frustrated she would be discontented, and in her discontent might lie the germ of future wars. The resurrection of Poland was only the reparation for an historic crime, but the Silesian absurdities would come in its train.

The list of details would be endless. The negotiators were neither Metternichs nor Talleyrands: indeed, the three of them who led the rest, Wilson, Clemenceau and Lloyd George were insufficiently equipped. But it is vain to imagine that diplomatic geniuses, even though assisted by living encyclopedias like M. Tardieu, could make the impossible possible.

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In November 1919 the general election returned to the Chamber an "horizon blue" majority exactly similar to the "khaki parliament" which Great Britain simultaneously gave to Mr. Lloyd George. M. Tardieu was, of course, in this majority, and here a new phase of his career opened. So far he had been a technician, henceforth he was to be a politician. His influence in the new Chamber was a foregone conclusion. Clemenceau had been rejected as President by a Chamber which has been taxed with ingratitude for doing so, but which might have been twitted with lack of foresight had the result been the reverse. M. Tardieu, the great old man's understudy, was treated in consequence as if he were Clemenceau himself. The opposition laid on his head the blame for the shortcomings of the Treaty, while the majority looked to him as their natural chief. M. Tardieu is not the kind of man who can easily be popular in an assembly. His friends are deeply attached to him, but he has not many and he does not care to enlarge the number. There is a general sharpness about him which is not prepossessing. Faguet used to contrast a polite eighteenth-century abbé's way of "asking his opponent's pardon for not quite agreeing as yet with his opinion" with Brunetière's "Sir, there is a gulf between you and me." M. Tardieu is rather of Brunetière's school. A cartoon of him shows him saying to an angry opposition, "You will do well to reserve some strength for what I still have to force upon your hearing." The witty anonymous writer who in 1922, gave us in "Ceux qui nous mènent" portraits of the leading French politicians, says in terse uncharitable sentences that "M. Tardieu has less real importance than he ascribes to himself, but he rightly considers that the best way of being thought important is to think one's self so. He opines that tasteful sobriety has no chance. His exceeding confidence looks uncomfortably like self-sufficiency." An anecdote is also current of old Clemenceau standing before a tapestry representing the creation of the world and suddenly asking, "Mais, où est Tardieu?" However, while many people would be killed by such epigrams, M. Tardieu survives. He has reached the stage where cartoons only add to one's publicity. So, while he is not exactly popular in the Chamber, nobody ever dreams of denying that he is a force, and if circumstances favor, there is no reason why he should not appear as *the* driving power.

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In the Chamber which sat from 1919 till 1924, M. Tardieu appeared intensely Nationalist. He repeatedly protested against what he called the inertness of an assembly elected by popular enthusiasm against the Radical faction in office since 1877, and yet continuing to serve under Radical Premiers—Millerand, Briand, Leygues, Poincaré—famous, it is true, and moderate, yet politically its enemies. He, at all events, would not do so, and on three occasions refused office. Meanwhile he lost no opportunity of prophesying that this passive attitude of a Chamber which ought to be triumphant must receive its punishment in the next election. The country would not be satisfied with a majority which it wanted overwhelmingly Nationalist but which acted as if it were a minority.

This decisive attitude was dangerous. For if M. Tardieu's predictions became facts, there would be no place for him in the next Chamber. He would be regarded as the typical Nationalist, a reincarnation of Clemenceau, and a martinet; and even if he were returned by his constituency, he would appear in an alienated assembly as a defeated champion.

His prophecies materialized. The election of May 1924 was as overwhelmingly Radical as the previous one, in 1919, had been Nationalist, and M. Tardieu was among the beaten. The exultant Radicals danced the scalp-dance around their victims, hooted out President Millerand and Premier Poincaré, and M. Tardieu came in for a copious share of insulting compassion. It might be well to mention here that the French Radicals have nothing in common with American Radicals, although they call themselves the Red Party. They are the perfect and not very formidable counterpart of the English Liberals.

The defeated leader acted with a good deal of dignity. He wrote to his electors a letter which gave food for thought even to his bitterest opponents. In less than a month many deputies on the other side publicly regretted that such an able man should be absent from the national debates. M. Tardieu did not seem willing to take advantage of this wave. He retired to his books and even the "Echo National," a newspaper he had been editing, disappeared from the stalls.

Such periods of self-effacement are habitual in the careers of most politicians. They are useful in that they give them time for reconsidering their position; they also prepare the public for possible changes. In 1926 the representative for Belfort—the one Alsatian constituency not annexed by Bismarck in 1871—died and M. Tardieu was returned in his place. He reappeared another man, calmer, less sarcastic, and less uncompromising. In a few weeks he resumed the position of a leader, but not on the Nationalist platform. His point of view was that the Government should not look for its support to the Radicals, who were too obviously under the thumb of their Socialist allies, but to the moderate groups of the Chamber, as remote from the Nationalists as they were from the Socialists. Such a move, M. Tardieu said, would keep the Government safely away from measures like the capital levy, the threat of which was sufficient to frighten money away from France, and would stop the fall of the franc.

But M. Tardieu was not heard, the Herriot Government went on with its Radical policies, the franc lost day after day, people grew more nervous and began to clamor for money in exchange for their bonds. One July afternoon the dollar quotation was forty-six francs, bankruptcy loomed near, and a threatening mob surrounded the Chamber of Deputies. Two days later, the same Poincaré who had been ignominiously ejected from office was called back with the silent approval of the Radicals. M. Poincaré at once formed the Coalition Cabinet which was to save the franc in a spectacular way, and in this cabinet M. Tardieu sat as Minister of Public Works.

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What remains to be said can be stated in a few lines. M. Tardieu as Minister of Public Works hardly ever spoke; but he acted—for in spite of the rise of the currency which has elsewhere produced dangerous industrial or commercial crises, there has been next to no unemployment in France. Had it not been for the frankness of "Devant l'Obstacle" and the impression left on serious minds by this book, M. Tardieu's action would have almost seemed anonymous. But political events have brought about the situation which M. Tardieu was recommending, two years ago, as the most favorable for the recovery of France. The election of April 1928 was nothing else than the triumph in the French Chamber of the moderate sections designated as the Center Left, and as far removed from M. Caillaux and his Socialist affiliations as from M. Marin and his Nationalist friends. M. Tardieu should no longer be considered as the representative of Clemenceau's policies carried on in the spirit of wartime. He is much more the representative of the conservative Liberalism whose organ is that same dignified newspaper, "Le Temps," to which he owes his early prestige. He is no bellicist, he is no clerical, he is no candidate to an eventual dictatorship. He is a strong man with a political, but also with a business training; he is an ambitious man, whose ambition is primarily to solve practical problems in the American spirit. Making proper allowance for obvious dissimilarities of temper, he is another Poincaré, whose political friends are the stanchest supporters of M. Poincaré.

Is it surprising therefore if, in his newly formed Cabinet, M. Poincaré should have given him a post of immeasurably greater importance than the Ministry of Public Works? M. Tardieu is now Minister of the Interior, that is to say, he controls the police, he controls the civil service, and, thanks to the fact that he appoints, removes or discharges the *préfets*, he largely controls the share of the government in elections. No wonder the Radicals, who always held this office, through an absurd tradition, even while they were a minority, were enraged by his appointment.

But M. Poincaré had no choice. The majority which at present supports him, is nothing else than a coalition of the moderate Liberal groups led by M. Tardieu, and this majority (stronger than its opponent by about forty votes) will hold power till 1930. During three full years then, M. Poincaré can do nothing without M. Tardieu, whom he thoroughly respects; and should he have to retire, a mere counting of votes—apart from the strength of a rare personality—would show that his successor can only be Tardieu.

# IF WE REALLY WOULD LESSEN CRIME

*Let Us Look to Our Gospel of Materialism, Our Gods of Amusement*

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

JUST about the time the nineteenth century turned into the twentieth there was a wave of intense interest in the crime situation in the United States. It was agreed by nearly everybody that matters were steadily going from bad to worse as far as the occurrence of crime was concerned; and by persons regarded as authorities the suspicion was freely voiced that crime was increasing mainly because of defects in the criminal laws, in criminal-court procedure, and, more especially, in the penal treatment of criminals. Prisons were depicted as virtually training-schools in crime, and the common practice of herding together delinquents of every age and every degree of delinquency was, with reason, severely criticized and vehemently denounced.

So effective was the denunciation that popular support was readily obtained for such innovations as juvenile courts and a marked extension of the system of probation and parole. A whole army of social workers was enlisted, and high hopes were entertained that, with its aid, and the aid of expert penologists, criminologists, physicians, psychologists and psychiatrists, the crime problem would soon be in a fair way to solution. Alas! Crime is even more in evidence to-day than it was at the turn of the century—so much in evidence that it may fairly be said that if the United States in the intervening years has become the richest country in the world, it has also become the most crime infested.

In the single State of New York, I have seen it alleged, four times as many criminals are now incarcerated as in all England. In New York City alone, arraignments in magistrates' courts have risen from about 130,000 in the year 1900 to upward of 450,000 twenty-five years later. In Cleveland ten times as many automobiles are stolen as in London, which is ten times the size of Cleveland. In Detroit a research bureau has assembled figures indicating that "an equivalent of one tenth of the male population of the city is placed under arrest during a year." Yet no one of these cities is to be mentioned, in point of criminality, in the same breath with Chicago.

In Chicago, criminals have become so numerous and so bold as to dispute with one another, in murderous street battles, the right to prey on non-criminal Chicago citizens. Assassins rove the streets in automobiles mounted with machine-guns, and the rattle of bullets and the exploding of bombs have become almost commonplace accompaniments to the ordinary hubbub of city life. When perchance a Chicago or a New York thug is shot down by a rival in the course of one of the chronic feuds of thuggery, he is likely to be buried with a splendor that speaks eloquently both for the profits of crime and for the place crime holds in the city's social activities. Here is an excerpt from a newspaper description of a recent thug funeral in Chicago:

"The floral tributes were as wonderful as if it was the funeral of a President of the United States. . . . So many flowers came that they filled not only the house but the back yard, the front lawn, the passage-ways between houses, and a neighboring lawn. It took seventeen automobiles to carry the flowers.

"Apparently to add to the impressiveness of the occasion, the pall-bearers, twelve of them, were dressed in tuxedos. Over the casket was furled a silk American flag, topped with a brass eagle, and a silk Italian flag with a brass symbol, crown and cross. The procession was two miles long, and before it started police and detectives searched the cars for machine-guns and sawed-off shot-guns, but none were found. The funeral went off without a hitch."

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Fortunately for the rest of the country, Chicago still stands by itself as a paradise for the ultra-criminal. However, the rest of the country is so crime-ridden that murders in the United States now total around twelve thousand a year and the yearly property loss from crime is estimated at four billion dollars. This includes the losses inflicted not only by thieves, burglars and highwaymen of the common or garden variety, but by fire-bugs, forgers, embezzlers and swindlers ranging from cheap "confidence men" to promoters and venders of fraudulent securities. Precisely how many persons take part in the nation-wide plundering there is, of course, no means of knowing. But police, court-room and prison statistics leave no doubt that the criminal element in the population is exceeding large—and that, with every year, it grows larger.

Accordingly, and not surprisingly, we now witness among the people in general a perturbed awakening to the frustration of the hope of crime prevention through such agencies as the juvenile court, probation, parole and prison reform. Under the influence of popular wrath, a reaction has set in against these really valuable agencies, threatening to impair their usefulness; and a mounting cry goes up for ever greater severity in the punishment of those found guilty of even petty crimes. Already this cry has borne fruit in the enactment, in various States, of laws so severe that men are now serving life sentences for the theft of property worth only a few dollars, and, in at least one instance, for nothing more heinous than the possession of a bottle of whisky.

Even jurists of eminence, as indicated by their platform utterances and magazine articles, seem to share the current belief that the one way to deal adequately with crime is through merciless treatment of the criminal. In a word, blind rage has impelled to a well-nigh universal swing-back to medieval notions which, most emphatically, did not suffice to blot out criminality in the Middle Ages or through the succeeding centuries. And because rage always is blind, it to-day impedes, as it did in the Middle Ages, recognition of the fundamental truth that crime, like every other social evil, is the product of specific causes, and can be lessened only by rooting out these causes. What, in the name of common sense, is to be gained for crime prevention by treating full-blown criminals either mercilessly or mercifully, as long as we tolerate conditions developing new and ever larger crops of criminals to be treated mercilessly or mercifully?

More than this, in our United States of to-day crime-developing conditions are demonstrably producing their larger crop of criminals at an almost incredibly early age. Whatever truth there may once have been in the theory that most crimes and the worst crimes are the work of veteran offenders, to-day the veterans are conspicuously in the minority among American criminals. The crime problem, that is to say, is essentially a problem of youth. As Mr. Edwin J. Cooley, probation expert, said only a year or so ago:

"The majority of the most spectacular crimes bruited in the public press has been committed by mere youths. Richard Reese Whittemore, recently hanged in Baltimore, was barely twenty-four years old. His vicious traits became evident before he was seven years old, and he was twice arraigned in court before he was eleven. Two boys recently executed for murder in the State prison at Sing Sing, New York, were merely nineteen years of age. Last June, in New York City, a boy who shot and killed a grocer during a robbery was only sixteen years old, and his youthful companion was but fifteen years of age."

In a single year, of nine hundred admissions to Sing Sing, sixteen per cent were men under twenty-one, sixty per cent were not yet thirty, and the average age was about twenty-four. Of more than three thousand offenders arraigned in the Court of General Sessions, New York City, almost sixty-three per cent were less than twenty-five years old. Of the many tried in a Massachusetts criminal court, where I recently served as a juror, the majority were well under thirty. Indeed, the presence in the dock of a man as old as forty was so exceptional as to cause comment among my fellow-jurors. Of course, though, there also was comment, the comment of astonishment and regret, on the youthfulness of many a man accused of some grave crime. One man not yet thirty, I remember, had been arrested seventeen times before coming into this court to be convicted of highway robbery.

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As in New York and Massachusetts, so through the country. Truly men begin to go wrong early in the United States of to-day. Nor is it only, as some allege, the mentally defective and semi-defective who go wrong. Deficiency and outright insanity undeniably characterize some criminals. Yet the most recent psychological studies of inmates of American reformatories and prisons, indicate that the mentality of our average present-day criminal is at least on a parity with that of the average non-criminal citizen. In one prison the psychologist, Carl A. Murchison, found that the caged inmates scored, on the average, seventy-five per cent higher in intelligence tests than the "good men and true" employed to keep them caged. One can easily forgive Dr. Murchison's cynical remark:

"The only reason the guards continued to live was because the architects of that prison had done their job well."

Bearing also in mind that not all criminals are in prison, and that those caught and convicted must in some degree be less nimble mentally than criminals clever enough to escape detection and conviction, it becomes still plainer that it is not intellectual inferiority that is responsible for our increasing host of young thieves, bandits, swindlers and killers. What is responsible for them is, in part, the manner of their rearing, and in part the shortcomings of the social environment in which they are reared. To put it as frankly and directly as possible, if we really would lessen crime we must, both as individuals and collectively, concern ourselves infinitely more than we now are doing with the upbringing of the young.

That we are not properly concerning ourselves with this is mainly due, it seems to me, to a most unfortunate life philosophy engendered and fostered by our great national wealth, and particularly by the special circumstances under which, as a nation, we continue to grow richer and richer.

Thanks to American inventive and organizing genius, and to an unparalleled use of machinery, in no other country is industrial production maintained at so high a level as it is in the United States, with ever shortening hours of labor for workers paid wages unknown in any other land. Nowhere else, moreover, do the highly paid workers have such facilities for the agreeable occupation of their abundant leisure, means of amusement being organized as efficiently in the United States as means of industrial production. And nowhere else is there such skilful and incessant propaganda directed to creating, among the highly paid worker-consumers, a market for the comforts, conveniences, luxuries and purchasable amusements produced and organized on a stupendous scale.

All this has had the effect of keeping up both wages and profits, as reflected by a decrease in labor troubles, and by rising prices for the securities of industrial and amusement corporations. But as certainly it also has had the effect of imbuing no end of people with the perniciously false notion that nothing in life matters much outside of getting money, spending money and amusing one's self. Necessarily this notion weakens all sense of social responsibility, including the right rearing of the children one brings into the world, and even the responsibility in one's relations as husband or wife.

So we have, as an actual fact, the terrible spectacle of an accelerating rise in the curve of divorce in the United States. Twenty years ago, when I had occasion to make a special study of the divorce problem, I found that every twelfth American marriage ends in the divorce court.

To-day every eighth marriage thus ends, while in some communities divorce writes finis to every fifth or sixth marriage. Nor do divorce-court figures by any means tell the whole story of marriage failure in the United States. There is such a thing as voluntary separation without divorce proceedings, there is such a thing as separation by desertion of husband or wife, there is such a thing as separation by murder.

When separation occurs by any means, and when the separated couple have young children, what is the effect on these? From analytical studies of thousands of delinquents and criminals, we have proof positive that the effect is to impel, or at least to help in impelling, to a life of vice and crime.

Recall, for a moment, the three thousand New York City offenders of whom almost sixty-three per cent were not twenty-five years old when brought into court. Almost half of the total number—47.1 per cent, to be precise—were products of "broken homes"; that is, of homes in which the upbringing of the future criminal had devolved entirely on one parent, owing to the removal of the other, usually the father, by death, agreement to separate, desertion or divorce. Other surveys of large groups of juvenile delinquents and adult criminals have revealed still more strikingly the crime-promoting influence of the broken home; as, for instance, in Massachusetts, where Dr. Sheldon Glueck, studying the life histories of one thousand criminals, found upward of sixty per cent of these to have been subjected as children to a "broken home" influence.

Besides which, as is well known, there are many homes that may accurately be described as "broken" even though husband and wife continue to live together. The *Mr.* and *Mrs. Bowser* type of home, with parental bickering the rule, has repeatedly been found productive of nervousness or delinquency in its children. So has the home where children are caused to feel that they are not wanted, the home of neglect due to parental devotion to self-indulgent pleasures, and the "volsteadian" home of perpetual repression, prohibitions and nagging. From homes such as these, children are apt to flee to the streets, to companions and to situations that may be provocative of vice or crime, or of both vice and crime.

It matters not that the parental "prohibitions" may be inflicted with the best intentions in the world. It breeds antagonism, rebellion and perhaps a waywardness of dire result. As also, for that matter, does the opposite extreme of rearing children with virtually no effort at discipline, pampering them, giving them their way in everything, gratifying their every whim. There are parents, many parents, foolish enough to do this, forgetful that as soon as the children go to school they will be in a world where they can no longer lord it as they are wont to do in the home domain. Failing to get their own way, untrained for adjustments, inner conflict is a certain consequence, with, in one case, nervousness, in another delinquency and crime as the ultimate outcome.

This is not theory. It is statement based on facts established by the probings of psychological and psychiatric investigators in the modern clinics connected with juvenile courts, criminal courts and prisons. If we are having a constant rise in the occurrence of crime it is primarily because, under the sway of the materialism that has grown with increased absorption in the producing and consuming of machine-made goods and pleasures, parents have been giving less and less thought to the vital business of parenthood.

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Emerson's dictum, "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," was never so true as it is to-day in the United States. If only because things dominate the national consciousness, life itself has become vulgarized and cheapened, and decreasing attention paid to its higher values, including the value of so rearing children as to make them men and women of sterling character, of insight, refinement and a sound morality. Parents too lazy, too negligent, to bestow on their children at least as much thought and care as they bestow on the instalment-purchased articles with which they clutter their homes, need not be surprised and shocked if in a few short years the children become anything but creditable to them.

Of course it may be objected that many parents are hampered by poverty in the upbringing of their children. Undoubtedly this is the case, and undoubtedly the slums that still disgrace many of our cities do play a part in crime production. But also undoubtedly it is true that there is far less poverty in the United States than there used to be. If this were not so, the automobile industry, the radio industry, the perfumery industry, the baseball industry, and the moving-picture industry—luxury and recreational industries in general—could never have prospered so amazingly as of recent years. And herein we have a significant commentary on the once widespread belief that poverty is the great cause of crime. Lessen poverty, it used to be argued, especially by socialists, and you will automatically lessen crime. Well, poverty has been signally lessened in the United States, and what have we with regard to crime?

We have a state of affairs that tempts one to question even the validity of the traditional doctrine that it is easier to be good when one is prosperous than when one is poor. In the light of our present social situation it must at least be acknowledged that, for both the nation and the individual, grave dangers flow from esteeming material prosperity too highly and in vaunting as the greatest of blessings mass production, mass consumption and a mammoth foreign trade. The gravest danger would actually seem to be that of inviting moral bankruptcy, particularly through such a lowering of standards as to involve, in the home, failure in character building, and, outside the home, temptations and incitements to loose and criminal living.

How passing strange it is that, while we inveigh against crime and demand harsher and harsher punishment of criminals, we tolerate in our newspapers, our theaters of the spoken drama and our theaters of the picture play, an incessant glorification of crime and criminals. We no longer call thugs by their proper name, but romantically dub them gunmen. We parade in head-lines the enormous profits accruing from crime. In one way and another, for commercial purposes, we harmfully inflame the imagination of mis-reared youth, eager for adventure, alive with the energy and the craving for action normal to youth and needing only guidance to make its superb qualities count for high achievement.

Then when youth, under the two-fold stimulus of a home rearing devoid or virtually devoid of religious training and instruction in morals, and of a social environment that tends to make the inherently unadmirable seem the admirable; when youth thus influenced does go wrong, it is not ourselves we blame, nor yet the parents of mis-reared youth. With righteous indignation we demand strict enforcement of the law, to the extent it may be of taking the law-breaker's life, if perchance there has been a killing with a revolver which, because revolvers can be sold at a profit, we have made no effort to keep out of the hands of the mis-reared. "How villainous he looks," we say of the killer in the dock. "He must have been a bad one all his life."

We forget that there was a time when this killer was like the little child sleeping in its mother's arms in the corner of the hushed court-room. We forget that, only a short while before, this defiant or panic-stricken killer, was himself romping and laughing in the simplicity and beauty of childhood. We forget, with reference to him, the profound truth in Pascal's saying, "Each one of us comes into life as a little unmoral being, pushed indifferently toward good or evil by the influences that surround us." We think of none of these things, we unhesitatingly, ruthlessly condemn.

That, you protest, is sheer sentimentalism, society must be protected against its criminals, they must not be allowed to ravage at will. Of course not. But is society truly being protected against its criminals by a mere penalizing which, while it may check somewhat the "crime wave" of to-day, affects not at all the material for the "crime wave" of to-morrow, "now in the making in children of six to twelve years of age in the streets of our cities," as Dean Kirchwey has succinctly put it? It is not the criminals of to-day but the potential criminals of to-morrow and the day after to-morrow, that should most alarm us and move us to effective action. And, unless all the available evidence counts for naught, effective action can be had only through a national awakening to the folly of accounting most precious the augmentation of wealth and the gaining of pleasure.

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Will there ever be such an awakening, or are we fatally committed to the gospel of materialism? Can we expect ever to escape from the deadening yoke of the economic evaluation of life, and hark back to the old ideals of civic responsibility, of marital responsibility, of parental responsibility, the ideals of the fireside, the home, the church?

Speaking of the church, it is indeed a depressing, a discouraging circumstance that, at this very moment, sixty million of our American people, or more than fifty per cent of the population, are quite without church affiliations. Nevertheless, if fewer people, in proportion, attend church than in bygone generations, there is discernible a growing, if slowly growing interest in writings and utterances of a religious character; so that, over the radio, multitudes throughout the country now are listening to religious discourses and to inspiring talks that may yet make for a national awakening.

This is one sign that we may possibly escape the crash which a persisting materialism will make inevitable—just as, not so long ago, materialism harried Germany to her downfall. Another encouraging sign is the increasing number of outspoken critics of the industrial system that machine production and super-efficiency have foisted on us. Still another is the appearance of "Beggar on Horseback," "The Moon Is a Gong," and "Loud Speaker" satirists of the haste, futility and nervous waste of our "business first" age. And a fourth sign provocative of optimism is the rising importance of such organizations as the National Congress of Parents and Teachers dedicated to the task of trying to rouse the nation to a realizing sense of parenthood's duties and childhood's needs.

Hence, as I see it, there still is ground for hope that, before it is too late, truly preventive action will be taken to lessen, not only crime, but the many other social evils that have likewise increased with our increasing quest of the dollar and the "good time." But I honestly do not believe that the taking of such action can safely be delayed much longer. Disaster has a way of overwhelming nations, suddenly and unexpectedly, even as it has a way of taking individuals unawares.

# HOLY FACE

### *Feasts Must Be Rare or Else They Cease to Be Feasts*

### ALDOUS HUXLEY

"GOOD times" are chronic nowadays. There is dancing every afternoon, continuous performance at all the picture palaces, a radio concert on tap, like gas or water, at any hour of the day or night. The fine point of seldom pleasure is duly blunted.

Feasts must be solemn and rare, or else they cease to be feasts. "Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are," (or at any rate they were in Shakspere's day, the day of Merrie England), "or captain jewels in the carcanet." The ghosts of these grand occasional jollifications still haunt our modern year. But the stones of worth are indistinguishable from the loud imitation jewelry which now adorns the entire circlet of days. Gems, when they are too large and too numerous, lose all their precious significance; the treasure of an Indian prince is as unimpressive as Aladdin's cave at the pantomime. Set in the midst of the stage diamonds and rubies of modern pleasure, the old feasts are hardly visible. It is only among more or less completely rustic populations, lacking the means and the opportunity to indulge in the modern chronic "good time," that the surviving feasts preserve something of their ancient glory. Me personally the unflagging pleasures of contemporary cities leave most lugubriously unamused. The prevailing boredom—for oh, how desperately bored, in spite of their grim determination to have a good time, the majority of pleasure-seekers really are!—the hopeless weariness infect me. Among the lights, the alcohol, the hideous jazz noises and the incessant movement, I feel myself sinking into deeper and ever deeper despondency. By comparison with a night-club, churches are positively gay. If ever I want to make merry in public, I go where merrymaking is occasional and the merriment therefore of genuine quality; I go where feasts come rarely.

For one who would frequent only the occasional festivities, the great difficulty is to be in the right place at the right time. I have traveled through Belgium and found, in little market-towns, kermesses that were orgiastic, like the merrymaking in a Breughel picture. But how to remember the date? And how, remembering it, to be in Flanders again at the appointed time? The problem is almost insoluble. And then there is Frogmore. The nineteenth century sculpture in the royal mausoleum is reputed to be the most amazing of its amazing kind. I should like to see Frogmore. But the anniversary of

Queen Victoria's death is the only day in the year when the temple is open to the public. The old queen died, I believe, in January. But what was the precise date? And, if one enjoys the blessed liberty to be elsewhere, how shall one reconcile one's self to being in England at such a season? Frogmore, it seems, will have to remain unvisited. And there are many other places, many other dates and days which, alas, I shall always miss. I must even be resignedly content with the few festivities whose times I can remember and whose scene coincides, more or less, with that of my existence in each particular portion of the year.

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One of these rare and solemn dates which I happen never to forget is September the thirteenth. It is the feast of the Holy Face of Lucca. And since Lucca is within thirty miles of the seaside place where I spend the summer, and since the middle of September is still serenely and transparently summer by the shores of the Mediterranean, the feast of the Holy Face is counted among the captain jewels of my year. At the religious function and the ensuing fair I am, each September, a regular attendant.

"By the Holy Face of Lucca!" It was William the Conqueror's favorite oath. And if I were in the habit of cursing and swearing, I think it would also be mine. For it is a fine oath, admirable both in form and substance. "By the Holy Face of Lucca!" In whatever language you pronounce them, the words reverberate, they rumble with the rumbling of genuine poetry. And for any one who has ever seen the Holy Face, how pregnant they are with power and magical compulsion! For the Face, the Holy Face of Lucca, is certainly the strangest, the most impressive thing of its kind that I have ever seen.

Imagine a huge wooden Christ, larger than life, not naked, as in later representations of the crucifixion, but dressed in a long tunic, formally fluted with stiff Byzantine folds. The face is not the face of a dead, or dying, or even suffering man. It is the face of a man still violently alive, and the expression of its strong features is stern, is fierce, is even rather sinister. From the dark sockets of polished cedar-wood two yellowish tawny eyes, made apparently of some precious stone, or perhaps of glass, stare out, slightly squinting, with an unsleeping balefulness. Such is the Holy Face. Tradition affirms it to be a true, contemporary portrait. History establishes the fact that it has been in Lucca for the best part of twelve hundred years. It is said that a rudderless and crewless ship miraculously brought it from Palestine to the beaches of Luni. The inhabitants of Sarzana claimed the sacred flotsam; but the Holy Face did not wish to go to Sarzana. The oxen harnessed to the wagon in which it had been placed were divinely inspired to take the road to Lucca. And at Lucca the Face has remained ever since, working miracles, drawing crowds of pilgrims, protecting and at intervals failing to protect the city of its adoption from harm. Twice a year, at Easter time and on the thirteenth of September, the doors of its little domed tabernacle in the cathedral are thrown open, the candles are lighted and the dark and formidable image, dressed up for the occasion in a jeweled overall and with a glittering crown on its head, stares down—with who knows what mysterious menace in its bright squinting eyes—on the throng of its worshipers.

The official act of worship is a most handsome function. A little after sunset a procession of clergy forms up in the church of San Frediano. In the ancient darkness of the basilica a few candles light up the liturgical ballet. The stiff embroidered vestments, worn by generations of priests and from which the heads and hands of the present occupants emerge with an air of almost total irrelevance (for it is the sacramental carapace that matters; the little man who momentarily fills it is without significance) move hieratically hither and thither through the rich light and the velvet shadows. Under his baldachin the jeweled old archbishop is a museum specimen. There is a forest of silvery miters, spear-shaped against the darkness—bishops seem to be plentiful in Lucca. The choirboys wear lace and scarlet. There is a guard of halberdiers in a gaudily pied medieval uniform. The ritual charade is solemnly danced through. The procession emerges from the dark church into the twilight of the streets. The municipal band strikes up loud inappropriate music. We hurry off to the cathedral by a short cut to take our places for the function.

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The Holy Face has always had a partiality for music. Yearly, through all these hundreds of years, it has been sung to and played at, it has been treated to symphonies, cantatas, solos on every instrument. During the eighteenth century the most celebrated castrati came from the ends of Italy to warble to it; the most eminent professors of the violin, the flute, the oboe, the trombone scraped and blew before its shrine. Paganini himself, when he was living at Lucca in the court of Elisa Bonaparte, performed at the annual concerts in honor of the Face. Times have changed, and the image must now be content with local talent and a lower standard of musical excellence. True, the good-will is always there; the Lucchesi continue to do their musical best; but their best is generally no more nor less than just dully creditable. Not always, however. I shall never forget what happened during my first visit to the Face. The musical program that year was ambitious. There was to be a rendering by choir and orchestra of one of those vast oratorios which the clerical musician, Dom Perosi, composes in a strange and rather frightful mixture of the musical idioms of Palestrina, Wagner and Verdi. The orchestra was enormous; the choir was numbered by the hundred; we waited in pleased anticipation for the music to begin. But when it did begin, what an astounding pandemonium! Everybody played and sang like mad, but without apparently any reference to the playing and singing of anybody else. Of all the musical performances I have ever listened to it was the most Manchester-liberal, the most Victorian-democratic. The conductor stood in the midst of them waving his arms; but he was only a constitutional monarch—for show, not use. The performers had revolted against his despotism. Nor had they permitted themselves to be regimented into Prussian uniformity by any soul-destroying excess of rehearsal. Godwin's prophetic vision of a perfectly individualistic concert was here actually realized. The noise was hair-raising. But the performers were making it with so much gusto that, in the end, I was infected by their high spirits and enjoyed the hullabaloo almost as much as they did. That concert was symptomatic of the general anarchy of post-war Italy. Those times are now past. The Fascists have come, bringing order and discipline—even to the arts. When the Lucchesi play and sing to their Holy Face, they do it now with decorum, in a thoroughly professional and well-drilled manner. It is admirable, but dull. There are times, I must confess, when I regret the loud delirious blaring and bawling of the days of anarchy.

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Almost more interesting than the official acts of worship are the unofficial, the private and individual acts. I have spent hours in the cathedral watching the crowd before the shrine. The great church is full from morning till night. Men and women, young and old, they come in their thousands, from the town, from all the country round, to gaze on the authentic image of God. And the image is dark, threatening and sinister. In the eyes of the worshipers I often detected a certain meditative disquiet. Not unnaturally. For if the face of Providence should really and in truth be like the Holy Face, why then—then life is certainly no joke. Anxious to propitiate this rather appalling image of Destiny, the worshipers come pressing up to the shrine to deposit a little offering of silver or nickel and kiss the reliquary proffered to every alms-giver by the attendant priest. For two francs fifty perhaps Fate will be kind. But the Holy Face continues, unmoved, to squint inscrutable menace. Fixed by that sinister regard and with the smell of incense in his nostrils, the darkness of the church around and above him, the most ordinary man begins to feel himself obscurely a Pascal. Metaphysical gulfs open before him. The mysteries of human destiny, of the future, or the purpose of life oppress and terrify his soul. The church is dark; but in the midst of the darkness is a little island of candle light. Oh, comfort! But from the heart of the comforting light, incongruously jeweled, the dark face stares with squinting eyes, appalling, balefully mysterious.

But luckily, for those of us who are not Pascal, there is always a remedy. We can always turn our back on the Face, we can always leave the hollow darkness of the church. Outside the sunlight pours down out of a flawless sky. The streets are full of people in their holiday best. At one of the gates of the city, in an open space beyond the walls, the merry-go-rounds are turning, the steam organs are playing the tunes that were popular four years ago on the other side of the Atlantic, the fat woman's drawers hang unmoving, like a huge forked pennon, in the windless air outside her booth. There is a crowd, a smell, an unceasing noise—music and shouting, roaring of circus lions, giggling of tickled girls, squealing from the switch-back of deliciously frightened girls, laughing and whistling, tooting of cardboard trumpets, cracking of guns in the rifle range, breaking of crockery, howling of babies, all blended together to form the huge and formless sound of human happiness. Pascal was wise, but wise too consciously, with too consistent a spirituality. For him the Holy Face was always present, haunting him with its dark menace, with the mystery of its baleful eyes. And if ever, in a moment of distraction, he forgot the metaphysical horror of the world and those abysses at his feet, it was with a pang of remorse that he came again to himself, to the self of spiritual consciousness. He thought it right to be haunted, he refused to enjoy the pleasures of the created world, he liked walking among the gulfs. In his excess of conscious wisdom he was mad; for he sacrificed life to principles, to metaphysical abstractions, to the overmuch spirituality which is the negation of existence. He preferred death to life. Incomparably grosser and stupider than Pascal, almost immeasurably his inferiors, the men and women who move with shouting and laughter through the dusty heat of the fair, are yet more wise than the philosopher. They are wise with the unconscious wisdom of the species, with the dumb, instinctive, physical wisdom of life itself. For it is life itself that, in the interests of living, commands them to be inconsistent. It is life itself that, having made them obscurely aware of Pascal's gulfs and horrors, bids them turn away from the baleful eyes of the Holy Face, bids them walk out of the dark, hushed, incense-smelling church into the sunlight, into the dust and whirling motion, the sweaty smell and the vast chaotic noise of the fair. It is life itself; and I for one have more confidence in the rightness of life than in that of any individual man, even if the man be Pascal.

# THE EXECUTIVE LOOKS FOR A JOB

## *And What He Encounters in the Search*

### AN EX-EXECUTIVE

THE office-boy came to my desk. "There's a gentleman to see you that Mr. Blake sent around. He says he had an appointment at eleven."

"Blake? Oh, yes—send him in."

A man in the late thirties, looking for a position as head of our engineering department and recommended by our employment manager, was ushered in as the clock struck eleven. After a few minutes' conversation with him I decided that he was capable, personable, well trained and anxious for the position. Still, he asked a larger salary than we had ever paid and the man at present heading the engineering staff, though less experienced, was sufficiently competent.

"I doubt," I told him, "that we will find it advisable to take advantage of your experience by making a change in our force. However, I shall be glad to keep your name and address on file and will notify you at once if a vacancy occurs."

He hesitated. "If you hear of anything else that might interest me," he said, "would you be good enough to let me know? You see—I've got a delicate youngster and I want to get him out of the city as soon as possible—get settled in a smaller and healthier locality, you know."

"Of course I will. Good luck." We shook hands and I felt as the door closed that by talking with him, promising to let him know if I heard of a position, and wishing him good luck I had conferred some kind of a favor.

He had seemed capable and he had excellent references—still, at his age, probably close on to forty, why was he out of work? He had mentioned change of management at the plant where he had been employed; but, even allowing for politics in the new organization, if he were really as good as he felt he was, wouldn't he have been retained? A man of that age ought to be settled permanently, working up with his concern. Yes, it seemed best to make no change in our engineering department at present.

A few years before, I had been made manager of an old and struggling New England mill. It was now prosperous, well equipped and thoroughly organized. I had been successful in handling the labor problems of the war period and our force of seventeen hundred employees, well supervised, exhibited an esprit de corps of which I was proud. The product we manufactured stood high in the market, profits were satisfactory and I was certain of my bonus when the directors looked over the results for the year.

It was a pleasant prospect and contemplating it with more satisfaction than modesty perhaps, I turned complacently to my morning correspondence and completely forgot the anxious engineer. I remembered him, however, in the years to come—he and a score of others like him, whom I had cheerfully dismissed with a vague promise to notify them if a vacancy occurred.

* * *

But the years went by, and finally —*I* was seeking appointments with plant managers and keeping them as the clock struck eleven or some other designated hour. I was, in fact, to my utter stupefaction, *looking for a job*.

Nothing is assured in this world. The longer anything has been going the less likely it is to continue. Truisms such as these became almost obsessive as I made an effort to adjust myself to my new conditions. I went over my past experience point by point, trying to discover if it had any bearing on my present difficulty.

I had always felt that I had been fortunate in my choice of a vocation. On leaving college I had taken a position with a well-known house selling a staple commodity, cheap wool dress-goods, a steady "seller" in good times and in dull, style being a small factor. And after serving a term of years in the selling end of this business I had taken up production, and for ten years had been manager of the plant. Things had run along smoothly and successfully until women shortened their skirts and went in for silk and rayon. As a result the demand for cheap wool fabrics sickened and almost died. And because of these unforeseen and almost trivial fads, a factory which had been going strong for four generations was suddenly loaded up with unsaleable merchandise, could find no profitable product to turn to promptly and, apparently helpless, was forced to watch losses replace profits.

Then came the inevitable recriminations, stockholders asking about dividends and criticizing the management; the management blaming the selling agents; all making proposals for reorganization or liquidation. A hectic stockholders' meeting was followed by a new directorate with radical policies of retrenchment.

Although I was retained by the new management and given a more impressive title though a less impressive salary, I was unable to adjust myself to policies which I was convinced would destroy what I had spent years in building up. I withdrew from the picture.

During all the years in business I had never taken more than the conventional two weeks' vacation. There was a sense of loyalty to the things I was doing, bred in me by years of custom, and I did not feel that it was fair for me to take any more time away than was given to others in my employ.

The break being made I suddenly realized that I was worn out by the struggles of the past few years and my first move was to take a long sea voyage. Returning home physically refreshed and mentally convinced that somewhere in this vast country a job was waiting for me, I set out to find it.

Much has appeared in the newspapers and magazines about the working-man's difficulty in finding a job and in keeping his dinner-pail full. But the executive is supposed to be able to look out for himself. If not, how did he reach his position of authority? He may work late in the night over the problems of his business—there are no unions to stop him. He may spend many a Saturday afternoon or Sunday—when the golf course is bright and fair—at his desk, and no one will pay him overtime. Workers come to him with their troubles and he solves them as wisely as he can, but *he* is not expected to have any troubles. If he has—let him smile and keep them to himself.

The security of his job and the salary he receives are supposed to compensate for the difficulties of his position. But recent events have proved that the executive in many industries, particularly textiles, cannot consider himself secure in his position, while his salary has not been large as measured by the industrial standards of to-day.

Moreover a salaried executive of a large company must maintain standards of living comparable with those of the proprietors of other businesses in the neighborhood. He must contribute generously to various funds, clubs and charities. He cannot practise petty economies, for it might react on the credit of his organization.

And when he relinquishes his job or—as in the case of many executives in the textile field to-day—has it snatched from him, where can he turn, what can he do? What are his chances of finding work in which he can employ his special talents?

Positions are chiefly found in two ways, through friends and acquaintances or by going to agencies who make money out of the misfortunes of the jobless or the needs of employers.

The first recourse of any one in trouble is, naturally, to his friends. They are sympathetic and will do all they can. In my case they gave me introductions to first one and then another person of influence in this or that business.

Then began the reversal of those interviews of which I spoke earlier in this article, interviews so familiar in the past. This time I was on the other side of the table. It was up to me to impress my personality and ability on these strangers.

What had I done? What could I do? I was an executive—that is a broad term and to most people it means a man who doesn't do any work himself but who simply holds a good job. In my case the business I had been connected with had virtually failed. Perhaps it wasn't my fault—but that was only *my* opinion.

Searching for work was a new experience. There had been little difficulty in securing my first job, the job that had resulted in a steady climb up the ladder and twenty-two years of increasing responsibilities and income. As I looked back on it I knew I had slid into my life-work with the usual cheerful carelessness of the college graduate, satisfied to get a toe-hold in a substantial business, and flattering myself with the wisdom of my choice. This time, hunting for work was going to be an entirely different and infinitely more serious problem. I realized this at the outset, though I did not fully appreciate the difficulties I would encounter, or the educative influence of the experience in store for me.

Here is a typical interview with a leading wool merchant interested also in various manufacturing enterprises.

This time, I am the one who is ushered in by the office-boy and who has reason to feel a vague anxiety; it is the other chap, who, securely intrenched behind his mahogany desk, has the kind but unmistakable air of courteously conferring a slight favor.

After a brief reference to the weather and to the common friend who had arranged the interview, he says pleasantly, "Well, now to business. Just what position have you held?"

"I was agent of the Defunct Company Mills."

"Yes, but just what do you mean by 'agent'?"

"Why, plant manager in charge of production. I had general supervision of all manufacturing, from raw wool to the finished piece. I got the goods out on selling-house orders."

"I see, a superintendent."

"No, sir, not exactly. I had a superintendent under me in direct charge of production. My duties also involved relations with the treasurer's office, selling agents, tenements, water-power, and matters outside as well as in the mill."

"Did you do your own designing? Are you familiar with styling?"

"I coöperated with the selling agents in getting out new lines. Of course we had designers for the technical part of the work."

"How about costs? Can you figure fabric costs?"

"Why, we had our cost department, with an expert textile cost accountant in charge, for that. I studied his results and passed them on to the selling agents."

"I see. Are you an engineer, familiar with the mechanical part of the mill?"

"Oh, no. I'm not a graduate engineer. I had my plant engineer in charge of the maintenance and power departments. I worked with them on their problems and have acquired some general knowledge of power and engineering matters pertaining to a textile mill."

My interviewer pauses and looks thoughtful. As for me, I realize that the more I talk the less I can say I know. Am I a superintendent? Certainly not. A designer? Hardly. A cost accountant? No. An engineer or salesman? No—simply an executive.

Evidently the same thoughts are passing through the head of my potential employer, for he says slowly: "I'm sorry. I really don't know at the moment just the thing that would interest you. We're looking for an engineer and we *might* use a cost accountant. I know of an opportunity for a sales manager, but we haven't any vacancies on our general executive staff. Drop in again, will you?"

He bows me out pleasantly and I go glumly down the hall, wondering, "why an executive? And what is he good for?"

* * *

I knew it was true in the textile business that the stimulus of the war and the development of manufacturing efficiency had brought about an over-production. But I was surprised to find that, the same condition seemed to exist in every line of business I investigated.

The moment it became clear that I was a production man, interest waned. There was, however, a general demand for something new or different in the sales end of the business. Over-burdened with goods and equipment, manufacturers felt that some magic selling scheme was all that was needed to restore a healthy balance. The public which could not or would not absorb the product in the old natural way must be inveigled into buying. But selling was not my métier—I was proving it, in trying to sell my own services!

After friends—agencies! I had been in an agency only once in my life—to get a cook for my wife—and I had made a lamentable failure. However, in my present need, I decided to make use of an agency. My position was similar to that of any one out of work except that I was asking a first class salary.

In the general employment agencies most of the applicants are stenographers, clerks, draftsmen and salesmen. System is supreme. As soon as you enter the door you are made to feel your unworthiness and some one as impersonal as a Robot does his best to humiliate you. Large "experience sheets" are given you to fill out, you are numbered, you wait your turn. Interviewers in glass cages are busy all about you. Finally your number is called and you face the inquisitor, who may have an opening listed in his card-index that will match your experience sheet. Again—he may not.

There are, of course, special agencies that place executives. My experience with these has been pleasant, but not productive of results. I met with a cordial reception, an expression of eagerness to have my name on the list, a lengthy explanation of the difficulty usually encountered in finding the right man for the better positions—none of which, unfortunately, was on the lists at present. Something might develop at any time—but there was nothing, however, that would fit my case at the moment.

Friends and agencies proving helpless in my dilemma, I polished up my third arrow and proceeded to shoot it. I had a little capital of my own and, having had financial backing offered me, all I had to do, it seemed, was to look about for some business in which I might enter as partner or proprietor. But this line of investigating led to somewhat similar results. No one was at all anxious for the partner sans the capital, there *was* some room for the partner and the capital, and there were any number of opportunities for the capital sans the partner.

Three cases of the second type which came to my attention I investigated thoroughly. A detailed recital of them would not be interesting, but there were certain striking similarities that were significant since they were in widely different fields of enterprise.

None of them had been earning satisfactory returns on the money already invested. All of them had good fields for their respective products. There was a vital personality connected with each which had in the past been remarkably successful in that or some other field of activity. Each of them seemed particularly uninterested in me and my record and my fitness for the business—which might be considered a flattering acceptance of my personality, or—my capital. Finally none of them could afford to pay more than a nominal salary until the possibilities of the golden future had been developed. In other words my money and my services were to be gambled in an unfamiliar game of chance.

Undoubtedly these are hazards from which notable successes of the future will evolve. Exceptional judgment, a rare ability to nose out the safe and the good thing from the too doubtful, will make a fortune for the enterprising gambler. But it does not require a profound student of economics and percentages, to realize that only a few from a large number of such ventures are destined to succeed.

Like all executives in big business I had worked with a strong financial and credit backing. To such a man the problems of the small industry with limited capital are strange and irritating. Would it be possible for me to make the adjustment?

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My experience is not unique. There is many an executive at present out of a position and looking around for a new one—erstwhile employers eager to be employed. What is to become of them?

The lot of a jobless executive is a thousand times more precarious than that of the laborer or artisan out of work, because his opportunities are infinitely more limited. Compared with the professional man, the engineer—as shown by the interview I have recorded—he is much more helpless, because he has no specialized field upon which to build a new career. In the larger organizations there is usually an oversupply of executive talent, and almost never a chance for one who has not grown up with the business. In the smaller concerns, salaries are much below the expectations of a man of this type and not compatible with his established manner of living. A special knowledge of a practical nature is also required—the applicant must be a combination of executive and foreman.

On the other hand, as a proprietor, because his capital is probably limited, he will not only find himself on the unfamiliar ground of a small business, but he will be risking his capital as well.

If a man has spent half a business lifetime in training for a highly specialized vocation, he has reason to feel that it is about time to enjoy some of the fruits of his efforts. The executive who has lost his job, however, and who takes on one of another type loses also the advantage of a part of his experience. But he may find consolation in the thought that in whatever field of activity he finally gets a foothold his experience will inevitably tell and will ultimately help him to regain the position he has temporarily sacrificed.

There is undoubtedly a personal gain to be got from this experience of job-hunting; to me it has been enlightening in various ways, and I would not have missed it—no, not for a year's salary.

The attitude of friends and acquaintances has been of interest, psychologically. Some friends have been so generous—particularly with that most precious possession, time—that I could grow sentimental over them. Others trying to be helpful in suggestions have shown a lively curiosity. "Are you in business yet?" they ask when they meet me, in the tone of one who says, "Are you still having bread and butter?" Others studiously avoid the topic as one would avoid mentioning a relative who had disgraced himself. They are thinking, "Poor fool—he had a good job, threw it over and can't find another."

My experience has brought about a livelier sympathy for those who are in a like position, in whatever walk of life, an understanding of men and motives which could never have come from the security of the mahogany desk and the carpeted private office. The Greeks have a saying, "The man has not lived who has not raised a son, married a daughter and built a house." To this let me add—"and spent six months looking for a job."

# THE FISHING-PORT

GRACE NOLL CROWELL

I came upon it when the sun was low,
And saw the small roofs crimsoning with fire.
The weathered dories caught the afterglow,
And color tipped a sail, a mast, a spire;
The sand was patched with scarlet—and the bay
Was quivering with broken lines of light;
The children's voices echoed at their play;
The anchors sounded—dropping for the night.

The blue smoke curled—the fisherwives began
Preparing evening meals of fish and bread,
Each thinking of her children—of her man,
And they were coming—hungry to be fed!
While I, alone upon a darkening shore
Stood as one stands outside a close-shut door.

# THE INK-SLINGER

*The Lumberjack's Time-keeper Has a Fairly Busy Day*

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

JOHNNIE INKSLINGER, according to the Paul Bunyan sagas that have been handed down through many generations of lumberjacks, was the first time-keeper to practise his calling in a logging-camp. He was a mighty man, the legend has it, given to prodigious feats of labor, sometimes working throughout the day and night without food or rest; and one time, it is told, he paid off Paul's gigantic crew of three thousand loggers at Trois Rivières, Quebec, one after the other. This feat required three whole days, and since then camp time-keepers have been famous for the long hours they work.

It is probable that this tradition of Johnnie Inkslinger has some bearing on the camp time-keepers of to-day. For it is a fact they put in almost twice as many hours as do the rest of the crew. The cynical working-stiff may remark that the time-keeper is only "putting in" his fourteen hours daily. But even if he is, it is no laughing matter.

The time-keeper is forced, by the very nature of his job, to listen to the intellectual upheavals of camp foremen and superintendents, the heavy stove-logging, and the loud blats of young whistle-punks (signal boys), all of whom enjoy hanging around the camp office. His day, and most of his night, is a never-ending panorama of every one who lives in or enters into a logging-camp; a rosary of picayune yet devilish irritations.

In addition to a knowledge of figures, the high class, professional time-keeper must possess information that would stagger the average encyclopedist. For instance, he must know the current cost of navy beans and woolen socks. He must estimate to a package the number of boxes of chewing-snuff the crew will use in a month. For when the Scandinavian breed of snuff gets dry, and it does, if kept on the shelf long enough, it is likely to blow out one's ears; and the Swedish logger's slogan is, "No fresh snuff; no gude logs."

In his dual capacity of time-keeper and first-aid man he must have knowledge of the difference between the clavicle and the humerus. And he *should* be competent to prescribe for jaundice, scarlet fever, cedar poison and the heaves. A really good time-keeper, in fact, will stop at nothing short of obstetrics and acute cases of appendicitis.

The well informed and experienced time-keeper must know the postal rate from Elk Bay, British Columbia, to Helsingfors, Finland, and be able to give advice on proposed marriage, divorce or investments in oil stocks.

He should know the size and catalogue number of every bit of equipment on the claim, and be able to give complete information regarding all local, national and cosmic matters. And, ironically enough, it is felt by the foreman and crew that he should remain always good-natured and smiling.

When in the gray morning the bull-cock pounds the blistering notes on the gut-hammer at the cook-house door, the time-keeper jumps from his bunk in his little coop off the camp office. As he is shaking a leg into his brown denims there is a rap at the door—the day has begun.

The rap proves to be Olaf Swensen, who wants a splash of iodine on an old cut. Right on Olaf's heels is Nels Bjorquist asking for a box of snuff, so that he may have his breakfast appetizer before the second gong sounds, and one two-cent stamp for a letter to St. Paul, Minnesota.

Then comes the camp "push," or foreman, to add sixteen forgotten items to the equipment order, followed at ten-second intervals by Tom, Dick and Harry each intent on a purchase. Now the breakfast gong sounds and the place immediately clears, except for the time-keeper, who completes his dressing, washes his face and hands, and arrives at the cook-house at about the time the fast eaters are leaving.

When he has finished a hurried grab at something on the table, he returns to his dog-hole, the office. Outside the door he finds a line of standees waiting for him—they want tools, dynamite caps, the key to the oil-house, pairs of rigging gloves and tin pants. There are letters to be addressed for the semi-literate; endless questions to answer. Until the gang leaves for the woods the time-keeper is running around in circles.

Presently he settles down to the real work of entering up the "time" for the previous day. But now the cook walks in, and the business of ordering supplies is taken up. The cook digresses somewhat from the matter in hand to flay the head office's practice of cutting down on meat orders, of substituting inferior brands of groceries for what the cook holds to be ultra-jake, and for the unsound economic theory that coffee may be had at fifteen cents a pound. The question of the cook's salary is also taken up—by the cook—and the company blasted for not paying a good man what he is worth.

The time-keeper is slightly bored, but polite. For cooks, good cooks, in the camps, are privileged fellows, as they are elsewhere. Sizzlers, boilers, mulligan mixers and other low-caste stew-builders can wreck a camp's morale more quickly than could a whole flock of Traveling Delegates of the benevolent and protective order of the Industrial Workers of the World. And the good cook knows it. So the time-keeper inclines a sympathetic ear until the cook returns to his cooking.

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Just before the bi-weekly boat for Vancouver is due, in fact, just five minutes before, a herd of short-stake loggers appears at the office door and demands individually and collectively, to make her out, damn her. They're goin' down, and that's all there is to it.

Time-keeper: "Why didn't you fellers tell me las' night?"

Spokesman: "We didn't make up our minds 'til this mornin'."

Time-books are gone over hurriedly, commissary charges computed in a flash, and checks issued to each of the casual and migratory workers. They are captains of their own souls, these tourists, bent on seeing the world. They are a part of the class-conscious and submerged proletariat who, if they ever get through tramping themselves, are going to put the Boss on the tramp—just as Karl Marx said.

The boat arrives and unloads a new set of fallers and buckers, four section men and a human wreck who presently turns out to be old George Smith, bull-bucker, returning from a week in Vancouver, where, so he had previously announced, he intended to get his teeth fixed. George is in that fluid condition of which lumberjack *cognoscenti* say, "You could pour him back into the bottle." He makes a futile attempt to place a chaste kiss on the brow of the time-keeper, and presently falling over a piece of freight on the wharf, subsides.

In the meantime something like two hundred and fifty-seven pieces of freight have been unloaded from the boat. The time-keeper is expected to check and sign for this mass of prunes, beans, flour, potatoes and painkiller, as well as for what the manifest states, are, "ex-parts donk. eng." He signs, and takes a chance.

The time-keeper loads the seven men and the human wreck aboard a gasoline speeder, packs on a sack of potatoes, a case of canned fruit and the mail-bag for ballast, and heads for camp. Here he spends half an hour spelling out on the employment tickets what the Vancouver job-shark claims are names of the new arrivals in camp. Job-sharks have a quite consistent habit of making the not uncommon name of John Smith look like Juice Whish. There was once an unsuspecting logger who labored nearly a month under the pay-roll name of Whango Bwakr. At birth he had been christened William Boyce.

Now to open the sack and segregate the mail! Here is the big moment of the time-keeper's day, the brief yet bright sunbeam of a week clogged with time-checks, pay-roll deductions, commissary sales and other such dismal matter. He picks up the bag and dumps the contents on the office floor. Ah!

That big package, the largest in the sack, is a set of red woolen underwear for Brennan, the bull-cook. The camp store does not carry red woolen underwear, and Brennan must have it, even though he send to Winnipeg. It's good for his rheumatism.

Two pink envelops—good smellin' ones—addressed in patently feminine script to the senile filer of the camp, indicate that he is progressing favorably, and possibly polygamously, along the Matrimonial Correspondence Club route.

That official-looking letter with Geo. Rex's coat of arms in the corner, is from the Assay Office, undoubtedly telling Jess Williams, the camp's would-be prospector, that his samples of "rare ore," picked up during Sunday prospecting, are mere flakes of mica. There's an I. W. W. paper for the "radical" section-boss, and some "single tax" literature for another queer working stiff.

A dozen letters with foreign stamps, mostly Scandinavian, for the fallers and buckers; a package of some kind of patent medicine for a donkey engineer whose kidneys are "bad," and will probably get worse; week-old daily papers from Vancouver and Seattle; some oil-stock literature for the prospector, and a bundle of dimly printed religious tracts—"Please, Brother, distribute these Messages where they will do the most good." It's a hell of a mail! Nothing for the time-keeper.

* * *

After dinner the time-keeper makes a tour of the shacks to see that no one is "layin' in." All the bunk-houses are empty and silent—not a soul. He goes to the woods and checks the crew. Two missing. An hour's search discovers the missing pair, playing rummy in the powder-house below camp.

Time-keeper: "What's the matter with you fellers?"

First Man: "Ain't feelin' well to-day."

Second Man: "Ain't feelin' well to-day."

Time-keeper: "Well, why ain't you in camp; stid of layin'-up out here?"

First Man: "Well, we—"

Second Man: "Yes, we—"

The time-keeper puts down two goose-eggs for the respective afternoons' work of the two invalids and returns to his office. He opens a case of snuff, and posts up commissary charges. Makes boom-chain report. Checks bull-bucker's scale. Begins making up monthly pay-roll.

Evening, and the crew returns to camp with whoops and ribald shouts. Business rushing. Ten men want, nay, insist, on having their mail served up at the same moment. A dozen others crave snuff, socks, overalls and tobacco. A whistle-punk wants a choc'lit bar before supper. A section hand, not long out of Poland, asks for something that sounds like "papillkas." The time-keeper considers a moment and is sure he has no papillkas. The Pole exits and returns with an interpreter who translates—it is only cigarette papers. And then the supper-gong rings to the accompaniment of the tramp of calked boots on the planks.

* * *

After supper the time-keeper really gets into his stride.

Although the morrow may be pay-day, nevertheless James McIntosh, donkey engineer, would "jes' like to know how much" he's got comin', if it ain't too much trouble. And so do a dozen others.

The filer, aged sixty-five, and somewhat paretic, but with ambitious ideas, comes in to have the time-keeper address an envelop to one Mrs. Mazie Jane Fratz, a husky and well-to-do widow—if one is to believe the filer—of Hamilton, Ontario, who, through the amorous columns of a matrimonial journal is advertising the fact that she wants a life mate. The filer figures he is just about what is wanted.

George Smith, the recent alcoholic arrival, calls to get a bottle of painkiller, which in logging-camps is much prized as a remedy for nearly everything from consumption to "bad stomach." George allows his stomach *is* bad.

Pete, a hard-boiled rigger, comes in to register a letter. "We can't register no letter here," the time-keeper tells him, "we ain't got no regular post-office." For a moment Pete is nonplussed. Then a bright idea: "Jes' put a mess of stamps on her and let her ramble," he says. He feels that a formidable array of stamps is all that is necessary to insure delivery, anyway.

In between these and other interruptions the time-keeper is attempting to carry on with his monthly pay-roll, and this to the tune of some extremely heavy stove-logging being done by the camp foreman, aided by a hook-tender and other office loafers.

Nine o'clock comes. The camp seems quiet. The foreman has gone to his shack. No customers for nearly half an hour. The time-keeper crawls into his bunk off the office and settles down to read an unclaimed newspaper. There is a knock at the door.

Time-keeper: "What do *you* want?"

Voice: "It's me, George Smith. Kin I get bottle of pain-killer to settle my stomach?"

Time-keeper: "Go to bed."

Voice: "Jes' one bottle, ol' timer. Be good feller. Stomach bad. Don't know whether live til' mornin'."

The time-keeper gets a bottle of pain-killer and pokes it out the door into the night, where it is grasped by loving hands.

Time-keeper: "Now, Smith, you keep away from here."

Ten minutes elapse. There is a knock at the door.

Time-keeper: "Who's there?"

Voice: "Bane Olaf. Could ay yust hav' little iodine on finger? Ay forgot to come in after supper." Business of painting Olaf's finger with iodine. Time-keeper locks door; returns to bunk; picks up paper.

Just as he gets into the second paragraph of a Vancouver society scandal, there is another knock. It is faint, but a knock nevertheless.

Time-keeper: "What th' hell now?"

Voice: "It's me, your fren', George Smish. Les' have nother bottle med'cine for stomach. Stomach bad."

Time-keeper: "I hope it gets worse. Go to bed."

The voice trails off into a mutter. Silence once more. The time-keeper reads on: "Despite evidence to the contrary the popular matron said there was nothing in the charges of the Jones woman that could not be disproved. She—"

Another rap at the door, short and authoritative.

Time-keeper: "Who's there?"

No answer; no sound, except the sighing of the wind. Then, another knock.

Time-keeper: "Damn it all, who's there?"

Another rap, louder this time; but no answer. The time-keeper gets up and goes to the door. Another rap. He opens. There in the inky darkness he can see a vague form, vague yet familiar.

Time-keeper: "Who is it? Whatya want?"

Voice from darkness: "It's me, your ol' fren, George Smish. Shay, be good feller an'—"

The time-keeper slams and locks the door. He goes back to his bunk. The alarm clock beside his bed tells him it is ten thirty. He knows, as all time-keepers since Johnnie Inkslinger have known, that just as long as there is a light burning in his shack, somebody will think of something he thinks he wants. He considers a moment, and then turns out the light. His day is done.

# THE GUINEA-HEN

## *Dinner with Miss Bird on Thursday*

JOSIAH TITZELL

MOST people thought Lawrence Stoddard unsociable. As a matter of fact he was extremely sociable, but he was easily bored. And there are so many people in New York who are boring.

Old Miss Cornelia Bird knew that Stoddard was bored by "people" and she made a habit of receiving him alone. He was a good talker, but he was a better listener, and she would entertain him through a whole evening just to win from him his periodic, discerning monosyllables. Stoddard was delighted with Miss Bird. Her aristocratic fine old ways pleased him, and he played up to her now obsolete formalities with a flattering gallantry.

Every Thursday evening he dined with her. This was never taken for granted. Monday morning her tiny black carriage would drive up to the door of the old brick house in which Stoddard had his apartment. The footman in his high hat and dark green coat with its small brass buttons would ring the bell and hand in the little white envelop. Stoddard would watch the performance from his third-floor window. Not until the carriage with its finely groomed, high-stepping horses had driven away, would he go downstairs to get his invitation.

There were few variations in its form. Inscribed in purple ink in a fine and sometimes wavering hand, he would read:

Dear Mr. Stoddard,
Will you dine with me on Thursday? I shall be alone and delighted to have you.
Cordially yours,
CORNELIA GANSEVOORT BIRD

And Stoddard's reply was always the same. He would, of course, be delighted.

On Thursday evening he would walk up Madison Avenue. Miss Bird obstinately retained the ornate old house her grandfather had built on Murray Hill just after the Civil War. Tall office-buildings had been erected on all sides, but she would not sell her property or move out of the house. A high wooden fence had been built about the yard that her Persian cats might, unregarded, sharpen their claws on the two remaining trees. She was fully aware of the stories about the eccentric old lady who refused to move from what was undoubtedly one of the largest and wealthiest commercial districts in the world. She stepped from her door poising a tiny lace parasol over her head, made her way through the shoppers who crowded her sidewalks and stepped into her carriage. The horses blinked and snorted at the gasoline fumes of the surrounding automobiles and champed at their bits when traffic held them back; but Miss Bird would not give up her carriage as she would not give up her house. Stoddard smiled when she complained of the inroads of commerce, but he admired her firmness in holding her ground.

People passing along Madison Avenue would gaze at him as he stood on the door-step of the Bird house. The windows were so carefully barred against passers-by that the place looked deserted. Miss Bird's servants, except for the footmen, were all women, and the maid who answered the door, strangely enough, was deaf. Stoddard discovered this on his first visit when he had found himself without a card and had tried to tell her who was calling. She was tall and thin and the formality of her uniform did not help to ease the angular lines of her body. Her wide gray eyes looked blankly out from under eyebrows that were forever arched questioningly. Now that he knew her misfortune, he followed her meekly, avoiding questions she might have difficulty in hearing, and waiting for her dull voice to inform him that Miss Bird would be down in a few minutes. He knew she would. She always would. He had once been a half-hour late, but Miss Bird was not waiting for him in the long, dimly lighted room. She would be down in a few minutes.

Stoddard would stand for a minute in front of the fireplace warming himself after his walk before he approached the small round marble-topped table to look at the book lying there. There was always one, open but turned down, and it was always different. Once it had been "Les Faux-Monnayeurs," again Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," another time a paper-bound novel of life in the wild-west ranches and bar-rooms. Stoddard had been delighted at this and had talked enthusiastically about paper-bound thrillers. She had not echoed his enthusiasm. She thought the book very amusing and he could see she was sincere in this; but she was not willing to confess the reading of thrillers a hobby, nor did she care to talk about this story. He could see that she was a little overcome at his volubility. At first, out of kindness, she had protected him from having to talk, but she had come to be jealous of her right to the center of the stage, to enjoy her one-sided conversations, to play at them as at a skilful game which she hoped to perfect. She had come to think of Stoddard as an intelligent, mysterious audience. He saw that multiloquence was out of character and never again commented on her book. She always mentioned what she was reading when she passed the table, and he always remarked that he had seen the book there. The rest of the conversation about it belonged to her.

But the book took only a minute, for Stoddard was an inveterate reader and a glance at the title told him all he wanted to know. By the time she entered the room he was back in front of the fireplace.

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Miss Bird was thin and drawn but she walked as if she had once been fat. She gave an impression of stoutness when she came across her room, her rather large feet taking tiny steps. Her loose clothes buoyed out by the movement of her fat walk aided the illusion. When she sat down close to him and her clothes fell limply against her, he could see she was thin and delicate. A black velvet band adorned with a small diamond sunburst encircled her thin, lined throat. Her head was always held high and the little spots of rouge on her cheeks and her unexpectedly dry, saucy remarks gave her a cocky air, a brave air. While she smoked a cigarette before dinner, all through dinner and afterward when they were having their chocolate in the library—Miss Bird could not drink coffee at night—she maintained this cockiness. If she stopped talking for a moment it was to light a cigarette, not to leave an opening for Stoddard. He was shy, he was there to hear her talk rather than talk himself, and she kept up what an Englishwoman had called her jaunty conversation. She was keen and unafraid of casually bringing in characteristics others only whispered about, and Stoddard listened appreciatively to a number of the most amazing tales he had ever heard.

Stoddard was known for his strange, eccentric acquaintances. He developed early a taste for the unique, and so he had listened to an old hag whose best years had been spent in street-walking in the French Quarter of New Orleans, a priest, unfrocked for indulging in Voodoo ceremonies, two charming Creole sisters who wore dresses they had bought a half-century before and who carried their childhood dolls with them everywhere. Miss Bird's reminiscences of a conventional society she knew to be unconventional equaled the gossip of this strange parade. Late into the evening she would talk. When Stoddard would rise to leave she followed him in to the hall and asked him to come back soon, but she never set a definite date. The carriage would arrive at his door on Monday morning and the footman would bring in the small white envelop inscribed in purple ink, and Stoddard would reply that he would be delighted to come on Thursday evening, but when they were parting there was no mention of this plan.

It is strange that New York, which stimulates so many artists and gives them the ideas they need, so often prevents them from executing these ideas. New York was necessary to Stoddard. He had to spend a few months there each year to keep up his interest in his work; but when it came actually to doing the work he retired to the backwoods of Louisiana. He had a shack there on one of the numerous bayous, miles from civilization and yet close enough to a negro cabin or two for him to have a cook and a man of all work. It was of this shack that he thought as he sat drinking his drip coffee one morning in February. He had a book to deliver to his publishers in a few months and he had done little on the manuscript. So it meant back to Louisiana, where he would have to work—work or go crazy.

He sat in his small apartment in the pale cold sunlight, drinking his black coffee and thinking of his departure. He looked around the room with that dispassionate satisfaction with which one regards things to be left behind and never missed. It was simply decorated. He did not resort to tapestries and brocades. His personality filled the room with a comfortable, warm hospitality that made the place livable. The eighteenth-century china figure on a small table and the antique crystal lamps on each end of the mantelpiece were testimonials of a past grandeur. The carelessly filled bookcases and the table strewn with papers barred formality. It was strange how possessions had come to mean so little to him.

He threw another log on the fire. Underneath it the coals glowed like piles of burning poppy petals. After all he would miss only one or two people. His writing friends. And Miss Bird. He suddenly realized that he would miss Miss Bird as much, perhaps more, than any of the others. Three months ago he had not known her. He was genuinely fond of her now. He would miss his Thursday evenings for they were the only suggestion of routine to which he submitted. "Thursday evening. Dinner with Miss Bird." He dusted off his bags and selected the Ronald Firbanks and the Baring-Goulds from the bookcases. These, with some piles of manuscript, he threw into the bags. That evening he boarded the Crescent Limited but before he went to bed wrote a note to Miss Bird telling her how sorry he was to leave New York without seeing her again and apologizing for his scribbling due to the train's movement.

◆

It was spring in Louisiana—spring in late March. In the little garden around his shack Stoddard watched the quince and almond flower, slender arms of feathery white and deep rose. Underneath the wistaria falling in lavender clusters were violets, rich and deep purple. Roses bloomed in their conscious, precise beauty and the yellow "rose of Texas" hung on its bush in golden balls. Behind the shack peach-trees blossomed like pink clouds and fig-trees put out their large leaves.

As it grew darker Stoddard sat out in front of his little house smoking. He was waiting for his guinea-hens to come home. He could hear them approaching all in their own good time, talking busily, calling out to each other in harsh voices. Closer and closer they came until they were in the adjoining field. With a great deal of fussing and a noisy flapping of their wings they flew over the high wire fence. He had built the fence for them. It never kept them in, but it gave them a place to come back to; and strangely enough no matter how far they wandered along the bayou or how far away the furrows they had rifled they always came home at night, squeaking steadily like rusty-hubbed wheels.

The guineas had been a gift. It was the first time in his life that Stoddard had wanted any animals about him. He had written his brother, who had a large plantation in Georgia, saying he would take anything, a dog, a cat, even a pig. And he had been sent two guinea-hens. He never expected them to stay, but they were always there.

And then he had made his discovery. It was inevitable that he should; it was too obvious to be missed. The guineas looked, for all the world, like Miss Bird. He had chuckled over it at first and then began to think of them as a pair of Miss Birds. It was calling them a "pair of Miss Birds" that reminded him of her name. It seemed remarkable to him that looking so like them she should be named Bird. Probably in some previous incarnation she had been a guinea-hen. He called them the Misses Bird and addressed all his thoughts and remarks to them. They had become his friends, even as she. But the resemblance gradually became more than a fancy with him. It became a conviction. It got to the point where he could no longer disassociate Miss Bird and the two guineas in his mind. One night he had written her a long letter. The next morning when he picked it up from the table to take it to the mail rider, he saw to his horror, and eventual amusement, that he had addressed it to Miss Cornelia Guineavoort Bird. He tore the envelop open and reread the letter. He discovered to his embarrassment that he had written of nothing but the guineas. And the long description of their feathers and how much they resembled one of Miss Bird's dresses, gray spotted with white, was too much! He threw the letter into the fire and never tried to write to her again.

As he sat there smoking the guineas ran across the yard toward the house. In the cool dusk the wind ruffled their feathers and Stoddard thought they were fattening. But when they stopped to peck at some grass-seeds and the feathers dropped close to their bodies he could see they were really thin. It had been only an illusion of plumpness like the illusion Miss Bird gave when she came across her room with her fat walk, and her clothes buoyed around her by her movement. Stoddard laughed aloud and the guineas, suddenly aware of him, ran cackling from the house. Their feet, large for the rest of them, took little mincing steps. They had Miss Bird's fat walk, as well as her aloofness, though he admitted that she was much more tactful about keeping her distance.

He began to make a table comparing characteristics of Miss Bird and the guinea-fowls. He found himself fussing through a musty old set of Darwin to find the few paragraphs on the markings and on the monogamy and polygamy of the fowl in "The Descent of Man," and a too-learned explanation in "Animals and Plants Under Domestication" of how the *Numida mitrata*, a red-crowned species of Madagascar and Rodriquez, and the *Numida ptilorhyncha* of Abyssinia, without any red on the head, are the sources of our domestic races. He borrowed encyclopedias and books on fowls when he rode into town, but he only learned that our domesticated guinea-fowls no doubt are derived from the *Numida meleagris* and disappeared with the decay of Roman civilization, that there were Portuguese explorers of Africa in the sixteenth century who were taken with the birds and not only reintroduced them into Europe but were responsible for the substitution of the name "guinea-fowl" for the ancient "meleagris." He was not interested in these cold profundities about their origin. He was in search of some study of their human characteristics, perhaps even an "L'Ile des Pingouins" of the guinea-hens. But in the end he went back to his chart and found that comparison with Miss Bird was the most revealing.

* * *

If March did not go out like a lion as its sunny calm entrance predicted, April impersonated the blustering King of beasts. The first few days were merely windy but the fourth rose gray and dusky and with less wind. At night a bright moon struggled in the tentacles of gray clouds and set, taking with it the light breeze. No sun came up after it. The weeping willows hung motionless above the still waxen periwinkles. In the fields cabbages sat fat and comfortable in the long rows and the slender onions pointed to a sullen sky. The high wire fence, over which the guinea-fowls had flown, waited expectantly for the rowdy morning-glories. The air was tense. Maria, the negro cook, tiptoed about the cabin uneasily and Stoddard, restless and depressed, left his typewriter now and again, to look out on the limp landscape.

Toward evening the wind came up, tangling the long branches of weeping willow and shaking the flowering things. Distant lightning played about the horizon and the thunder sounded no louder than a cart lumbering over the bayou bridge. Maria hurried away to get home before the storm broke, and Stoddard stood in the window. The guinea-hens were out in it, but they would find shelter in a tree. The wind increased and chinaberries that had hung on the trees through all the winds of winter fell in noisy profusion on the roof of the shack. The rain began suddenly and beat down with the chinaberries in a relentless clatter. The lightning was closer and the thunder hurt Stoddard's ears with its throbbing repercussions. Wind shook the window-panes until it found a crack and then whistled into the room. Stoddard fell asleep wondering what the cotton planters would find to complain of now.

* * *

A week later the mail rider carried two letters from Stoddard's little box. One was to his brother telling him that a falling tree in a recent storm had crushed one of the guinea-hens that had been roosting in it. Her companion had disappeared. He was sorry. He had become very much attached to them. He wanted to thank him for having sent them and to explain their fate. He should be addressed after next week in New York. The other note was to Miss Bird. He was returning to New York on the fifteenth, sooner than he had expected, but circumstances demanded his presence there. He did not explain that she was partly responsible, that after the death of the guinea-hen he was constantly under the illusion that Miss Bird had died also, and the illusion was so strong that he felt the necessity of seeing her driving about Murray Hill in her little carriage or taking her tiny steps across her drawing-room. He did not tell her that in the absence of the guineas and the distraction of his strange fancy he was finding it increasingly difficult to remember which of his three friends flew over a fence and which entered by a gate. And because of his discretion, which seemed to Stoddard the one remaining proof of intelligence he had left, he found a small white envelop inscribed in purple ink waiting for him in New York.

Miss Bird, in spite of his illusion, was not dead—nor had she disappeared. Would he have dinner with Miss Bird on Thursday? She would be dining alone and delighted to have him. She was happy to know he was back in New York.

He would, of course, be delighted.

◆

When Thursday's warm sunlight came in through the wide-opened windows of Stoddard's apartment he was in a much better frame of mind. It had merely been a matter of passing life as pleasantly as possible until Thursday. Once he had seen and talked with Miss Bird all would be well again. His books were unpacked, his desk ready for his attack, but he could not begin until he had seen her. He spent hours over his coffee and a book, consciously wasting time, pleasantly exhilarated by the knowledge that Thursday had come and that dinner was not too many hours off. He planned his story for Miss Bird. He would have to speak quite casually of the hens, would have to explain how he had formed an attachment for those two fowls which had left him very unhappy on their disappearance. He would have to do that this evening. Otherwise he might slip and ask Miss Bird about the other guineas. He had to establish the guineas' identities in his mind at the same time he reëstablished Miss Bird's. Then he would be safe. What would she do if he called her Miss Guinea? He remembered "Lady into Fox" and spent the rest of the morning rereading it, and imagined Miss Bird suddenly gabbling harshly like a guinea and flying into the yard only to become a prey to the Persian kittens. In the afternoon he went to see a moving picture. Anything to keep his mind off the fancies the book had suggested.

It took Stoddard a long time to get dressed for dinner. He found himself fastening studs with a great deal of care, annoyed that his patent leathers had begun to crinkle, delighted that he had bought a new silk handkerchief. He realized that he was whistling in a very excited fashion. He was pleased with the Jean Petit figure that he had, with the greatest luck, discovered in an antique shop in New Orleans and bought for Miss Bird. He wrapped it carefully and even lost the slim desire to keep it for himself that had been tempting him ever since he had unpacked it and put it on his mantel. He placed the little figure carefully under his arm, fastidiously buttoned his gloves and set out for Miss Bird's. He enjoyed his Thursday evenings. They provided an excuse for New York.

The deaf maid ventured a smile at seeing him after three months and he followed her into the room which, in his absence, he had so often peopled with the three guinea-hens. The book was there on the little round marble-topped table, "Marjorie Fleming's Diary," and Miss Bird would be down in a few minutes. When she entered she came as she had always, rather quickly with her tiny steps, her clothes floating about her, as much like the dead guinea-hen as the one that had disappeared. Stoddard quickly put the thought out of his head. It was too early in the evening to think about the guineas. Miss Bird seemed pleased to see him. And she was delighted with the little figure. He was very kind to bring it to her.

All through dinner she discussed the things that had been happening in his absence. She swerved from anecdote to anecdote. If they were not as amusing to Stoddard as usual it was because his mind was on the guineas. He must say nothing about them until he was nearly ready to leave. But when she led the way into the library he noticed that she was just a bit frowzy, that her panniers did not hang quite as straight as those of the guinea-hens, that her dress was a little rumpled in front where their feathers sat smoothly, precisely, not one out of place. It was something of a shock to him. He had remembered her as beautifully neat. And the guinea-hens really had better shapes. They were not quite so angular. He wished he hadn't remembered her as so perfectly turned out. He must tell her about the guinea-hens now.

He knew he was talking well as he related how his brother had sent him the fowls and what an affection he had come to feel for them. He was being endowed with just the right words and he was talking without the hesitancy of creation. His fowls were familiar ground, and Miss Bird just the person who could appreciate them. Strange that he had ever been intimidated by her. His subject made it all the simpler for he realized that it was his constant association with the other Misses Bird that spared him self-consciousness now and allowed him to talk with such ease.

When a striking clock reminded him that he must leave, Miss Bird followed him as usual into the hall. He bade her good-night and told her how delighted he was to be back in New York again.

She nodded, "It's been pleasant seeing you again, good-night," she said, and closed the door.

⁂

Stoddard walked slowly to the corner and ignored a slowing taxi. He walked three blocks before he got over the shock of Miss Bird's cold good-night. Well, that was that. It was all over. His mind hurried back over the evening. Yes, he supposed his manner had been too familiar. How could Miss Bird be expected to know that she had lived in his yard, eaten his feed, all the time he had been south? He had talked all evening; he had suddenly reappeared after three months and instead of being the quiet attentive young man, the appreciative, discerning audience he had taken the stage himself and done all the talking. How could Miss Bird know that he was talked out, that monosyllables would be the rest of his conversations for Thursday evenings on end? And he didn't doubt but that he had peered at her rather too persistently as he discussed the exquisite characteristics of his guinea-hens. There was no question about it, Miss Bird was disappointed in him.

But then he was also disappointed in her. She didn't measure up to the other two guineas. That little sag to her panniers, that little frowziness. The hens were without doubt superior. And she had certainly not appreciated the Jean Petit. She had put it on the mantelpiece and forgotten it completely. No remark about it as he left, no returning allusion to it after her first thank you. She certainly had not been as pleased with it as he had expected her to be. He was sorry he had not given in to his impulse to keep it, and taken her something else. And her stories were really beginning to get a bit tiresome. To-night, she had repeated two he had heard. He remembered a sentence in a letter from a friend: "Literary curiosity soon wanes." He wondered. Yes, he was disappointed in her. And she was disappointed in him, for when she had come to the door with him she had not asked him, as before, to come back soon. He walked slowly on down Madison Avenue, balancing their disappointments in his mind.

So convinced was he that Miss Bird was a thing of the past that it was Monday afternoon before he remembered that her little carriage with its green-habited footmen had not drawn up to his door that morning. Well, that was over and done with. It was true that the memory of Miss Bird remained with him, but he had already written to his brother to send him two more guinea-hens, this time to New York. Now he would have to consult a real estate agent to find a basement apartment with a back yard that could be inclosed in wire netting.

# EXILE

### Catherine Parmenter

Only the parched and dusty prairie-wind—
Only the prairie-sun's persistent glare
Have answered—till to-night—my wordless prayer.
But oh, to-night the prairie—mocked—chagrined—
Repulsed on every side by this strange power—
Is lost amid the beating of my heart:
The gates of all the years have swung apart,
And memory shall own its little hour. . . .
Fog of the sea, how came you here to-night—
On stealthy feet across the prairie-grass?
Mutely, like some gray miracle, you pass,
And bring me tears—and wonder—and delight—
And songs of splendid ships—and dreams most fair. . . .
Mysterious answer to an exile's prayer!

# THE MOUNTAIN MAN

## *An Unbiased View of Our Southern Highlanders*

MARISTAN CHAPMAN

To understand the people of the southern Appalachians it is first necessary to know something of the mountains themselves, for topography has power to make and shape human beings, and a great deal of the misunderstanding of the highlanders is due to ignorance of the topography and geology of their region.

There are three main divisions of this region—the Plateau Belt, the Second Belt, or younger folded region, and the Great Smokies, or older folded region. The Plateau Belt—sometimes called the edge of the Cumberlands—lies along the western border from the Ohio River to Alabama. It is bordered on the northwest by the blue-grass country of Kentucky and Tennessee. A large portion of this region carries deposits of bituminous coal that runs to the surface and may be had for merely scratching the hillside. This formation has tempted to wasteful mining methods, and has further led to the building and abandonment of shackling towns; for, when coal runs back too deep for easy working, the mines are deserted and a new town is begun at a fresh scratching. In these desolate places that are left, a few families of hand-to-mouth wastrels live, rent free; and here they are likely to be discovered as "typical mountaineers" and further pauperized by well-meaning if mistaken welfare workers.

The Second Belt, which comprises the main Cumberland Range, is directly east of the Plateau Belt, and reaches from western Virginia to northern Georgia, and from Pine Mountains in Kentucky to the Great Smokies on the North Carolina-Tennessee State line. Here the long parallel valleys are good farming land, but the jagged ridges, besides having poor farming soil, are so rough that good connecting roads over them are impracticable. They not only resist improvement themselves, but stand as barriers isolating the valleys one from the other.

In the quiet upland valleys of the Cumberlands are found pleasant farmsteads, good living conditions, schools, roads, and a measure of community life. While up on top of the ridges there is poverty and isolation and backwardness, as judged by modern standards; yet the people who live on these crests find compensation in independence and freedom from material cares, and in a humorous detachment from life that it is impossible for the outlander to grasp.

The last belt, or older folded

region, covers the land from the foot of the Great Smokies and Unekas along the Tennessee-Carolina line to the Blue Ridge on the eastern border of the highland country. The mountains here stand up sharply, in proud forested heights, with rich valleys hidden between, where cattle is raised and fruit is grown. Here is mineral wealth unexploited, placidly guarded by the natives who inherit the high hills that their fathers "took up" in the days of early settlement, when claims were measured in generous terms—"from yon gant hickory top of the peak to far as eye can cast on all sides."

The mountains ripple down to the flatlands in a series of diminishing foot-hills, and in these half-way places live a race of half-way people, who have picked up a living there. They are the flotsam washed down from the proud mountains, or wastrels cast up from the lowlands of the coastal plains. This indeterminate fringe of trash has been taken to represent the "typical mountaineer" of fiction and propaganda. An excellent subject they make, lending themselves eagerly to pauperization, loving to be photographed, speaking a bastard tongue that sounds "quaint" to outland ears. From such are recruited the mill-hands for cotton factories—for the true mountain man will have none of the industrial workers' life, no matter how tempting the material lure.

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Now it should be clear that such differences in topography make for a varied economic condition and consequently for a variety of people; and that the search for the typical mountaineer must end in failure. The prosperous farmer of the limestone valleys is no less a mountain man than his poor neighbor on the ridge. cut

But because the outlander demands picturesqueness in any introduction to a given class of people, much that has been told of the southern highlanders is valueless. The fictioneer has adapted himself to editorial demands and concentrated upon stories of feud and moonshine, and upon love affairs conducted by shot-guns and complicated by bear fights. The serious investigators who came to the mountains as agents of missionary endeavor were bent upon discovering sordid and squalid conditions (also picturesque) upon which appeals for aid might be based. Like all seekers, they found what they sought, and came back, like senators from Europe, voluble about conditions that had been shown them on purpose. Often these earnest workers were the victims of the mountain people's love of play-acting, and were the bearers of eyewitness tales of situations that had been carefully "staged" for them. Also, no one blinded by a cause can be an impartial observer. "Cases" that do not favor the particular statistics are ignored, or, it may be fairer to say, are simply not seen. It is axiomatic in psychology that we see only what we look for and that accounts of the simplest incident vary widely with individuals. Whole families too well off to require uplift are passed by in silence by the investigators, while their search for worthless poor-stock trash goes on.

This writing, however, is not a fanatical defense of the southern cut highlanders as the salt of the earth. There is no intention to idealize or poetize them; that may be safely left to the uplift specialists whose pamphlets are full of such lyricisms as "pure Nordic stock," "Anglo-Saxon race at its purest and best," "our own lost tribes" and "backbone of the nation." The salt of the earth is pretty evenly scattered, and is no more likely to be found in lumps in some newly discovered corner of the backwoods than elsewhere in the country.

Nor is this the place to explain the southern highlander's suspicion of the outlander, based on the bitter experience of being defrauded of his rights and properties by those who come, ostensibly, to benefit him. It may come as a surprise to many to learn that missionary schemes have been put in motion for the definite purpose of getting hold of the mountain people and winning their confidence so that titles to timber tracts are made over, valuable mines discovered, and oil-wells yielded up for a song to the greed of the self-styled missionary. The practice of old south-seas traders of subsidizing missionaries to go and convert the cannibals, so that islands were made safe for trade, offers a ready parallel.

* * *

Let us look at some of the mountain people. Up on the high ridges we find the aristocrat of the mountains, living in quiet dignity and splendid isolation in the most primitive of wilderness homesteads; and we also find a degenerate people of uncertain ancestry living under conditions of sordid wretchedness only equaled by samples from the same class of people in the slums of great cities. In the valleys between live the bourgeoisie, the contended middle-class farmers.

The aristocrat of the ridges is a lineal descendant of the pioneer families of culture, and he cherishes the traditions of his clan. He resents the intrusion of the outlander who would peddle him clothes and religion, much as a society leader would resent similar intrusion by a representative from an east-side mission. For an outlander to talk "uplift" to the aristocratic mountain man is an insult to intelligence and decency. It is as if an evangelist should shout to the commander of a liner to come to the sailors' home and be saved. "It is a sailors' refuge; you are a sailor; therefore you must be saved." The pure-stock mountain man may be poor in material goods,but he does not therefore welcome crude charity; he still considers a donkey of his own better than a horse of another's.

No one welcomes facts, because they interfere with comfortable and established ideas. Our thinking is very likely to be upset by facts, so we shrink from them. So when we say that the first step toward understanding the southern highlander is to show him as he is, and not as the outlander would have him, we come flatly up against the outlander's distaste for being contradicted. He marshals all the things he has previously seen in print, and many "facts" that he has seen with "his own eyes" and brings them forth in disproof.

The reader of adventure stories likes his wild west to be very wild, and his mountain heroes to be concerned with thrilling escapes from the law, in feuds, revenges and brutal love; the missionary spirits, on the other hand, insist that the objects of their zeal are not really bad at heart, but they must be worthy of uplift—which necessitates their being ignorant, squalid, ill-housed and worse fed. There is no zest in saving a contented and well-behaved citizen, and the writer who insists that uplift should be merciful rather than arbitrary has a long argument to make.

Outlanders come into the mountains bringing with them their own cultural and educational background and their own behavior patterns, and set busily to work to apply them to an entirely different scheme of life. They would impose these standards irrespective of local conditions, and leaving out of account the psychology of the people with whom they would deal.

An amusing parallel to popular belief concerning the mountain people is furnished by the highlander's own opinion of outlanders, which he gathers from newspapers and from moving pictures. He pities the city dweller, likely to be shot down any minute as he walks the streets; he sees in the news-reels ranks of citizens being mowed down without warning by machine guns when they try to get to work; women are not safe even in their own homes; folks marry and unmarry without any explaining whatever; money intrusted to officers of the law is run off with and no warning given; liquor is drunk too freely, and, what is more, men can't carry it without going simple; there's a heap too much money when folks are obliged to carry it around in armor-cars with soldiers and guns to guard it—owning all that, he concludes, must be a weariness. Outland religion, the mountain man gathers, is not taken much stock in, and politics—well, that's a mess anywhere in the world. Take all with everything, he decides, a man's better off in his home place.

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The religion of the mountain dweller is fatalism, but it is not the fatalism of folded hands and meek waiting for the will-be-that-will-be. It is a dynamic fatalism that, while putting its trust in God is yet careful to keep its powder dry. /It plays the game of life with fate, in a combination of free will and foreordination that would puzzle modern psychologists sadly. It is well expressed in homely speech: "Life'll catch me at the last, but it'll catch me standing up. Hit can't do more'n get the best o' me, gin it does its worst!"

One of the terms most frequently heard in connection with southern highlanders is that they are pure Anglo-Saxon. Having said this much the protagonists rest the case. But sharp consequences arise from being Anglo-Saxon, and the question is by no means done with. This is no thesis for the superiority of the race—it is yet to be proved that any one race can definitely be classed above any other, rampant editorials to the contrary. As a matter of fact the original stock of the southern mountains was by no means pure. It was powerfully mixed. It happens that the survivors in the struggle with the wilderness were predominantly Anglo-Saxon, because it is a characteristic of that race to survive climatic difficulties and to refuse absorption into other races. They refused to intermarry with the Indians, as the French and Spanish co-settlers did; they drove away the negro, because themselves having come to this country in search of freedom they had no use for slaves, and, being of the artisan class, they were not able to pay for labor.

Along with his directness and virility, the Anglo-Saxon has above all others the power of assimilation. He takes weaker racial strains to himself without apparently suffering any thinning down or dilution. It is for this reason that the mountain man speaks eighteenth century English instead of Pennsylvania Dutch, although the latter was, to begin with, the strongest language in the settlements. The mingled races that first inhabited the mountains have been merged into the dominant Saxon, who remains to-day fair-haired and blue-eyed and very much himself.

Freedom is his first insistence, and he has been so determined in this matter that he has rather overreached himself and has retained it only at the expense of isolation. The consequences of isolation are stagnation in development both cultural and economic. But stagnation at a worthy level is a very different thing from ignorance; and this is where the outlanders make their mistake. They fail to recognize that although the mountain man has a speech, a philosophy of life, and a culture that stopped in the eighteenth century—when first he came to the mountains—it is nevertheless a culture and he is a gentleman. They reckon also without his pride. There is a tough and sinewy forthrightness about the southern highlander that is part of his heritage. He is not put about by the jeers of those who count themselves his intellectual superiors on the grounds of more modern and material knowledge. If he holds a belief it is because it is his belief, and he means to defend his property. He never holds a belief as the moderns do simply because every one else happens to hold it.

Prettiness, finesse and delicacy are all foreign to the mountain man's nature. Such as he may have had would, in the nature of things, have been of small service in his pioneering and homesteading life. But his native decency amply covers the lack. His direct speech is never rudeness, and he never need apologize for his words or deeds, because he says and does what he believes to be right. And "right" to him is a concrete fact, unencumbered by metaphysical and psychological connotations.

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The mountains are not yet safe for democracy. The spirit is uncompromisingly individualistic. The individual has his own life to live as best he can, and it is the solitary—the "lonely" man—who leads opinion and molds it in times of stress. "He who best tends his own affairs" is acknowledged head-leader of a settlement, and there is a strong feeling that democracy tends to level all individuals so as to prevent free initiative, and that thus a man is robbed of his need to be and do his best. "To think that all men are equal is to go against your own eyes seeing," he says. "All is, every man's got an even chance to be as big as he can."

The southern highlander has creative energy of thought and a vitality of expression often startling to present-day circumlocution. He never offends, because he has an imperishable sense of humor, perspective and proportion. Whatever befall the mountain people to-day, the stuff of the stock is indestructible; the spirit will animate the race. If the people are scattered and taken up into the body of the nation, so much the better for the nation, for it is a gallant and chivalrous spirit.

The history of the populating of the southern highlands is as follows:

The early migrations were mainly Scotch-Irish, and some German, by way of Pennsylvania. These were the artisan class of the Old World, looking for a place where they might homestead and begin life again, secure in their religious and political freedom, asking nothing but peace and a life of congenial labor. But first they had to conquer the wilderness they entered, which was held with skill by the Indian, and was also greatly pestered with French-Indian wars, and by the variance between the different countries who were then claiming all the New World. From out the French, the settlers found some who knew more than they concerning the taking and holding of land, and consented to be led by such as Xavier. Further colonists came in—from Donegal, from Switzerland and from Suffolk—and as soon as the sharpest struggle was over each group took itself off to set up life in its own way. And these settlements may be found to this day, having little to do with one another, and a poor opinion of each other's ways. Up from Charleston a scattering of English came, chiefly of the Cavalier's cause, to add a dash of aristocracy to the working classes trekking in from the north; but these were wastrel, and they suffered in the wilderness and did not subdue it.

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Languages struggled together in the early days, and presently merged for common use, till the speech today is basicly eighteenth century English, Pennsylvania Dutch, a strain of Gaelic, a touch of Welsh here and there, with a spice of French to season all. The tongues had no sooner become one than they split up in dialects, so the mountain idiom varies from State to State. The three main dialects are Cumberland, Great Smoky and Blue Ridge, though there are puzzling variants in each of the mountain States.

Outlanders who are entertained with the quaint idiom of mountain speech are likely to overlook the fact that a people may only be understood through a knowledge of their own tongue. The assumption that the southern highlander speaks English, after his own fashion, is not altogether correct, because the influence of other tongues has confused the syntax to an astonishing degree. To take only one example, there is the case of the inverted negative, common in all three dialects. "I don't care for work," means "I like work—I don't mind working." And "I'd not care to drive a car," means "I am not afraid to—I'd like to drive a car." Yet outlanders who have lived years in the mountains are still taking these comments in their modern sense, and advertising that the mountain man is lazy and that he is shy of modern invention.

More than one lady missioner in the mountains has caused acute embarrassment by saying to a bashful mountain boy at a party, "Come over and sit by me." This being the formal proposal of a marriage engagement, the unlucky lad hardly knows what to do./ Similarly, the complaint, "I'm pointedly terrified of my old man," is nothing more than a wifely fret, for "terrified" means "aggravated by." Nevertheless this common phrase has lent its strength to the popular impression that mountain men are brutal to their womenfolk. But mountain women do not carry their marital woes to the outlander—if compelled to do so by actual abuse, the complainant would use the word "scunnered."

It would seem therefore that an elementary knowledge of the language is as necessary as an understanding of economic conditions.

An amazing fallacy concerning the southern mountain region is that its social conditions have remained static—that its population got somehow into the backwoods by devious routes and stuck there, motionless, until lately discovered by missionary enterprise and literary curiosity. The mountain families not only immigrated, but emigrated. Texas has drawn from the Kentucky hills, and the State of Oregon owes some of its population to east Tennessee. Families content to remain in the hill country sent out sons and grandsons to the further settlements.

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This is not the place to go into the detail of economic conditions in the southern mountains. That is the ground for the social research worker; but he must tackle it in the same spirit that he is taking to other parts of the nation. He may not ride into the mountains with his own religious formula and a stock of second-hand clothing for the "poor whites" (strange term, by the way, as there are no poor blacks) and attempt to uplift them by force of his own ideas. The modern missionary must be prepared to be a sociologist and economist, and he must be willing to "share the life of the people" in a new and quite scientific sense.

Economically, there are poor as well as good areas, politically, there are poor-stock as well as good-stock families; but the problems of educational means, poor soil, difficult transportation and lack of cultural contacts are not more acute in the mountains than in other rural districts. As a matter of fact many of the southern highlanders live at a higher standard than rural people in other parts of the country. They are far above the lowland "crackers" for instance. Again, there are others among the mountains who lack the common necessities of body and mind and who have no spiritual existence whatever. Their life is, to use a term in its exact sense, bestial—very much like that of the "poor whites" of lower east-side New York, for instance.

Then is there, after all, no mountain "problem"? Are we to be defrauded of our missionary field? Have our contributions gone astray? Surely not! But the mountain problem is a sociological one that in no way differs from similar problems the world over. Schemes to deal with isolation, depopulation, deterioration of racial stock, criminals, low educational standards, must be worked out on a State-wide basis and not empirically for each hidden cove as it is discovered.

(Next Month: *American Speech*)

# WHEN THE READER WRITES

My dear Editor,

I was very much interested in the article in the November CENTURY, "Nigh On To Thirty" by Henry Morton Robinson. The inherent interest of the article lies in the parallel in the lives of every one of us either in actuality or in our thoughts. It taps a very great question which affects every young person. This, capped by the enthusiasm and wit of the author's style renders the story a gem indeed.

I look forward with interest to the next occasion when Mr. Robinson will express himself through your pages.

Yours sincerely,
DOROTHY M. OLNEY

White Plains, New York.

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My dear Editor,

Mr. Robinson, author of "Nigh On To Thirty" in the November CENTURY is rather young yet and not very well seasoned. Don't let him be a prig or cynic, or rail about the "gentle sex" so pathetically. They are only just emerging from tools, conveniences, satisfactions for men; not yet beyond the goat stage in some ways. Their spiritual and mental transition from oversexed creatures to real human beings is a part of the process which he sees, but sees rather dimly. Male conceit and arrogance blinds many men who might become scholars could they but remove the beams from their eyes.

I am a Ph.D. My sister is an M.D. Sociology and medicine have helped us to understand a lot. When men quit their brutish selfishness and treat women fairly, this world will stiffen up—and clean up, then our dear little "moralist" will not want to confess about back streets. He is doing nicely. I really enjoyed his nice, boyish article. Such happy rebellion!

"A WOMAN"

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My dear Editor,

Appreciation is due Dr. Arthur Hobson Quinn for his timely article, "What's Right With the Colleges," in the October CENTURY. It is a fair analysis that should go far in compelling the destructive critics to guard more carefully their statements which for the last five years have been flaunted freely through all the magazines.

Cordially yours,
CHARLES REITELL

Pittsburgh, Pa.

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My dear Editor,

For a long time I have wondered if anybody was aware that the educational system of the United States was all wrong—until Mr. Howard Vincent O'Brien in "The Road to Riches" voiced my opinion exactly.

The schools should tell us the story; that romance which may be entitled "Mankind and the Universe." They should tell us as near as they can, the meaning of the whole system. They should enable us to obtain a broad, intelligent, outlook and a helpful philosophy of life.

But instead of this we have four years of chemistry, four years of English, two years of this and four years of that. Physics is taught by problems, chemistry by reactions and formulas. The great romance, the story of physics or chemistry is neglected.

And when the young man leaves the school he can't put two and two together and have four. He can't think. He can compute the acceleration of gravity from the swing of a pendulum, but he does not grasp the great fact that all falling bodies great or small gain in speed thirty-two feet per second each second. He does not comprehend the great system that governs all matter.

But what can be done? To change our whole educational system is an all but impossible job.

Very truly yours,
WENDELL Y. SEVERSON
(A college sophomore)

Scranton, Pennsylvania.

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# NATURAL HISTORY AND HUMAN LIFE

## *Giving to Man a New World and a New Hope*

J. ARTHUR THOMSON

AMONG amateur philosophers—such as most of us are—it has been for ages customary to recognize three sides of human life, the practical, the emotional and the intellectual. These correspond to hand, heart and head in old-fashioned parlance, to what the modern psychologists call our conative, emotional and cognitive activities. The classification is convenient when we think of natural history and human life, for in this connection the three aspects stand out clearly. Man traffics virtually with the biosphere of animals and plants that surrounds him; he finds it a source of joy and of fear, a beauty-feast and an inspiration; and, thirdly, he tries to understand its sequences. Thus have arisen biotechnics, nature-poetry and biology—always in some measure interwoven, not existing as three separate cords.

### *Man's Practical Relations with Nature*

No doubt practical relations came first, though never without their atmosphere of feeling, and soon associated with a traditional lore. Our ancestors fought with wild beasts and tested wild plants; and it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of these early struggles and siftings. They engendered courage, foresight and ingenuity, these early competitive relations with wild animals. They wrought out discretion and a sense of cause-and-effect, these early life-and-death experiments which distinguished palatable from poisonous plants. As man's foothold became firmer, there was the beginning of domestication and cultivation. The Neolithic hunter brought the wolf's orphaned cubs home as playmates for his children, and gradually he evolved the sentinel of the cave and the lake-dwelling, the domestic dog, which became at a later date the guardian of the herds, and eventually man's responsible partner in active shepherding and in the chase. The domestication of the dog, which came first, made flocks and herds possible, and while emphasis is naturally laid on the fact that man evolved the dog, the other side must not be overlooked that man's own evolution was influenced by the animals which he brought

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from the biosphere into his kingdom. The secret of domestication has been lost, but part of it was sympathy; and this must have been continued in the subsequent improvement of breeds, especially in the case of those domesticated animals, like dog and horse, that were taken by man into responsible partnership.

Similarly, the hungry huntsman who was attracted by the plump kernels of the wild wheat, rubbed them in his hands, blew away the chaff—as country children still do—and had a big mouthful, must have taken samples home for his wife to enjoy. And women were doubtless the first gardeners. In some such way, with the frequent mingling of the fortuitous and foresighted, there began cultivation—another influential discipline of the developing human spirit. For plant-breeding, like animal-breeding, makes demands on man's capacities for self-denial, patience and foresight. Anthropologists have emphasized the importance of the hunting period in the making of man, but one must not forget what was learned in the prehistoric garden.

It is interesting to reflect that man was a practical evolutionist for thousands of years before the old Greek philosophers began to think of evolutionary cosmology. It cannot be supposed that prehistoric man quite realized what he was doing when he evolved the wolf into the dog, or a wild grass into wheat; indeed no one before Darwin clearly saw what this transformation implied. Yet we cannot help thinking that these ancient experimenters were the initiators of an evolutionary tradition—sometimes lost like a subterranean river, and then re-appearing—a tradition of the possible transformation of life, from the wild horse to the willing servant, from the wild grape to the cultivated vine. We do not know whether these ancient discoveries became in any *direct* way part of the "primary unconscious," but there is no difficulty in postulating a social (extra-organismal) heritage and a process of selection that would favor those individuals who had an intrinsic historic sense and were sensitively educable in the social tradition. In any case organic evolution seems to have proceeded, and does continue to proceed, on the principle that nothing succeeds like success. To him that hath, shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have. In some way, man's personality was enriched by his early endeavors to bring plants and animals into his kingdom—the sociosphere—by cultivation and domestication.

Our thesis may seem plausible in regard to such intimate relations as domesticating and cultivating—does not bee-keeping sweeten the disposition and the culture of silkworms make for gentleness?—but does this hold at all for the long drawn out story of man's efforts to make more and more of the natural resources of sea and land? Age after age man improved his exploitation and added to the list of plants and animals proved to be good to eat or otherwise useful. Did this react on human life? To a greater degree, probably, than any one has yet realized, though the French sociologist Le Play and the geographer Reclus had their illuminating interpretations, which have been extended and sublimed by the genius of their continuator, Professor Patrick Geddes. "Folk, Work, Place"; "*Famille, Travail, Lieu*"; correspond in sociology to the biologist's "Organisms, Functionings, Environments"—the three coördinates of life, the three sides of the natural history prism. Men of diverse temperaments incline to diverse occupations—hunters, shepherds, fishermen, farmers, miners and so forth; and the congruent occupation emphasizes their characteristics. There is a Cain and an Abel in many a family; and the tilling of the ground makes the Cain more *farouche*, just as the shepherding makes the Abel more gentle. We are not supposing that the "acquired characters" induced by the primary occupations became racial features, but we believe that different ways of living definitized temperamental and physical types, partly by the elimination of the unsuitable and partly by the establishment of social traditions. Both of these modes of operation would be especially potent when the nature of the country narrowed the possibilities of successful living. As Le Play pointed out, there are diverse social forms corresponding to the staple foods; a rice-civilization must be different from a wheat-civilization; a pastoral people must be different—even in religion—from a fisher folk. In early days natural history was the lore of the occupation, and from the influence of this it is impossible to try to isolate human life. Since the discovery of Mendelian inheritance we have looked with a fresh eye on the perennial problems of eugenics, but Mendelism is in the direct line of succession from the experiments of the early breeders in the pen and of the early cultivators in the garden. How proud we are of the achievements of modern medicine, such as hormone-treatment to balk certain diseases; but many of these novelties take us back, often by devious paths, to the old animal simples and herbalist therapeutics. Sometimes, no doubt, the history lands us in almost unintelligible superstition and magic, but often in ancient practical lore of which the modern physician need not be ashamed. Such then is our first point, that man's practical relations to natural history have led to the amelioration of his life. That this continues is evident to all who look round them to-day.

### *Man's Esthetic Relation to Nature*

When prehistoric man gained firmer footing he had leisure to look about and to enjoy. Even among animals there may be susceptibility to beauty, how much more in man who is instinct with reason. The bower-bird's delight in decorating its courtship bower is more than the beginning of esthetic emotion. In the drawings on the walls of caves there is abundant evidence of early man's enjoyment of fine lines and dramatic presentment.

Now it is characteristic of animate nature that it is full of beauty—full of a quality that excites the esthetic emotion. Almost everywhere in wild nature, there is overflowing beauty of form and color, and the objective side of this beauty is that it expresses harmonious living, orderly growth and exuberant health. No doubt, just as with pictures, there is easy beauty, like that of the bird of paradise, and difficult beauty, like that of the snake; but apart from exceptions that prove the rule all fully formed wild organisms, living an independent life, have the hallmark of beauty. This is one of the delights of natural history, it deals with masterpieces of beauty—the coral, the sea-lily, the butterfly, the nautilus shell, the gemmeous dragonet, the humming-bird, the sinuous ermine amidst the snow, the fluorescent fronds of seaweed, the feathery moss, the cedar of Lebanon, the bluebells tinkling by the wayside, and the royal fern by the waterfall—

"... plant lovelier in its own retired abode ... than Naiad by the side of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere, sole-sitting by the shores of old romance."

There is, as we have said, easy beauty and difficult beauty; but are we not made ashamed of our casual glances, when we read the Hebrew poet's intimate appreciation of behemoth—the hippopotamus—whom he discovered in detail to be "the chief of the ways of God"?

To the simple sensory thrills which we enjoy in contemplating beautiful forms, colors and movements, there are added our perceptions of fitness, as in the flying bird, with its mastery of the air; second, a halo of pleasant memories and associations, which often count for much; and, third, certain subtle ideas, such as a vicarious pride when we see life bending materials to its purposes and love striking the harp of life with all its might. For while the appeal of beauty is sensory to begin with, it awakens responses in heart and lungs, in circulation and endocrine glands; it acquires perceptual accessories and draws concepts within its thrill. The higher forms of beauty awaken the whole man; Wordsworth's heart danced with the jocund company of daffodils; and this has been part of man's discipline all through the ages. To suppose that there is not survival value in this susceptibility to beauty is a strange mistake of which some thoughtful evolutionists have been guilty. As to survival value, forsooth, think only of the pageant factor in war, and the lure not only of jewels but of every green and pleasant land. Moreover, variations in the direction of sensitiveness to color and music, not to speak of mathematics, are carried in the wake of less recondite organismal fitnesses with which they are correlated.

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Along with the esthetic emotion excited by the beauty of nature must be included the thrilling interest of the ways of living creatures. Many animals are like *Brer Rabbit*, homunculi with amazingly interesting habits. Even the somnolent plant world is full of situations that angels might desire to look into. There are, no doubt, many instances of prosaic pedestrian life, but one never can tell when the dramatic will emerge. The cormorant has its courtship; the life-history of the eel is a romance; the wayside tree thrills to the shadow of a passing cloud; the story of the cuckoo-spit on the grass is a novelette. Moreover, everything is the outcome of a dramatic evolution; with an exciting history behind it.

Thus while modern man is not so naïvely esthetic as his ancestors were, he has his compensations. He sees more of the subtlety of the nature-plot. The scientific mood cannot mingle with the esthetic, and may sometimes freeze it; yet there is a deep truth in saying: He loveth best who knoweth most. When the botanist has finished fingering the tree, the dryad comes back, fairer than ever. Even the withered leaves turn to fairy gold in the light of their natural history. The beauty of nature is like music, often grave as well as gay, yet always so perfect that one finds it a fountain of delight. Evolution, as Lotze said, has been "an onward-advancing melody."

### *Natural History as Intellectual Discipline*

Man's third relation to nature and its history is intellectual. What would his mind have been if he had not learned in nature's school? Poincaré asks in one of his books how much science there would have been if man had been unable to see the stars. For it was thence that he had his first great object-lessons in uniformities. So in a wider way nature has been a rare Euclid, exciting man's curiosity, prodding him with puzzles, inviting, even insisting on, his inquiry. Often, one admits, necessity was the prolific mother of discovery, but intellectual curiosity was the father. Even when man lost his clue to new knowledge, as in the Dark Ages, he could not cease to be inquisitive. On the whole, we say, nature has afforded a discipline in observation, in analysis, in discerning uniformities of sequence, in discovering the interrelations or linkages in the web of life. Man makes a working thought-model of nature; what he calls laws of nature are formulations of the uniformities of sequence which he experiences; but let us not forget how nature has made man.

For not only has nature's deeply penetrating changefulness helped to evoke new cerebral variations in man, but it has not ceased—except for vicious parentheses like the Dark Ages—to keep him moving on the path toward more light. Its waypost is a huge mark of interrogation. At every corner one sees a sphinx.

It must be kept in mind that though natural history as a science has had a long infancy, and has often had prolonged relapses into childishness, it has held before man the ideal of verifiable description in terms of measurable or registrable factors. If man got his fundamental scientific concepts from the stars overhead, he soon began to extend them by measuring the fields of earth on which he trod. And while geometry, mechanics and the like gave man his indispensable and fundamental training in exact scientific method, there were other lessons that could only be learned from the necessarily less exact natural history. For only in the realm of organisms could man learn the lesson of the interrelatedness of the multitudinous circles of life, and the central lesson of the unique process of organic evolution. Man's mind would have remained a sternly furnished room if it had not been for natural history. Partly because so many of the facts of natural history have a direct relation to the practical problems of human life—

as in domestication, cultivation, exploitation, naturalization, disease eradication, and other 'ations—the lesson of facing the facts was driven home. By living we learn, *vivendo discimus;* natural history has been to man a discipline in the veracities; Pasteur was to Darwin as works to faith.

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Of the danger of forgetting the fundamental necessity of facing the facts lurid evidence is given by the Dark Ages, to which we have already referred. One of the greatest of biologists was Galen, who died about 200 A.D., but between him and Vesalius, whose epoch-marking book on the structure of the human body was published in 1543, there is a long night! So it was in other departments of science, for even in the study of the heavenly bodies there was darkness for over thirteen centuries between the cosmographer Ptolemy and Copernicus, whose revolutionary work, "De revolutionibus orbium coelestium" was published in the same year as Vesalius's "De fabrica corporis humani." For various reasons, still far from clear, but including extreme preoccupation with the practical tasks of war and peace, men lost for centuries the desire to see for themselves and to make new knowledge. The result was not only stagnancy, there was a relapse into wanton superstition and magic-mongering, well described by Dr. Charles Singer in his "From Magic to Science" (1928). Whenever man loses the natural history spirit of inquiry and its ideal of knowledge that can be verified by all normally constituted minds, he slips back into the mire; and of this there are sad instances in modern credulities.

"As is the world on the banks, so is the mind of man," Matthew Arnold tells us; and our simple point is just that the progress of natural history from the Renaissance onward has been a revelation of new worlds, to which man has reacted. To take a simple instance, the whole world became new when in the early seventeenth century the microscope became an everyday instrument of science. Not only did everything become more intricate as new details of structure were revealed, but the visible became explicable in terms of the invisible. Beginnings that had previously been x's, were shown to be microscopic ova; what had seemed to be the spontaneous generation of intricate animals, such as worms, was proved to be due to the intrusion of microscopic germs; the ends of Harvey's arteries were connected to the beginnings of his veins by the invisible capillaries which Malpighi was the first to demonstrate; what had seemed to be a hiatus was proved to be an invisible nerve-fiber, beside which a thread of gossamer appears gross. The earth became in a new sense living; there are more animalcules in a pail of water than we can see of stars on a clear night; the air we breathe teems with bacteria like the dust-motes illumined by a ray of light in a dark room. The little things of the world came to confound the strong; the visible was shown in the light of natural history to be explained by the invisible. It was a new world.

Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, whom the Reds guillotined in their madness, crying, "The Republic has no need of savants," had a glimpse of a new world when, utilizing Priestley's discovery or rediscovery of oxygen, he showed that all life implies combustion. He put the living body with its throbbing heart beside the candle with its flickering flame, and showed that both were burning. It was comparable with Newton's linkage of the falling apple to the distant moon. Like the floating seaweed to Columbus, so the simple experiment of Lavoisier presaged a new world—the biochemistry of to-day, disclosing a witch's caldron in every cell of our body. It was a new world to know that the changes of the living organism were in line with the oxidations and reductions, hydrations and dehydrations, solutions and catalyses that take place in the non-living world which we persist in calling inanimate. This is not of course to say that the caldron accounts for the witch, but that is another story.

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It was another new world when the prescience of Liebig, somewhat grotesquely most remembered for his beef-tea, disclosed the circulation of matter. The chemical elements, next door to being indestructible, pass from one collocation to another in a ceaseless cycle of fresh embodiments. From air to soil, from soil to plant, from plant to animal, from animal to man; and Cæsar's dust begins the dance anew. Animate nature is an unending cycle of reincarnations, and even the breaking-down of the radio-active elements throws the general conservation of matter into stronger relief. In a deep sense, all flesh is transmogrified grass and all flesh is re-incarnated diatom. "After the last returns the first," as Browning put it, "though a long compass round be fetched." And what is true of matter is true of energy, not that there is much difference, for the world is a flux of powers from guise to guise. Even living creatures make no energy, but are merely its transient transformers. "The stars see man to bed," the poet tells us, and so they do even when electric light is preferred. For our sun is a star or starlet, and what is the fountain and origin of all energy unless it be in the collisions and disintegrations of particles in these fierce whirlpools? The poet's fine hyperbole is verified: "Thou cans't not stir a flower without troubling of a star." Combining for the animate as well as for the inanimate the twin facts of the circulation and the conservation of matter and energy, we get an extraordinarily dynamic vision of the world—part of our natural history heritage.

Another new world that natural history is revealing to man is the interrelatedness of organisms. Nothing lives or dies to itself; one life-circle intersects many others; every life-history is a thread in an intricately woven web of life. As John Locke said: Everything is a retainer to some other part of nature. What Gilbert White discerned in 1777 in his "Natural History of Selborne" was demonstrated in detail by Charles Darwin in 1881, in his patient book on earthworms, which showed that these humble creatures have been the chief soil-makers throughout the world. Darwin amused people by his linkage of cats and clover, but this was merely a diagrammatic instance of the web of life. The bee pollinates the blossom, the missel-thrush plants the mistletoe, the water-wagtail affects the success of sheep-farming, the mosquito disseminates the malaria organism, the rat-flea the black death, and the tsetse-fly sleeping-sickness. The most characteristic aspect of nature is that of vital interrelations; what we see is like the rippling circles on a surface of a quiet pool dimpled by May-flies, one spreading orb influencing another beyond the ken of the wisest. Thus in man's social and political actions, it is not the immediate result alone that is important; there must be prevision of secondary and tertiary and remoter consequences. Nature has given man lesson after lesson in vital chess-playing; but he is not too willing to learn.

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It was a Columbus voyage that Darwin took on the *Beagle*, for he discovered a new world—an evolved and evolving world. In a freshly concrete way, the present was seen as the child of the past and the parent of the future. The study of "being" changed into a study of "becoming." "Everything," as Bagehot said, "appeared as an antiquity," the long result of time; and man himself as the offspring of the ages, solidary with antecedent creation. Darwin disclosed organic evolution as a manifold process of racial change in definite directions, in the course of which distinctively new forms arise, gain foothold and flourish, alongside of or in place of the originative stock. But he did more, for he began the scientific analysis of the factors operative in the sublime advancement of life, checkered no doubt by retrogressions: he began the precise study of variation and heredity, selection and isolation. Changing and entailing, sifting and singling—such was Darwin's ætiology, and its general ideas remain valid to-day. But our present point is that Darwin disclosed a new world, more kinetic, less static, than before; and the world-wide drama of "organic becoming," with discernible and verifiable factors in the plot, continues to become new every year. The evolution theory continues to evolve.

There seems danger ahead in man's increasing dissociation from the fundamental facts of organic life—sowing and growing, feeding and breeding, sifting and singling, which were close realities to our forefathers, but are mainly restricted to country-folk to-day. The townsman and the modern may have a wider knowledge of bookish natural history, but the country-folk, like their forebears, are in closer touch with the fundamentals of animate nature. This may seem to some an educational whim, but it goes to the heart of the matter. There is good reason to distrust statesmen and social reformers, educationists and philosophers who have not a first-hand realization of fruiting and seeding, sprouting and growing, feeding and flowering; and similarly with the trajectory of animal life. It is not merely that nothing can replace in early education the basal impressions of animate nature—"there was a child who went forth every day, and what that child saw became part of him for a day, or for a year, or for stretching cycles of year"; it is impossible to think rightly in an all-round way, about human affairs, without some concrete appreciation of what living means. Other things equal, the greater statesman will leave the plow like Cato, the greater king will come from the sheep-pastures, the greater gospeler will leave his fishing-nets. Man is too near human life to see its deeper movements, the perspective of natural history is essential for wise government and for a progressive philosophy. Whether it be called a grip of natural history, or an understanding of the principles of biology, or an intelligent familiarity with the life of the country, seems to us to matter little; the essential quality of the statesman and reformer, the educationist and the philosopher, is being vividly aware of the facts of life. What is there in sociology which is not defined by the coördinates "Folk, Work, Place"—Le Play's "*Famille*, *Travail*, *Lieu*"; and what are these but the biologist's "Organisms, Functionings, and Environments"? And what are man's concrete ideals save "Eugenics, Eutechnics, and Eutopias," obviously the projections of what is held to be best on each of the three sides of the biological prism. That there is a eupsychic aspect of each is also plain, though belonging to another story.

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We have been defending the thesis that natural history has enriched human life from generation to generation, and along three main lines—practical, esthetic and intellectual. But we must return to the difficult question, just touched in passing, *Of what does the enrichment precisely consist?* In regard to the first half of the answer there is unanimity. Man has been individually enriched by the Aladdin's Cave which he has discovered in nature; and he has invested part of his wealth in the undying social heritage. What he has personally gained he has made racial by expressing it in institutions, traditions, scientific archives, literature, art and all sorts of permanent products, of which the ant-hill and the termitary are faint animal adumbrations. To this extra-organismal registration of gains no small part of man's progress has been due; and the chief end of education is to learn to use the available social heritage—not that many succeed more than partly.

But a sharp difference of opinion arises when we ask whether there is not organismal entailment as well. To many competent thinkers, well-represented by Herbert Spencer, it seems unbelievable that there should not be from generation to generation some entailment of individual gains. On this supposition Herbert Spencer's evolutionary psychology was based—the racial entailment of individual gains, or, in other words, the representative transmission of individually acquired characters. The technical phrase "acquired characters" is used to mean all the modifications of body or mind that are directly due to peculiarities in habits and surroundings. In the course of centuries, the average individual has become more controlled, more skilful, more intellectual, more far-sighted, more altruistic, more sensitive to beauty; and, apart from the social heritage, this amelioration is due, we are told, to the gradual hereditary accumulation of individual gains. Every parent adds his or her quota to the hereditary racial capital, and thus the stock gets better and better every day, or worse and worse, when debts accumulate and the capital depreciates. This is the familiar Lamarckian theory of the hereditary transmission of representatives at least of the individual parent's gains and losses. It is an attractive hypothesis, but it cannot be called a proven theory; and it is difficult to think out the organic arrangements by which the entailment could be effected.

The other theory of man's organismal advance is Neo-Darwinian. It is less easily stated; it has never been carefully worked out; it makes fewer postulates than the Lamarckian theory. (1) Variations in the nervous system are common, such as increase in the numbers and linkages of nerve-cells in particular parts of the brain. (2) These variations have a germinal origin, being due to new permutations and combinations among or in the hereditary factors within the germ-cells. Diverse reasons for these reshufflings and augmentations and changes in the hereditary cards can be given, but that is not our present business. (3) Many of these germinal variations that concern the nervous system are certainly transmissible, and many cases are known where particular aptitudes or talents are entailed for several generations. (4) A long-continued progressive neuro-mental variation, in the cortex of the cerebral hemispheres, led from tree-shrews to marmosets, from marmosets to monkeys, from monkeys to the common ancestors of anthropoids and tentative men. Similar cerebral variations have continued in *Homo sapiens*, and they have formed the raw materials of man's mental and moral evolution. It is not that each parent added his or her gains to the hereditary capital, it is rather that the hereditary capital automatically grew like banked money at compound interest. Thus there was in the course of millenniums an advancement in man's capacity of learning from nature, of utilizing the social heritage, or thrilling to beauty and responding to the call of kinship. (5) What was it then that was entailed cumulatively from generation to generation? It was the inborn hereditary "nature," not the results of impressed "nurture," though "nurture" would ever have its rôle in educing the resources of the "nature." But if one says that the individual's experience does not count in the evolution of the race, that is rebounding to an extreme and untenable position. For the rôle of the individual experience is to test and try the individual variations, to put them to the proof for rejection or for fostering, as the case may be. The individual may trade with his talents to advantage; he may use his hereditary increment to reach a higher level of investment.

The main method of individual human evolution has been the *selection of variations in susceptibility to environmental stimuli*, including, of course, those of the society itself. The other side of the sifting is the elimination of the intellectually, esthetically, practically, and ethically unsusceptible. For the time being, unfortunately if necessarily, this elimination is for the most part in abeyance in civilized communities. But this way perdition lies unless man can substitute for the natural selection of nature's régime, to which there can be no return, some methods of rational and social selection which will continue the plus and minus winnowing without which there can be no stability, still less progress. We must return to our natural history to get hints of the forms this new winnowing may take; and yet we must not remain there, for a biologism which ignores the transcendence of man over mammal may be as fallacious as a materialism which ignores the transcendence of life over matter.

### *Philosophical*

Philosophy is the attempt to think resolutely about our experience as a whole, and the question now arises: What has natural history to contribute to every man's philosophy? Man finds himself as part of a great vibrating *systema naturæ*, out of which he has emerged, which has made him what he is, and apart from which he is unpicturable. Of this system man has become the investigator, and by understanding or formulation he has made it his minister. With the torch of clear-headed knowledge, ever brightening into science, he conquers a kingdom. It may be venturing a little beyond strict science, but when we are trying to see things whole, it seems as if nature had been a preparation for man, and in some real sense friendly. In any case it was out of nature that man emerged, and nature has not ceased to favor his evolution. By its wealth he has attained to well-being; by its beauty he has risen to art; its birds have taught him music; its intelligibility has made him wise; its inexorabilities have been for his ethical instruction.

The ancient listeners were right, there are voices of nature which reverberate through all the earth. There is the wind that engenders practical wisdom, the building of a flood-proof house with deep foundations, the harvesting of the crops before the rain, the furling of the sails before the storm. So nature, saying "struggle," has educated man's hands. The second voice in the old story was the earthquake, shaking the floor of the cave-dwelling, bidding man wonder and fear, teaching him reverence and yet enjoyment too, educating his heart. The third voice in the parable was the fire, which burns up rubbish, which separates gold from its matrix, which gives light; and what is this but science? So nature, saying, "inquire," educates man's head. "Endeavor," "enjoy and reverence," "inquire"—these are the three voices of nature, and we have been poor students of natural history if we have not heard them. In the Old Testament story they were preludes to "the still small voice," or, better, "the voice of quietness" which we take to indicate religion or poetry or philosophy (sisters, if not identities); but that is obviously another story. What we are seeking to indicate is the old truth of a Bible of Nature, a ***Biblion Naturæ***, which men may peruse. What a ludicrously prosaic idea it is to think that natural history is something that one reads up from "Outlines of Zoology" and "Chapters in Modern Botany"! Natural history is perusing the Bible of Nature. To be more concrete, we are not supposing that ants and bees arose in the course of evolution as object-lessons for the man of the distant future; but we do definitely say that from a study of these admirable but deplorable socialists man may learn something that might save him many years of tears. They are for our warning.

Natural history contributes to every man's philosophy the picture of animate nature as *all for health*, outside man's precincts and some puzzling parasitisms, and *all for beauty*, again with some exceptions that prove the rule. Natural history discloses the fact of organic evolution, which has been, throughout the ages, *on the whole* integrative. There have been retrogressions and age-long eddies, but on the whole the fact we see is progressive evolution, making for greater fullness and freedom of life. With Emerson we see the worm "mounting through all the spires of form, striving to be man." One of the largest facts of natural history, coming near a gospel, is the trend, never hasting, never resting, toward greater mastery of environment and increased freedom in self-expression. The biggest fact in the story of organic evolution is the growing emancipation of mind; and we see no reason for believing that this trend has stopped. The good news of natural history is that the momentum of organic evolution has been in the direction of clear-headedness, health, and kin-sympathy—in the direction of the true, the beautiful, and the good, the ideals which man at his best has always held to be best. Nature is not against us, but with us; the momentum of evolution is within us, and more for good than for ill, if we give it a chance.

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Let us cease thinking of natural history merely as a department of science that provides fairy-tales, reads riddles, solves puzzles, reveals beauty, discloses a drama, increases our food supply, and decreases our parasites. It is all that, of course, but it has a higher service to render to man, as a lamp to his feet, a light to his path. What is the good of all this investigating and experimenting, collecting and classifying, theorizing and criticizing? It is not wholly, to use Bacon's phrase, "for the glory of the Creator," it is also "for the relief of man's estate." Not merely by making two blades of grass grow where one grew before, and increasing the harvest of the sea; not only by evolving the wolfishness out of the dog; not merely by checking such diseases as malaria and sleeping-sickness, and balking such dire parasites as hookworm and Bilharzia; not only by discovering laws of heredity and variation; but by giving man a new world and a new hope—the wiser control of life. The study of natural history is giving man a New Organum which would have delighted Bacon's heart. For knowledge is foresight, and foresight is power. *Sursum corda.*

There are certain questions to which science, if true to its methods and métier, must restrict itself. These questions are: What is this? Whence and how did it come? How does it keep agoing? What is its immediate future? But as philosophers we are bound to ask what is the meaning of all this? What is its significance and purpose, if it has any? The characteristic scientific questions are: What? Whence? How? Whither? But the characteristic philosophical question is, Why? Science reduces orders of fact to the lowest available common denominators, and describes or formulates in terms of these, reaching, perhaps, to laws of nature. But religion or philosophy sees the orders of fact in the light of a greatest common measure, and seeks to interpret them in terms of this, sending tendrils, perhaps, toward the thoughts of God. Here confessedly we pass beyond science, and beyond the limits of our prescribed theme. But we have this to say, and with increasing conviction as the years pass, that the new natural history is demonstrating to man that the system of animate nature to which he belongs is a world congruent with the religious mood, a world in which the religious spirit can breathe freely and possibly enjoy at times the Vision of God.

## SUPPLICATION

MADELEINE MOSCHENROSS

Lord, make me immune this Spring . . .
Calm, untouched . . . let no green thing
Blind my eyes nor grip my heart.
Let me stand aloof . . . apart.

Let my lip not tremble when
Lovers slip through moon-glazed glen,
While I walk alone . . . nor see
Star-dust on a cherry-tree.

Make me deaf to each wild tune,
Thrush and lark and river-rune . . .
Fill me not with vague unrest . . .
*Kill* this surging in my breast!

Nor let lilacs wet with dew
Stir old dreams nor fashion new . . .
Shield me from the hurt of Spring,
God, a heart's a fragile . . . thing.

# THIRTY TO TWENTY

## *The High Chair Speaks to the Cradle*

IRWIN EDMAN

I FEEL that I have something special to say to you that I am, perhaps, by age peculiarly placed to say, and that you may, perhaps, be not unwilling to hear. You and I can still understand each other; at thirty I have still most of your enthusiasm and passions; at thirty I still hear myself sometimes described as a young man. The middle-aged still seem to me, as they seem to you, stuffy and settled. With you I still want to make the world something closer to the clarified heart's desire, and still think it can so be made. There are all sorts of illusions, sweet, persistent and foolish by which we both still live. Love is one of them, I think, though I hardly believe in its eternity any longer (as I suspect you do). That old spoilt child of eighteenth century reason, is another—the perfectability of human nature. And, when digestion is in order (as alas at thirty it is not always), I think I share, though more quietly, your own sensibility to the colors and shapes of the world about you. A custom of years of concert going, has not withered or staled my excitements about music. While I resent the displacement of travel more than I used to, you will recall seeing me not infrequently at the art exhibitions last year.

While I am not as hopeful as you seem to be of any new scheme of salvation that creeps into the public consciousness, I have not been so shattered by skepticisms but that I still warm to any movement, liberal and hopeful, that any prophet or propagandist may launch upon our time. Friends still constitute part of the delightful furniture of heaven and earth, though I have lost some by death, and others by default, on their part or on my own. And I do not make friends, I find, as easily as I used to, as freely as you still do.

In all these major respects, I think we are of the same fraternity, if not of quite the same generation. But ten years make a difference and I suspect the last ten years have made a greater difference than a decade usually can create. There are the perpetual differences between twenty and thirty of which I hardly need to remind you. If you do not know them, you will find them out for yourself in ten years or so. Life at thirty can scarcely be said to be over. I have not wasted my soul or my substance, having, perhaps, not too much of either to waste. With good luck, there are doubtless any number of pleasant possibilities that the world still holds open. But none the less at thirty, one begins to look back, like Marcel Proust, at "le Temps Perdu." Unless one has his genius for salvaging it by putting it into a book, there is much of the last ten years that to a thirty year old man, will appear blind effort, or effortless waste. There are the things he might well have done and did not do, the things it is quite too late to regret doing. Regret, Spinoza insists, is a wasteful emotion, and here in this August sunlight in the mountains a thousand feet above a Swiss lake, regret seems strangely trivial and irrelevant. But one does have regrets that at your age (as I write this suddenly, you do seem very young) you cannot have. Heaven knows I have seen you waste time and waste emotion. But hardly long enough to have it matter very much. In the long run you will have profited by most of it, and it can all be set down to experience. There is still lots of time to learn better. Your elders know that and forgive you for your as yet unbroken promise. You know it yourself, and life is full of too much color and glamour to give you much pause to care whether you know it or not. When some escape or detour turns out to be quite blind and futile, you have always the comfort of knowing, that, like a musician, with a fertile and vivacious theme, you can start another variation. At thirty, one knows, one's friends know, that the theme is less fertile than one thought it, and one cannot forever start anew.

That difference of perspective, I think, indicates the dates that lie between us. Once I told you I had been in my present profession ten years. You replied in some amused surprise that you had been doing nothing as yet for ten years. You are still perplexed and stimulated by the possible. At thirty much of the perplexity and the excitement of it will have vanished. You will have found your field to furrow or your garden to cultivate. You will hate it or love it, but you will be perforce acquiescent. You will, to use one of your favorite expressions, be considerably less high hat about your world.

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But if I may continue to remind you of things of which I said you needed no reminder, the chief differences between us lie within the limits of our resemblances. I said at thirty I still believe in all the old and saving illusions, love and friendship and the perfectability of human nature and each new cause, as hopeful, as touching, as doomed as the story of any human life. I believe in them however, with a difference. To say indeed that I believe in them is a kind of falsity. I am still young enough to be susceptible to them. I long ago, however, discovered all the things about them that trouble you in the very temple of your delight. You fly from ecstasy to disenchantment. Now love gilds your world completely, and now you perceive the shallowness of the gilt. Now love is a winged spirit, now it is a gross biological illusion. With those sometimes eloquent lips of yours with which you swear it is eternal, you know—how many poets of our day have told you—that it is scarcely even temporary. It is defeasible not simply by death but by distraction. People do not simply die; they move away. The three or four Springs of your adolescence have taught you much of the cynical wisdom of the ages on this theme so salty and so sweet. At thirty, unless human nature changes as rapidly as the radio and the aëroplane, you will be both less lyrical and less cynical. You will be able to love, indeed you will still have to love. But you will not have to or want to talk about it with the hardness of the cynic or the rapture of the fool. I suspect you may not want to talk about it at all.

As to the perfectibility of human nature—even in this age of sophistication, you still believe in that, though its instrument is not God or salvation but psychoanalysis or glandular secretions or some still more fashionable modern nostrum. It is only stupidity or special interest, you insist, that makes our world such a chaos. I know how much you feel that. I have seen you standing against my bookcase, one elbow resting on a bust of Socrates, the other disarranging a set of Gibbon, while you poured out your sense of how easy it would be to have a tidy ordered cosmos. Once you brought a friend with you who was not so sure. He had been reading some of the modern futilitarians by whom, I notice, you yourself are beginning to be touched. He went to the other extreme and insisted that nothing could be done, and that if it could, how did anybody know it was worth doing.

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At thirty my generation particularly has lost its fantastic faith of before the war, and the fantastic melancholy into which you and your sad young companions have fallen. I told you some paragraphs back, there was a peculiar difference between us. There is, and it is the war, responsible, or held to be so, for so many curious and deplorable features of our post-war world. It is impossible to believe, as firmly as you, in any covenant or instrument that will outlaw war, the method, so to speak, that will permanently legalize happiness. Remember, my contemporaries and I were just a little under twenty when the war broke out. That impact shattered our facile little Utopias. But we have lived to see the world go on after all the muck and agony and disillusion. We cannot or will not allow ourselves to ask as many questions about purpose and futility as you ask.

At thirty one has lived long enough to see hopes foundered and enthusiasms wrecked in the lives of one's self and one's friends. One has lived long enough, too, to have gained some respect for the paradoxical persistence, the incredible vitality of life. One still believes in possible worlds. Perhaps to cease to have that happy animal faith is to cease to live. Perhaps having it is what makes me side with you as over against middle-age where these slightly aging bones of mine begin to tell me I belong. It is not that I have given up asking ultimate things about life. But at thirty one begins to appreciate Samuel Butler's salty remark, "Is life worth living? That is a question for an embryo, not for a man."

We differ, too, in our enthusiasms for the things of the senses and the arts. I envy you your appetite. We dined together, you remember, about a month ago. I begrudged you your ability to eat lobster and ice-cream and drink a bottle of wine. I pride myself on being an Epicurean, but as the French say, *en detail*. I admire your perfectly rabid hunger for sensations. Mine is more moderate. If I have studied physiology to any account, yours will be. It is not simply the difference in our physique. There is a fundamental difference, I think, in our philosophy of sensation. Especially in that refined form of it which is our passion for the arts. You have been reading Pater, I suspect, and like most sensitive young men, have been seduced by his conclusion to the "Renaissance." "To burn always with a hard gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life." Well, in the first place, it cannot be done. Thirty can tell you; forty, I suspect, could underline it. And there are other kinds of success, more rich and more enduring. Beauty is still for you a kind of escape from a distressing world that does not come up to your adolescent specifications. You wish to retire into it, as into a marble and lucid monastery. You will learn very likely, and soon enough, that you do not wish to live in a monastery, and you will have a family and a profession to entangle you deliciously or excitingly or depressingly in something else than the Quest for Beauty and the pure fire of sensation. You will less and less want to live like a stanza out of Edna St. Vincent Millay. I say this with a conviction born of an experience you cannot have had, precocious youngster though you are. Adolescence is the great egoistic period not simply because it is the age when a personality begins to be acutely, often agonizingly aware of itself. It is the period of egotism because the conditions of life are, despite the pressure of teachers and preachers and family, relatively independent. You are tied by the glamorous loose knots of adolescent love and the bonds—rhetorically eternal, actually so loose and light—of adolescent friendship. But you are free as yet of the tight obligations of matrimony and a career. The more fortunate among you can think of life as the material for an exquisite soliloquy of sensation, rather than simply the colloquies, the dialogues, the drama in which willy-nilly life will involve you. From twenty to thirty is on the whole, the time when the nets of living will enmesh you. You may try to steer clear of them; that is the greatest testimony that they exist. Even if you resolutely avoid matrimony, or if some inherited wealth enables you to avoid a business or profession, that later independence will be quite different, less spontaneous, less genuinely lyrical as your brooding years of adolescence. The pressures of a family or of professional failure or absorption or success may indeed make the arts delightful momentary escapes for you. Music and poetry and fiction may be melodious escapes from life. But I suspect something healthier may have happened to you before you are thirty. You will come to disesteem a beauty born out of a tinkling concern with the exquisite. You may ask of the arts that they be the adult expression of the interests, complex and humane, of adult human beings. You will forgive even bad prose and bad drawing when they have something to say.

Something to say? I know it is one of the convictions, possibly only literary, of your generation that there is nothing to be said, save disillusion, nothing to be loved save pleasure, and that with disdain. As a result much of your poetry is a cross between a shrug and a heartbreak. Much of your prose is a sardonic contempt for your own ecstasies. That brings me to another difference between us, which is, I think, to be laid somehow to the quality of the last ten years rather than to the eternal difference that the ten years after adolescence are bound to make. You are wise—so many of your generation are—with a wisdom not your own, if I may so put it. You are wise with the disaffecting insight of the smart young writers whose smartness was turned to gall by the war and its postlude. You are the well-informed victims of a consciousness bred of a psychological science, young but dogmatic, that has arisen in the last two decades. I think how naïve we young men were ten years ago. When I hear you, with your bright-eyed nonchalance, quietly dragging masochism and sadism and œdipus complexes into discussions of religion, I am a little startled. We thirty-year-olds certainly dc date. When I hear the convivial frankness with which you discuss contraception at parties, and homosexuality at teas, I feel like the rather blushing ghost of a dead world. I was, if you will permit me, one of the brighter boys at college, but there are a thousand things of which you know and, what is more, of which you speak, that in my day (my bones begin to creak again) we did not know, or if we did, well, they were a little more diffidently uttered.

I respect all your new information and your new frankness. But your hasty bits of information have led you into one serious error; your passionate desire to be frank, has led you—forgive me—to be foolish. For the fact is, this new psycho-science about which you gabble so blithely is none too solid at best, and in your hands not a little questionable and thin. And it is not so much your error in detail as your error in direction that troubles me for you. These new terms and shady insights of yours are used not so much to explain as to explain away things. A mother complex is, for you, enough to destroy all reverence about the beautiful legend of the Virgin. When you murmur in your fresh young voice about the Father Image, you think you have said all there is to be said about God. When you babble about infantile fixations, you are certain you have done with the subject of love, though you know well enough that next week you will be quoting Shelley or Keats on the subject to some young thing who is probably more interested in you than either the poets or the psychoanalysts.

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Don't be alarmed. I am not going to end by calling you back to God and to Love and to Faith. I have thought about these things enough to suspect that those words are veiled with a thousand images, of tradition and prejudice, which make them as suspicious to you as to me. I am not old enough or insolent enough yet to attempt to offer you any final and oracular wisdom. I can offer you a first-hand report from the bend in the road, as it were, which you have not yet passed. Thirty has lost its raptures and its disillusions, but not necessarily its spirit. It is, I suspect, the age at which one has begun to grow up. You will see that, I hope, when you get there, with your, no doubt, still interested eyes.

# THE HEARTLESS IMP

*But She Kept Her Wits About Her When the Kidnappers Came*

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

“THATS's what *I* call her,” said Miss Prentice dryly, “even if she *is* my own sister's child—and Jerry Hartless knows it too. *I. M. P. Hartless*, she used to sign it—Imp.”

“Imp?” Mr. Mygatt repeated, choking over his muffin and slopping a spoonful of tea upon his fawn-colored spats. “*Imp?* You don't mean it!”

“Oh, yes, I do,” Miss Prentice answered firmly, “it was when she was fourteen. After my poor sister's death she came to spend her summers with me, and when I asked her why she did such a ridiculous thing, she said that her father signed his letters ‘J. A. M. Hartless’ to save writing Jeremiah, and because he loathed his name; and so she did the same—to save time, and because she didn't like Irene.”

“I think Irene's a very pretty name,” said Mr. Mygatt pacifically.

“Oh, *we!*” Miss Prentice said coldly. “What difference does it make what we think, Henderson?”

“Not much, I suppose,” he agreed.

“No. Michael—you remember our old gardener?—used to call her ‘that Hartless imp,’ and I'm afraid I took it from him. As a matter of fact, I really think she's about as heartless as any one so good-natured and obliging can be.”

“Oh!” said Mr. Mygatt, drinking his tea with a certain relief in his voice. “I'm glad to hear that, Sally, because she struck me as just that—good-natured and obliging. And a pretty child, too. A little brusque, perhaps, but sincere, I thought, and—”

“Oh, she's sincere enough,” Miss Prentice agreed, “but she's hardly a child, Henderson. She'll be twenty-one, her next birthday. After all—”

“After all, that's not very aged,” he reminded her, and sighed. “Her mother—I think she looks like poor Kate, a little, Sally—her mother—”

“Her mother was married at her age,” Miss Prentice interrupted, “and though Kate was always a tomboy, it was different. No sensible person minds that—it's healthy.”

“Of course it is,” he assented heartily, “and I don't know that I'm entirely in favor of early marriages, Sally. Not entirely. Of course, if they turn out well, it's a very beautiful thing, but—”

“Perhaps you agree with Irene,” she broke in with a satirical smile, “she informed her father last week that she might consider marrying Peter Sayles for seven or eight years, because just now they got along very well, and as a 'juvenile lead' he was a grade A hero; but that if she lived to be twenty-eight or thirty, which she rather hoped she wouldn't do, she would undoubtedly prefer a different type, as she would be an entirely different person, then, and she thought it would be more reasonable to have a new deal!"

Mr. Mygatt made a wry face and laid down his cup.

"That's rather silly," he said briefly, "but I shouldn't be inclined to take it too seriously, if I were you. Is the young man all right?"

Miss Prentice shrugged slightly.

"He's like all the others," she said, "perhaps a little better than the average, on the whole. I don't know what they really want, any of them. Here he comes, now."

Peter Sayles swung along the terrace, kicking at the October leaves like an urchin of ten, though he was a personable young gentleman of twenty-five.

"Seen Imp, any of you?" he called, pushing through the French window, half open to the mild autumn air. "I've got a date in the village and I thought I'd give her a real treat and take her along!"

"If you'll take me to the barber's, Pete, I'm yours," a sleepy voice answered from a dim corner in the big hall behind the tea drinkers. They jumped and stared as Miss Hartless rolled out from the cushions of a long divan beside the smoldering fire and stretching and yawning as unaffectedly as a kitten, strolled to the tea table.

"Hello, Aunt Sally, hello, Mr. Mygatt!" she sighed. "Gosh, but I was certainly dead to the world! I ate too much lunch—how long's that tea been standing, Aunt Sally? If that isn't cinnamon toast, I shall cry like a child!"

She was an olive brown Imp, with sleek, short hair like an Indian's, a wide, boyish mouth and a rather childish nose that made her age hard to guess. This nose and her scant skirts, ending only a little below her knees, confused Mr. Mygatt whenever he looked at her and heard her perfectly adult voice—the rather deep and faintly husky voice of her mother, who had been the only woman he had ever wanted to marry.

"There's just one piece, and it *is* cinnamon and it's my first pick, as I came first, and haven't wasted the day in sleep," said Peter Sayles briskly, seizing the solitary dainty and balancing it deftly on his saucer, before presenting his cup to Miss Prentice.

Mr. Mygatt gasped, but neither his hostess nor Irene appeared surprised. Miss Prentice filled his cup and her niece confined herself to a brief, "Just like your big, generous heart, Pete!"

She helped herself to two little cakes at once and held out the third and last to a slender five or six year old boy who hurried eagerly into the hall just then, very fresh and dainty in a blue and white sailor-suit.

"That's for you, Bubbles," she said, "so that Pete shan't get any! Eat it quick, old scout, or he'll snitch it."

"This is Jerry's little grandnephew," Miss Prentice explained. "I'm sorry you can't stay long enough to meet his mother, Henderson, but we're a little uncertain as to just when to expect her—"

"She never comes home from the

Game till late," piped up the little boy, "there isn't no use to expect her. Can I go in the car with Pete an' Imp, mamselle?"

"Surelee, my darling," a voice replied from behind them and Mygatt turned mechanically, staring a little at the slim figure bent over a tall flowering plant in the shadow.

He stared because he had thought for a moment that it was Irene who stood there, snipping off the dead leaves in a housewifely manner. Her gray, silken legs, her gray suede slippers, her trim gray sport suit of some shining jersey material, were almost the replica of the Imp's, except that as his puzzled eyes shifted unconsciously from one to the other, he observed that the French girl's costume was of a slightly darker shade. But her saucy, boyish head was trimmed into the same modish cut and her brilliantly red lips shone out against the same olive pallor. Only, as she came forward to them, it was clear that she was seven or eight years older than the young girl, who ate her little cakes interestedly and came to the table for more tea without noticing her beyond a bluff, "'Lo, mamselle!"

"Eef Bubbles go wiz you, I may leave him and do some little sings for Madame Hartless, perhaps, mademoiselle?" she inquired politely and Irene nodded carelessly.

"Sure thing," she said, "go right to it! I'll look after him. How about that barber, Pete?"

"That's just where I'm going myself," the young man replied. "For heaven's sake, how often do you go, anyway? That dago's too good looking—that's what's the trouble!"

"Really, Peter!"

Miss Prentice frowned, but her niece grinned good-naturedly.

"We call him Rudolph," she said. "He marcels his hair, you know! Honestly, if I'd known beforehand what a job shingled hair was going to be, I'd have thought again, before I did it! It grows so fast it has to be clipped every other week, and you simply can't keep a wave in it. Come on, Bubbles, get your coat. My rear tire is pretty punk, Pete—I'll match you for who changes it, if she goes flat. None of this guest business, you know!"

"See here, you do it on purpose, Reno—can't you take your cousin's car?" Peter grumbled. "That's twice you've played it on me! You're the limit!"

"She won't let me," Irene answered calmly, "I burned a hole in the seat, last time. You're too lazy to live, Pete! Do you good. And I want Rudolph myself, mind—you can have the fat one."

They went out, wrangling, with a just remembered, "Good-by, Mr. Mygatt," from the girl, and an informal, "See you later, I hope," from Peter, and the two elders confronted each other over the empty plates.

"Are they really going to the village barber shop—together?" Mygatt asked doubtfully, and Miss Prentice repeated her fatalistic little shrug.

"Only they don't think anything of it, you know," she added honestly. "It's not as if you and I went, Henderson!"

"You and I—my lord!" he gasped and shook his head.

"I know . . . I can't get used to it," she went on, "it seems too . . . too horrid and . . . and *common*, you know—any one can go there—but there's no other place she says, and she insists that women can't trim hair."

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Mr. Mygatt lit a cigarette and watched the beginnings of what would be a fine sunset faintly tinting the Westchester hills. A great sweep of open country stretched away from the long windows; the big Georgian house was admirably placed.

"This seems a fine property: young Hartless must be doing pretty well," he observed.

"Oh, yes. They're really rich. George was always Jerry's favorite nephew, and he's very proud of his success—he gave him his start. He's much richer than his uncle to-day. But it's not a comfortable house to be in, Henderson, and I can't feel at home here, though Anne is very kind, and begs me to stay. I wish I could get Irene to go back with me . . . I wish her father realized that this was really not the place for her."

"You mean they're too rich? That she'll get spoiled?"

"Oh, it's not that, exactly; though I do think it's bad for these young things to get so used to such extravagance and luxury, of course. But it's so disorganized, Henderson! Anne's away more than she's here, though she doesn't realize it, and the whole place is run by the servants, and they're constantly changing. There really isn't any head to anything. I've never seen the same governess here, twice—and I've never liked any of them," she added in a lower voice.

"No? She seems on the job, this one, I thought."

"I think she's too much so," Miss Prentice answered coldly, "I don't think she really cares for Bubbles, at all. She's not a sincere person, I'm sure. That poor little fellow—he's really pathetic, Henderson, though of course he has everything in the world. George and Anne are dashing through this house till I get almost dizzy—it's just like a railroad station!"

"It's a pretty comfortable railroad station," he said, laughing shortly, "though I see what you mean, Sally—it's not like the old place you girls grew up in. I'm glad Irene is so kind to the little fellow—she seems fond of children, anyway."

"Oh, yes, she's fond of him—in her way," Miss Prentice answered slowly. "She plays with him, just like another child, when she feels like it, and forgets him, when she doesn't."

"Well, well," he suggested tolerantly, "wait till she has two or three of her own, Sally—that's the answer. There's no use looking for old heads on young shoulders, you know."

"But that's just what I think they have!" she cried. "Old heads on young shoulders! That's the trouble! You can't tell them anything—"

"You never could!" he interrupted. "Come, come, you're forgetting how we felt, ourselves, Sally Prentice! I used to think your father was a pompous old donkey, if you want to know!"

"But you never said so!" she flashed back.

"Well, no, naturally—"

"Ah," she said, "I should hope so!"

Mr. Mygatt smiled and finished his tea. Miss Prentice turned sharply as the French girl entered and stood quietly beside her, her dark, cropped head bent with an air of almost exaggerated respect.

"Well, mamselle?" she said briefly.

"It is Madame Hartless . . . if Mees Prentice would kindly speak? I am so bad wiz zee *téléphone*," she explained.

Miss Prentice hurried away and the governess, with a slight, smiling bend, moved to follow her, but Mygatt spoke.

"And how do you like America, mademoiselle?" he asked in easy French. "I have just come from Paris, myself. Is that your home?"

"Ah!" she cried, and her dark face lighted, "truly, monsieur? No, I was born in Tours. I like it very much—though I do not always understand—but Americans are all so kind!"

"You like children, anyway, I see!"

"Oh, I love zem! And my little Bubbles—an angel, monsieur! *Tiens!* I hear him, now! Monsieur will excuse me?"

She ran out quickly, with a smooth, athletic haste that impressed him.

"I wonder why Sally dislikes that girl so?" he mused. "She always did take things hard, poor Sally!"

Miss Prentice, returning, did not appear, indeed, to have learned to take things more easily: her capable, frankly unpowdered forehead was drawn into a frown.

"Really," she burst out. "Anne is too amazing!"

"Not coming to-night, eh? I'm sorry not to meet her—"

"Oh, it's not that—we never expect her, as far as that goes. No, they're staying over, for a football dance. But she's left her pearls, and she isn't sure where! And I'm to find them and put them in the safe—it makes me nervous, Henderson, such carelessness! And they want the Packard sent in to town, because George is going to use his car, and she forgets that the chauffeur is leaving to-morrow, and the new one hasn't come. If he goes, there won't be a man here but the butler and he has such a nasty, grippish cold, he isn't fit to be up. Must you go to-night, Henderson?"

Mygatt patted her shoulder lightly.

"There, there, Sally, worrying again!" he said. "Of course I'll stay, if you really want me to; but I think you take it all too much to heart, my dear girl. Go and find your pearls and get that much off your mind—or, here they are now, I imagine!"

The governess hurried toward them, an open leather case in her hand.

"Mees! Mees Prentice! Will you be so kind as to take zis?" she said breathlessly. "I find it in madame's box of lace, when I go to mend . . . if you will put it in madame's safe—now, at once?"

"Thank goodness," Miss Sally murmured, "I'm very glad, mamselle—will you tell me when Miss Irene comes in. She knows how to open the safe—I don't."

"Surelee. But—*pardon*, Mees Prentice—will not Mees Prentice put zem on, meantime? It is wiser. Is it not so, monsieur? It is more kind to—to ozzer people!"

"Quite right, mademoiselle!" Mygatt agreed heartily. "Put them on, Sally."

Miss Prentice scowled, but allowed the French girl to clasp the milky balls around her neck, pushing the chain well under her blouse.

"Eet is quite tight," the girl assured her. "Mees Prentice can pull, if she wish—eet will not part! *Merci, madame.*"

"That's a nice girl, Sally—nice French, too," he said. "I thought it was Irene coming back—don't you think she looks like her?"

"Not at all," said Miss Prentice briefly. "It's the hair and the dress, that's all. Very poor taste, I think. *I* shouldn't wear *my* gray dress, in Irene's place, but she doesn't seem to mind at all. In fact, she laughs at it. I don't see who is going to take the other car to town, to-morrow—"

"Why not let young Sayles drive in? Then he could take me—"

"What!"

Irene's husky, boyish voice startled them. She strolled in, more than ever like the governess, in the dimming light, striking a match for her cigarette.

"You'd better make your will, Mr. Mygatt, that's all I can say! Pete's wrecked two cars, since he came. I wouldn't trust him with a wheeled chair, myself. It isn't even funny, the way he drives. Did you know Burns was leaving to-night, Aunt Sally? He's got a chance to make twenty-five dollars driving a party to town, and he says he'll get his pay from George to-morrow. I told him it would be all right—nobody's going out."

"But, Irene, I don't like . . . I'm not sure—"

"Gosh, Aunt Sally, let him go! You couldn't stop him, anyhow, and he's been celebrating in the village—mamselle knows, she saw him—he's just ready for a row. She advised me to let him go. The new man's coming to-morrow, anyway, you know. What's the difference?"

"But I think I'd better call George—"

"You can't. How'll you get him? And anyway, mamselle's on the wire—long distance. She's been waiting half an hour for her call. Don't fuss, Aunt Sally, for gosh sakes!"

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Miss Prentice bustled out and Irene sank into a deep chair by the fire. Mygatt studied her face; it was impossible to read her.

"You're back very soon," he began. "Did you get to your—er—barber's?"

"Whole thing was a washout," she replied briefly. "Nothing doing."

"Ah. Then you had your trip for nothing—"

"And then some!" Miss Hartless remarked sulkily. "We had a row on top of that. Pete certainly has the worst temper of any man I know. It's row, row, row from morning to night, really—we might as well be married and done with it!"

"You—you don't seem to think very highly of matrimony, Miss Irene," he said, trying to decide just how much of her irritation was a pose. She glanced at him with a quick, questioning lift of her long lashes, then looked aside.

"Do you?" she asked.

"Well," he parried, "it doesn't look that way, I admit—"

"That's what I thought."

"But it isn't because I looked forward to quarreling with my wife all the time," he explained seriously.

"Oh, well, if it isn't one thing, it's another," she said heavily, dropping into a deep chair. She lit a cigarette and staring ahead of her, appeared to forget that he was in the room.

Was it the naïve carelessness of a child or the occasional rudeness of a woman? He could not tell.

"At any rate, your little cousin had his ride," he said smoothly. "*That* was something."

"Oh, Bubbles. Darn that kid; I wish we'd left him home!" she burst out. "That was what we had the row over. But perhaps it's just as well. Pete knows where he gets off, now. You know, Mr. Mygatt, men make me tired!"

"I suppose we *are* trying, sometimes," he said humbly. "I don't think young men understand children, though, as well as women do—surely it's natural?"

"Then what do they want to have 'em for?" she snapped out.

"*Have* them? You mean, er—*do* they?"

Mr. Mygatt gasped but turned it into a cough and nervously lit a cigarette for himself.

"That's Pete's latest," she answered briefly.

"Personally, I should prefer to go in for that later—if I did at all. I think we're too young for it. And as I'm the one that would have to have them, I should say it was up to me to decide—wouldn't you?"

"I—I never—I don't remember that I ever—"

Mr. Mygatt's cigarette required re-lighting.

"No, I don't suppose you would have," she said carelessly. "They sort of side-stepped all that, in your time, didn't they?"

"We-ell," Mr. Mygatt answered thoughtfully, "I think they felt—in my time—that such matters could be dealt with more—advantageously—perhaps, later."

"Later, yes," she repeated scornfully. "You put everything off till 'later,' didn't you?"

"We did, certainly," he agreed.

"Well," she observed tolerantly, "and that was all right, too—if you liked it! Personally, I don't think much of it. And as I said to Pete, if I ever had a child, I certainly wouldn't want it brought up like Bubbles!"

"Ah!" he cried eagerly, "that's different! I agree with you entirely, my dear. But you needn't, need you? Feeling as you do—"

"Just a minute!" she interrupted. "Feeling as I do, I say, cut it out for a while. Kids are all right, but they're a lot of trouble, if you're going to bring them up right, and if you don't want the trouble of bringing 'em up right—why, don't have 'em at all! It's fairer to them and fairer to you."

Mr. Mygatt blinked.

"Look at George Hartless," she continued, "he's fond of Bubbles, all right, but what does he do? Spoils him one minute and rows him the next! And if he and Anne want to be all over the place all the time, I say they'd better have waited till they got tired of it and *then* had a baby!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Mygatt.

"Of course," she added thoughtfully, "if a girl waits till she's twenty-five or thirty, that's different, isn't it?"

"It might be," he admitted conservatively.

"And Pete wouldn't be making much of anything for a long time—three or four years, maybe. They don't, you know. And I'd be sorry for the kid *I* was nurse girl to!"

"But don't you think you'd find that would change?"

"Why?" she asked coldly, looking straight at him. "George Hartless didn't change!"

"But your cousin's a man—"

"But he *is* my cousin," she persisted. "Why wouldn't I be like him? That's what you go by, isn't it? I want a good time while I'm young, Mr. Mygatt—why not say so?"

If Mygatt had any answer, he never made it, for the elder Miss Prentice hurried in on this and caught at her niece.

"*Would* you try to find Bubbles, Irene?" she begged, "I can't place mademoiselle anywhere, and it's very annoying, because somebody wants her on a long-distance call. It's a French person speaking English, and you know how hard that is. Something about a chauffeur. And Bubbles has got it into his head that he's going to town with *this* chauffeur," she added to her guest, "and when I told him he couldn't, he ran off. He's very obstinate, Bubbles is, and you never know what he'll do, if you cross him. Of course Burns wouldn't take him, but—"

"Burns is pretty well stewed," drawled the Imp. "Except that he never scratched the car yet, I'd feel sorry for the man that's hired him! But I'll bet he gets pinched for speeding, all right. Where did this Bubbles thing go?"

"That's what I don't know," Miss Prentice moaned. "Did you know that Peter was leaving? He's gone up to pack. He's going to ask Burns to take him to the station. I didn't know he had to go."

"Perhaps he didn't, either," the Imp remarked dryly. "I suppose we can bear it, though, can't we? I certainly can. Tell him good-by for me, Aunt Sally, in case I don't see him. I'll sleuth around to the garage for the angel child. It's a good job *some* of us aren't married, isn't it?"

"But, Irene, wait a moment—you can't go off and not see Peter like that—perhaps mademoiselle—"

"Oh, can't I? Watch me try!" said the Imp. She paused at the door.

"Perhaps if he runs over mamselle and tries one of those forward passes he staged once before, when he nearly threw her, and called out, 'good-by, sweetie—be good!' he may get what he got then!"

"Why, Irene! What *do* you mean?"

"He thought it was me," she said with a giggle. "Mamselle thought he was fresh and froze him to a block of ice! I hope he does it again!"

"Now, there!" Miss Prentice cried. "That's just what I mean when I say that you ought not to wear that dress, Irene! Why, when I was hunting for mademoiselle upstairs, the seamstress said she was in Anne's room and Minnie said, not at all, it was you. It's really confusing. I do wish you'd—"

"It confused Pete, all right!" crowed the Imp, and left them. Her aunt sighed and began to arrange the scattered tea-cups.

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Mr. Mygatt contemplated the growing dusk in a thoughtful silence. Across the carefully landscaped grounds, at the bend of the shrubbery that masked the garage, he perceived a slim figure in a gray frock at the side of a little boy: was it the French girl or was it the Imp? He could not tell.

It was, as a matter of fact, Irene, but it must be said that her young charge was not as pleased with his usually welcome guardian as he had expected to be. She would not go into the garage, but she would not, on the other hand, go far from it, it appeared, and Bubbles found little interest in this dawdling about with no objective.

"Why can't I go just to the station with Pete, then?" he whined. "Why can't we go, both of us? Why can't we, Imp?"

"Because it's silly," she answered shortly. "How'd we get back? Don't tease so, Bubbles."

"But you could drive back!"

"I could not. Burns is going to take the big car to New York. There won't be any car here to drive, then."

"I want to see Burns!"

"You can't see Burns. He's very busy."

Bubbles scowled and dug up the gravel; the Imp scowled and plucked at the yellow leaves. The dusk was upon them now and a cool, damp wind made her shiver; she had neither hat nor coat and the boy was even more thinly dressed than she.

"Come on, we'll catch cold," she said. "I'll race you in, Bubbly—come on, now!"

"Don't want to—I want to tell good-by to Burns," he whined.

"Oh, very well, go and tell him," she answered, "and see here, Bubbles, tell him he'd better hurry, will you? Tell him everything's all ready for him—he'd better hurry and get the bag."

"What bag?"

"Oh, for gosh sakes! He knows. Pete's bag, of course! Tell him it's all ready. Snap into it, now!"

Bubbles hurried into the garage, where a dim light was already burning, and was back at her side before she had passed it, his big gray eyes wide with excitement.

"Burns isn't going!" he cried eagerly. "He's asleep on the floor! It's the new one that's going. He's a French one. He can't talk but a little—like mamselle. But he's got the bag. It's in the car. He said all right, tell mamselle I am ready when she is. *Are* you going, Imp? Can't I? Please!"

"What rot," she said. "Why will you make up those stories, Bubbles? The new one hasn't come yet. How can the bag be in the car? You come straight in here with me."

Seizing him firmly by the hand, she strode into the garage. A tall fellow in livery, with his cap pushed half over his eyes, stood by the car. As she moved nearer, trying to see him more clearly in the vague light, he stamped his feet nervously.

"*Vite, vite!*" he said. "*Entrez, mademoiselle, entrez donc!*"

The Imp stared harder, but not at him. Greater than her surprise at this greeting was her wonder at the car whose open door she was touching. For it was not the Packard, it was not any car she had ever seen in the garage before. Surely that was one of those Italian—and then she thought no more, for a horrid minute, for some one moved behind her, and something tight and soft that smelled of tobacco was bound around her mouth and her struggling hands were tied in a second behind her back.

"Easy with the kid, now—careful! All right, mamselle—in we go!" a man's voice muttered in her ear, and furious and dumb, she watched the two men lifting what must be Bubbles, kicking and scuffling in a shapeless sack, into the car. She tried to brace herself against the mud-guard, but even as they lifted her between them and pushed her after the squirming, panting bundle, she could hear them laughing softly and realized that though they were strong, they were not at all rough.

"*Doucement, petite, doucement!*" the Frenchman urged good-naturedly, as she struggled fiercely, and as a sharp kick from her little Cuban heel caught the other man square on the chin, who swore angrily and crushed her against the writhing child.

"Aw, quit it, can't you?" he growled. "What's the idea, anyhow? You've registered, kid—the boy can't see! Let it go at that!"

"*Psst! Vite, vite!*" the Frenchman whispered and suddenly the door slammed, the starter buzzed, and the car slid backward out of the garage, turned sharply and glided toward the service entrance.

◆

Had it been Miss Prentice that lay tumbled on that broad, cushioned seat, she would undoubtedly have been unconscious, but her niece was not only in full possession of her faculties but distinctly (as she would have put it) "thrilled." After the first moment of sickening physical terror, she had quickly recuperated her forces of mind and body and even ceased to carry on the struggles which she perceived to be useless and only fatiguing in the end. Too many thousand feet of moving-picture film had unrolled before her practical eyes to make her present experience seem wildly abnormal: such things undoubtedly occurred. She had often observed these phenomena from her darkened seat—now she was a part of them! Remained, to discover the reason for them. Was she being swept away as those famous heroines were so regularly—so almost necessarily—swept away, the victim of her own fatal charms? Nonsense. After one palpitating second of doubt her cynical common sense assured her that this was not reasonable. Why take Bubbles, in that case, anyway? He could have been locked safely in the garage. Was it for ransom, then? Again, nonsense. She was not rich enough—not rich, on the scale of to-day, at all.

But, wait a moment: Bubbles was rich enough, maybe. George Hartless and his income tax were sufficiently well known, and Bubbles was his only child. It was possible . . . it was more than possible. And was she included, either because they couldn't get him alone or because they wanted somebody to be with him? Surely, this wasn't usual . . . she thought hard and swiftly, as the car went smoothly along. Her arms, beyond a growing stiffness, were not as yet actually painful, but the gagging bandage was beginning to cut into her cheeks—and what was happening to poor little Bubbles? Surely he couldn't be smothered . . . he lay quite still. Would a child die, shut up in a sack like that? How cruel—how dreadful! Nonsense, why should they kill him? A new terror caught her and her heart pounded hard; she slipped down to the floor of the car and snuggling against his legs, pushed her head along his body, trying to touch her face to his, to make him understand that he was not alone, to reassure him a little . . . to see if he was breathing! Could he have died of fright? Did children faint? The Imp had never fainted in her life.

As her questing head touched the child's, he began to wriggle again, weakly; she could hear his breath drawn sharply through his nostrils. A great wave of relief swept over her, and she strained against the wickedly adjusted, choking roll of musty cloth, but only muffled grunts escaped her.

"*Darn it!*" she thought furiously, "I *will* talk to him!" And at just that moment the car slowed down gently, then came to a stop. It was quite dark now, and she had not the remotest idea of their whereabouts beyond the fact that they had left the State road: the uneven surface had jarred and bumped them for five minutes at least.

The door opened swiftly and the Frenchman's voice was in her ears.

"*Enfin, mademoiselle ça y est—descendez!*"

The Imp's French was of the ordinary boarding-school variety, but she understood the words. What she did not understand was his tone: nothing more cheerful and friendly, more easy-going and good-natured could have been addressed by one old friend to another! Confused, resentful and suspicious, she pressed closer to the little body beside her—did they think she would leave Bubbles in that car? Nothing doing!

"*Descendez! Descendez donc, petite!*" he repeated, leaning into the car and fumbling for her hands. A flood of rapid French was whispered at her, but she huddled against the child and stiffened her body, twisting away from his hands, which were entirely gentle, picking at the knot at her wrists, easily mastering her struggles. The moment her hands were freed, she threw her arms about the child and clung to him: at any rate, *that* part was over!

"*Quelle blague! Petite sotte . . . fini, fini!*" he whispered shrilly. "*Descendez!*"

This time he laughed, low, but distinctly, and the American looked over his shoulder, a round, dark head against the evening dusk.

"Aw, come on, mamselle, cut out the Norma Talmadge stuff and let's be on our way!" he growled in a husky whisper of his own, though the utter silence and evident loneliness of the road made such caution quite unnecessary. "Here, I'll take the kid. An' none o' them fancy kicks, s'lvooplay—you get me?"

Before she realized how it had happened, she was standing in the road with Bubbles at her side, the horrid folds were twitched from her mouth and the Frenchman, with a smooth, swift gesture, had plucked the great sack from the child's body and the gag from his jaw. The boy, his hand tight in hers, stood perfectly still beside her, breathing deep through his open mouth; he was clearly too terrified and dazed to utter a sound, but his fingers twined through hers in a grip as strong as her own.

They stood on a narrow country road in front of a tumble-down little farm-house; beside themselves, the car and this dark, lonely shack there was nothing and nobody in sight. It was very still.

"I get you, all right," she said angrily, all other sensations swallowed in the sudden ache in her throat as she spoke, and the throbbing of her bruised wrist, "but what do you mean by this? What's the matter with you? I haven't a cent. You'd better look out, both of you!"

"Huh?"

The American had grunted aloud: his sudden sharp breath sounded through the stillness as his lungs filled.

The Frenchman uttered a strange, squeaking cry and moved both his hands suddenly: in the fraction of a second his cap was drawn to his nose and a short, thick revolver was leveled at her. The other man, almost as swift, was pointing its mate at Bubbles.

"Do not sound!" said the Frenchman in a low voice. "For then I shoot you. I shoot very good. Go again in the car, if you please. *Vite!*"

The Imp did not know that she spoke; she did not mean to speak: her legs, simply, obeyed that pistol. But it is a fact that she murmured, "Come on, Bubbles—it's all right. Keep still. Come on!" and climbed into the car, hand in hand with the silent child.

The door was shut, quickly and softly, and the two men, standing near the engine, burst into a violent, if muttered discussion, the rapid, hissing singsong of the foreigner confused with the continual angry growling of the American; they talked, both at once, and so excitedly that only a general effect of remonstrance and quarrelsome haste reached the two in the car. The Imp, after a moment's straining attention, realized that any attempt to overhear them was useless, and devoted herself to eager, whispered encouragement. Bubbles mustn't be frightened, no one would hurt him, the men were very naughty, but if they kept still, they would come out all right, and anyway, she, the Imp, was there. Was he all right? Would he keep quiet and not cry? Did he understand?

Yes, he whispered shakily, he would keep quiet, he really would. Yes, he was all right. His face hurt, but not much. What did the new chauffeur want? Whose car was this? What did the men want to shoot them for?

"They don't," the Imp assured him promptly, "only if you make a noise! So don't."

"All right. You ought to tell some policemen. Here's your bag, Imp," he whispered and thrust out her little hand-bag, which she slipped over her wrist mechanically.

Now the handle of the car door turned gently and the Frenchman appeared in the opening. Between the brim of his cap and the turned-up collar of his chauffeur's overcoat only his long nose and sweeping dark mustache were visible.

"You will please not to be afraid," he said carefully, "no one 'urt you, mees. Zee bos' of you is all right. No one 'urt ze little boy. Eet is meestake—*vous comprenez?*"

"Then take us back—this minute!" Her breath caught embarrassingly, but her tone was dictatorial. "I told you we had no money!"

"*Non, non, mademoiselle,* no one

take your money," he answered soothingly, "no one take nossing at all! We cannot take you back—*je le regrette infiniment.* Zere is no time for it. You will please come to zis 'ouse—and very still. You keep always zis little boy. No one 'urt your naice little boy. You will please 'urry."

"I shan't get out of this car!"

"*Vite!*" he said sharply and she looked again into the nasty little revolver. "*Vite, mademoiselle!*"

And once more her legs carried her, quite automatically, up the three stone steps of the bank, along a little path and into a chilly, almost empty kitchen, Bubbles glued to her side.

◆

The door closed behind them and now, for the first time, the Imp trembled. She felt the muscles of her thighs shaking violently and it was a most unpleasant sensation. She threw a rapid glance around the room. Except for an old woven-wire bed-spring with a heavy blanket thrown over it, a rickety kitchen chair, a wooden box stood on end to serve as a table for a small kerosene lamp with a smoky chimney, the place was empty and had evidently been abandoned for some time, for it was damp and cold, and the musty odors of disuse hung over it. Across its three windows heavy pieces of cloth had been pinned up. The Frenchman lit the little lamp with one hand, his pistol in the other, and then, facing the two, began to speak in the same shrill whisper.

"You will please to stay here, mees," he said, "*comme ça,* no one 'urt you. Eet is all r-right. Soon you will go—you see? You will go 'ome. Sure. I am sorry. My friend, he is sorry. Zere is a *mees*take—you see? My friend, he stay here—outside. Eef one come out from zis 'ouse, my friend will shoot 'im. 'E shoot very good. *Un peu plus tard*—you spik Franch, mademoiselle?"

"No," she said.

"*Tant pis*—I spik bad Anglish, too! Eef I go two hours—eight o'clock, nine o'clock, maybe—I now stop. I call up a *téléphone,* you see? Not me, maybe, but some one I will tell. 'E will say, 'Zose people w'ot you want, you go to zat 'ouse—*voila!* No one 'urt, bos' of zem. All r-right.' W'en your frien's comes—you go. You see?"

"I see, all right," said the Imp coldly. "I can't have my aunt frightened to death about the little boy—will you surely call up?"

"Sure t'ing, mademoiselle," he answered, "sure, sure! *Au revoir, mademoiselle,* I am sorry you get scared."

He nodded to Bubbles.

"Don't cry—you go 'ome quick!" he said in a pleasant, natural voice, forgetting his whisper.

One hand on the door-knob, he turned again.

"You know w'at I say—my friend shoot very good?" he added. "'E is sorry—but—"

His broad shoulders rose in a helpless shrug.

"Oh, we'll stay," the Imp said sullenly.

He slipped out and a moment later they heard the buzz of the starter.

The Imp made an ugly little grimace—the face of a street urchin.

"Well—that's that!" she said, and opening the bag on her wrist, she drew out a gold-washed vanity-case, pressed the spring, abstracted a powder-puff, rubbed it over the cake of powder and applied it thoughtfully to her nose and chin, peering carefully into the tiny mirror set in the cover. This done, she reached deeper into the bag, took out a small cigarette case, opened it hopefully, scowled at the lonely white cylinder it contained, lit it angrily, and inhaled deeply.

"Gee!" she muttered, "wouldn't you know it? That's Pete, every time!"

Pushing back the empty case, her fingers encountered the smooth texture of linen. The feeling was different, somehow, from her handkerchiefs, and as she drew the white fabric out instinctively, she felt herself clutching something rolled in it. Staring at it, perplexed, she unrolled it and there fell in her lap a chain of milky beads with a well-known diamond clasp — Anne's pearls!

"For gosh sakes!" she breathed and shot a swift glance at Bubbles. He was creeping from window to window, utterly absorbed in lifting alternate corners of the old shawls that darkened them and dropping them timorously. It was plain that he longed for courage to peep out, but lost it at each attempt.

The Imp crowded the white globes in her palm and scowled. Then *that* was it! How had they got into her bag? But why give the bag to her and run away? Wait a minute—they hadn't! Bubbles had thrust it at her and she had slipped it over her wrist half unconsciously. Then, did they think they had it, now? But . . . in that case . . . wouldn't they come back? And in that very moment she heard the purr of a motor: her heart sank. To give Anne's pearls to those dirty thieves! Her jaw set, her eyes flashed helplessly around the bare room. . . .

"Gosh—not a chance!" she whispered.

An old iron sink, rusty and sagging, stood in one corner; in it a bottle of milk, half empty, an opened package of coffee and a torn carton of sugar stood beside a half loaf of bread. Below it, a small tin outfit of pannikins, plate and frame for supporting a metal container of solidified alcohol made a rough kitchen equipment. The Imp had seen this affair used at picnics. As she stared at this collection of unattractive objects, her lips tightened suddenly, and in two long, smooth steps she was at the sink, and with another quick glance at the child's unconscious back, she pushed the necklace down firmly into the package of sugar, crowding it well under the white granules.

"It's fifty-fifty they miss it!" she thought, remembering how in a wild hide-and-seek party she had dropped a key into a filled ash tray and saved the day for her team.

"Who's that coming, Imp?" Bubbles demanded. "Somebody for us, don't you think so?"

"Maybe. But don't be scared, Bubbly, whoever it is," she answered, and puffed at the cigarette, the bag still on her wrist.

⁂

The Frenchman was in the room while the hum of the car was still in the air.

"*Le sac!*" he cried sharply, "ze bag! Give it! W'at you sink, *mademoiselle? Prenez garde*, you! Ah!"

He snatched it from her wrist and held it, breathing hard.

"You needn't be so rough," she said coldly, "there's nothing in my bag, anyway. That case isn't gold—I told you I hadn't a cent."

He stared at her cigarette.

"Zat bag is yours?" he demanded.

"Certainly it's mine. Whose did you think it was? The boy gave it to me in the car."

He emptied it in one swift movement, opened the cigarette case, threw it on the floor with an exclamation, then advanced to her.

"I sink you say right, mademoiselle," he said quietly, but with a tone in his voice (he had dropped all attempt at disguising it) that made her heart hit hard at her side, "but I try a little, first. I am sorry, but I shall see. 'Old your 'ands, if you please!"

He threw his arms above his head and she raised her own instantly. Swift as snakes his fingers flew down her body, pressing every inch of the jersey dress: a far smaller thing than a pearl necklace would have been at the mercy of those supple, searching fingers; no intimate fold of her three-sheathed undergarments escaped him. She stood as motionless as a statue, hardly breathing.

"*Bon!* Now—*le garçon. Viens, mon petit!*"

His tone, though unmistakably final, was not unkind; and Bubbles, reassured by the brief ordeal of the Imp, raised his hands manfully; his blank ignorance of the reason for this was convincing in itself.

"What's he do that for, Imp?" he asked curiously, and the Imp, puffing out smoke drawled, "I don't know, I'm sure, my dear—money, perhaps."

"Money—bah!" cried the Frenchman and twitched the blanket from the bed, lifted the cloths at the windows, tried the door that led from the kitchen. It was locked. There was literally not a concealing object in the room. He glanced into the water pail, and moved the supplies in the sink nervously.

"*Pardon*, mees, you will please excuse," he said in a low voice. "It is *mees*take—all *mees*take. I could not know. I sink your bag is some ozzer bag. You see? It is no good for me. Take it!"

He picked it up from the floor and handed it to her respectfully.

"And now you will stay and I shall soon call up at zoze *téléphone*, like I say," he added, "and my friend, he will not shoot—no?"

"Not on my account, he won't," drawled the Imp. "Hadn't you better be on your way?"

Under the shrouding cap, she felt the admiration in his eyes.

"*Quelles femmes les Americaines!*" he said simply. "*Mademoiselle, toutes mes compliments!* Mees, I—"

A low clear whistle interrupted him and a soft knock at the door.

"All right? Got everything?"

The Imp heard the hoarse question and the softer reply.

"Zat bag, eet is not ours, boy, you see? I sink she keep ours—"

"Keep it? The hell she kep' it—she give it to me, herself! But she gypped us! The little—"

"*Psst!*"

A quick trampling of feet and the buzz of the engine again. The Imp's cigarette was smoked through.

"Where'll we get our supper, Imp? It's cold in here," Bubbles complained fretfully, as the sound of the motor grew fainter in the distance.

"Oh, come on, be a sport!" said the Imp good-naturedly. "Here, I'll get you some bread and milk—what do you say? It's dark as pitch, Bubbles, and I give you my word I don't know the first thing about where we are. I'll take a chance there's nobody out there guarding us, all right, but we might lose ourselves getting home, you see. And they may come for us. Here, let's tear these shawls down—no, better not. Tramps might come by. Here, see how this funny frozen stuff works!"

She warmed the half bottle of milk in the pannikin, crumbled the loaf into it and fed him like a kitten. Then, as sleep overwhelmed him, she wrapped him and herself in the blanket, for they were both shivering, and they snuggled together on the sagging wire mattress.

"Some gang from New York," she thought drowsily. "I wonder how the woman got in . . . funny idea, to take my bag . . . maybe we ought to make a break for home . . . I don't know . . . wonder if he *will* telephone . . ." the Imp was asleep.

* * *

An hour, two hours, another half hour, passed, and still they slept profoundly; the lamp burned low and lower, and they pressed close to each other, in their dreams, to keep warm.

Suddenly the handle of the door moved, tightened, creaked, and the door flew open: a big khaki-coated fellow with a revolver stepped into the dim kitchen; a khaki-clad arm behind him flashed a great circle of light on the bed.

"Wait a sec'—hold the lady a minute, George!" said the first man softly, and strode to the bed, where the Imp and Bubbles blinked and squirmed.

"All right—come along!" he added heartily, and Aunt Sally, Mr. Mygatt, Pete and a third uniform trooped into the room.

"Irene! Where have you been? What did you do? Oh, *are* you all right? Is Bubbles hurt?"

Mr. Mygatt deposited Miss Prentice in the only chair and Pete silently disentangled the bedfellows. His face was pale but his tone was jaunty, as he asked, "Well, what's the idea, Reno? You—you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right," Miss Hartless replied composedly, "everybody's all right. Anne's pearls are in the sugar-box—did you catch anybody? They were swift little workers—I'll say that for them!"

"Anne's pearls, darling, *what* do you mean?" Miss Prentice gasped, fumbling at her coat. "I'm wearing Anne's pearls, dear—mademoiselle put them on me herself, before she left!"

"Before she left? Has mamselle gone? Gee, Pete, *it was mamselle!* It was mamselle herself! What do you know about that—they thought I was her! *Gosh!*"

Miss Prentice with trembling hands extended the pearls at their fullest length from her neck.

"I don't understand the clasp—but here they are," she said uncertainly. The Imp fell upon her, twisted the chain briskly from front to back and uttered a short laugh.

"Those are the Tecla's," she said briefly. "You mean to say you fell for those, Aunt Sally? They're in the sugar, I tell you!"

And then, as the others stared, Pete walked to the sink, inverted the sugar carton quickly and caught the pearls by their diamond clasp as they fell gently out.

"Pretty work," he said appreciatively, "very pretty work, Reno! How'd you find 'em?"

"Find 'em—I *put* 'em there, you cuckoo!" she retorted. "What'd you let her get away for? You're a great bunch, all of you!"

"We were told there was nothing missing," one khaki uniform remarked impersonally, "I asked especially—"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Mygatt apologetically, "that I was rather remiss, there, myself. But really, I had no idea . . . I saw mademoiselle strolling by the garage, a few moments after you and Bubbles had gone out, my dear, and I went upstairs to get my hat and join you. When I came out she was running back very hastily, and seemed much upset. She asked me to help her find Bubbles and I went out to do so, but when I returned to the house, she was just leaving it, with two suitcases. She told me she was taking them to the express office for Mrs. Hartless, and had persuaded the butcher's boy to take her in his delivery car. I helped her in with them and he drove her off."

"Oh, well, why wouldn't you?" said Pete helpfully.

"After that, Reno," he went on, "we spent an hour or so hunting for you and Bubbles, so as not to scare your aunt, and then we put in a few minutes of first aid on Burns, who was knocked out in the garage, and then, just as we really *were* getting a bit scary, a fellow calls up the house and says he ran across a young lady and a little boy who seemed to be lost, in a farm-house on the old road to the village, and he promised to call up. Said he was sorry he hadn't time to bring you home."

"Was he French?"

"Not a bit. Why? So then I got the idea we'd better have somebody along, and I called up these fellows and we hopped off. So it's all right, anyway. But why did they think you were mademoiselle? What did you come here for?"

"Come here!" the Imp repeated scornfully, "what do you mean, 'come here'? I was tied up and brought, you poor fish! And Bubbles in a sack. They were pretending to kidnap her, so she could get away, if they got pinched. Don't you see? And she figured that my bag would be safer than her own to take the pearls in. And while she was hunting for Bubbles or something, I walked into the garage, ahead of time, probably, and they took me instead. So naturally, they couldn't let me go."

"Gosh!" sighed Pete, "regular movie-stuff!"

"Regular movie-stuff," Miss Hartless agreed, "and then some! Could you dig me up a 'Lucky,' do you think, for a change?"

Aunt Sally rose and solemnly embraced her niece.

"Oh, Irene, how dreadful! How perfectly dreadful!" she cried shakily. "Come here, Bubbles, darling, and kiss poor Aunty! And please, officer, take that pearl necklace—"

"No! I want Imp! I want to go home! I want my old Impy!"

Bubbles burst into nervous tears and pushed Miss Prentice fretfully away. The Imp ran to him, held him on her lap, on the bed, and patted his twitching shoulder, cigarette in hand.

"There, there, buck up, old scout, it's all right," she murmured soothingly. "I'm here—Imp's right with you! Come on, now—here's Pete, too!"

For Pete Sayles stood over them, one arm thrown around them both, his hand on the girl's dark, cropped head.

"Surest thing you know, old son," he said. "I'm here! Don't you worry, now—it's all right. We're all set."

He leaned over the two in his arm, unconscious of the others; the Imp's head fell back on his shoulder. Strange, Rembrandtesque shadows from the bull's-eye lantern wavered around them, an ageless trinity, enlaced beyond the power of any fugitive generation's undoing.

The eldest policeman winked gravely at Mr. Mygatt, who helped Miss Prentice to her feet.

"Pete's quite right, my dear Sally," he said, his eye still lingering on the entwined three. "Don't let's worry any more, any of us. Can't you see it's all right? Every thing's all right! Come home!"

## BLUE JAY

### LEONORA SPEYER

I hear a savage tale of you,
Raucous of voice, magnificently blue;
Cannibal bird! whose dark, defiant note
Is answered from another throat
As bright, though out of sight.

Along the icy bough you swing,
Apostrophizing a belated spring,
And I seem not to mind
Those horrid deeds to smaller of your kind;
For as you fly,
You scatter color through a frozen sky.

Black-hearted is your breast;
But ah, the blue of that uplifted crest!

# THE INESCAPABLE GALILEAN

## *I—Jesus in Human History*

WINIFRED KIRKLAND

I BELIEVE there is no one in the world to-day so alive as Jesus of Nazareth. As a thinking woman, my first impulse is hot resentment that the fashionable literature of the period coolly assumes that intelligence and observation and education are the unquestioned prerogatives of the agnostic, and superstition the distinguishing characteristic of the Christian. But my resentment at the imputation fades to uttermost humility when I realize who is responsible for this too prevalent opinion. If Christians had ever been brave enough to make Christ alive, nobody would now be saying that Christianity is dead.

Yet to any one who in spite of the murky bewilderment of this day, dares to surmise a dawn, those superficial observers of their own time who dismiss Christianity as obsolete, appear like the drowsy soldiers once set to watch a tomb. Pilate's guard was too complacent to guess that from this tomb there was even at that moment issuing a spirit destined to remake the decadent Roman world. Throughout history the spirit of Jesus has never been more alive than when people thought it buried. It is my conviction that Christian faith to-day is more thoughtfully intrepid, more logically, rather than emotionally, adventurous, than ever before. But in what I am about to write I am not trying to defend my faith to any one, I am humbly trying to explain it to myself. I am not addressing any materialist to whom Jesus is a myth or a legend, and far less am I addressing any Christian to whom Jesus is a dogma or a ritual; I am writing of the Jesus that I see, for others who with me perceive a man too alive for any labels. I could not set out on a personal record if I felt it to be merely personal, but I believe myself to be speaking for many in this portentous decade, when I say that for me, Jesus of Galilee is the most living fact of the present, the burning, never-to-be-answered Enigma of every day. Always he is there, standing by my window in the barred light of each new morning, a young Jewish rabbi, vital as if he had drunk the sunrise, ironic as he gazes at my little life, or glances beyond the pane at the big world's petty self-importance. Unfailing irony of mind he possesses, this Jesus that I see, and that upbubbling humor which has ever been in him the flowering expression of a transcendent sanity. At moments he flashes from genial raillery to wistful challenge, evoking some secret aspiration with a confidence in my hesitant capacities that is beyond human understanding. His sympathy is instant, steadfast, fathomless. His aspect has each day something new, provocative, inviting me to fresh adventure of his mystery.

But I admit that I did not choose this Presence. Slowly, steadily, it has grown ever more real, more cogent, from childhood, through youth, through maturity, until to-day Jesus of Nazareth stands forth for me, literally, as the realest fact in the universe. To many a thoughtful man and woman there is something strangely new about this Christ of to-day, a Christ for us no longer reducible to the tenets of any creed or to the prescribed emotions of any liturgy. When we believers attempt to explain the marvel of an invisible personage moving beside us, or when we try to analyze our relation to this phenomenon, we may be observed to use often the same expressions, almost identical in form—yet they are not the terms of any familiar ritual, but our own words, alive and immediate. As passing instance of this striking but unconscious similarity of phrase, is this brief quotation from a book by Lord Charnwood. I came upon it a few days after writing the above paragraph:

"Moreover, if it be the result of these studies to bring us into a presence which to the normal mind is dear and awful and strangely near, the result is a fact of science, to be reported and reckoned with as such."

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Of course this sense of the actuality of Jesus beside us is the result of imagination, but I fail to see how that fact in any way invalidates that actuality. The evidence of my material eyes seems to me neither more nor less fallible than the evidence of my immaterial imagination. I cannot see any intrinsic logic in accepting the evidence of my eyes employed to see a physical person, and denying the evidence of my imagination employed to see a spiritual person. For myself I know no more stimulating use of the imagination than the visualizing of Jesus, because the effect is amazingly different from a like attempt to summon forth any other dead man from out the past. Suppose I try to fancy myself as having for companion at every hour some man of great religion, like Buddha, or of great humanity like Lincoln, or of great friendliness and charm, like Charles Lamb, what is the result? An almost instant feeling of constriction, of excessive impact, a realization of petty flaws in the character, a critical attitude of mind of which I am ashamed, but which I cannot escape. Then by contrast I imagine Jesus of Nazareth opening the door and giving me his hand. There is instant enfranchisement, a sense of self-expansion. Something incalculably liberating and enlarging there is in this Presence called Jesus. There is no irritation of impact when he enters the room, instead one feels walls and ceiling stretch and lift to fit the larger self he calls forth. The imagination cannot evoke from history any man or woman whose constant presence will not in the end either dwarf or irritate. In final test, the effort thus to resurrect the dead for hourly, present contact will weary one, and be abandoned as laborious and absurd. But the endeavor to make Jesus actual has the strikingly different effect that, for any one adventurous enough to make a spiritual experiment, he becomes the most stimulating, the most creative comrade any man can have.

But I repeat that I did not choose this Presence in my life. In many ways existence would be easier without it. If it were not for that incessant, ironic comment in my ear it would be a simple matter to accept herd opinion, either religious or secular. Does that Presence make for quiet in the soul or disquiet? One thing only I know, Jesus is for me an inescapable and constant challenge. He is a comrade terrifying in demands. I doubt my strength to follow where he may lead. Unchosen and in sober literalness, Jesus of Galilee has become the beckoning adventure of all my thinking. My days jog to the usual commonplace. I am, like every one else, deep in other people's concerns, deep in my own, but always I listen and I speak and act to a strange undertone of question, What is God, and who is Jesus?

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There is to-day strange significance in the fact that many an unexpected person is writing a life of Jesus. I once thought of writing another such biography, but I perceived that the Jesus whom I see could never be thus confined. I do not know him well enough to write his life and never shall. I wonder whether the intelligentsia of to-day realize that in their own ranks are some who see Jesus in startling vividness, for it is Ezra Pound, in one of the great religious poems of English literature, who voices my thought that Jesus cannot be compressed into any written biography.

"They'll no' get him a' in a book, I think,
Though they write it cunningly.
No mouse o' the scrolls was the Goodly Fere,
But aye loved the open sea."

It is unavoidable that in the very effort to describe the figure most familiar to me, a portrait of Jesus should become to some extent a portrait of the person who is speaking. But nothing is further from my aim than self-delineation. May no more of myself affect my words than is needed to vivify Jesus. Throughout the two thousand years of his history, the Galilean has submitted to only one method of portraiture, and to that method this discussion is humbly obedient. We do not so much as begin to apprehend Jesus until we recognize the import for each one of us of Jesus's unvarying principle of disclosure. The law of revelation that Jesus selects is not what we unthinkingly call supernatural. Supernatural is an evasive and a facile word. To term Jesus's manner of revelation supernatural is to evade the portentous responsibility of each one of us to reveal him. Throughout the twenty centuries of his existence Jesus has chosen to be known as a person solely by his effect on other persons. No one can know anything of that Presence at my side except as my hands imitate his, and my face mirrors his, and my thoughts and words express his. Inescapably every Christian becomes a biographer of Jesus, revealing the impress of a dynamic personality upon his own as authentically as Matthew and Luke, Mark and John reported what they saw and knew. Because of Jesus's own chosen law of revelation, the reader of these words will necessarily view him from the angle of the writer's own individuality. But, may this humble discussion of to-day's Galilean share one characteristic with those four sublime biographies of old; may the personality of the author be forgotten in the portrait.

The religious journals of earlier times were written in cloistered quiet, and so could become leisurely and expansive, but even the concept of a cloistered quiet is alien to the spirit of our day. We countenance no Jesus who requires an aloofness from our fellows. Any one of us who would be even the humblest diarist of God must find solitude only within his own mind, must attain an ever-menaced peace of soul within himself, amid the rush and confusion and seethe of modern life. Yet perhaps these our personal glimpses of God to-day are the more vital for being constantly threatened, are the more valued for being fought for. Curious that Jesus should ever be conceived as needing any form of cloister. No life in history gives a more vivid impression of the suffocating pressure of crowds. It is strange that when Jesus had no time to eat, no time to sleep, he still wrenched for himself long hours for solitary prayer. Why? If I could ever find the answer to that question, it might shed some flicker of light on those two supreme mysteries, What is God, and who is Jesus?

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Nothing is more difficult than to submit a living friend to any form of analysis and yet this is what I am now attempting to do for that living Man who stands at this moment looking into my eyes as I write. This Presence has not always been for me vivid and compelling as now; whence then, and how, did it come to be so? Out of what material of history and scripture and observation has Jesus shaped himself to my sight? And second, by what method, have I been led to discover him, and how shall I perfect that method so that I may follow him ever more confidently down the blind, retreating future? When I have studied both the material and the method, what conclusions shall I formulate, what appraisement shall I make of the Galilean, as revealed to-day? Asking no one to agree with me, but rather with respect for any contrary opinion provided only it shall be honest in its logic and tolerant in its expression, what answer shall I make for myself to that supreme Enigma, Who is Jesus?

As I examine Jesus in history, this is what I see. Looking back two thousand years, I focus on that ancient world, rimming with a bright and narrow border the jagged oblong of the Mediterranean sea. It is a world which, like our own, functions with a deceptive efficiency. Roman roads run firm and broad. Roman soldiers clang indomitable across the bleeding provinces. Rome is too proud and too prosperous to know she is starving to death. In the blackness beyond that bright Mediterranean borderland, buried civilizations are rotting and unborn civilizations are shoving their upward way along seed paths. It is a world still mighty, but inwardly corrupt with dead illusions, for Plato and Pericles with their hopes are dead beyond any returning, Elijah and David are dead, and everywhere the gods are dead, undone in their very temples by the cynical, gold-bought legions of Rome. As I look back on it, it always seems to me the weariest world that all history can show.

Upon this scene of mocking, hidden despair there abruptly flashes an enigmatic character. The historian sees him suddenly flaming on a dim little hillside in the most obscure corner of all the empire. Apparently he is merely a young Jewish carpenter uneducated and rustic but possessed of some strange dominance and personal charm. Almost unnoticed he lives some thirty years, a villager, an artisan; then in one moment he flings away his saw and plane, and goes forth at some mysterious call. He becomes an itinerant faith-healer and street-preacher. In both healing and preaching he seems to have possessed a headlong force that infuriated the hypocritical priestcraft of his day. After two or three years of plotting, the sycophant priests persuaded the Roman rulers to execute him as a radical and demagogue. Even the Roman governor admitted the injustice of the charges and the illegality of the trial, for this Jesus broke no law of his country and forbade his followers to do so. In fact one of the most puzzling things about him is his power of creative conservatism.

According to all historic precedent, the gallows should have been the end of the man, but it wasn't. He had had a motley following made up of the outcast and ignorant members of society, a riffraff following chiefly, affectionate but volatile and craven. All ran away at his arrest, and continued in concealment after his death. Then a curious thing occurred. Within six weeks of his execution, these same cowardly disciples rushed out of hiding, and into the hostile streets of Jerusalem, and began to preach incredible things. But it was their own incredible transformation that made people listen to their announcements. From here and there all over the countryside his followers turned up announcing that they had seen their leader alive. They said an unseen Presence walked beside them, revealing the meaning of a teaching they had not understood in his lifetime, that the practice of this teaching would achieve the remaking of all life. They asserted that the only way for any one to live bravely was to imagine this dead master of theirs still alive and walking beside him, and that any man submitting his thoughts and actions to this invisible Person would himself be changed into a new incalculable personality. For this harmless philosophy the followers of Jesus were martyred by the hundreds, but in spite of all the efforts of church and state, there now trudged to and fro along the proud highways of Rome, in the humble guise of a Hebrew Carpenter, an invisible Conqueror not to be withstood.

This is the gist of the first chapter of Jesus in human history. But it does not belong only to the past. There has never been a chapter in the story of Jesus that could not be seen as contemporary. The facts that his disciples asserted in the first six weeks after his death, are the same facts his disciples are asserting to-day.

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The second chapter in the history of Jesus is the story of his church, a chapter not completed. When governor and priest discovered that Jesus was too great for them to kill, instead of killing they appropriated him. The chronicle of Jesus is the chronicle of successive burials. In the first centuries so-called Christian, there occurred a portentous entombment. Over the splendid young manhood of Jesus old Judaism poured all its ancient conceptions of sacrifice and propitiation until even to-day people sing and think of Jesus in the aspect of a blood-wet victim, rather than in the aspect of an indomitable Man. And all the power and pomp of the state closed over Jesus, and as head of a hierarchy inherited from dead emperors, the toil-stained Carpenter of Nazareth was set upon a towering altar and crowned potentate of Rome. And into the new religion came creeping the mystery cults of old Greece, which had preferred sensation to action, and they too sought to incorporate Jesus, the dynamic, into their soporific creeds. Out of this blending of a threefold past was wrought the church called Christ's. But the chronicle of Jesus is the chronicle of successive resurrections, and no one of them is so resplendent as his resurrection to-day, for as never before he has now put from him the grave-clothes of dogma and ritual and of sterile emotion, so that we of to-day are looking at him in his austere and simple manhood. To-day we perceive him so clear that we can see him stand gazing at that imaged victim, and protesting, "But I gave my blood that you might call the unknown Father." We can see him stand at the door of a cathedral, a humble workman with a kit of tools across his shoulders, looking in at that crowned figure on the altar, and asking, "How have men so failed to see my kingliness that they should have made me a king?" To uplifted, kneeling ecstasy we can hear him say, "Beloved, see to it that you share with others the vitality of your body and your blood even as I have shared with you mine."

To-day Jesus is risen and he is speaking to his church, but not solely in reproach, for Jesus is just. Far more just than many of us who to-day stand outside and judge church and churches, and fail to see that but for them we should never have heard of Jesus. Although, human and fearful of his requirements, the church called Christian has repeatedly buried Jesus, still it is the church that has preserved and transmitted him. Fraught with long authority out of old Judea and old Rome and old Greece, the church has been the custodian throughout history of the secret ark of Jehovah. But to-day in a parting of the ways there stands before the church of God a new Christ, a Carpenter indomitable in resurrection. Shall the church rise now and follow him in his adventure, or once again shall it join with Pilate and Caiaphas and Judas and bury him?

As I seek to trace the actual material out of which Jesus has shaped himself to my eyes, next to those aspects of him that the history of the world and the history of the church have transmitted to me, I see those four small strange books we call the Gospels. Really they are only four fragmentary little pamphlets written in a provincial Greek most imperfectly reproducing the rugged, lowly

Aramaic which Jesus and his associates actually employed. Mutilated, erased, imperfect, submitted to the hazard of fragile papyrus and of a copyists's blind fingers, and furthermore, written hurriedly to fit an immediate need, four tiny documents, all together not so long as a single copy of any popular weekly, these four insignificant little manuscripts strangely preserved out of the first century, are the rude casket from which issues a character dominant in the world's thinking for two thousand years. I use the word dominant advisedly. I mean that Jesus has always been a touchstone character, so that even to-day the greatest illumination you can have upon any man will lie in his answer to the question, Who is Jesus? You will attain even greater illumination upon any person's secret philosophy if you discover this to be a question he has never faced. The Galilean is never negligible. Steadfastly he dogs one's thinking until sooner or later every man and nation must either explain Jesus or explain him away. Why is he still here, still challenging?

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Perhaps there has been no more successful method of keeping Jesus buried in his scripture casket than ignorance of the actual gospel narrative, and an uncritical approach to it. Those piecemeal portions dealt to many of us as children in golden text or Sunday-school lesson are often taken by us as adults for knowledge. When I have tried to empty my own mind of all obscuring half-acquaintance with the New Testament and to read it as if it were some unknown document fresh-found in some buried library, I have found myself astounded as I gazed into a black past suddenly aglow with a procession of deathless pictures. If we had never seen Jesus wrought into stained glass or tapestry, had never heard him preached from a hundred pulpits, had never read him contorted into dogma, would not the gospel pictures shake us from head to foot—Jesus announcing his Messiahship to a coarse woman by a wellside against a background of holy mountain and whitening meadows; Jesus daring to send a clarion call into a black tomb, "Lazarus, come forth!"; Jesus standing alone and bound before the vice-regent of Rome, and answering the governor's question, "Art thou King of the Jews?" with his level-eyed "Yes!" For myself I cannot read John with the same critical acumen with which I read Juvenal, without seeing the darkling present suddenly pierced by paths of light. If we had never heard his words before, would we not stand aghast that any man should conceive of saying, "I am Light"; "I am truth"; "I am water for those athirst"; "I am bread for those famishing." For myself, when I have tried to approach Jesus as courteously as I would approach Napoleon or Plato, I find his words crying to my brain with an insistence that does not speak to me in any other dead man's voice.

The present world is vast, and teems with discoveries and inventions that every day make it seem vaster. No one of us can keep abreast of the announcements that research makes in every morning's head-lines. Yet every one of us struggles to have a passing knowledge of what science and literature and history are constantly bringing to light. In the effort to know, even most superficially, what is going on about me, I have been most deeply impressed by the present revelations of Biblical study, and by the type of men devoting brain and soul to these investigations. Such men as Streeter, or Glover, or Goodspeed, to mention only three of many great and greater, are to me not negligible as students and discoverers. In forming my own estimate of the Galilean, I am forced to take into account the trend of present-day Biblical research to put the gospel narratives far nearer to the events they chronicle than widespread popular opinion puts them. In my own effort toward critical integrity, to dismiss the Gospels as accretions of folklore and legend would be an evasion so ready and easy that I could not, with self-respect, commit it. Both from internal and external evidence it would appear that all the essential facts of Jesus's life and doctrine were being preached to hostile audiences within two months of his execution. To my own mind, there is no real difference between what Simon Peter said at Pentecost and what Harry Emerson Fosdick is saying to-day.

The gospels impress me because they don't try to. They are addressed by men convinced to other men convinced. Matthew and Mark, Luke and John, never dreamed of converting you and me. We moderns are mere eavesdroppers, and I have tried to let that large and pregnant fact sink deep into my thinking. I myself have found it impossible to undervalue the verbal memories of Jesus's disciples, for it is a fact that before the invention of printing, verbal memory was most conscientiously cultivated. Every man in Jesus's company had been trained in synagogue schools to listen and repeat long passages by heart. Because modern ears have atrophied does not mean that Peter and James and John were thus handicapped. Without any break in transmission, without any time for legend, all those incidents and all those words of Jesus which have revolutionized thought, were current within a year of his earthly life. For some thirty to forty years Jesus was given to the world by word of mouth. Not until eye-witnesses began to die was he intrusted to papyrus. But even so the three synoptic gospels, according to the best scholarly evidence that a mere layman can arrive at, appear to have been in active use, and not only that, they had been passed upon by eye-witnesses as the best of all the various lives of Jesus then in existence—before the year 80 A.D. This is only some thirty to forty years after his death. As I steadily try to discover for myself the foundations of my faith, it seems to me that if I were to doubt the accounts of Jesus as lightly as is often done, there is hardly a character in history that would remain to me. But of course it is safe enough for us to exhume other characters from their records. We are not afraid of them.

That the Gospels are conscious fabrication is something I have never been able to consider, for if four men meant to lie why didn't they do it better? Fabrication would never have permitted such glaring discrepancies to stand; but to me not the inconsistencies of the Gospels but their consistency is the incredible thing. The fourfold singleness of the narrative is unique in literature, and perhaps was possible only in that ancient century and in that ancient land. It is both our advantage and our danger that we of to-day are subtle and sophisticated and meticulous in artistry. Jesus's transmission was given to men simple and ignorant and crude and receptive as little children. Four humble and illiterate men still shaken by an amazing contact tried to describe the effect an utterly unprecedented character had upon his contemporaries. Could four modern men have so forgotten themselves and their art that their fourfold narrative should present one variegated but harmonious portrait? I am writing of that man who slowly through the years has become more alive to me than any other human being, and I am humbly trying to discover whence he has become for me so real, and I find that one of the greatest influences upon my faith is my conviction that the biography of Jesus of Nazareth was intrusted to the only era and to the only mentality capable of transmitting him as one splendid and consistent whole.

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To-day the greatest single deterrent to knowledge of Jesus is his familiarity. Because we think we know him, we pass him by. The greatest challenge to his followers is to know Jesus, and then to present him to others, clean and new and living, from out the grave-mold of familiarity. We think we know some hillside too near to allure us, but we have never seen the view from its summit, we have never listened to its bird-calls on a June dawn, and far less have we ever sought to penetrate either as botanists or as painters the miracle implicit in a single blossom of its bobbing clover. We might spend a lifetime in study of that neighboring hill, and in the end recognize ourselves as still grotesquely ignorant before its mysteries of indomitable springtide forever new. We who would see Jesus are trying to see him as he really is, not as too much current opinion views him. Scholarship is every day bringing to us new facts momentous and challenging. Nazareth was no isolated hill-town, it was the busy suburb of the great metropolis of Sepphoris. If Jesus's manner of life and manner of speech appear rustic, it was because he chose to have them so. We think of Jesus as not knowing the culture of old Greece and Rome, in our absurdity of ignorance we even conceive ourselves as better informed than he in regard to those now buried civilizations then alive all about him. We have read of Greece, but Jesus knew Greeks as door-step neighbors. We have read of old Judea and old Egypt, but every day Jesus could actually observe the caravans that linked the alien cultures of farthest East and farthest West. We read of Roman manners and customs, but Jesus had the opportunity to walk the mosaic of a Roman bath, or sit with the spectators in an amphitheater. As Fosdick tells us, he delivered a solemn trust to his apostles not in the congenial Hebrew background we conceive as setting, but in the actual shadow of a temple to the Greek Pan and of another towering high and not long built to the God-emperor Augustus then living.

Jesus knew only old Palestine we are told; yes, but what a Palestine! Throbbing and crowded and buzzing with commerce, netted with Roman roads that mock at modern engineering, gleaming with Herod's new-built Roman temples. There was no period of history, there was no spot in all the world that could have presented to the mind such complexity of thought, such variety of races and of activities and tendencies. If Jesus remained a villager, it was by conviction, for inescapably his whole philosophy of life must have been evolved in incessant contact with a diversity of culture and custom such as we moderns in our ignorance cannot even conceive. But not merely his historic environment throws new light on that Jesus we think familiar. There are facts of child-psychology which are strangely illuminating. Jesus's first knowledge of crucifixion came to him as a sensitive small boy when the rebellion at nearby Sepphoris was punished by the crucifying of thousands. Did Jesus see those crosses? Did he actually know some of the men who hung upon them? If so, does this fact throw no new light on the bravery with which later he steadfastly set his face toward Jerusalem?

I look back at history, so-called secular and so-called sacred, and there I see Jesus emerging from grave after grave, ever more radiant. I read the four tiny biographies of him, and each time to me, a thinking and critical woman, their fourfold story seems more inexplicable. I look back at ancient Palestine in the light of the research that is going on in this very month and hour, and then I look around me at modern New York in all its strangeness of the new and the usual, and in and out, in and out of all the streets of the world, I see thridding his steadfast way, always familiar yet always to be discovered, the inescapable Galilean.

(Next Month: *Jesus in Human Experience*)

# PEACEFUL PENETRATION

## *The Impact of American Business on English Culture*

LIONEL D. EDIE

On my desk lie two well-known business reviews. In one, the latest from the Midland Bank, London, this sentence appears, "How to scramble out of the bog of depression in which for eight years we have wallowed is undoubtedly the most pressing of present-day problems."

The other, from the National City Bank of New York, rings with optimism: "Trade and industry have measured up handsomely to their favorable trade notices. There is no question but that a condition of prosperity pervades most sections of the country.... Sentiment is riding high on the crest of the wave."

These sharply contrasted pen-pictures seem fairly to conform to fundamental realities in England and the United States. One nation thrives and prospers, whereas the other is unable to shake from its back the eleven per cent load of unemployed labor. And yet, in any basic sense, the business life of the two countries cannot be segregated in water-tight compartments. The United Kingdom should normally be a billion dollar customer of the United States. That country has virtually the same importance as a buyer of our goods as all of South America and Asia combined. But in 1927, her purchases fell off to $840,000,000, the lowest figure for any year since 1914. And as I write, in 1928, the volume has run even below the 1927 level. Either American prosperity will leak over into the British domain, or their depression will flood over into the American domain. Depression is as difficult to quarantine as any other malignant bacillus.

Apparently, the contrast is purely economic. But actually it runs much deeper than the tactics of sales pressure and mass production. Fundamentally, the contrast is as deep as the roots of the national culture itself. Superficial British observers will tell the American that the chronic bad trade of Britain is due to the war, to the gold standard, to labor unions, to fossilized management, to foreign competition, to the Bank of England, to the coal strike and so on. There are atoms of truth in all of these claims, but even if we comprehend them clearly, we still miss the essence of the problem, for the essence is not a matter of economics at all; but of the attitude of a great people toward changes in their civilization.

What we have illustrated is the impact of a new high-speed business system upon an old, stable, proud and smug social and intellectual order. Americans can with greatest difficulty understand the resistances which their own style of progress encounters. This is because they are prone to read only the episodes of the market-place. The real secret will not be found there. We shall find it only in the occasional outbursts of irritation which disclose deep feeling and deep thought—in British novel and drama, in the columns of literary criticism or editorial comment, in the manner in which British newspapers handle American news, in British humor on American themes, in the social contacts of pubs or lodging-houses, in dinner-table and fireside conversations, in the reactions of the sporting crowds at Wimbledon or Ascot, in flare-backs of American tourists repelled by social stone walls over which they cannot climb.

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While waiting in the office of the editor of the London "Nation" one day last summer, I picked up a new book which opened in substance with this proposition, "There are three great menaces which confront us: Fascism, Bolshevism and Americanism; and of these, the greatest is Americanism."

This striking gospel appealed to me as a true symptom of prevalent British thought. Taken by and large, the British people are hostile to the invasion of their industrial system by American methods. This aversion is focused on a variety of things which may be lumped together under the term "Americanization." The word has a special meaning in England which is almost unknown in the United States. What is this meaning? What does "Americanization" offer as a means of remedying British unemployment? Why are the English people reluctant about being rescued from the "bog of depression" if "Americanization" is the price they must pay for it? The answers depend fundamentally upon the mental attitude of the British people toward this vaguely defined but very real process called "Americanization." Their attitude toward five main phases of the process may here be examined and the possible reaction upon our own state of trade considered.

First, Americanization means "consumptionism"—the multiplication of mass luxuries. In this country, the desire for these luxuries is great; our problem is how to satisfy the luxury wants. In England, the difficulty is the other way around; how to induce the people to desire the luxury satisfactions.

For example, I am informed that the majority of new houses going up in England are planned without furnaces—to use the English expression, "without central heat." This is not because the builders cannot afford central heat but because they do not want central heat. Chide an Englishman for the omission and he will tell you: "I want to see the fire. Of what use is a fire in the basement? Give me a wide open fireplace for solid comfort and enjoyment." An enterprising firm decided to build in London a modern office building with steam-heat, feeling sure that such convenience would be appreciated. But they could not rent the office space. Londoners claimed that steam-heat is unhealthy; besides, there was nothing like a good fireplace to make an office cheerful. Through similar logic, most of the hotels of the country are still heated in the same manner as were our hotels of twenty or thirty years ago.

Refrigeration is in a like category. The people do not want American ice-water or ice-cream. They have tried to preserve food with chemicals until Parliament has felt compelled to protect the national health by forbidding the use of most such preservatives. Yet refrigeration makes slight appeal.

Recently I heard the manager of an American residential hotel say that his guests were insisting that old-style bathroom fixtures be ousted and plumbing in colors be installed. This amused me especially after I had spent a summer in one of London's large hotels, where private bathrooms were non-existent and one had to ring for a servant to draw a bath in the community tub on that particular floor. Outside of London, a hotel with private bath is an event.

For a while I could not but think these attitudes exceptional; however, on continued observation I must admit them to be fairly representative. During the summer, Sinclair Lewis, perhaps America's best-known novelist among English readers, ran a series of articles in the London "Evening Standard" commenting on these matters. He promptly evoked a good-natured rebuke from the late novelist and short-story writer, Stacy Aumonier, in these vivid words: "Americans . . . find that we don't drink ice-water, that our plumbing is out of date, that we have no central heating, in fact hardly any of the comforts of life. It is no good telling them that we like things like that. We are so darn superior we don't bother about food, we don't like over-heated rooms, the plumbing that was good enough for Nelson is good enough for Baldwin. They just won't believe us."

Nearly half of all American tourists to Europe travel on British ships, but for every dollar they spend seeing England they spend five dollars seeing France. Englishmen do not seem to regret this diversion of nearly two hundred million dollars of American spending, to French merchants. If to gain it they must oust traditional standards of living and substitute cheap comfort enjoyments, they prefer to lose it.

The result? Old industries—coal, textiles, ship-building—are in the bog of depression and there is a lack of new industries to pull them out. One wonders how long the "consumers' resistance" of Old England will hold out against the luxury satisfactions which go with "consumptionism." One may even wonder whether two cars in every family, two bathrooms in every home and steam-heat at seventy degrees Fahrenheit are in truth the prime things in life. But one thing seems sure: if the people of England undergo a change of mental attitude, they will develop a market so tremendous as to put a million unemployed to work, wipe out much of the depression of the past eight years, and give us a more prosperous neighbor.

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Second, Americanization means mass production. Or, to use a word which enjoys almost universal vogue in England, "rationalization." The reception given to this principle in England is varied and in many respects contradictory. The people stand in awe of it. They feel that it has made America an El Dorado. They frankly want to adopt it in British industry. Chambers of Commerce extoll it. Trade unions invite it. Consumers blame the high cost of living upon the lack of it. And yet, there are countless resistances to slow it up.

Ask an automobile dealer in England why a Baby Austin 7-horsepower car should cost about $750 when a Ford or a Chevrolet in the United States, a much larger car, costs considerably less, and he will say, "mass production." The assumption is that you cannot reach low unit costs unless you first have a market for a million cars. This is the reverse of the Henry Ford principle: First cut unit costs; then develop the market accordingly. Low unit cost comes first; mass consumption follows in due course.

Again, take the case of tools and machines. It is a source of pride that British-made tools and machines are more durable than American-made. A humorous illustration is to the point. In a recent Police Court case in England, the defendant was charged with attempting to break into and enter a warehouse. The police produced a lever and wrench found in the doorway. The magistrate, examining the wrench, said, "Very unreliable and very American. Mass production." And the clerk added, "Cheap and nasty." Now this is only a random story, but it does suggest a rather general attitude. Durability is cherished even when it becomes a handicap. If old machines have become obsolete and ought to be scrapped, the very fact that they are ultra-durable dissuades the owners from getting rid of them. This slows down the process of introducing new and automatic machines and retards the progress of rationalization.

To illustrate further, take certain phases of the attitude toward labor. I heard an English banker severely criticizing a London branch manager of a New York bank because he had reorganized his office for greater efficiency and dropped several men from the pay-roll. The English banker considered it unethical to discharge labor even though rationalization called for it. Security of the job would be his criterion. Suppose it were a choice between fewer workers, more efficiently organized, at higher pay or the same workers at existing efficiency and moderate pay. The unwritten code of employee-relations would point to the latter course of action. Of course, this code reduces "technological unemployment," but it slows up the whole process of rationalization. It reduces turn-over but in the long run it retards the rate of increase of labor income.

Finally, the attitude toward applied scientific research may be noted. The attitude is not unfavorable, and much has already been done by the Fuel Research Board, the Cotton, the Woolen, and the Silk Research Association, the research laboratories of the steel-masters of Sheffield. One of the most notable recent utterances in England is the 1928 presidential address of Sir William Bragg before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. "The present number of industrial research workers," he declared, "is relatively small; it seems likely to increase, however, in proportion to the extent to which the province of science is better understood. The huge American corporations maintain research laboratories costing millions of pounds annually, and find that the financial return justifies their policy." Specifically referring to the depressed industries of England, he pointed to "partial retrievement" in scientific research in the depressed industries—coal, steel, cotton, wool, and so on. But more fundamentally, he found the remedy for depression in "continually seeking for fresh industries or fresh adaptations of the old." His recommendation was: "We should not merely cling unduly to older activities when they have reached the stage in which many others have learned to do them with equal efficiency, and when we can go on to something new and produce what others must ask us for because they cannot so well make it themselves." This is noble doctrine and Sir William goes on to show that if this means mass production in England, then the sooner English industry gets on that basis the better. Sir Alfred Mond, now Lord Melchett, and other leaders in the rationalization movement would wholeheartedly agree.

But this is not the end of the story. If their factories begin turning out new kinds of goods, will the English consumer buy them? As we have already seen, probably to only a limited extent. Hence, the goods would have to be sold abroad. It would come down to this: English industry would be turning out mass comfort or semi-luxury goods which English culture would refuse to consume and which would therefore be thrust upon foreign markets where cultural resistance is weaker. This process may have incongruities, but it is not at all improbable.

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Third, Americanization means elastic credit facilities. Last year Reginald McKenna, Chairman of the Midland Bank, proposed to modernize the Bank of England after the Federal Reserve model. "In the United States," he declared, "credit can be readily expanded to meet trade requirements more or less regardless of the movements of gold, while with us such movements are the guiding factor." However, when the proposal came before Parliament last spring, in the form of the Currency and Bank Notes Act, it was rejected in no uncertain terms. The thought of British bankers was that their system had been in operation for more than two centuries, that it was firmly rooted in British institutions, and that nothing was to be gained by imitating a new and relatively untried American experiment. The pre-war gold standard, trimmed and altered here and there, remains the arbiter of credit, and if this means "hard money" and tardiness of growth of credit to meet the needs of trade, the business world will make the best of it. I do not wish to give the impression that England should have scrapped her financial system in favor of the American system, but merely to record, for whatever significance it may have, that when such a proposal was made, it did not get even to first base.

Moreover, I wish to point out that the inelastic credit condition of that country is by many blamed directly on American banking policy. Last spring, just when everybody hoped that the Bank of England might be able to lower its discount rate and ease the credit situation, the Federal Reserve Banks began to raise rates in the United States in order to curb Wall Street speculation. This promptly destroyed the hope of easier money in London. Discussing the matter with me, one of the most prominent bankers in London characterized the situation as follows: "The greatest difficulty we face is to get interest rates down. The United States, by holding them up to check speculation, is forcing the whole world to keep interest rates abnormally high. If the United States is going to penalize the whole world in order to carry on a private war with Wall Street, it raises grave doubt whether the United States is competent to take a sufficiently broad international view to act as custodian for so much of the world's gold."

If it were merely a matter of banking technique, the problem of contact between American and British central banking would be relatively easy of solution. But it goes far deeper than technique; it goes down to the tap-roots of social ideas. It is considered a rank social impertinence even to ask what the policy of the Bank of England is. The Bank is managed by a closed caste of merchant bankers. A proposal to make it broadly representative of industry and trade is cried down as being socialistic. The Bank makes almost a creed of secrecy in its councils. It is harder to change the constitution of the Bank of England than it is to change the prayer-book of the Church of England.

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Fourth, Americanization means prohibition. The doctrine so frequently advanced by many Americans that prohibition has been an important source of prosperity receives a sardonic smile in Great Britain. The most reasonable estimates I could find placed their annual national drink bill at $1,500,000,000. The equivalent of six weeks of every worker's yearly wages goes for alcoholic drink. The brewery industries are one of the relatively few industries that have enjoyed almost uninterrupted prosperity. The pub is one of the most deeply rooted of English institutions and no one expects to see it disappear in the proximate future. Depression in England must be remedied without the aid of prohibition. You can take away employment from the worker, but you must not take away his beer. There is small chance of carrying the selling of mass comforts past the starting point among a working population that carries the consumption of beer up to the saturation point.

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Fifth, Americanization means protectionism. The English show a marked drift of sentiment in this direction. They call it "safeguarding" but this is merely a sugar-coated term for protection. Manufacturers in many lines have been vehemently demanding that the Baldwin Government come to their rescue with a high tariff and the Government has promised to hear each case "on its merits." Probably the steel industry will be one of the first beneficiaries of tariff protection.

Envying our mass internal market, they have set out to develop a similar market "within the Empire." Around London one sees enormous bill-boards crying the slogan, "Raise the Empire Line." It is an appeal to buy the products of New Zealand, Australia, Canada and South Africa rather than those of outsiders. A powerful voluntary organization has been formed to promote "Imperial Preference" in trade. Some newspapers announce lists of goods "Made within the Empire" so that true patriots may not be deceived. Automobile manufacturers carry newspaper advertisements: "Buy a British car." Such advertisements point out that every order for a British car furnishes employment to one laborer for a whole year. Automobile tire manufacturers advertise "An All British Tyre." Englishmen are criticized by their fellow-citizens if they spend their vacations at non-British sea-side resorts, and dramatic critics seem to think it bad form to speak approvingly of American-made moving pictures.

I had always supposed that one had to go to some Middle-Western town to find the "patronize home industry—buy at home" spirit in its purest form, but I must confess that England now surpasses anything we have to offer. The attitude is often tantamount to outright boycott of the foreign-made product. Our small merchants in all their warfare on mail-order houses, chain stores, and city department stores, have never reached a higher "trade at home" fever than the Englishmen are now striving to attain. And this in spite of the utter dependence of that country upon international trade.

I marvel at their enthusiasm for this feature of Americanization in preference to any other. It is probably the most controversial feature of our system and the one most often held up to ridicule. Yet, strangely enough, it is taking firm root in British soil and commands more publicity than any other device for reviving industry.

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Looking at the situation from the broadest viewpoint, I think we may conclude that so-called "Americanization" is slowly but surely penetrating the English social order. "Consumptionism" has broken through the inertia at many points and is at about the stage that it had reached in this country ten to fifteen years ago. Mass production or rationalization is being more and more accepted by labor, as well as by capital, as inevitable. The old banking system has been patched up by some elasticity amendments. Prohibition is as inconceivable as ever, but protectionism makes amazing headway. The nucleus of hope is the shifting of capital to new industries where British genius can have free play, and the creating of new wants at home as well as abroad to furnish a market for the new industries. This does not necessarily mean that English culture would be destroyed, but it does mean grafting on to the old stock of culture many new and modern folk-ways, the gradual disappearance of the unemployment specter, and the revelation of increased buying power on the part of America's best European customer.

# TEACHER AND STUDENT

## *The Technique of University Education*

HAROLD J. LASKI

THE business of a university is not the transformation of undergraduates into fountains of information. It does not seek to make men expert in their life's career. Its business is the very different task of teaching the student how facts are converted into truth. Whether it uses history or chemistry or engineering to this end matters nothing as long as the task is accomplished. What it is seeking is the method whereby experience in any branch of knowledge can be connected with the structure of the universe. The pathway to that end is, above all, a training in the habit of skepticism. The student cannot know until he has learned to doubt. He must drive his way to the truths he achieves amid an intellectual tradition which is built upon indifference to any particular convictions and interest in the principle by which convictions can be justifiably held. He must learn that it is not necessarily right to be theist or agnostic, radical or conservative. A university has nothing to do with the dogmas comprised within these philosophies. It does not care which of them is right. It is uninterested in their future or their consequences. It seeks only to confer habits of mind which enable the student to weigh the significance of facts from the angle of philosophy. A mind receptive to novelty, capable of wisdom, inclined to moderation—these are the excellencies at which it aims. If the student enters upon his life-work with qualities of this kind, the university will not have lived for him in vain.

There is an immediate value in a university atmosphere from the mere fact that it seeks, as the law of its being, to encompass the whole range of knowledge. For every subject bears upon another. Their juxtaposition corrects and balances what might otherwise possess false perspective. There is immediate discovery that the law must not be divorced from economics, that theology is without meaning save in the context of history. The student learns that knowledge is, after all, a seamless web, and that our categories are, at bottom, merely ways of arranging conveniently the facts we have acquired. Exploration in such an atmosphere tends to correct the limited horizon which, almost always, is the course of the specialist and the practical man. For the eternal vice of the first is the contracted mind which comes from failing to think beyond the confines of his subject; he has learning without wisdom.

So, too, the practical man is, as a rule, ignorantly proceeding upon unconscious assumptions the validity of which he has never tested; he has habit without philosophy. Most of the disasters in the world derive either from the specialist or the practical man.

But the student cannot be left to play at large in the field of knowledge, for the simple reason that it is too vast for him to encompass. Nor can it be said that there is any special body of knowledge it is his urgent business to acquire. His task is to learn the art of thought; and the university must so organize his instruction as to offer assurance that, when he leaves it, we have the right to hope it has been acquired. We have therefore to avoid in the technique we construct, whatever may narrow by undue specialization, as well as whatever may leave the impress of intellectual habits into the validity of which the student has not been taught to examine. We have to avoid, that is to say, the danger of making him either an unphilosophical expert or a practical man.

It is a gigantic task; and fifteen years of university teaching have only made me the more conscious of its difficulties. The profession of teaching, not least in the university, seems to me the practice of an art as difficult and complex as any in life. For one is seeking a common measure among minds of which the essence is uniqueness and individuality. One is teaching the art of generalization to students only partly aware of its limitations and its dangers. One is impressing upon the eager craving of youth for certitude the infinite possibilities of error. One learns that there can be no training of the intellect which is not also a training of the character; and there comes, early enough, a pitiful sense of one's ignorance of the character one has to train. The vast procession of students passes, half-known or dimly known; the teacher has but a partial lien on their time and attention. The contacts he can hope to have with any of them are curiously tangential and fragmentary. Ideas, aspirations, convictions, prejudices are formed in each, of which he is unaware. There is never time for him to explore them in all, and rarely time to explore them in any. He cannot, like the tutor in Rousseau's "Emile" devote himself to a single mind to the exclusion of all others. He can never adequately know the doubts he has created, the dissatisfactions and certainties he has called into life. The greatest university teachers, William James, T. H. Green, Frederick Turner, Morris Cohen, would, I am convinced, ask no more at the end, than to have it said that they have failed splendidly. How, at the least, can we do what we can to make sure of splendid failure?

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I shall divide here what I have to say into three parts. I shall discuss, first of all, the material of instruction to be offered. Then I shall seek to show how that material is to be utilized for the purpose of instruction. Finally, I shall seek to analyze the type of teacher the business of a university requires. In all I have to say, I shall be dealing only with humanistic subjects, for the simple and sufficient reason that I have had no experience in teaching other branches; but I add that discussion with colleagues leaves me with the impression that the principles I shall lay down are not without their application in the scientific field.

I turn then, first to the material to be used. Here, as I think, it is essential that the field of study should be wide enough to display the boundaries of the subject, and narrow enough to permit of some degree of profundity in a portion of the field. We are not merely training the memory; of first importance is the fact that we are training the mind. If the student does history, let him do ecomonics and politics as well; if he does literature, let him do history and philology; if he does philosophy, let him combine therewith a knowledge of scientific method and an insight into the principles of at least one major science. Nothing is worse than the habit (still common in too many universities) of allowing the student to roam at large over the whole of knowledge. There have been universities where courses in chemistry and Indic philology, American history and the Appreciation of Art, have all counted equally in the achievement of a degree. There are universities where the student, within some allotted field, roams over the vast surface of a complex subject and, at the end, knows nothing beyond the names of obvious peaks he could hardly avoid. He emerges as a mere taster of information, no different in mental make-up than the enthusiastic member of a woman's club who learns in ten lectures all she deems it necessary to know of literature or art or politics. This, in a university, is the sin against the light.

It is, moreover, fundamental that, in any subject, the student should learn its essentials at first hand. If he is studying Shakspere, he must read Shakspere; it is not enough to know what Bradley or Kittredge have learned from reading him. If he is studying the history of political ideas, he must wrestle at first hand with Plato and Aristotle, Locke and Hobbes, and Rousseau; and if, knowing them, he cannot recite the endless catalogue of names a textbook will recite, he will not, as a rule, be much the worse off. If he is doing economics, it is fundamental to make him read Adam Smith and Ricardo; to wrestle with them will give his mind an infinitely better texture than the ability to reproduce the leaded definitions even of a first-rate professorial manual. For what, in the handling of the material, it is essential for the student to encounter is the great mind which has formed the civilized tradition. He will rarely find it easy to wrestle with; but he will gain infinitely more from surmounting the difficulties of the supreme book than by digesting a second-hand summary of what the supreme book contains. The curse of university instruction is invariably the textbook. Works of this kind are read by all but the first-rate student; and they deprive all but him of that thing essential to a tough mind, the thing William James called "the pungent sense of effective reality." There is no way to thought, save for the rare genius, except by way of the great thinker; and the textbook, however excellent, which stands in the way of such acquaintance is a snare and a delusion.

Any consideration, moreover, of material must build upon the factor of time. The undergraduate has three or four years in which to study; and there is no time in so brief a period for any but fundamental discipline. That means, I think, the deliberate exclusion from the field of anything intended to confer a technical equipment or to decorate the mind. Instruction in the art of writing plays, a course seeking to make students accountants, training in the appreciation of music or the art of public speaking—these, and things like these, as an essential factor in the discipline the university seeks to convey, are simply so much waste. There is nothing to be said against them in themselves. There is everything to be said against them as necessary parts of a university course. There are the best reasons why a student should learn to appreciate music or understand the mysteries of a balance-sheet. But those reasons are not integrally connected with the basic purpose at which a university aims. Additions to knowledge resulting from these studies, do not constitute illumination of mind. Such subjects do not help that power to reduce facts to order upon principles which carry conviction, which is the essence of university purpose. A student who has attended a course in dramatic technique may become a successful amateur actress, or more rarely, an almost successful Broadway playwright. But the art so acquired will have been gained at the expense of more ultimate things. There is a different time for its acquisition; and the majority of those who seek it as a discipline are usually the students who desire rather to amble delicately through a university career for social reasons, or regard a university degree merely for the cash value it will later represent. They profit by the university only to betray its ideals.

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The selection of the proper material is only a part of the problem; it is necessary to consider the methods of teaching. For the most part, our universities rely upon the lecture system with, or without, the addition of classes. The teacher expounds a subject; the student takes notes; some reading is assigned to him dwelling upon the lecturer's theme. He may later be a member of a class in which the lecturer, or some substitute, will ask questions, or deal with difficulties, in the hope of conferring further illumination. He may, also, be asked to write short papers which he will receive back with criticisms.

Of the value of some lectures there can be no sort of doubt. Some men seem born to inspire the student with an enthusiasm for their subject. Others can so analyze a complex body of material that the student learns the art of generalization as the masters alone can generalize, in a fashion which nothing else can replace. Others again can send the student away full of such passionate questioning that he has no alternative but a mental strife within himself until he has found some kind of response. Lectures that do these things are a valuable part of university technique.

But it must, I think, be admitted that such lectures are rare. Most of them are reproductions of books, an effort at a summary of knowledge so as to save the student's time. Many of them present a corpus of doctrine, which the student is bidden to reject only at his peril. It is, I think, fair to assert that the business of a lecture is to do one of three things. It must genuinely convince a student that the theme is of first-rate importance; it must, that is to say, drive him into personal investigation of its substance. Or it must contain genuinely new knowledge or a new point of view not obtainable in the obvious books; it must, in this case, give old facts a new perspective by addition or original emphasis. Or, thirdly, it must raise problems upon old material which forces the student to think out for himself the way and the nature of their solution. Lectures which do not seek to do these things have no place in a genuinely educational process.

And lectures alone are never a satisfactory method of instruction; it is essential that they be supplemented by discussion and the written work of the student. Here, as I believe, we reach the pivot of the problem in American and English university education. Only the exceptional student gains much from a lecture. The average student needs consistent personal contact with first-rate and mature minds, both in the written and spoken word, if he is to gain anything permanent from even the best of lectures. That means that the discussion class must be small and the teacher of first-rate quality. It is not good enough to make lecturing the task of the professor, and discussion classes the office of an "assistant" who is usually a graduate student researching for his doctorate. The student will learn more from half an hour's personal talk with men like Cohen or Haskins or Turner than from a dozen of their lectures. To have his mind turned upside down, to be driven back, by continuous questioning, against difficulties he either did not know or sought to avoid—this is the real pith of intellectual discipline. The assistant who can do this work adequately is rare. And even where he can afford to give his whole mind to the task, he does not compensate for lack of personal contact with the men who are seeking by their lectures to train the student in the art of thought. For education means ten times more when it is built upon the foundation of personal friendship between student and professor than when the latter is, as he too often is, a dim and awesome figure who appears upon a dais twice or thrice in the week for a session.

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Even more emphatically is this the case with the written work. In most universities, this takes the form either of brief themes, or of answers to factual questions which are intended to test the students' acquaintance with their lectures and textbooks. I find it difficult to see common sense in either. A two or three page essay, returned with a brief, even pungent comment, does not give the student's mind elbow room. What he needs is to be driven into thinking upon a big scale. He must be made to search out in coherent form the answer to a problem of real size. The essay he turns in must be read with him in detail and phrase by phrase. He must learn his faults of style, the gaps in his logic, the inadequacies of the sources he has used. The teacher must play devil's advocate against the position the student urges, insist that he give justification for his every argument, exhaust the armory of the casuist in his examination of the student's case. No one who has taken an essay with pride to a really good Oxford tutor and returned deflated from the ordeal can have failed to see that the experience was a landmark in his intellectual history. There are tutors at Harvard and Princeton who have done that for their students. Something of the same thing has come to men who have worked for an "honors" degree at Swarthmore. But, in most English and American universities, Oxford and Cambridge (to their eternal honor) apart, there is no reason in the world why the student should ever have this experience. And when he misses it, he misses the best sort of training the university can give.

Of the brief class-paper in which short factual answers are sought—admirably satirized in Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four"—I can only say that they seem to me sheer waste of time. They test nothing but the poorest sort of memory, and that only in a fashion in no way indicative of mental quality. They never really extend the student's mind. They do not compel him to argue with himself, to build hypotheses, to defend a position. They bring great comfort, doubtless, to the administrative mind which seeks to pin each student down on a card-index, as the entomologist fastens his specimen to the piece of cardboard. But they merely harm the student who answers them and the teacher who marks them. They hurt the first because they substitute recollection for thinking. They treat information as valuable in itself and neglect the problem of its significance. They are bad for the teacher because they provide him with a lazy substitute for the real business of getting to know the student's mind. They persuade him to confidence where he should be uneasy. They tempt him to routine where his function is painful experiment. Above all, they neglect altogether the basic fact that the student has an individuality of his own. They are factory methods of instruction, useful if we seek to turn out mental Robots by the thousand, dangerous if our ambition is the training of thinking minds.

My case, therefore, in this aspect, is threefold. I have no doubt of the high value in the lecture that inspires, or makes for doubt, or shows the student facts in a new setting. I have no use for the lecture that is merely a substitute for books. I have little interest, either, in the lecture that merely seeks to simplify. A university has no business to retain mental swaddling clothes; it is concerned with the pursuit of intellectual maturity. But lectures without discussion, and that at the highest attainable level, seem to me merely barren. The chief way in which the student learns to think is by testing his mind against the teacher's mind. He has to learn to ask significant questions, to explain to himself significant answers. He has to find the obvious made doubtful, and the unbelievable proved to be true. He has to be led into a mental jungle and driven, by confronting intellectual danger, to find his way to the light. That, I venture to insist, is work for the best minds a university possesses; and to have it done as inferior work is ruinous to all that great lecturing can achieve. Almost of equal urgency, is the writing of essays that have to pass the gamut of detailed criticism. To learn the arrangement of facts so that they become significant, to be taught the danger of eloquence, to realize how difficult is the attainment of clarity and how many are the pitfalls which surround that task of sustained persuasion which is logic—all this is of the essence of a liberal education. Again I would argue, that to deal adequately with a student's essay a first-rate teacher is required. It is never mechanical work. It requires the faculties of the teacher at their most alert and most creative. To intrust it to the second-rate or the mentally half-trained, as we are too often content to do, is to deprive the student of the highroad to the end we have in view.

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Here, perhaps, I may interpolate two remarks upon related themes. The university has failed when its students are not aroused to passionate discussion amongst themselves, or when the work they do fails to awaken them to the study of great books. Unless the system is so organized that students cannot but feel that they are constantly on the heels of some eternal truth, there is something wrong with the system. The university period ought, above all things, to be a period of intellectual excitement. The test of this is nothing so much as the habit of the student outside the class-room. A university, therefore, seems to me to require the deliberate organization of an environment which makes student discussion easy. It ought to be prolific of debating societies, history societies, economic societies and the rest. It needs urgently halls of residence—the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge are the classic example—where men eat together, talk together, think together. Just as a correspondence course can never be magnified into a true university, so when students scatter at night to a thousand separate homes, much of what makes for the inwardness of a university is lost. That is why I believe that, rightly handled, the experiment of a college within a college upon which Harvard is about to embark, may well mark an epoch in American education.

The second remark is the need to study great books. I mean this in two senses. On the one hand it means dissatisfaction with the textbook. The student who is satisfied with pemmicanized knowledge has gone through the university with his mind closed; he has eaten facts, but not digested them. He has collected information, but not absorbed ideas. For the textbook that genuinely communicates the light and shade of its theme, the textbook that is critical, skeptical, challenging, is rare. That is the experience the student needs, and only the classics will provide it. On the other hand it means a habit of personal exploration. The student must learn to attack the masters without thinking of them as part of a course. He must find them interesting or important for their own sake and not because a knowledge of them will give marks in an examination. I have encountered a student in his third year who had not read "Pride and Prejudice," because his subject was, he explained, history and not literature. I am inclined to believe that there is no more final test of university adequacy than its effectiveness in creating a widespread curiosity in books. Failure to do this is failure to arouse that hunter's instinct for knowledge which, more almost than any other quality, enables the student to find himself. When I find the student who has made great literature his own personal province, I know that I have found the man whom it is invariably a privilege to teach.

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At bottom, the quality of a university is always in direct proportion to the quality of its teachers; and we have to begin by the admission that the great teacher is one of the rarest of human beings. He has to fill a subject with his personality. Careful of truth, he must be yet a casuist. Constantly engaged in the discovery of new knowledge, he must yet, as constantly, be able to tread well-worn paths with a sense of vigor and freshness. He must have, above all, a genius for friendship. He must make the theme he expounds the highroad to a direct and intimate knowledge of those whom he teaches; and that he cannot do without spontaneous affection for them. The university which secures men of this type has occasion only for humble gratitude. Its business is to neglect the possibly dangerous views he may hold, the absence in him of socially graceful manners, eccentricities of dress or behavior or outlook. Its simple function is to keep him at all costs, and to make the effort upon which he is engaged capable of performance with the least call upon his strength. For the true epochs in a university's life are not marked by its buildings, its books, or even the growth of its numbers; they are marked by the great teachers it has possessed. We still talk of the Oxford of T. H. Green, the Cambridge of Maitland and Henry Sidgwick, the Harvard of James and Turner, as we shall talk of the Harvard of McIlwain and Haskins, the Cornell of Becker and Young, the Columbia of Dewey and Beard. The instinct that builds these categories goes right to the heart of the matter.

University teachers, like the members of other professions, are, for the most part, mediocrities striving to be sublime; our business is to maximize their sublimity. To do so, we have, above all, to beware of three essential dangers. We must give them no financial reward that does not produce a reasonable standard of comfort; anything less means lack of nervous energy, multiplication of hack-work like textbooks and summer schools, and the guarantee of that shabby gentility which is the ruin of intellectual freedom. We must, secondly, have generous categories of qualification and promotion. The emphasis upon degrees as a test of fitness is almost always the substitution of routine for insight; a doctor of philosophy may have learning in minutiæ, but that is no proof of wisdom in essentials. When we have got a young teacher whose powers and enthusiasm are obviously real, the thing to do is to give him the responsibility of a chair in his subject before he is thirty-five. To do otherwise means, as a rule, that antiquity is mistaken for experience, that when he comes to the point of having a big subject under his control, an excessive period of subordination has unfitted him to plan and initiate. The third danger is the exaltation of the administrator in the office. Teaching always suffers when it is deprived of flexibility by service to a routine. Card-indexes, reports, examinations, neatly rounded curriculums, multiplicity of committees, these are soul-destroying agencies. They satisfy the bustling executive who loves order and neatness and routine. They make him the despot of the teacher by ministering to his lust for power. For the effective teacher, almost always, wants nothing so much as to be left alone; and the university administrator likes nothing so much as the making of endless rules and regulations and schemes which entrap both teacher and student into the service of habit, which irritate and inhibit the emergence of intellectual freedom. Yet it is above all for that emergence that a university exists; and there is no better test of its adequacy than to inquire whether the administration is powerful and obtrusive or merely observant and helpful.

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Every teacher, I believe, has three great obligations. He must continually research, he must keep a fresh mind, and he must know his students not as a shapeless mass seen from a dais, but as individuals whom, if he can, he will cultivate as friends. These are grim conditions, physically exacting and intellectually wearing. By continuous research, I do not mean constant publication. The modern tendency to judge men by their volume of published output is, I believe, responsible for not a little of inadequate teaching standard. It is a facile test of promotion naturally welcome to busy administrators; it is not the slightest proof of intellectual adequacy. A man should be asked to publish only when he feels that what he has to say requires the test of criticism by other scholars because, thereby, it is likely to add significantly to the sum of knowledge. By research I mean in part a devotion to the reëxamination of the ultimate principles of a subject, and also an endeavor to extend their boundaries by solution of the problems to which they give rise. Some of the greatest scholars of the last half-century, Lord Acton, for instance, and F. J. Turner, published comparatively little; but their knowledge was so wide and deep, their power, born of that knowledge, to ask creative questions so fundamental, that they were able to fertilize all other work in their generation by reason of it. In this sense, the teacher's real task, is himself to embark upon the investigation of a really big theme, and use the new insight that research conveys to illuminate the whole subject he expounds. And, almost invariably, the earlier he finds the big theme with which to grapple, the better work as a teacher he is likely to do.

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He must, in the second place, keep a fresh mind. His lectures, his criticism, his discussion must never become a system of formulas that he regurgitates year by year to students whom the academic tradition has already taught what they are to expect. This involves, I think, a number of important decisions. Certainly, in the first place, some such institution as the sabbatical year is imperative. A man who goes on teaching year in and year out, without the opportunity of leisured self-examination, is bound to go stale. His teaching begins to lose vitality; he lacks the power to develop that intellectual second wind of which William James wrote so wisely. The sabbatical year may mean travel, or research, or a happy browsing amid books. Whatever it means, it involves a substantial period in which the teacher does not teach in order to remain an effective teacher. There is no substitute for this experience. I believe, too, that the fresh mind involves consistent exploration by the teacher of the confines of his subject. He must be at constant pains to avoid the dangers of undue specialism. He must learn to see his universe in perspective as well as under a microscope. There is no single way of attaining this end, for the simple reason that intellectual habits are as various as men. Morris Cohen makes his philosophy more profound by a constant study of the law. Graham Wallas has quickened his insight into political science by experience of practical administration on the London County Council. Leonard Hobhouse has laid the foundations of English sociology by the practice of political journalism and industrial negotiation. Freshness of mind, in a word, is born of the cultivation of diverse disciplines; there may be learned teaching without it, but there will never be wise teaching.

A third condition of the fresh mind is more difficult to state. It is important that the teacher change from time to time not only the subject-matter he expounds, but also the period of time he devotes to it. It is a bad thing for any man to go on lecturing year in and year out, upon the same theme. The texture of his mind thereby becomes inelastic. His approach to what he has to say becomes formulistic, and his categories of explanation become tyrants to which he is a slave. One of my first colleagues had lectured upon the same subject (a period of English history) for fifteen years; and, year by year, as the session ended, his notes went back to his box in the Safe Deposit Company, so that next year's work would leave him with no problems. The result was the inevitable one that, at least for the purposes of teaching, he had ceased to think upon his subject. His mind was utterly closed to the new view or the new material, simply because the effort of absorption they would have involved was too great. He had ceased to see his theme as a body of principles and problems; it had become a theological creed not open to reëxamination. Something of the same holds, too, about the period of time. Our division of the university year into terms or semesters tempts us, only too often, to spread our treatment of subjects so as to coincide with those periods. Nothing is more urgent in university technique than experiment in this realm. We are handicapped here by the almost universal tradition of compulsory lectures, and the belief that a certain number of credits, taken together, add up to a university degree. These are evil dogmas which betray us at every turn. Oxford and Cambridge have had the wisdom to have no compulsory lectures; Harvard and Swarthmore have taken steps of importance in this direction. We need to go much further. We need to preach insistently to the student that, granted accessible counsel, the responsibility of what lectures he may attend is on his shoulders as a part of the discipline he is to acquire; and we need to free the teacher from the need to think out his lectures in terms of the units convenient for university administration. A teacher who comes back from a long vacation full of ideas about Rousseau will serve his students better by a short course about something that has excited him than by a long course on which he feels he has nothing new to say. We know from his pupils how admirable a vehicle of instruction was Ranke's habit of discoursing at large in the lecture-room upon some new book that had interested him. We need far more of such practice simply because the book that excites the teacher is a natural source of illumination to the student.

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The third great obligation in the teacher, I have said, is the need to make his pupils his friends. No teaching work is really successful which remains on a purely official plane. The teacher who disappears from his lecture-room as soon as the lecture is over; the teacher who will see students only within stated office-hours, as though he were a manufacturer receiving commercial travelers; the teacher who lays it down, as I have heard it too often laid down, that his connection with the university ends as soon as he leaves its buildings—all these are depriving the student of much that makes for the best in university instruction. For upon that official plane, the student's mind can never be intimately known. His real thoughts, his profoundest ambitions, are never revealed in casual intercourse of that kind. The teacher who gets the best out of his students makes his home an annex to the university. He is not prepared to divide off his life into compartments, into some of which the student cannot enter. He entertains them, talks with them, gives them the sense that he is eager to proffer counsel. It is, of course, exacting labor; and it may mean a heavy call on his time. But I think that men like Copeland of Harvard, who have devoted their lives to their students, would say that they have been repaid a hundred times by the affection and insight they have gained through their devotion; and I know that there are innumerable students all over America to whom Harvard will always mean certain Monday nights in "Copey's" room, where two dozen undergraduates on the floor have been led by his genius for friendship into those high regions of the mind where the mystery of education begins to be revealed.

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I have dealt here only with the problem of the university and the undergraduate; the professional training a university seeks to confer raises issues, both of personnel and technique, of a quite different order. I have been concerned with the elementary conditions which will enable a student to enter a professional school, on the one hand, or his life's career, on the other, with a mind trained to distinguish substance from shadow. Those conditions will not give results that are sudden or startling or immediate; it is not the business of a university to look for such results. They depend, as Newman said of his own university ideal, "on the slow, silent, penetrating overpowering effects of patience, steadiness, routine and perseverance." They depend, too, for their success upon the two assumptions that the teacher is there from a genuine pride in his vocation, and the student not merely because he is anxious for the material advantage of a university degree. I claim for them no more than their ability to promote love of knowledge for its own sake, to secure that relentless curiosity of the mind which insists upon truth because it cannot do otherwise. Yet, after all, that love and that knowledge have been the parents of all that is most precious in the common life of civilization.

# REMNANT

### ISABEL McLENNAN McMEEKIN

All but her pride and penury are gone
And selfishness alone keeps stride with wealth;
Thin fingers clutch life's last unbartered pawn
And evil age creeps on her steps by stealth.
It has reshaped the contours of her face
And drawn her features in an ugly frown;
She has no gentleness nor any grace,
This richest woman in our little town.

She likes to bicker with the grocer's clerk,
And claim the price of lettuce is too high.
He answers with a half discourteous jerk,
The price is such, "and do you wish to buy?"

. . . . . . . .

Yet she was once my mother's charming friend:
Kind Death, be quick, cut short this fraying end.

# CHARLEY BOYLE

## *The Condensed Story of an Intensive Life*

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

THE curious collector of Americana will find on the library table of the Shamrock A. C., a full-morocco, handsomely illustrated "Life of the Hon. Charles Aloysius Boyle." It is a sound, informative work, running into three hundred pages of solid data, soberly set down in the spirit of truth. Conceived in piety, and painfully composed by the Literary Committee of the Shamrocks, it is a solemn and dignified monument to the memory of a good man.

But as an antidote to its official piety I recommend my own shorter version, written because I happened to love Charley Boyle, and because I knew that the Shamrock "Life" was a huge myth, an unconscious biographical lie. From the reminiscences of two other men who knew and loved Charley as I did, I have drawn most of my material. Charley's own words complete the picture.

### *Father Brian Gore's Story*

I prepared Charley Boyle for his first communion in the Parochial School class of ninety-three, and an illustrious class it was, too. Three members of that little group afterward became priests, and Timothy Byrne, the present mayor of Marton, was in the same class with Charley. I used to meet my tender neophytes in the vestry every afternoon to instruct them in their catechisms and hear them recite the prayers every first communicant has to know. I do not remember that Charley was especially brilliant as a child. He certainly showed none of that eloquence which characterized his later papers and addresses. That he was steady, obedient and pious in a quiet way, I readily recall. He was one of the best altar-boys I ever had; I remember giving him a baseball bat for serving me at seven o'clock mass for two years, without ever missing a morning. And because he was a plump, ruddy-cheeked cherub, I sometimes let him carry the crucifix in Lenten services. His mother seemed delighted that her Charles had been singled out for this honor, and often thanked me for being what she called, "so good to her boy."

On my parish visits there was no threshold that I liked better to cross than Timothy Boyle's. The Boyles lived for many years on the top floor of a three-story house—tenement, I suppose you'd call it—on Medford Street, down by the rubber factory. The district was poor, the house miserably ramshackle; but there never was a brighter, happier flat than Anne Boyle's. Her five rooms and seven children glistened with soap, water and holiness. With her husband's pay as teamster—he never made more than twenty dollars a week—she set a good plain table, furnished her five rooms, and bedded her family as decently as possible in such cramped quarters. She contributed to the support of her pastor, kept up a thousand dollars insurance on her husband, and saved a little money besides. Anne Boyle lived to see her whole family confirmed, her eldest son Thomas a physician, and her daughter Theresa a Carmelite nun. But Anne Boyle's great ambition was to have a priest in the family, and she prayed mightily that Charley would find his vocation. It is about this vocation that I think the friends of Charley Boyle would like to hear.

I was reading my office one day, walking up and down the side aisle of the church, when I noticed young Charley Boyle lighting a candle at the shrine of our Blessed Lady. I was pleased to see such evidence of piety, but thought it not unusual in the son of a religious household. But the next day the same thing happened; and every afternoon for a month I saw Charley light his candle, drop a nickel in the box, and pray for ten or fifteen minutes.

Then he began to go to communion every morning at seven o'clock mass. Daily communion was not so common then, as now, and Charley's frequent approach to the sacrament caused a flurry of comment among the few regular attendants at early mass. "A vocation sure," was the whispered gossip among the aged faithful. I marked time patiently, knowing that Charley would come for counsel pretty soon now. Sure enough, after a long period of daily communion and afternoon visits, Charley knocked on my study door one summer evening. In a downgazing adolescent way, he was hesitant, nervous. So I, thinking to ease up the tension, opened the conversation casually.

"How's the slugging shortstop?" I queried. "Batting four twenty?"

"I—I'm not playing baseball these days, Father."

"Not playing baseball? Why, Charley, what's the matter?"

"Well, Father, you see—I—think I've—" He fidgeted pitifully for a moment, then blurted out, "I think I've got a vocation, Father, and I want to be a priest."

"Noble, Charley, noble; the Church needs good priests, and has far too few of them. Sit down, lad, sit down. And how old are you now, Charley?"

"Fifteen, going on sixteen."

"And how long have you felt this way—about your vocation, I mean?"

"Oh, it's been troubling me for a couple of years now, getting stronger all the time; and for the last three months it's been with me every minute. It's bothering me, Father; I've made novenas and asked for all sorts of help from St. Aloysius, but that hasn't done any good and now I guess I better do something about it."

"Has any one at home said they'd like to see you a priest?"

"Only my mother. She's been hinting at it ever since I can remember. She keeps saying that out of her five sons she ought to be having at least one of them a priest."

"That's natural in mothers, Charley—but we mustn't mistake their wishes for a vocation. How about your own feelings now? Tell me what they're like, if you can—and if you don't mind."

"I can't describe them, Father, not the way I really feel them. But most always, something fills up in my throat when the bell rings at the elevation, or when I smell the incense at benediction. When the church is empty I like to be alone in front of the altar, or at the little shrine of the Blessed Virgin. On Sundays I wish I could climb up into the pulpit and give a fine sermon, and have my mother sitting in the front row with tears in her eyes listening to me. She'd cry every Sunday, she'd be so happy."

"But now supposing, Charley, you were to be sent away outside the parish to a strange town or maybe a foreign country, never to see your mother or family or friends again. Would you be happy to work all day and sometimes far into the night, making sick-calls to dirty tenements, hearing endless confessions from foul-breathed old men and women, and never having any home or family of your own? Would you be happy to exchange every worldly possession, every earthly ambition, for the love and lonely service of God, no matter where that service led you?"

"I never thought of it that way, Father Gore."

"Of course one doesn't put it that way when one is young and brimming with devotion, but it's a test we all have to propose to ourselves. We'll talk of that again, later on. But now isn't there something else, perhaps, that's bending you toward the priesthood? Something that's been troubling you secretly; something you couldn't talk to any one else about?"

Charley dropped his eyes. I waited.

"Yes," he began, "there is—something, only I don't know how to say it."

"Is it something about a girl?" I suggested tenderly, then waited for the words, perhaps the tears. Both came in a flood.

"Oh, Father, it's—it's Helen Knowlton that lives up in the West End." Dammed-up emotion burst the bulging dikes of Charley's heart. "She's a—a Baptist, and I keep looking at her in school all day long, and at night I can't forget her. She's so—*lovely*, Father. And I don't dare say anything about it at home; it would kill my mother if she knew I was thinking about a Protestant girl, me that's supposed to be the priest in the family—and she's a Baptist, too, that makes it worse. Baptists and Presbyterians are the hard-shelled black ones, my mother says. But Helen Knowlton doesn't seem black or hard-shelled at all—just the opposite, white and gentle and—soft."

"How long have you known Helen?"

"Almost a year now. I saw her the first day I went to high school, and she says she saw me that day too. She had on a white dress with little blue flower-figures in it. I didn't dare speak to her for a long time, but one day at recess she was standing near me and I offered her a doughnut. She took it, and after that I wasn't afraid to say hello to her when I saw her on the street. A couple of times last winter we went skating on Cradock Pond, but there were always other people around and the only time I had her all to myself was when I was putting on her skates. Last spring was when I really got to—to know her. We used to walk home from school every afternoon, but sometimes we wouldn't go right home. We'd take long walks up by the reservoir and sit under a tree on the banking and watch the swans till supper-time. Once she put her head on my shoulder and cried, and I cried too, because I knew we could never get married. . . . Is it really wrong to marry a Protestant, Father?"

"Sometimes it isn't wise, Charley. Anyway, you're too young to be thinking about getting married. Why, only five minutes ago you were telling me you wanted to be a priest."

"Well, I do. I want to go away and be a monk in an order."

It was easy to diagnose Charley's trouble. He most passionately desired to be a martyr on the old cross of disappointed love. Doubtless he pictured himself in jeweled vestments, holding a richly chased ciborium over the head of his little girl friend. Perhaps he was hearing her confession, and exhorting her to a life of chastity in a rose-trellised convent adjoining his monastery. So I thought I'd try the simple but effective dodge of holding him off for a while.

"Well now, Charley," I said, "your case is a bit unusual, a bit complicated, so here's what we'll do. Let's go along just as we were, trying this thing out a little further before we come to any decision. Let it run a year, say. Even at the end of that time you'll only be in your second term at high school. Then if you feel that you'd rather be a priest than anything else in the world, come and tell me about it—and I'll be the happiest man in Marton if I can send you to the seminary. Meantime, keep up your Latin, you'll need it anyway, and don't worry too much about Helen Knowlton. Be good friends with her, just as you are with the other girls. And if I were you, I wouldn't sit on the reservoir-banking any more; it's not just—well, you understand—it's not just fair to the vocation, that's all."

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So Charley Boyle went home that night to think over his vocation in the privacy of a room he shared with three brothers. He lay awake so long thinking about it, or pining for his girl, that he overslept the next morning, and consequently didn't get to seven o'clock mass. His afternoon visits to church became less frequent; the daily communion ceased; but with the natural piety of many Irish Catholics, Charley Boyle kept up the habit of weekly communion throughout his life.

After five or six months of dwindling devotion, during which period the vocational needle must have wavered tremulously, Charley came home from school one day to find that he had no father. Timothy Boyle's express-wagon had been clipped by a fast freight at a grade crossing—and Timothy Boyle, teamster, was no more.

Anne Boyle buried her man decently, and had a small surplus left over from the insurance money. Nevertheless, an immediate re-ordering of the family finances was necessary. Two sons were already at work, but their poor wages could not support the family. So Charley had to leave school. Anne Boyle reluctantly abandoned the idea of her Charley being a priest, but bread had to be put on the table for her four youngest, and with stoic piety she offered thanks when Charley found a job with Michael Durgin the contractor, mixing cement at ten dollars a week.

It was a year after his father's death that Charley next rapped on my study door. He was seemingly a sturdier, more resolute young man than the troubled boy who had blurted out his heart to me eighteen months before. He told me that with his new responsibilities at home, it was out of the question for him to spend the next six years preparing for the priesthood. I suggested that we forget the whole episode, remarking with a smile that vocational twinges were a not unusual malady of adolescence.

"And how do you get along with your new boss, Michael Durgin?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Couldn't ask for better treatment, Father. Mr. Durgin's a prince. He started me off mixing concrete, but now he's got me laying foundations, superintending a gang of wops. He says he's going to teach me contracting from the cellar up, so I'm studying draftsmanship every night at the Shamrock A. C.—"

"Shamrock A. C.? What's the Shamrock A. C.?"

"The Shamrock Athletic Club, or in full, the Shamrock Athletic and Outing Club. It's really MacSorley's old barn, but Martin Foley, Peter Quinn and myself have fixed it up so we can have a place to hang out. So far we've got six members and five chairs. You'll have to come over and see the place, Father."

"Depend upon it, Charley, I shall, just as soon as my curate comes back from his vacation. And now, lad, let me congratulate you on your friend and employer, Michael Durgin. He likes you, Charley; only the other day he was telling me what a hustler you were. Stick by him, Charley, and he'll stick by you. He's a power in Marton politics, and the biggest contractor in the county. Besides" —I thrust out a tentative lead— "he's got a charming daughter Rose. Have you met Rose yet?"

"Yes, Father. She's a nice girl all right." Charley was distant. "She's pretty, and she plays the piano, and we kind of like each other—but say, Father"—the old impetuous Charley broke out again—"supposing a fellow keeps on wanting to be with—with some one else, and can't forget her, and is happiest when he's with her, and she's happy only when she's with him—would it be wrong—to—?"

"To chuck his job, lose a valuable friend, break his mother's heart and probably bring great unhappiness on himself in the end? It wouldn't be wrong, Charley; no, it wouldn't be wrong. But it wouldn't be wise either. Now look here, lad; if you're really in love with this girl, why don't you bring her around to see me sometime. We'll talk over the possibilities of making a good Catholic out of her—"

"No, Father. Her family wouldn't listen to it. Her father's a Mason, and he's as dead set against Catholics as my mother is against Protestants. He's as black—as—as my mother is."

"Then let's do once more what we did with the vocation. Let's wait a year, two years, to see if this thing really lasts. You're both young yet; why neither of you know your own minds—"

"*That's not true, Father,*" said Charley Boyle simply, and without anger. The quality of his voice paralyzed me, and for a minute I was silent. Then I rose and put my hands on Charley's shoulders.

"Charley," I said, "you're a good man, and whatever a good man does is right. But don't be hasty, lad. That's all the advice your old friend Father Gore can give you now."

He went out that night in pale agony.

And five years later I married Charley Boyle and Rose Durgin in the upper church.

*Stenographic Report of the Address of President Charles A. Boyle at the Twenty-fifth Annual Dinner of the Shamrock A. C.*

Dear Friends and Fellow Members:

We are assembled to-night in a spacious hall of our own, surrounded by elegant furnishings and the remnants of what was once a sumptuous repast. (*Laughter and cheers.*) We have left severally the quiet hearths and peaceful companionships of our homes, and have proceeded along decent and well-lighted highways to enter the portals of the Shamrock A. C. Our coming together this evening is marked by no ostentatious display of wealth or power; but as I cast my eye over this assembly I see vigorous and successful members of the great families of Marton. We are assembled in peace, we are congregated in friendship, we are met to do honor to ourselves and our native city by celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Shamrock Athletic and Outing Club.

As I stand before this gathering of life-long friends, I am reminded of other gatherings long ago, in humbler quarters it is true, but featured by the same hearty fellowship that pervades our circle this evening. Gentlemen, at the risk of being thrice repetitious, I am going to recall some of the circumstances that led to the forming of the Shamrock A. C. (*Applause and cries of "Go ahead, Charley."*)

While still in our stripling 'teens, most of us were unfortunately obliged to leave school and contribute to the support of our families. But although we were denied the privilege of formal education, we were an eager race of youngsters, uncommonly set on reading and self-improvement. Room at home was scarce or non-existent; we could not enjoy, in the midst of bustling family life, the quiet retirement so necessary to reading and study. Nor did we have a place where we could meet our friends. Pool-rooms and barber-shops were our only havens, and thither we went to spend our leisure hours in pleasant but idle intercourse. Under these circumstances, then, we were ready for any sort of proposal that should give us a meeting place of our own. Well, one evening while Martin Foley and I were standing on the corner of Salem Street, doing nothing in particular, who should come along but Peter Quinn, now Judge of the Circuit

Court, sitting here at my right hand.

"Charley," says Peter, "let's walk over to the Club."

"Sure," says I, catching onto the joke. "Lead the way."

So Peter Quinn led us over to MacSorley's barn, which stood then on the present site of the Central Fire Station, and we all climbed up the ladder into the loft. It was fairly well lighted by two paneless windows; the roof was a patchwork of old shingles, but since summer was coming on, we thought that no serious defect. There were some packing boxes lying around, and an old horse-hair sofa with three legs.

"Not so bad, not so bad Pete," I commented with mild approval.

"Not so bad! Why, you big harp, it couldn't be better. We can sweep it up a bit, bring in a lamp and some chairs, and rig up a combination gym, library and social parlor. Here now, grab this broom and get busy."

Under the spell of Peter Quinn's eloquence, we began to see the possibilities of the old loft. We fell to work that very evening; we swept and hammered that barn till it looked like a Dutch kitchen. Somewhere we collected a seventh-hand table and a few rickety chairs. I also remember hanging up a lithograph of Rose Coghlan the actress, because of a fancied resemblance to a school-days' sweetheart of mine. We had no library; this was to come later when the Judge began to study law and I was making my first acquaintance with construction engineering under the tutorship of Michael Durgin, may God rest his Irish soul. We also hung up a trapeze and nailed together some sort of parallel bars that broke down the second time we used them and have never been assembled since.

Then we sat down, and like the serious-minded young men we were, elected Peter Quinn president, myself treasurer, and Martin Foley secretary. We also drew up a constitution and by-laws. We did the job so well, and adhered so piously to the original charter, that to-day those first boyish articles are the basis of the present constitution of the Shamrock A. C.

I think our first name was the Shamrock Athletic and Outing Club; but although we still enjoy an annual field-day at Cradock Park, we have dropped the "outing" section of our early title. Ah, those outings! Who can forget them?—the trolley rides to Lake Quannapowitt; the canoe and rowboat races; the baseball games; the round-dancing on Wakefield Common! Sometimes the married men would play the single men at baseball, always proving conclusively the superiority of the married state. After the dancing and games were over we would dip into the basket-lunches, huge market baskets crammed with corned beef, fancy briskets, cold chicken, apple pies and doughnuts. I think I remember a case or two of golden beer. (*Laughter.*) And after the picnic lunch, we would stroll with the only girl in the world through the pine groves skirting the lake. Many an Irish troth was plighted in those groves. Oh, the girls were never prettier nor their manners so womanly sweet as they were during those summer holidays of the "outing" Club.

Outings, however, were not the chief business of our lives. We all had jobs that demanded ten grueling hours a day, and it was only after a full stint of labor that we met in the big loft on Salem Street. Without being snobbish, we tried to limit our number to those who were aiming at a profession or who were sincerely interested in self-education. Naturally we could not have roisterers in a room where half the members were studying law and engineering. Later on, we partitioned the loft into three sections; one for recreation, one for athletics and one for study. As money and members came in, we completely rebuilt MacSorley's barn. But the need of more commodious rooms became so acute that in 1910 we started a drive for a new home; and two years later we moved into our present quarters, than which—I say it without qualification—there is no finer in the State of Massachusetts. (*Prolonged applause; shouts of "Get hot, Charley."*)

Like all Americans of Irish parentage, we had a flair for politics, and inevitably the Shamrock A. C. began to be the center of Marton's political life. The Shamrock Governing Board was acknowledged to be the inner council of our local city government long before the memorable year of 1913; but in that year we elected our first mayor, George L. Farrell of sainted memory (*terrific demonstration*) and from that time forward, our candidate has never been beaten at the polls.

I now approach, and boldly too, that period when the political supremacy of the Shamrock A. C. was challenged by the hypocritical, hard-shell, West Side element of Marton, who make their money here and then sink it into tax-exempt out-of-town securities. The history of that struggle is well known. The facts were broadcast in the non-partizan Marton "Recorder"; and *gross misstatements* of those facts were circulated by a miserable, short-lived journal called the "Compass," which was brought into existence solely to discredit two public servants who happened to be at the same time aldermen and Catholics. Charges of peculation and graft were leveled at the heads of Martin Foley and myself. Mr. Foley, as chairman of the Aldermanic Council, was accused of illegally granting city contracts to the Durgin-Boyle Construction Company, and I, as president of that company, was charged with submitting secret bids for city construction awards. The full testimony, taken at a time when the Grand Jury refused to indict either of us on such weakly predicated charges, is available to any one who wishes to sift the matter to the bottom. And the swift ballot of retribution overtook the false-alarmists of the anti-Shamrock party, when their left-handed Presbyterian candidate went down to overwhelming defeat in the subsequent municipal election. Martin Foley was swept in as mayor, and I was solidly returned to the Board of Aldermen. And this is the way an intelligent citizenry blasted the libels of a set of tax-jumping, herring-chokers from the West End. (*Intense excitement, shouts of "Hurrah for Boyle, Boyle for mayor," and so on.*)

I thank you gentlemen for your testimonials of confidence. And now let us turn to another page, the most glorious in the history of the Shamrock A. C. When the world spun round in the fierce maelstrom of war;

when it became necessary for the United States to unshackle the cannonry of Mars, in order that the doves of peace might wing again unharassed through the air—what was the response of the Shamrock A. C.? I point with fraternal pride to our service flag on which five golden stars glitter on a field of loyal blue. Each of those stars represents a life cut off in its flooding prime. James Halloran, Timothy Burke, Anthony Boyle, Charles Farrell and Dennis Delehanty! we take your names as in a litany of courage. On the bright roster of American patriotism no names shine more brilliantly than yours.

In conclusion, dear friends, let me point the way to new terrains of service and new vistas of hope. The work of the Shamrock A. C., so nobly carried on for a quarter of a century by loyal Irish-Americans, is only now beginning. There are new fires to be lighted from the old torches; a new parochial school must be built in this parish; a new meaning of liberalism must be spread abroad in the land. In piping times of peace let the sons of Irishmen work with the sons of Englishmen, Italians, Germans and Swedes for the everlasting glory and prosperity of America. And in time of war, which God grant may not be soon, let them acknowledge with the last ounce of blood and gold the sacred privileges and duties of American citizenship which are theirs to cherish and enjoy. (*Ovation.*)

### *As Told by Dr. Tom Brophy*

I'll begin with the night before election. It was a strange, mad evening, and I remember it well. There had been a vicious mud-slinging campaign all through November, with outdoor rallies and street-corner oratory by the long ton. Charley was the Shamrock candidate for mayor against the West Side Coalition. Bushwick was their man, and he had a pot of money behind him. You recall the issue: whether or not Marton should surrender her city charter and become a borough of Boston. Well, Charley was violently opposed to Marton's doing any such thing. He believed in Home Rule for the Home Town, and declared that the Bushwick gang was selling out for a measly three-dollar tax cut. He had been speaking in the open air all through November, larruping that West Side crowd over the rump with a big oratorical stick, until they were black and blue. You know Charley could certainly handle that big stick too. Well, about a week before election he came to me with a sore throat. "Give me a gargle, Tom," he says. "Gargle hell," says I, looking at his throat. "You've got laryngitis, and if you don't go to bed right away, it'll be something worse again." But no such thing; Charley wouldn't hear of bed. "And what'll Bushwick be doing while I'm draped in blankets?" he roared. "No, sir; I'll drive that A. P. A. off every street corner in Marton by out-shouting him on the opposite corner."

Charley was better than his word. He swung around the circle every night that week, speaking from the back of his car to nine or ten different crowds in the course of an evening. A torrent of conviction poured from his lips; he passionately believed that Marton should not merge her identity with Boston's—and he made others believe it too, all excepting the property-holding Bushwick element that stood to profit by the decreased tax-rate. Anyway, I saw his throat again a couple of days before election; it was raw, I tell you, raw—and he was running a fever of a hundred and one. "Charley," I begged, "as your old friend and physician, I'm asking you to go to bed and stay there till after election." Did he go to bed? He did not. He jumped into an open car and harangued election crowds till midnight. I think his system must have needed it—talking bareheaded all night to a cheering mob. It must have been pathological with him; I can't understand it otherwise.

But because I didn't want him to collapse in the middle of a speech, I went with him that last evening, and shivered for four hours in the back of a touring car while he quoted all sorts of historical flora and fauna to spike his arguments home. The November air was cruel; a dry snow was hanging off, ready to fall at any minute, and only the intense excitement of a close election kept the people on the streets. Between speeches I tried to dose Charley with a pint of whisky; but no, he'd never drunk whisky, he said—he'd promised his mother he wouldn't, and he wasn't going to begin now. Stubborn, Charley was; and he was getting stubborner as he got older.

We got along somehow till eleven o'clock, and Charley was pumping deep into his reserve energy, which was waning fast. A big crowd was waiting for us in Linden Square—red lights, brass band, everything. As Charley rose to greet the stinking rabble he took a bad chill; he got so cold his teeth rattled. He was blue under that arc-light, I tell you. He stumbled through his speech, fighting every word of the way, and finally sank into the seat beside me, sweating now, and almost exhausted. The band was pounding away and every one was yelling, "Boyle for Mayor," "We want Charley," "Home Rule and Charley Boyle." Charley kept taking his hat off and waving it, just as though he were drunk. "For God's sake, Charley," I said, "let's get home or you'll be a corpse." "Not yet, Tom," he gritted. "I've got that last midnight rally at Cradock Park. Debate with Bushwick. The crowd's expecting me. I can last, Doc. After that I promise you I'll go home and stay in bed."

The crowd kept on shouting, "We want Charley," and I was just about to give Jake the chauffeur the signal to step on it, when a scraggly little girl with eyes like stove-lids slides up to the car and slips a piece of paper into Charley's hand. "I've been looking for you all over," she said. Now Charley likes kids, having none of his own, so he took the paper and started to read it. A first flake of snow fell on his sleeve, but his face went whiter than the snowflake. No, it wasn't white; it was the gray-blue of fatal fear. It was—it was awful.

He shook the little girl by the shoulder. "Where is she now?"

"Down on Bow Street. That's where we live."

"Hear that, Tom; hey, Jake," babbled Charley, "I've got to get down to Bow Street. Here girly, hop in and show us the way. Jake, never mind the Cradock rally; do what I tell you. Get down to Bow Street, man; get down to Bow Street."

"Are you sure it isn't a plant, Charley?" I put in. "They'd give a lot to frame you, remember?"

"It's no plant, Tom. It's something I've been looking for and wondering about, for twenty years; something I thought would never happen again." He was shivering with a cold that never rose out of the earth. Great snowflakes were flattening themselves against our clothes as the car slid down a murky street parallel to the railroad tracks.

"Here's the place," said the child.

We got out and followed the kid up three flights of rickety back stairs. Charley kept saying, "Oh my God, why didn't I know, why didn't I know," till finally the kid pushed open the door of the miserablest human habitation I've ever seen. There wasn't a stick of furniture in the place, and snow was sifting in through a dozen cracks in the roof and walls. On the floor at one end of the room, a woman was lying, covered by a bit of old carpet with a cardboard suitcase as a pillow. Charley ran to her, dropped to his knees and gathered her up into his arms.

"Where've you been?" he asked. It was almost a reproach.

"All around. Everywhere." Ultimate fatigue lay on the woman's mouth. "He—he was working in Maine . . . the mills closed . . . so . . . he went away . . . I haven't seen him . . . oh, Charley, dear one . . . then I came back here—"

"Why didn't you come to see me?"

"I couldn't; I didn't want to bother you, Charley. But I won't bother you long now, dearest. Where's my little Helen? She said she'd bring you. . . . You'll take me to Quannapowitt, won't you Charley?"

"Doc," said the Hon. Charles A. Boyle, "we've got to get food and warmth into this woman, and no delay. You examine her and see if you can do anything for her, while I run down and tell Jake to get some eggs and milk." He leapt for the stairs, and I could hear him shouting at the chauffeur. Meanwhile I examined the woman. She was in the last dread swamp of tuberculosis. Her heart was weak and high, and I doubted if she would live through the night. I gave her a sip of whisky, the only thing I had at hand, and tried to arrange her more comfortably on the floor.

Charley was back in a minute, kneeling beside the bit of carpet. He took off his fur coat and wrapped it around the woman, pushing me violently aside.

"Let me take care of her, Charley," I pleaded, "while you run up to Cradock Park for a last shot at Bushwick. If you aren't on deck, the people will think you're quitting."

"Damn the people; may they all rot in hell for making a miserable quitter out of me long ago. Quit? *Quit?*"— Charley began to laugh hysterically—"why, I quit twenty years ago; laid down like a sick house-cat. And I've been orating about duty and fidelity and citizenship ever since, banging on a big hollow drum of misery, just to drown out the pleadings of one gentle voice. Can't we do anything for her?"

I shook my head. Then I faded into the back of the room, leaving

Charley alone beside the woman who could not take her eyes from his face. In a few minutes Jake was back with some eggs and milk.

"Mr. Boyle," he reported, "Bushwick's calling you a big grafter in Cradock Park."

But Charley did not hear. He was mixing some whisky with the eggs and milk; he held it to the woman's mouth. She drank part of it and lay down quietly. "It's good," she said. "Give some to my little Helen." The kid gulped at the glass that Charley offered her. For the first time, the woman smiled, and I remember thinking how pretty she must have been.

Then her breathing began to get heavy, as though she were pulling it out of a deep well. I felt her pulse; it was barely flickering. Her eyes were open and still fixed on Charley, but she could not speak.

"She's going, Charley," I said. "Let me get a priest."

"No," said Charley, "she's not a Catholic. She doesn't need any of your god-damned priests."

He threw himself sobbing at her feet, and when she died an hour later he was a bonfire of delirium and fever.

The next day the Hon. Charles A. Boyle was elected mayor by a plurality of eight thousand. It was a great victory for the Home-Rulers.

And two days later Charley Boyle died under the merciless hammering of a million pneumonia bugs pounding at his heart and brain.

# THE MAGNIFICENT UNIVERSE

## *An Impression of the New Ideas in the Light of Recent Investigations*

EDWIN B. FROST

THE first quarter of the century has been a golden age in the progress of science. While it is difficult to assess correctly the significance of recent discoveries, we readily note the great expansion of our conception of the universe. The enlargement of our views has been in two directions, toward the immensely great and toward the extremely small.

There has been an odd parallelism along these lines of research. The physicist and the chemist have sought to apply to the electrons circulating about their central nuclei, like the planets around the sun, the laws formulated by Newton and his successors for the motions and perturbations of the planets in our solar system. The astronomer in turn looked to the rapidly developing theories of atomic structure for an explanation of many stellar secrets. The stars, too, have been made to serve as laboratories for testing matter under conditions of temperature and pressure and density that cannot be produced in terrestrial experiments.

A new method in research has been applied so effectively during recent years that it may almost characterize the times—it is that of correlation. It is used where distances and dimensions transcend all possibility of direct measurement by the processes of trigonometry. New ways of estimating these characteristics have been found which may not be exact for any individual object, but will be sufficiently approximate in the average for a great many objects. We may thus secure quite definite ideas of the distances, luminosities and other qualities of the stars for which exact knowledge seemed hopeless.

At the beginning of the century, we sometimes estimated the distances of some celestial bodies—stars, clusters and nebulæ—in terms of a thousand light-years. We may now speak with confidence of spans comprising millions of light-years. The light-year is the distance light travels freely in space in one year, proceeding uniformly with the enormous speed of eleven million miles a minute. One light-year is nearly six million million miles, and the nearest star is slightly over four light-years distant, or twenty-five million million miles.

Thus we have had to adjust our focus on the universe. The heavens have appeared to recede, but there has hardly been time for the new conceptions as to distances, sizes and numbers of the celestial hosts to be generally appreciated.

In a brief article, it is impossible even to enumerate the most significant astronomical discoveries. We shall try merely to give an impression of the new ideas of the magnificance of the universe in the light of recent investigations.

The most important aid in the acquisition of astronomical knowledge during this period has been the more extended application of photography to nearly all branches of the subject. The photographic plate does not forget; it records impartially the messages brought to it by the myriad vibrations of light. While the eye tires with continued scrutiny of faint objects, the sensitive film keeps on accumulating the impression as long as the plate is exposed. The plate can be measured and remeasured in the laboratory under conditions far more conducive to precision than if the measures were made by the eye at the telescope with the observer in strained postures and often under exposure to extreme heat or cold. A plate obtained with a suitable telescope and under the best atmospheric conditions may bear the imprint of five hundred thousand stellar images. To measure them may require many months or years; or in some cases, the negatives may be stored for use by the astronomers of a generation or a century hence, to serve as a foundation for their search for change and discovery of law.

The great work of charting the heavens by photography was begun about 1890, perhaps a little prematurely, with the participation of a score of observatories (none of them in our country). More than four thousand sheets of the charts and about one hundred volumes of the catalogues of the exact positions of the stars have already been published. It would seem that the task may be completed, or very nearly so, in another decade, or about half a century after its inception.

Photographs made with appropriate telescopes, some comparatively small, some very large, have revealed the extraordinary details of the Milky Way and the clouds of stars which form it, and have brought to light several hundred thousand nebulæ, and have disclosed their varied forms. The use of photography with large refracting telescopes gave the base-lines for the new knowledge of distances in the stellar system. In 1900 we knew the distances of hardly more than thirty stars; now the new method has been applied to over two thousand.

A great extension to our knowledge of distances came from the discovery by Adams and his associates at the Mount Wilson Observatory, of a correlation between the relative intensities of certain dark lines in the spectra of stars and their distances as determined by the photographic-trigonometric method. This made it possible to derive the distances of stars by the use of great numbers of photographs of stellar spectra, although these had been taken primarily to study the chemistry of the stars and for measuring their speed in the line of sight. This has given us the order of distance of large numbers of stars, many of them too remote for the trigonometric determination of distance.

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A further method of estimating the distances of the remotest objects was developed from another and very different correlation, discovered in 1912 by Miss Henrietta S. Leavitt, who for many years was engaged in measuring the brightness of the stars on the vast store of photographs at the Harvard Observatory. To explain this, we must state that constancy of light is by no means an assured attribute of a star; in fact, more than six thousand stars have already been catalogued as variable in brightness. These are classified in several groups according to the nature of their variation. A number, for instance, are steady in their light for a considerable time, declining for some hours or days and then returning to their normal brightness. Such stars are undoubtedly eclipsed. Others, normally faint, rise for a time and then fade again.

The stars of one of these groups of variables are known as Cepheids, because the brightest example is in the constellation of Cepheus. These never have an interval of constant light but rise and fall intermittently in periods which range for the different stars from a few hours to many days. Studying a large number of these Cepheids which she had found involved in the great nebulous Magellanic Clouds of the southern heavens, Miss Leavitt observed that their brightness varied with the length of their period. A Cepheid which went through its cycle of changes in a short time was much fainter than one which varied slowly.

We may perhaps illustrate this by an analogy. We can imagine that large (very bright) fireflies may be able to shine for a longer period than small fireflies before they need to rest and thus replenish their luminous energy. Hence, by watching or counting the number of seconds that such a firefly could shine without resting, we could get a measure of his actual size. He might appear very faint because he was far away across the meadow, but the law of inverse squares could readily be applied, and distance inferred.

Shapley further extended this method in his study of globular star clusters, in some of which large numbers of variable stars had been found. The scale of distance had to be based upon that of the Cepheids nearest the sun, but as these distances were more accurately determined, it was concluded with a tolerable degree of precision that some of these clusters were as near as twenty thousand light years, and others as far as two hundred thousand.

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We must also adjust our ideas to the new estimates of the number of stars in our own stellar system. About ten years ago, an estimate based on counts of the stars on a photographic chart of the heavens, placed the number at fifteen hundred million. We are now obliged to increase this number thirtyfold—to more than forty billion. To reach this estimate, photographs are taken of small sample areas well distributed over the sky. Counts are made of the number of stars of each separate magnitude, from the bright stars down to the faintest that can be seen on the plate, stars of the twenty-first magnitude. (This is the limit for the most powerful telescope yet constructed; and we may add that a star of the twenty-first magnitude has one hundredth of a millionth of the brightness of an average star of the first magnitude.) A formula can then be derived expressing the relationship thus found between numbers and brightness. Then *if*, and it is a big if, the formula holds true for the stars beyond the reach of our telescopes, the whole number of stars to the faintest imaginable magnitude can be mathematically computed.

An idea of this stellar opulence may be gained by holding a dime at arm's length directed toward the central line of the Milky Way, when the coin will cover nearly fifteen million stars. Although the coin would hide fewer stars as we turn away from the galaxy, the number still remains far beyond the possibility of our conception.

Furthermore we must reckon with the non-luminous stars, those which have either not yet risen to a degree of brightness to make them luminous, or those which have declined from an earlier brilliance and have perhaps suffered complete extinction as shining bodies. It is by the vastly increased power given to the telescope by attaching to it the photographic spectroscope that the existence of many of these dark stars has been disclosed. If a bright star is found spectroscopically to be oscillating back and forth with respect to the observer, now approaching, now receding at intervals as short as a few days or even a few hours, then we know that this bright star must really be whirling about a center of gravity lying between it and a dark companion. The dark or invisible companion, of course, revolves in a precisely similar orbit about the same center of gravity, and each of them moves with the speed necessary to keep them from falling together. We have found that nearly three out of four of the helium stars have such companions, not necessarily dark but generally very much fainter than the bright star and detectable in only one other way, as follows. It will at once occur to the reader that if the plane in which these partners execute their dance is directed toward us, there ought to be an eclipse, partial or total, when the darker body comes between us and the brighter one. Many such eclipsing binaries have been thoroughly investigated in recent years, and the varying obscuration they produce has enabled us to confirm very fully the spectrographic observations.

These eclipsing systems also give us a clew as to the size and mass of the partners. Their dimensions are somewhat the same as that of our sun, which has a diameter of about 865,000 miles, and a mass (or amount of matter) 330,000 times that of the earth.

Some one will doubtless surmise that these faint or dark companions are the planets which circle about the stars, even as the planets of our solar system make their circuits about the sun. The answer is "No," because in our solar system even the giant planet Jupiter has a mass less than one thousandth that of the sun, while these spectroscopic companions generally have about the same mass as their primaries. If the mass of such a companion were but one hundredth that of its bright partner, it could hardly produce an oscillation of the bright star that could be detected in the most refined spectroscopic measurements.

While the amount of substance of the ordinary star is found to be not greatly different from that of the sun (usually ranging from one tenth to ten times the sun's mass), the sizes of the stars may differ enormously. When the distance and luminosity, the spectral type and the temperature, of some of the nearer stars became known with some degree of certainty, inferences could be made as to their actual dimensions. On plausible assumptions, this has been done for many stars during the last ten years.

The direct measurement of stellar diameters, however, has been achieved through the revival by Prof. A. A. Michelson of a method, which he had proposed thirty years before, based upon the interference of light-waves. The test was made with mirrors eighteen feet apart attached to the great 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson. The familiar star Betelgeuse, in the constellation Orion, was thus found to have a diameter nearly three hundred times that of our sun. Its circumference is far larger than the orbit of the earth, and its volume nearly thirty million times that of the sun.

The brilliant red star Antares, which adorns the constellation of Scorpius in summer evenings, was found to be still larger, its volume proving to be some forty million times that of the sun. The density of such a giant star as Antares is extraordinarily low, probably far less than the so-called vacuum within the bulb of an incandescent lamp.

According to the theory of giant and dwarf stars, developed in recent years by E. Herzsprung and by H. N. Russell, these red stars are at the beginning of their stellar career. It is supposed that they will gradually contract in their dimensions, rising in effective temperature and passing through the stages of yellow and white stars to that of blue stars of the helium type at the height of their career, thence declining through the white and yellow stages of existence until they finally become dwarf red stars as their luminous course is run and they are faced with extinction.

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We may not neglect the scale of time when we are considering the new ideas of celestial distances. Must it not increase to correspond with these other dimensions? This is indeed true, as may be indicated by the new view as to the probable radiant duration of a small star like our sun. Very recently astronomers have come to accept a new theory of its life-history. It was proposed by Einstein in a brief paper in 1905, in which he showed as a consequence of his special theory of relativity, that the continued radiation of the sun's heat must be accompanied by a loss of its substance. At the time when Helmholz and Kelvin were studying this subject (1854–78), the former had developed the view that the sun's own contraction by a few hundred feet per year would be enough to support life on the earth, without much change, for some twenty or thirty million years. In those days that seemed a long and sufficient time; but since then, researches in many branches of geology have shown that the lifetime of a planet like ours must be reckoned in thousands of millions of years, so that the solar energy due to contraction is quite inadequate. Enormous amounts of energy stored in the atoms and released when the electron and the proton unite in mutual suicide are sufficient to produce all the heat which the sun radiates for a million millenniums. Some of the stars are radiating their substance at a rate even ten thousand times as fast as is our own luminary.

Since the earth intercepts less than half a billionth of the radiation streaming from the sun, we can readily calculate that only about four pounds of the substance of the sun needs to be destroyed as such to supply all the radiation received by the earth in a second. The small amount of 170 tons of solar matter thus spent vicariously for the earth would supply our planet for a day! Commenting on the vast amount of energy within the atom, Dr. Aston, the English physicist, remarked that the energy in a glass of water would be sufficient to drive the *Mauretania* at full speed twice across the Atlantic.

Is it not a rather pretty notion that the tree or plant actually gets an essential part of its substance, supplementary to that received from the soil, the water and the air, from the very matter of the sun itself, transmitted without appreciable loss by the radiant vibrations pulsing at the rate of about four hundred million million times per second? This is indeed an extension of the doctrine of the conservation of matter, but it appears sound and adequate.

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We must consider a little more closely what we mean by our galaxy or Milky Way. It comprises all of the stars except those in the globular star clusters and in the spiral nebulæ. The nearest clusters may possibly be within the limits of the galaxy and the farthest clusters beyond it.

The shape of our stellar system is something like that of a watch, with its diameter perhaps ten times its thickness. Unfortunately, we are still uncertain whether this diameter is thirty thousand light-years or ten times that number. The irregular shape of the shimmering stream of the Milky Way suggested that it might itself be a spiral. Our sun is not centrally located but is probably several thousand light-years distant from the center, which is not marked by any special concentration of stars.

Immediately around our sun are the nearby stars. Slightly more than one hundred of them would be included in a sphere sixty-five light-years in diameter with our sun at the center. Many, if not most of the brighter stars of the familiar constellations, are well within a thousand light-years from our sun, but as we go out into the vaster spaces of the Milky Way, the number of stars increases greatly, although there is no reason to think that they are any closer together than are the stars in our vicinity.

As we have said, the whole number of stars in our system has been estimated at more than forty thousand million. This gives a rough idea of the possible population of suns in our galaxy. In addition to these, there are vast numbers of non-luminous stars, numerous gaseous nebulæ and great volumes of dark or very faintly luminous diffused nebulæ. Such nebulæ are entirely different from those of spiral or spheroidal shape, which may be considered to be other galaxies like our own.

Wholly beyond our galaxy lie these spiral and spheroidal systems of stars, which are in many respects the most interesting objects of the firmament; but it remained for photography to bring out their true character. It is probable that more than a million such objects are within the ken of modern photographic telescopes. For reasons not yet understood, spiral nebulæ are not seen in the direction of the Milky Way, but are more numerous in the parts of the sky farthest from the galaxy. They vary greatly in size. The nebula of Andromeda has a diameter of two degrees, and is faintly visible to the eye as a little patch of fuzzy light.

The spiral structure of this nebula was not clearly recognized until the first good photographs of it were secured about thirty-five years ago. Speculations as to its distance have been rife since that time, and evidence has been growing during the last decade to convince many an astronomer that its distance must be at least several hundred thousand light-years. It has now been demonstrated by the painstaking work of Hubble that this nebula is at a distance of more than nine hundred thousand light-years. A careful study of 130 photographs of the nebula, taken with the great reflectors at Mount Wilson, enabled him to find more than thirty of the Cepheid variables. After he had determined the periods of a dozen of these, it was evident that these winking stars must be actually of great luminosity and therefore their excessive faintness was due solely to their enormous distance. Accordant results were given by the different Cepheids, so that a satisfactory degree of certainty is substituted for speculation as to the remoteness of this nebula. It is, nevertheless, probably one of the nearest of its class.

A search by Hubble, in the wonderful spiral in Triangulum just beyond visibility of the ordinary eye, has been so successful in disclosing enough of the telltale Cepheids as to prove that the distance of this nebula is also about nine hundred thousand light-years. A small nebulous mass, resembling the Magellanic Clouds except for its faintness, has similarly been found to be at a distance of seven hundred thousand light-years—a sort of stepping-stone on the way out to the spirals.

A spiral may appear small either because it is very remote or because it is actually of small dimensions. On the average of large numbers of them, however, it is safe to infer the distance from the small apparent size. There are many spirals which are barely detectable on the photographic plate, and appear less than a thousandth as large as the nebula of Andromeda. Accordingly, we may conservatively estimate that there are many celestial objects of this class at distances as great as a thousand million light-years. The extraordinary dimensions thus reached are strongly impressive even to the hardened astronomer, for they imply a universe out of all bounds of earlier imagination.

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We must next consider the nature and size of these remarkable objects. It is a matter of mere geometry that an object subtending two degrees in diameter must have an actual diameter of nearly one thirtieth of its distance. Thus the nebula of Andromeda must have a span of over thirty thousand light-years. This is about the size which, until recently, was the accepted estimate of the diameter of our whole Milky Way.

The spectroscope has been applied to the study of the nature of the spiral nebulæ. It testifies that they are not gaseous masses, but that their light is the same as that which would be given by a gigantic cluster of stars so far away that the individual members could not be separately distinguished. In fact, in his latest photographs taken with the 100-inch reflector, Hubble has succeeded in resolving some parts of the nebulæ of Andromeda and Triangulum into extremely minute separate stars.

It has further been found spectroscopically that the spirals, besides whirling rapidly, move with extraordinary velocities in the line of sight. For example, the nebula in Andromeda is shown to be approaching at a speed of nearly two hundred miles per second, while some others have a speed more than four times as great. Most of the forty-three spirals, whose speed has thus far been determined, are receding from our stellar system, while the majority of clusters, *per contra* are approaching. It has recently been computed from the motions of these spirals that our own galaxy itself is moving through space with a similar tremendous velocity, roughly 250 miles per second.

This is another strong argument to show that the stellar system of our Milky Way is itself a spiral nebula. There are many technical reasons supporting this view which Humboldt named the "Theory of the Island Universe." This theory had previously been suggested by Sir William Herschel as a result of his pioneer studies of the structure of the universe.

It may appear that a universe built up of an indefinite series of galaxies should be regarded as infinite. Some cosmogonists postulate this, but others are more inclined to consider the bounds and substance of the cosmos as finite. The distinction between infinite and indefinitely great is not of practical significance.

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In recent years, time has come to be regarded as a dimension of equal significance with the dimensions of space, as emphasized by the philosophy of Einstein. We have shown that the life-history of a star like our sun must extend over reaches of time reckoned in billions of years. It is plain that the evolution of a stellar system, a galaxy, must proceed through æons quite beyond our power of expression.

It is interesting to note also that we can never form a picture of the universe as it exists at any one moment. We see the near stars as they were a few hundred years ago, the globular star-clusters as they existed many thousands of years ago, and in the stellar systems of the spirals our only view of them can be as they were in the misty past of millions of years. We observe, however, great resemblance between those systems which are relatively near and those which are extremely remote. Hence we conclude again that their development is extraordinarily slow, and that the period of rise and decline for these great organisms of the universe must approximate infinity.

New conceptions of a tremendous universe may come to thoughtful persons of to-day, as the discoveries of the hardy voyagers of the fifteenth century came to the European people of that time. These conceptions are the rightful intellectual possessions of the men and women of to-day. We are a part of this splendid universe, though living on a minute planet sustained by the radiant energy of a petty sun. Our very bodies are made of the same chemical elements found in the most distant stars. Whether we will or not, we are part of the vast cosmos. Despite our lowly place in it, we may be proud that we share fully in its quality. It is true that science can discern no physical effect upon our sun and earth due to these distant stars or galaxies, although there must be at long intervals cases of a close approach of celestial objects with possible violent disturbances. Our only contact with the external systems is through the intellect, but the more we come to think in terms of the universe, the more shall we be disposed to act in such terms. This surely can be only beneficial in the human affairs on our planet.

## REMEMBRANCE

### MARION NOSSER

Fairer you seemed to me
Than silence,
Lovelier than gentle dawn,
Stronger than memory
Of violence,
Tender, with an unsung song.
Nearer you seemed to me
Than dreaming . . .

Now I must grieve
A whole life long.

# FRUIT TRAMPS

## *Packers and Canners, They Follow the Perishable Product as It Ripens*

### PERCY WALTON WHITAKER

MICKEY and I are genuine fruit tramps, and are considered good ones, that is, fast workers. She is what is sometimes described as my better half, a point cheerfully conceded. She acquired her nickname in the first orange house we worked in, a free bestowal from brother and sister tramps, probably derived from a popular song, which rang through the fruit latitudes that season. The name stuck, for we are of a roaming tribe, always moving, crossing and recrossing an ever-spreading circle of acquaintance. So Mickey it was and still is, across thirty degrees of latitude, reaching from the great valleys of the Colorado basin, to the northern fringe of the apple belt three hundred miles beyond the Columbia River.

Like other people we have relatives. Most of them quarrel with us about our mode of life. Some of the worst, or most respectable, say that we have no mode, and are little better than tramps—to which we pridefully retort, that we are fruit tramps and make twenty dollars a day, often more, which is doing better than most tramps, or the majority of our critics. So that is that, as the proverb puts it.

I am too old to take up a profession; also I contend that we fruit tramps have a profession. This label of our trade is open to itemized proof—the mere mention of some of the exacting requirements will be sufficient. One must know the varied pack of oranges, the number of a given size which go into a box, and whether to begin the rows alternating—4 x 3, 3 x 3, 4 x 4, 3 x 2 and so on. This little mathematical problem is merely the prelude preceding neatness in wrapping, accuracy in placing, speed, and still more speed, for eight long hours, trying each minute to work faster than the minute before—for without swift movement and action, the game is not worth the candle, or the professor the profession.

To give more items of skill: it is necessary to have a good working knowledge of tomatoes, lettuce, cantaloups, plums, pears, apples and grapes, including the various packs, sizes, boxes and receptacles into which this assortment goes. With this include dexterity, adaptability, memory, neatness and all-round proficiency, backed up by the indispensable speed. If you have all this it's a good business. I have seen a fast tomato packer or cantaloup crater earn thirty dollars in a day, and average twenty.

Skill in all these things is not taken for granted, but must be demonstrated under the watchful eye of a super fruit tramp, the foreman; and he is a postgraduate, and not to be fooled. Very often he is a first-class business man in his own right, given to taking large packing operations by contract, when he sees a chance to make money. But he's good—he's *got* to be. Every foreman has a reputation to make or keep, for his present and future depend on good work. A bad pack means a bad price, and in that case, he would be out of a job forever in that locality—which is a long time.

Some houses hire "foreladies" to watch the girls' output, for it is all done at piecework speed, which is an appalling swiftness of hand and eye combined. In the final summing up, the pack, good or bad, is the foreman's pack. It is up to him to get it done and done right, and excuses do not excuse when the lids are nailed, or the cans are sealed.

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Mickey and I began our year with the olives, in a large plant that had been built piece by piece as the business grew. It was a huge rambling structure, filled with rows of concrete vats, eleven hundred of them in the pickling room, each vat designed to hold about half a ton of olives.

In the grading room stood three complicated machines, which by means of rubber rollers grade the olives into sizes. Very important machines are these, for the olives are weighed and priced after the grading is finished. If the price for large olives is one hundred dollars per ton, extra large ones, the next size, may be worth sixty dollars more, with a corresponding but less marked difference between the smaller sizes.

At each of the graders, seated on stools, were six chattering young girls, two at each spout, watching for the soft olives which must later be made into oil, and also diverting into different boxes the green and ripe olives, which perversely refuse to take the same pickling brine, and must be processed separately. From the graders the olives were dumped into vats, for a soaking in water, lye and salt brine at different periods, a rotation of five to six weeks. When the pickling was completed, the olives were trundled into a huge kitchen, and cooked in live steam at a temperature of 240 degrees. In this place fifty girls canned them as fast as they could, after which the cans traveled down the belts through an automatic lidding machine. After the cooling room the product was ready for the shipping warehouse. A sidelight on this market is, that more than sixty per cent of the olives so prepared are consumed in the State in which they are grown. What a potential market if everybody could be made to eat olives!

This kind of work is really outside the sphere of the real fruit tramp, but we had bought our car on credit, the orange crop had failed and the finance company wanted its money. We waived dignity and stayed five months—which paid for the car. Mickey explained it in this way: "The car instalment plan seems blessed when you are on foot, but holds concealed satanic retributions in the shape of everlasting monthly payments." Especially satanic seemed the fact that if we were three days late in sending the instalment, they invariably sent a bill for one dollar extra, always pointing out that our voluminous and impossible to understand contract bountifully provided for the "same." We took their word for it and paid. As the senior fruit tramp of the factory remarked, "All you gotter do, is what they tell you, for at the end they'll hold that little pink ownership slip, 'til you come through with the extras. Next time, you'll pay cash. See that old boat of mine; well I only give thirty dollars for it, and it runs good and takes me where I want to go, even if you can hear me coming for three miles."

Spring was in the air by the time the last vat of olives was put in the cans. The car payments had come to an end, bringing one last fine of a dollar, and a great feeling of freedom. Our tires were new, and the meadow-larks sang blithely in the fields. The little motor purred as smoothly as a contented cat, and the open road, shining like an endless streak of white silk, beckoned alluringly. There's an adventurous charm about starting out for parts unknown; you don't know where you're going, but you're on your way. It's a great feeling. Robert Louis Stevenson and all the other simon-pure tramps felt that way about the open road. But there was work ahead and we met a man who knew all about it.

Two hundred miles away, the lettuce men were sending out frantic calls for help. The crop had matured before the Colorado basin sheds had disgorged their hands, workers who knew the game. They wanted girls to trim, men to pack, truck, rustle, break ice and load cars, and they wanted them badly and right away. Our informer drew a vivid picture of countless acres of succulent lettuce, shimmering crisply green under a moderate sun. If the weather held good there would be big money for all the crew. But the weather is vital, for lettuce is a jealous crop to handle. With cool dry weather it stays put for weeks, but let the showery days come, with a hot sun steaming the fields, and the dreaded "slime" appears, which will destroy crops worth five hundred an acre in the proverbial jig-time.

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We started for the lettuce, rolling gaily northward across three degrees of latitude; we arrived at the long low-lying sheds the day the work began, and were engaged as trimmer and rustler by the car-load unit of payment. Our crew, all partners, consisted of eight girls (trimmers), four packers, a man to line the crates with paper, one iceman, who with a trident shaves into pieces the four hundred pound blocks of ice, one car-loader, one trucker and a lidder. Every time the refrigerator doors were fastened and sealed on a car-load, each of us had earned three dollars and a half.

An ordinary car holds three hundred and sixty crates of lettuce, and we have loaded one in two hours, which is not a record but still is called good time. The trimmers cut off a thin piece of the root, just enough to drop off the dirty outside leaves, and they do it as fast as they can, throwing the heads to the packer in front of them. It takes two trimmers to keep a packer going, and if his trimmers are slow, he is apt to break out into a monologue, "Oho, how many crates you got, Whitey? A hundred? I'm twenty behind and no chance to catch up. Come on, barbers, shear those heads faster, and you can have all my money."

"Shut up, Red, if you'd stop lighting so many cigarettes, you'd keep up better," retorts a trimmer, and Red grins.

The packer puts one tier of lettuce at the bottom of the crate, then a shovelful of ice, three more tiers and more ice; then the paper is lapped across the top, the lid nailed on, and the crate moves down the rollers into the car. About eighteen hundred pounds of chunk ice is placed on top of the crates in the car, to drip through to the heads on the long trip east.

There are two crews working in this shed and they race eternally to see who gets a car first. The trimmers trim frantically, the packers snatch with both hands, and the lidder beats a perfect tattoo with his swift hammer. The inspector comes along and announces that we are twenty crates ahead. The other crew hears of this and sprints desperately, and both cars are sealed within a minute, but if one wins by a crate, jubilant shouts announce the fact—it's a win just the same.

The first day each crew turned out three cars, ten and a half dollars for each person. When things worked well, with no waits for ice or lettuce, we did four; and one big day of fifteen hours, it was five cars, or seventeen fifty for each worker. Not easy money though for the pace was terrific. The girls' wrists would swell up, and while changing cars, liniment and tape bandages were much in evidence. That day we finished dog tired, but all hands happy at the big money.

For two weeks the lettuce crates were filled at a furious rate, and then the dreaded showers came, with intervals of hot sunshine. The destroying slime developed so rapidly that more heads were thrown into the dump wagon than into the crates. There was great hauling of buyers, shippers and inspectors out to the fields—which availed nothing, weather being more powerful than business combinations. After two poor days, with one car for each crew, the season ended abruptly. There would be no shipments for six months—then the winter lettuce would come in.

In this business much money is at stake, and it is won or lost quickly.

One grower gamely refused twenty thousand dollars for a fine crop of one hundred acres, saying he would win all the profit or nothing. The "slime" got it. He plowed it under, but one week's favorable weather would have netted him forty thousand for the field. He was game though, for he borrowed money, sowed beans, and cleared eleven thousand on the year.

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After the "slime" tragedy had cleaned out most of the lettuce men, we rolled away for a hundred miles into a secluded orange valley, where we found three weeks' work packing Valencias and other late varieties. This is legitimate fruit-tramp work, but it is passing. Conditions change, and orange packing is not what it used to be. The fruit exchanges dribble off the crop to suit the market. The market breaks badly and they close down for ten days; that is, probably half the houses close, for they can't let the independents monopolize even a poor market—it might suddenly pick up. While we don't blame them, laying off never made a fruit tramp rich. We like things fast and steady.

Mickey is a good packer and throws oranges into artistically designed wrappers with a skill and finesse that yields about ten dollars a day, which some artists would consider fair union wages. Yet packing is not all easy money and nothing said. There's always a rift within the sweetest lute if you listen closely for it. When it comes it interrupts the flow of golden fruit into the boxes. The pressman, who nails on lids with a truly ferocious dexterity calls out—and he has such a raucous voice, that fellow, popular as the morning bugler in the army, blowing the doughboys out of bed— "You're getting your pack too high again, number Fifteen; the juice fairly squeezed out of that last one." And he sets the imperfect box off the rolls, which means that it will not be credited to Fifteen until it is repacked.

"How do you get that way! Where I packed last year, they had a press kicker that knew how. The idea!" He grins appreciation of this retort, for Fifteen is eighteen, and looks ripe for the front row of a Broadway beauty chorus. The pressman has hopes of taking her to the Saturday night dance, but duty calls. Above all else this man is a speedster; he has to be, or he would get buried under a stream of Titian gamboge boxes which roll relentlessly toward him. He knows his business and is only obeying orders, for one squeezed orange may ruin a box; many of them would ruin a pack, and the pack has to be good to get the top price. The average packer will not have more than two a week set out, but he doesn't like even that.

Up the line of overflowing bins the packers progress steadily all day, changing, in turn, to the larger sizes every hour, for the automatic grader regulates the glowing fruit into the proper sizes for the pack of each separate compartment. When the hour is finished at the largest size, the packer begins at the small bin again.

The Valencia season soon passed into the bygones, and we had added several hundred dollars more to the treasury, and were again keen for the open road. The car glistened like new after a thorough washing, all points were greased and oiled, and two spare tires made ready.

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We were off again, rolling another six degrees of latitude behind us before we stopped for work. The peach crop came next, for the cherries are largely handled by the Orientals, and do not count in the big money. There was peach-thinning however, and we took a chance at that, though it also is distinctly a side-line with fruit tramps. This was necessary, for several weeks must pass before the canning-peaches would be ready.

In some places, trees, like men, suffer from overweening ambition. The peach-tree is a shocking example. It blossoms and starts forty times the amount of fruit it can well carry. This must be thinned or broken trees and worthless peaches will desolate the grower's hopes of profit. We took a contract to thin for forty cents a tree, and earned our money fairly. We climbed to the top of ten and twelve foot ladders, tore off peaches with both hands, leaving them the correct distance apart. We stood on the tips of our toes like aërial ballet-dancers, reaching and sometimes jumping for the unreachable ones, and many times the ladders bucked from under, leaving us clinging to a limb vainly kicking in space, but the deep sandy soil made a safe cushion to break the fall.

Six o'clock in the morning always found us busy, for the cool hours are greatly prized when the May sun is gathering power to scorch and tan. Except for the sand it wasn't such bad work, but how can you be comfortable with both shoes full of gritty dust. Some one, however, has to do it, and it paid about ten dollars a day —not so bad for a filler-in job.

Saturdays were days of exceptional color, for then many high-school girls of the near towns worked, and the air was filled with giggles and shrieks and kicking hosiery when they and their ladders parted company. They don't like the drop, and will cling until some rescuer replaces the ladder. We were all glad when our last shower-bath had banished the dust of the peach-thinning forever; dust under your clothes is one thing to which you cannot become reconciled.

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After many days' vacation, delightful as they were, it was a great relief when we heard that our cannery was ready for work, although many fruit tramps take in the canning season under protest—for the men work by the hour, only the girl cutters and canners doing piecework. However, Mickey developed into a fast cutter, making about six dollars in eight hours, and my checking job, punching the cards of the cutters for each box completed, paid about the same.

It is all hurry and bustle in the cannery. Everybody walks fast, talks fast and works faster, and the master noise is the eternal clanging of tin cans rolling up and down the little chutes. Cans by the hundred thousand move, slide, and roll apparently of their own volition. And they go to the exact spot they are wanted. A girl canner seizes seven cans, and an equal number roll down within reach, for gravity does the work.

At this particular factory three hundred girls and women cut and pitted the peaches, while a like number did the canning. All told some twenty buxom forewomen pleaded, scolded, threatened with threats that are never fulfilled, or coaxed the erring ones to do better work. Everybody smiled, laughed, and hurried with the work.

Unbelievable quantities of cut peaches, yellow as gold, slid along an unbelievable number of belts; white and golden unpeeled peaches were hustled by more belts up into the lye-room, to come down again with the skins removed, in shimmering cascades six feet wide. On every side were various mechanical devices, chutes, tubes and gravity slides, which distributed this sweet stream into the little porcelain vats in front of each canner. Each girl has about seven grades and colors to put up in different cans, no small job; but she develops a sureness and speed which seems marvelous. A few top speeders make fourteen dollars in one day, but the average is four to seven.

When the weeks came in which the immense crop of peaches ripened too fast, we worked overtime, fourteen and sixteen hours a day, and it became a penance to get up in the morning. But the money compensated. The girls had day-dreams of beautiful new dresses—they buy them too—and countless hosiery of bright shimmering silk, and the men planned to trade-in the old car for a new shining fast one of a better make. But I think we all rejoiced when the season ended; we were willing to forgo all this money for less work.

When the cannery closed down, the real hejira began, for now the paths of the fruit tramps diverge widely. September has come and gone, and many of the canners go back to school. The fast apple packers leave for the apple belts in fast cars, fifteen dollar a day men can't afford to travel slow. Some of these will cross the wild Yakima, ten degrees of latitude north; others will journey far up the Columbia traversing two States, to secret destinations where only a chosen few may work, but the rate is the highest in the land. They won't tell you where it is, but they will tell you that they don't want you along. Those who are not fast packers seek work in the prune valleys where harvesting is late, while droves go to the hopyards and winter pear orchards of lonely Mendocino.

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This year we decided not to make the apples, as the phrase goes, and headed south into the red grape country. It was a good guess, for we did well. Mickey averaged forty a week, and with much overtime I reached sixty; and it held steady for nine long weeks, right up to another orange time. Our house shipped one hundred and twenty carloads of red Emperors, the latest grape on the market, and we made about six hundred dollars on the job.

There was no piecework for me at this house, but good pay, and being receiver I came into contact with all the growers. For one thing I learned what it is to be game. This little bunch of ranchers taught me. The land from Mexico almost to Oregon was overflowing with grapes—the biggest crops ever. Each variety harvested had in turn glutted the market, and all the varieties overlapped. "Red ink" returns were as prolific as asparagus, which meant you got nothing for your grapes and dug deep for the freight money. And these men smoked their cigars and laughed through it all. One of them said, "I have three big ranches, and it will be better than a cross-word puzzle to figure out which one I shall lose the most money on." And that's the way it went. The help got all the money, but the growers smiled and made ready to play the game another season. This job finished our year of fruit tramping, with earnings well up to three thousand dollars—and see the time we had!

In our journeys across these fertile latitudes, we have met speedy canners who make much more money; but we were fairly good in our lines, and kept going by taking in such work as cutting spinach, and thinning peaches in early spring. It's a paying job if you know how and have the speed, but if you don't and haven't, let it alone and work by the day.

With each experience the fascination of fruit tramping increases, for it includes travel, change, new scenes, fresh faces, different food and good money. Mickey and I have become typical. We hate the small-town idea of doing the average thing, and we do not want a house and lot. I don't believe any one really does—it's just something real estate men sell to you.

Many a time we have stopped on our restless way, and climbed a wind-swept hill, sentinel of a vast expanse of country. We liked to trace the windings of the rivers, and the tortuous roads twisting through the distant hills. Then we were strangers watching strange people in a strange land, and it was a romantic world. There was romance hidden in the smoke of a far-off chimney, or a gleam of light from a window.

We lived at times very close to the wild things, and sometimes they walked out from the cover to look at us. It happened so often, that we wondered if instinct made known to them the people who would not hurt them. Antelope have galloped within forty yards of us; does with their fawns have walked by unafraid. Once a coyote, bigger than most timber wolves, a freak of his species, gamboled playfully after our car for a hundred yards, for all the world like a big good-natured dog—and we had already shot the last film in our camera.

To other people these trips cost money, but we were merely tarrying pleasantly by the wayside in our fruit-tramp life, and we are still carrying on. It is now October, and the orange rush of the central counties of California will begin next week. The fruit tramps are in the land.

# TABLE TALK

If a brilliant surgeon were to lose a hard-fought case and then retire from practice, we should all feel that human material of the highest order was being wasted. But consider now the parallel case of Alfred E. Smith. Here if ever is a man with a recognized genius for government, who, after polling the largest popular vote ever given a Democrat, is virtually forced back into private life.

A strange paradox, this. We burble continually about the dearth of political leaders, and then permit Alfred Smith to retire from public service. Senate? Cabinet? another term as Governor of New York?—is there no place in our governmental system for a man of Alfred Smith's executive talents? Irrespective of his party affiliations, Governor Smith should be immediately called back to high office in the government of his State or nation. If he is not, approximately 16,000,000 American voters will be painfully conscious that political ability of the first order is being wasted.

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When the editors of the new Dictionary of American Biography come to the C's, it is to be hoped that they will get a good man to do a paper on one Tyrus Raymond Cobb. This particular American, best known to millions of baseball fans as "Ty," is one of the most remarkable fellows that ever lived. For twenty-three years he has either led the American League in hitting, or has been up among the first five contenders. He is also a great thief—having stolen more bases than any man alive. When Cobb was in his prime he could, and often did, go home from first base on a single, a feat requiring such terrific speed and daring that few men have ever attempted it. Another famous trick of Cobb's was to steal home from third base while the pitcher was winding up—a truly tongue-parching stunt, and one that always brought the bleachers up with a roar. As a long-distance hitter Cobb has been eclipsed by Babe Ruth, but will any one ever chop out as many one and two base hits as old Tyrus?

For endurance, drama and personality, Cobb is probably the rarest specimen that ever came into big time baseball. He was one of the greatest showmen of our age; whenever his team came to town the turnstiles clicked faster as the fans poured into the grounds, conscious that a master was going to hit, run and slide for them. But over and above his gifts as a ball-player, Cobb commands our admiration as a fine human being. He lived cleanly, guarded his mind, money and manners from the soft processes of decay, and if his legs were made of cast iron instead of aging muscle he'd still be out in the sun field, showing us how good a man can be after forty.

Ah, the ambitions we outgrow! As toddlers we have a vague idea we want to be "like papa"; at ten we crave nothing so much as a bicycle with a coaster brake. At fifteen we struggle for an appointment to Annapolis or West Point, and lose all of two pounds when we don't get it. A Varsity letter, a Brooks suit, and closer acquaintance with movie actresses, supply the motives of the college lustrum. Then a flat-topped desk with our name on it, a new Ford, and the first seven payments on a suburban bungalow fill the early married years. If we are literary, a volume of pale lyrics or a first novel is the be-all and the end-all of our days—until we get it published. Then gradually we aspire to a seat in the vestry, a chair in the board room, a full-page review in the Sunday literary supplement, and a niche in Who's Who. We clamor, as Arnold says, for "all the thousand nothings of an hour—"

> "Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call;
> Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
> From the soul's subterranean depths upborne
> As from an infinitely distant land,
> Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
> A melancholy into all our day."

How remote the coaster brake and the Annapolis appointment seem now. The first desk and the early piping lyric lie buried in the pleistocene layer of our lives. We nourish broader and loftier ambitions; aye, and will these too, seem like shabby strangers to us as the years unroll? Or will we be satisfied at last, and hug them to ourselves forever? Neither prospect is cheerful. Probably some Frenchman has made an epigram about the whole business, and maybe it runs like this: Unrequited love and outworn ambition make man realize how unhappy God must be.

* * *

With a comfortable majority in both houses, a smoothly purring fly-wheel of policy already set in motion by his predecessor, a surplus in the Treasury, no war on the immediate horizon, and no political enemies heavy enough to cause major trouble—Mr. Hoover would have to possess a positive genius for mischief in order to botch his job. Few men have ever had such a fair path of success stretching before them; and all things considered, few men have ever seemed so capable of treading it.

In this tranquil inaugural dawn we extend a cordial hand of confidence to the new President. During the next four years we expect (with a political optimism that never fails us) great things of him and his party. Or, if not *great* things, then careful, honest, prudent ones. Safety and economy—in brief, Coolidgeism—may never usher in the political millennium, but lacking grander virtues we must be satisfied with them for the present.

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"AMERICAN concert audiences," says Sergei Rachmaninoff, greatest of Russian pianists, "are bigger and more appreciative of good music than those in any other country."

Rachmaninoff is not the first musician to comment upon America's musical development during the past twenty years. Paderewski, Casals, and even the crusty old Pachmann, have recently paid tribute to the increasing interest and intelligence that we are bringing to the study and appreciation of music. Our composers are still *ein wenig zurück* in their symphonic productions, but it is in the field of symphonic appreciation that we take our preëminent position. "Philadelphia possesses one of the greatest orchestras the world has ever heard," says Rachmaninoff, who might with nearly as much truth have selected the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, the Boston Symphony, or even the excellent symphony orchestra of Cleveland. A large part of our musical appreciation is directly due to the splendid civic orchestras maintained in many of our large cities. Not only in centers of eastern culture, but in the smaller cities of the West and South as well—Cincinnati, Minneapolis and Seattle, come first to mind—superbly directed orchestras render programs of the finest music. Rachmaninoff commends what many of us realize with quiet joy—that more music, and better music is being heard in American cities to-day than anywhere else in the world.

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AS A race, our antiquarian faculty is meagerly developed. Old hotels, theaters and residences are cut down daily before our undimmed eyes. We can afford to nourish few sentimental emotions about our ancient landmarks, because the space they occupy can be turned to more profitable uses. And so the wreckers are ordered in with their pry-bars and drills; the old hostelry where belles of a bygone generation danced with visiting princes, is razed to make room for a sky-scraper; the residence of an aristocratic family is sold to a ten-year-old construction company, and a coöperative apartment is erected on the site. In a few weeks, a patina that three generations of conservative living imparts to a building, is shattered by impersonal hands that know neither piety, nor impiety, but only efficiency and realty values.

In Boston, the old Parker House is gone, taking with it a color and atmosphere that no modern inn can ever duplicate. The Adams House, refuge of governors, gamblers and touring celebrities—where is the Adams House now? Where will the Touraine be in another year? Gone, and a richly woven skein of American life gone with it. New York never tires of toppling her venerable homes and hotels. The Waldorf-Astoria is to be the latest sacrifice to the Minotaur of efficiency; and now they talk of wrecking the Jefferson Market, probably one of the finest pieces of native architecture in the United States. These buildings are not old, as Europe measures age, but our dearth of historic landmarks makes their loss the more regrettable and gives painful evidence that we set no great value on mellowed brick and time-hallowed associations.

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THE Europeanizing of America through the medium of the arts is a subtle but irresistible process that has been going forward with renewed vigor during the past decade. Prior to 1915, persons who wanted to read French or German novels were obliged to be their own importers. Brieux and Ibsen were the only dramatists with any influence or following; even as late as 1919, Jacques Copeau and his gallant little company were playing to starvation audiences at the Garrick. But an examination of the play lists and book catalogues of recent years will reveal an astonishing number of translations and adaptations from French, Italian, German and Scandinavian. Literary jobs, beautifully carried over into English!—and usually topping the lists of best sellers or dramatic hits. The Theatre Guild is responsible for Molnár, Claudel, and Sil-Vara; two or three enterprising publishers can share the credit for introducing us to Zweig, Proust, Schnitzler, Salten, Mann, Ludwig and Wassermann. Our painters have been seeing through Cézanne's eyes for many years, and after our novelists read "Ulysses" they are never quite the same again.

Yet we need feel no shame about admitting our intellectual debts to Europe. Continental artists emerge from a flux far richer and older than we have been able to prepare in America. By partaking intelligently of what they have to offer, we do not necessarily crimp our own originality, or stunt our own development. There was a time in America when no work of art could gain recognition unless it were wildly red, white and blue. And there may come another time when we shall ape too sedulously the European product. Possibly we are in that era now. But after we emerge from these preparatory stages we shall be able to fertilize with European influences the deep productive soil which is peculiarly our own. It is this combination of Europe and America which seems destined to produce the great art of the future.

# GENIUS BUILDS A HOUSE

## *Neither Smoky Chimney nor Nagging Wife*

### J. MIDDLETON MURRY

LEGENDS die hard, if indeed they die at all. And one of the most obstinate legends is that the genius is eccentric and improvident. Apparently even journalists who ought to know better believe in it. Quite lately, when the will of Thomas Hardy was published, a popular evening newspaper had a leading article on it with the title "Feet of Clay." The implication being that Hardy ought to be dethroned from his pedestal because he had had the good fortune and the common sense to leave an estate of ninety thousand pounds. To satisfy the ordinary romantic expectation, a man of genius should die in a garret.

The fact is, men of genius dislike poverty as much as anybody else: probably a little more than most people, for the simple reason that the arts are a slightly more precarious calling than most. In consequence great writers are on the whole inclined to be slightly more careful than others. Popularity, they know, is of all things the most evanescent. It generally comes to them, if it comes at all, by what seems to them a pure accident. Why should it be this book, they say to themselves, rather than that? The other was as good, perhaps even better, than the one that first brought them thousands. To this question they generally have no answer. It is as well for them, perhaps, that they have not: for they might be tempted to try the same vein again. And though many things are doubtful concerning the nature of literary genius, one thing is certain—it never repeats itself without damage.

So it comes about, very naturally, that the man of letters is generally the exact reverse of the romantic picture of genius. He is prudent, careful, anxious. Generally, he has risen to competence from poverty; for it is comparatively rare that a man born with means attains a durable renown in literature—for the very good reason that the man who starts poor has passed through a wider range of common human experience than the man who has been all his life exempt from financial care. Dickens would never have appealed to so many hearts had he not begun life in a blacking factory. To take the three writers of our time who are most likely to be remembered a century hence—Hardy, Wells and Kipling—it is clear that, although they did not begin as low as Dickens, they were near enough to the bottom rung of the ladder to have an early and eager desire to climb away from it.

This preoccupation, for some reason, seems very reprehensible to romantic minds. Writers are supposed to be immune from such sordid cares, as being in some way or other derogatory to genius. When some fifty years ago that very honest man of letters, Anthony Trollope, wrote an autobiography in which he treated his receipts like any other man of business, and showed that he had made something between fifteen hundred and two thousand pounds a year during a writing life of forty years, romantic England was so profoundly shocked that it refused to read his books. Trollope had to wait a whole generation before his fame could be modestly revived.

It is not, alas, given to every man of genius to be so stout a man of business as Anthony Trollope; but it is pretty certain that most writers would like to be. Failing that excellence in affairs, they do their best. They are eager to secure themselves in a treacherous world, careful to provide, if they can, for their old age, anxious about their children. Their domestic lives are as banal, or as sane, as those of most other people. Probably a writer takes a little longer than most people in deciding to set up a motor-car. At twenty-five, if he lives by his pen, he cannot count on being able to pay his instalments. He buys his house, for the same reason, a little later than most men.

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These reflections came into my head as I was thinking of a friend of mine, who is one of the few writers of prose to-day whom I believe to be destined to some degree of immortality. He is well over fifty, he has just touched his first genuine success. For the first time, probably, in his arduous life, he has more coming in than will pay his weekly bills. And I am interested to observe that the first thing he does with his superfluity is to build a house. It will be a modest house; but it will be a good one: and it will have a study for him. He has never had one before.

The thought of that house pleases me immensely. First, for his sake. It pleases me to think of the pleasure he will have from living in a house which is exactly as he wants it to be. He will not be disappointed. He chose his piece of ground some years ago, and bought it with a small windfall, and spent a few years wondering whether he would ever be able to build on it. The ground is good; and so is the architect. That house will be as sound a piece of work, and almost as beautiful, as one of its owner's books. That thought pleases me.

But there is a yet subtler pleasure to be got from thinking about this great event in my friend's life. By it, he joins up with a noble tradition. Thomas Hardy's first act, when he had achieved a modest success, was to build his famous house outside Dorchester. Max Gate—as those who were privileged to visit it, know well—was a modest house. To look at, it was like anybody else's house. Yet it had its differences. It was neither a big house nor a small one; and it is still rare to find houses of such a size at such a discreet distance from a country town. Those who are prosperous enough to build such houses generally like to be nearer their neighbors. Max Gate suggested that its owner wished neither to abandon, nor be identified with, his town. When it was built, it must have been a gentle challenge to the neighborhood.

Hardy lived to see his cordon of saplings grow into tall trees; his red-brick wall became stained and mossy with age. I did not enter his house till more than forty years after it was built. But even then, it did not need a very keen observer to see that Hardy was house-proud still. One could imagine him taking his handkerchief to rub a mark from his spotless paint, or a screw-driver to make firm a rattling door-handle. Not that I ever saw him do these things; but I should certainly not have been surprised if he had done either before my eyes. It would have been the most natural thing in the world, as natural as it would be to see a sea-captain who had designed his own ship, sailed her safely for forty years, take a caulking hammer or a paint-pot to her while she lay in harbor.

Max Gate was a lovely house; it breathed the natural simplicity of its owner. To sit in the drawing-room was to be at peace. There was no period, no "style," no arbitrary or culled "distinctiveness" in its furnishings. They had happened as comfort or convenience dictated, and opportunity arose. I have sat in the houses of other successful men of letters. Without exception they have been infinitely grander than Hardy's; and without exception they were artificial compared to his. Beautiful enough, but cold and forlorn. In Hardy's one felt: Here a *life* has been lived.

Max Gate came to mean much to me. I felt, vaguely yet positively, that it was a symbol, if not an actual expression, of that direct realization of the fundamentals of life which gives Hardy's books their astonishing solidity. They too are not rich in the conventional graces; but the rich reality of life is there. After all, next to the earth itself on which we build, and by which we live, a home is the most real thing in the lives of all men. Show me your home and I will tell you what you are, is a sound and simple aphorism. To build one's own house is in the nature of a declaration of faith; it is a crucial act. One needs to have confidence not merely in one's fortune, but in one's nature. I am such and such a man essentially; and in these essentials I shall not change. And Hardy did not change. He knew himself.

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At the time that I was revolving these things vaguely in my mind, I was also reading Shakspere with a mind as alert as I could make it for clues to the personal life of that great and greatly hidden man. These are not prolific. You cannot open your Shakspere and find one on every page: you have to read with all the patience and all the sensitiveness you can command, till you are capable of responding to the slightest change in tone, and reacting to an emphasis. In such a spirit I was reading, or trying to read Shakspere; and I was reading, as my habit is, the plays in the order in which they were written. I had reached the first great achievement of his maturity—the two parts of "Henry IV," in which the mighty *Falstaff* first dropped out of the heaven of imagination into the reality of the printed word. Suddenly I came upon a comparison between planning a rebellion and planning a house. I had read it dozens of times before; but now for the first time, I noticed, with the thrill of excitement which sometimes attends on these peculiar pursuits, that the comparison was, for Shakspere, of a very unusual kind. Shakspere, as every one knows, was the greatest master of metaphor that has ever been; and because of his astonishing gift of metaphor, he is not addicted to similes. If he does use a simile, it is generally very brief. But this simile of the planning and building of a house was, on the contrary, most detailed and elaborate. It was, I suddenly saw, quite evidently the work of a man who had been lately engaged in planning and building a house for himself, and it actually gave an account of his experience. Shakspere, like the man in his comparison, had been planning a house, and he had planned it too ambitiously for his pocket. He had had to have new plans made.

"When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model:
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at last desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny."

I felt certain that Shakspere was here describing his own experience. He at this moment had been deciding to build his house. The more I thought the more probable my conjecture seemed to be. For this description comes at the beginning of the second part of "Henry IV." Now the first part of that play, which introduced *Falstaff* to an astonished and admiring world, was Shakspere's first great popular success. There is more mention of *Sir John Falstaff* in contemporary literature than of any other of Shakspere's characters, save perhaps *Hamlet.* The fat knight took the town by storm. So famous and so popular indeed was he that the Queen herself insisted upon Shakspere writing a special play to show *Sir John* in love; and the poor author had to do it in a bare fortnight. This is probably the oldest tradition concerning Shakspere that has come down to us, and it is certainly one of the most authentic. For if it did not exist, we should need to invent it, to explain the otherwise baffling peculiarities of the play which Shakspere wrote to the Royal Command —"The Merry Wives of Windsor."

This, then, was precisely the moment at which Shakspere would be building his house. His first great popular success, perhaps his very greatest, had been won. The Queen and the townsfolk alike were clamoring for more *Falstaff;* and he alone could supply them. Now, if ever, was the time for him to build. The year was 1597.

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Having got so far in plausible conjecture, I turned to Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakspere" to see what I could find. Would this guess of mine be confirmed by evidence, or not? I confess that my fingers trembled a little, as I fumbled over the pages of Lee—literary criticism has its own queer excitements—and I nearly dropped the book when I read: "On May 4, 1597, Shakspere purchased the second largest house in Stratford-on-Avon. The edifice, which was known as New Place, had been built by Sir Hugh Clopton more than a century before, and seems to have fallen into a ruinous condition. But Shakspere paid for it—with two barns and two gardens—the then substantial sum of £60. In 1598, a year after purchasing New Place, the dramatist undertook much structural repair, and out of the stone which he procured for the purpose, he sold a load to the corporation of the town for tenpence. . . ."

So my guess was justified. At the moment that Shakspere wrote those words, sometime toward the end of 1597, his mind was full of the business of restoring and rebuilding New Place. He had planned his house too ambitiously for his pocket, and had had to plan again: and there before him—in the ruinous and perhaps still uncompleted house of the long deceased Sir Hugh Clopton, was the reality of the vision that warned him not to be one

"That draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half-through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny."

Shakspere made no such mistake. He built within his means; and what we know of the subsequent history of New Place suggests that his means were fairly substantial.

That history was strangely ironical. By the end of the seventeenth century no direct descendants of Shakspere were alive, and the house reverted by purchase to descendants of the Sir Hugh Clopton who originally built it. In 1753 it was bought by a Cheshire clergyman, named Gastrell, who quarreled with the town council over his assessment; and, because they refused to reduce it, in 1758 cut down the famous mulberry tree which Shakspere was said to have planted. Naturally, the townsmen detested him for it; and a year later Gastrell took a prodigious revenge upon them by razing the house to the ground. A queer destiny indeed, and one that would give food for thought to the superstitious. Shakspere had made it his life-work to restore his family fortunes, and reëstablish his name in honor in his own city. Within seventy-five years of his death his line was blotted out; within another seventy-five his very house was deliberately annihilated. Yet this strange sequel seems not wholly out of harmony with his final vision.

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.

One would like to know what Shakspere considered requisite in the house which he built for himself. We may be sure that he consulted himself alone. There are good reasons for believing that his wife was allowed no hand in the affair. He was living apart from her; and very probably she never set foot in New Place. There is a clue to be found in the same play of "Henry IV" (Part I), where *Hotspur* named in a breath three insufferable things. *Owen Glendower* was as tedious

As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house.

Perhaps it is not unreasonable to conjecture that Shakspere had made up his mind that there were two things his house should not contain—the one, smoky chimneys, the other, his nagging and evidently intolerable wife.

## Low Tide

### *Isle of Skye*

L. A. G. Strong

Over the mile of sand with a slow tread,
Black lonely figures straggling side by side,
The weary line of mourners and the dead
Pass at low tide;

While in the pipes' rebellion, in a flood
Wild as the crying gull beside the sea,
The pride and passion of an ancient blood
Triumph on misery.

# AMERICAN SPEECH

## *As Practised in the Southern Highlands*

### MARISTAN CHAPMAN

THERE is no possibility of compact statement in a discussion of folk-speech, for the only way to undertake such business is to classify all sounds and inflections, and syntactical peculiarities, and then gather evidence both from the natives and from scholars who already have done authoritative work. So much may not be contrived in an informal sketch, so in the notes that follow I have tried rather to show the worth of the archaic speech of the highlanders than to give a word list or a chapter of grammar. There is more in these dark corners than a collection of etymological curiosities and quaintness of idiom.

That the speech of the southern highlanders is a genuine American dialect cannot be denied, for these people do not garble standard usage because of lack of formal education—they speak a cultured backwoods tongue all their own. To put into their mouths a stereotyped, manufactured dialect is to rob them of their essential humanness and to present them as comic stage-folk.

The early settlers of the southern Appalachians were mainly Scotch-Irish, and being of a sturdy artisan class they spoke the Saxon tongue as it is found to-day in south Scotland and north England (notably in Cumberlandshire). They spoke Gaelic and some Erse and Welsh, and all these were spoken in the heavily accented dialects of their home counties. Many of the settlers "had no English at them." Other settlers were Germans who came from the Rhine Provinces, from German Switzerland or perhaps from colonies that had been settled in Pennsylvania for several decades and now moved on, with the spread of immigration due to congestion in the eastern lands. These last spoke, for the most part, Pennsylvanische-Deutsche in its sundry forms; Pennsylvanische-Deutsche itself being a blend of the dialects of the Palatinate, Württemberg, the Rhine countries, and English words of common use.

The French influence in the mountains is less to be found in the speech than in the manners, but a few words yet remain. It is known that besides the French colonists who were left stranded in the back hills when France formally retired as claimant of the entire United States, there came pioneers from the southern seaboard, and of these there were both Frenchmen (born in France) and English gentlemen, bringing a knowledge of the "polite language" with them. Up from Charleston and out from Virginia came scapegrace aristocrats to leaven the heavy lump of craftsmen; men of no very sound morals, perhaps, but of great courage and a persistent culture that led them to teach their children, and to leave records of their families that are preserved to this day.

Besides the old colonial English, there came English immigrants direct from Suffolk, bringing with them a strain of Norman French.

It was partly by reason of the higher social standing of these English that the language made way against the Pennsylvanische-Deutsche and Gaelic dialects, for the children of the craftsmen were concerned more in learning the craft than in transmitting the language. They would learn a new tongue in which to trade rather than hold stubbornly to their own language and so lose custom. The more cultured elements of the community were buyers, and so tended to impose their language upon the artisans.

By pure creative energy and the necessity of a common understanding in trade, the language performed miracles of adaptation. Two words from different languages might join to form a new one, and such words were not merely married by a hyphen, they coalesced. This is, of course, a common trick of speech, as in our ordinary dictionaries we find outrageous hybrids with Saxon bodies and Latin heads and Greek tails. The highland dialects split, merged and multiplied in bewildering variety, and to-day it is impossible to trace back the derivatives and arrive at the root of many of the words.

But a second, more powerful, reason for the triumph of English in the mountains was the dominating influence of the Anglo-Saxon, who insists that "foreigners" should learn to speak English like sensible people. With a more stable government, and the definite decision that the United States was to be an English-speaking nation—not French, Spanish or Dutch—there came a greater steadiness in highland speech. Later settlers who arrived already spoke English of a sort.

The English and the German tongues are, of course, friendly to one another, and the Saxon that is spoken in the lowlands of Scotland grows gradually down into the north of England, where we find natives of Cumberlandshire speaking the Saxon that is simply a dialect of ancient German. So, when they found themselves roughing it together in the American Cumberlands they were able to agree the more readily.

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In outland speech archaic pronunciation is rightly considered "bad form," but it should not be so charged against an isolated people. Among them it is still current, and therefore correct. A great deal of unmerited contempt is heaped upon "backwoods English," as witness our scornful spelling of "et" for "ate." If we look in the Oxford Dictionary we find that it gives "et" as the preferable pronunciation; and "Modern English Usage" says: "Eat: the past is spelt *ate* (rarely *eat*) and pronounced ĕt (wrongly āt)."

Language is plastic stuff and readily acquires fresh attachments, adopts new meanings for old words, and invents weird compounds to cover needs that spring up with each new age.

Now consider this mountain people, separated from the main body of the nation by the topography of their region. Idioms sprang up in the segregated clans that were not recognized by standard national grammar-makers. If such strange use became known it was condemned as "not pure," "a violation of the standard." The segregated people lived under different physical conditions and the necessities arising therefrom gave birth to new words. Their intercourse with the Indians taught them more new words, while, from lack of daily use, other words and idioms were neglected and forgotten.

Meanwhile, in outland places, words were dropped, and, all unknowing, the highlanders continued their use. Idioms shed by progressive national speech were treasured carefully by those who were cut off from the main course of life. Soon the highland speech came to wear an old-fashioned air—not only in the use of archaic words, but in different pronunciation, strange order of grouping, and old-time spelling. This having taken place with all possible naturalness the outland people look contemptuously at the vulgarisms and solecisms of the backwoodsmen, or find the quaint speech fit only for laughter, and so amuse themselves by poking fun at those who, actually, have been faithful to the old traditions.

To take a few samples from current mountain speech: "I am *afeard*" is quite as good English as "I am afraid." Better, in fact—*afeard* being the regular participle of the verb "affear," and "afraid" the very irregular participle of "affray," an inexplicable variant of "affright."

"Put them things down," is good English for its date. It is no longer in use, but at the time it got lost in the hills it was classical, or standard form. "The price of eggs *ris*," makes use of the old preterit of "to rise"; and *axe* for "ask" is used confidently, just as it is used throughout Tyndale's translation of the Bible.

Orthography, never a very stable science, offers almost no help in the case of the highland speech because of the inextricable blend of early languages; and because this is a spoken and not a written speech. The investigator of to-day must build it up as patiently as he would the talk of some savage tribe whose tongue has never been transcribed.

The present writer is limited to such notes and usages as may be found in Old English and Middle English. Only when word-masters familiar with eighteenth century German, French, Gaelic and Welsh, in their multiple forms and dialects, have contributed to the research, shall we get at some basis upon which to build the history of Appalachian folk-speech.

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To return to the matter of pronunciation touched upon in the case of "et"—open any pronouncing dictionary of a hundred years ago and you will find forms that are now vulgarisms. In Dr. Johnson's time "great" was pronounced *greet.* Pope so rimes it in the "Dunciad":

"Here swells the shelf with Ogilby
the great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete."

Pope also rimes "obliged" with "besieged" and "tea" with "obey." And such couplings were not mere poet's license, for we have authority for such pronunciations in the learned prose of the day.

Another matter attributed to plain ignorance, but more properly chargeable to isolation, is the retention of old forms of verbs now lost to common usage, or the retention of old meanings for words that have come to have new definitions. There is confusion of preterit with past participle—"he had went," "he would have broke," "they had not spoke." There is further confusion between strong and weak verbs, but the apparent repeated past inflection, *drowneded* is from the infinitive "to drowned," or, as Middle English has it, "dround." Where standard modern usage has thinned down to weak preterits (shape, shaped; bake, baked; glide, glided; help, helped; creep, crept; weep, wept) the mountain dialect retains the strong forms: *shope*, *boke*, *glode* (or *glid*), *holp*, *holpen*, *crope* and *wope*.

The double negative, so insisted upon by fictioneers of the southern mountain region, "I never hurt nobody," "I'll not do it no more," is, as a matter of fact, rare in mountain speech, though the users of Old English and Middle English practised it, feeling, no doubt, as the ordinary man does to-day, that two negatives must be stronger than one, and three stronger yet. It is a comparatively recent grammar rule that two negatives make an affirmative—or, as the school-boy wrote it in his examination paper, "Two negatives make an infirmity."

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Philologists sometimes express the hope that the dialect of out-of-the-way places will contribute to the American language. Now, as far as the southern highlanders folk-speech is concerned, it is a question not of contribution but of restoration; and the question is, is there anything worthy of reincorporation with our modern English? As far as the Saxon element is concerned there is forthrightness, clarity and (that fetish of modern wordsmiths) succinctness. Other elements of the backwoods speech probably offer other valuable gifts, but that, as I said elsewhere, must be taken care of by specialists in other languages.

The mountain language is rich in having many shades of words, as, for example, the words for rain: threatened rain is *falling weather;* scotch mist is *a damping;* a cloudy, soft rain, *a smirr;* a sharp shower, *a dash;* heavy rain (wind-driven), *a scud;* a pelting, straight downpour, *an onding;* a drenching storm, *a tempest.*

Words denoting successive stages of quarrelsomeness that may be recommended to peace conferences and other outland needs, are: *hardness* (ill-will); *ruction* (quarrel); *rippit* (fight with fists); *jower* (real anger); *upscuddle* (a quarrel with bitterness); *fray* (fatal fight and shooting). The Old French derivative "feud," imported recently by outlanders, has been taken up glibly by the mountain people and appears in startling contexts.

Standard English to-day has only the comparative "rather," having lost the positive *rathe* and the superlative *rathest.* The highlander retains both, and, what is more, uses "rather" as an abstract noun. "A person has a *rather* where he'd live." Of course "preference" would fill the meaning, but it is decidedly weaker.

"To have a rather" is to express determination.

Outlanders speak of "height," and so do highlanders (though they spell it *highth*, as did Milton), but they also use *lowth*, a very useful term for a tree or for a personal enemy. The verb "to know" is common enough, but *to unknow* is a different thing again, and supplies a long felt want for a word that is neither forgetfulness nor ignorance. And what could be simpler than "'Tis *unknowen* how far it is."?

Where only one specimen of a group of related words has survived in modern English, we are likely to find the lost words still alive and active in the mountains. With "gainsay" we find *gainstrive* and *gainstand;* with "foolhardy," we find *foolhappy* (see Spenser) and *foolhasty* (see Chaucer). Many words of the order of "winsome" have died out of modern speech, but the highlands have *lovesome*, *hatesome*, *brightsome*, *longsome*, *playsome;* and keep, moreover, such self-explanatory compounds as: *carrytale*, *lackbrain*, *wantwit*, *breakvow*, *cumberworld*, *clutchfist* (miser). All in all, they treasure the great hantle of leaves swept up as they drift year by year from the tree of language.

Citing isolated words gives no key to the variety of expression at the mountain man's command. The eternal "Howd'ye, Stranger?" we find so often attributed to him in stories is rarely heard. Probably its only use is as an apt answer to the Stranger's own abrupt "Hello!" Here are a few examples of greetings and replies that put our curt interchanges to shame.

"What's the time o' day by *your* clock?" "Mainly joyous n' pert."

"How you making out?" "Gaily, I thank you."

"Hope I see you pert?" "Kind thanks, but I'm neither here nor there."

"A fair good-night to you!" "And to you a kindly waking!"

The sense of onomatopœia gives the mountain speech such words as *whiffle*, for a slight breeze; *trinkling*, for the sound of water running over pebbles. Also: "Yon's a bird *flicketing* in laurel scrub," "I stepped on a beetle to hear him *squot*," and "He fair *glirred* down the slope"—*glirred* meaning "slipped and slid and glided" all at once.

This feeling for sound makes the mountain man bold as a lion in the use of an ugly word for an ugly meaning, and this forthrightness, coupled with his retention of the plain-spoken English terms of a former day makes it impossible to give samples. Yet, while southern highlanders believe that a word fit to scratch the ear-drums is best suited to an unpleasant idea, they will in all other cases go whole phrases out of their way to avoid cacophony.

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Much misunderstanding of the speech of the mountain people has been brought about by the persistent effort to spell the dialect. Spelling is a feeble thing in the first place and it fails utterly in a region where consonants change places recklessly and vowels are tossed about like jackstones. For every man who substitutes "i" for "e," and says: *sinse* for "sense"; *git* for "get"; we have his neighbor who replaces "e" with "i" and says *sence* for "since," *desh* for "dish" and *sperit* for "spirit." These difficulties are no sooner down in our note-book than along comes a third, from the same square mile, mind you, and says: *sparrit,* meaning, of course, *sperit.* This last comer says *marcy* for "mercy," and then, quite suddenly produces a "u" and tells us we are *suspucted* of making fun of them all. Finally, when we have listened to those who insist on doubling the "ee" in *frieend* and *womeen* and *een* (end), and those who say *ruff* and *sut* for "roof" and "soot," we are as well prepared as we ever shall be to write "mountain dialect."

It is a philological puzzle; but where the philologist is merely puzzled, the phonologist goes raving mad. As a consequence, the novelists of the region, who are phonologists, give us startling dialect which they have been compelled in sheer self-defense to reduce to some sort of conventional order. It is the best they can do, having only outland ears; and after a brief personal research any critic would acknowledge that they have done well enough; that he is willing to take their word for it.

There are, however, a few common fallacies that are old enough to be laid peacefully to rest. The first is that *hit* is used promiscuously. Contrary to popular belief the highlander never drops an "h" nor does he pick up a spare one in the wrong place. The Old English neuter *hit,* for "it," is used at the beginning of a sentence only—never medially, unless after a pause for emphasis. The words so commonly printed *nary* and *ary* are contractions of "ne'er a," and "e'er a," and should be so pronounced. *Nary* in the sense of "none whatever" is only heard consistently in the Blue Ridge, rarely in the Great Smokies, never in the Cumberlands.

And this brings me to the commonest mistake of all—the assumption that the "mountain dialect" is the same throughout the entire region. On the contrary it varies almost from county to county, and is so sharply distinguished as between States that dwellers in the distant corners have difficulty in understanding one another. The three main branches, however, are the Cumberland, the Great Smoky and the Blue Ridge. A few examples of variants in common terms are given in the following table:

| *Cumberland* | *Great Smoky* | *Blue Ridge* |
|---|---|---|
| cow-beast | cow-brute | she-cow |
| fork (of a river) | prong | water-branch |
| boomer (big, gray squirrel) | boomer (little, brown squirrel) | squir'l |
| smidgen (small portion, little bit) | canch | tiddy-bit |
| linkster (interpreter) | linkister | langijer |
| pathery (half-witted, simple) | patherish | innocent |
| one o' God's secrets | fate | chance |
| embrangled (in a mess, or muddled, untidy) | kittered up | stewed |

And the confusing thing is that a word that means one thing in one dialect will mean something definitely different over the State line.

Although the dialect divisions do not run by State lines, they fall roughly as follows—the Cumberlands, Tennessee and Kentucky; Great Smokies, the Carolinas; Blue Ridge, Virginia and West Virginia. It should not be necessary to say that the Ozark Mountains are not part of the Appalachian range at all, and that they keep their distance in Arkansas and Southern Missouri, yet frequently they are confounded with the eastern mountains.

On all sides the Appalachians ripple away in foot-hills where dwell the miscellaneous tribes of poorlanders, who figure so largely in fiction as "the poor whites of the south." These people speak a bastard tongue impossible to trace, but in its current manifestation evincing only poverty of brain and lack of constructive power. It is a pity that this fringe of wastrel stock should have stood so long in the way of an appreciation of the true highlander and his speech.

It behooves the philologist to make haste if he would find the remnants of archaic English as spoken in the highlands. The new central schools are systematically attacking the old speech on the vague grounds that it is "wrong." Earnest mission workers in mistaken attempts at uplift are removing traces of the native speech as fast as possible, or reducing it to dialect form. The highlanders themselves, becoming car owners and appreciating the wide open roads, are growing townized, and are picking up their new speech from movie subtitles and outland trades-folk.

Perhaps all will not be lost, since language is a living thing, having birth, growth and decay. We have seen how the southern highland tongue came to be, and how the absorbative power of the Anglo-Saxon gave it its final form. We are now witnessing its period of decay, and can only hope that in its death—that is, in its merging with a stronger and newer tongue—it may enrich the national speech. When the language of the southern Appalachians is taken up into the American language, it may restore some of the lost strength and forthrightness of earlier diction.

Its gracious courtesy requires too much circumlocution for our daily use, but it may modify in some degree our extremes of *pep*, *snap* or *jazz.*

# THE INVISIBLE BIRTH-MARK

## *A Gipsy Love Story*

### LAURENCE TRIMBLE

YES, Stefan was a poet. And, moreover, he was half Gipsy. By adoption, he belonged to the most restless and far-wandering tribe that ever crossed and recrossed the Danube. For another thing, these Gipsies were known and famed. Days, weeks even, their coming was heralded, for no other tribe, it was believed, could boast of so many or such glorious musicians.

But it had remained for Stefan, while yet in his teens, to delight his fellow players with whom he had grown up, even as they had delighted those appreciative, though less gifted, folk who flocked to nourish their souls through their ears.

Among the legendary annals of the Tribe, the one oftenest retold (always in whispers and only around low-burning fires, for fear that some one, even a Gipsy of another tribe might overhear) had to do with a very remote time.

Long, long ago, the whispered tale ran, long before they were known as Gipsies, there lived a Great One—a poet, a musician, perhaps both in one. And along with the tale went a prophecy: such a one would come to live again with this race of wanderers. It was part of the Gipsy heritage, this legend. But only this particular tribe, Stefan's people by adoption, believed the Great One would surely be one of them. And this was the reason for the Tribe's secret pride. For they, counting themselves chosen for such glorious distinction, while outwardly fraternizing with all people, held themselves superior to all.

Now when first it was known that the Chief of the Tribe had, on its behalf, adopted the infant son of the renegade Stefan, he who had taken his violin from his tribe and had left his own people to marry a golden-haired dancing-girl and to live with her the life of city theaters, there had been resentful murmuring. But when the oldest female of the Tribe, she whose incantations were most potent and whose prophecies they had reason to believe, touched the fingers of the infant Stefan, the murmuring abruptly ended. Reverently holding those baby hands in her gnarled old claws, she turned her long since blinded eyes on those who had drawn near.

"On this one," she said, "is the invisible birth-mark! One of the gods—and which one I say not—has laid a finger on the heart of this babe."

And though not one of the Tribe so much as whispered his secret hopes, all watched the growing child for signs. For, might not he be that great poet or musician, perhaps both in one, for whose coming they had waited and waited?

Before little Stefan was ten, he not only played the violin as well as the best, within the memory of the blind old "teller," but he played all the dances and all the songs known to the Tribe. And, when he played, there was greater joy in the happy songs; wilder, blood-stirring zest in the passionate dances. From their songs of sadness, he called up memories of long forgotten times, and so poignantly that his Gipsy hearers seemed to relive the exquisite tragedies which, but for his subtle magic, they could not even have sensed.

About this time, Stefan, a little more than ten, began to make his *own* music. Hopeful eyes furtively met, seeking corroboration. Surely He, The Great One, had come again, to dwell with the Tribe to its everlasting glory.

Whatever Stefan played was a song, and all listening hearts sang with him. And whenever the rhythm of the dance flowed through his music, feet, hands, bodies—yes, and eyes, too, danced.

At first he made only wordless songs, humming them softly while he played. But gradually, no one realized just when or how, his songs became clothed in words. He sang of great deeds and of strange places, of horses, and of men and of children. He sang of the dawn, of twilight, of high noon and of soft warm nights.

But he sang no song of his own which, in words, told of love. And this was strange, seeing that he had now reached the age when, before listening to other young men, each maiden of the Tribe waited until she was certain that there was no hope of his making a song for her. It was easy to understand why they waited; for unmistakably one of his songs, hauntingly beautiful, told of love—but only through his violin did he give it life. And then never except at night, when, he would slip away from the encampment. At such times and from some height or wooded seclusion, the Gipsies might faintly hear the burden of its aching loneliness.

One, one of them, besought him, saying, "Tell me, Stefan, the words of that song you go apart from us all to play—I know there must be words, beautiful words."

But he only smiled, and turned his face from her.

~

One autumn the Tribe was in Hungary. That year Stefan was nineteen. Word came to the Gipsies of preparations for a great festival. Gentry and peasants, from a wide region, would join in celebrating a mammoth harvest. Knowing that gold would flow their way no less freely than wine, the Tribe pushed on through village after village, leaving disappointment in its wake.

Beginning at noon, the Gipsy musicians, hardly pausing for refreshment, played straight through the twilight. Led by Stefan, they performed till well nigh exhausted. Troupe after troupe, from rival villages, contested for dancing honors. A full moon smiled on a happy world when the winners made ready to dance once more, in celebration of victory.

Now the coveted honor had been won largely by reason of a breathtaking solo dance. The beauty of the maiden surpassed even the beauty of her flawless performance. As she was finishing, wild applause drowned the music. Hundreds of voices joined, chanting her name—"Rada! Rada!"

The weary musicians put aside their instruments—all save Stefan, who, feasting his eyes on Rada's loveliness, seemed unaware that she no longer danced. Softly, unmindful of the cheering, as though under a spell, he played on.

Leaving Rada to follow, the other dancers withdrew—but she remained, standing in the moonlight, fascinated, the very picture of rapt attention.

Then, out of a sudden silence, Stefan's violin crooned that wordless song of love.

To the accompaniment of the crowd's rhythmic breathing, unconsciously subdued, the song transposed itself into the dance. And just as subtly, Rada fell under its moving spell. Watching her, the onlookers, standing, automatically clasped hands and swayed as one to the perfect rhythm, following with their eyes Rada's every subtle movement. The peasants forgot even the gleaming richness of her costume, donned for this dance of triumph, the first sight of which had made them gasp. And all forgot she was daughter to the region's overlord.

Toward Stefan, no one so much as glanced. Only Rada remained aware of his existence. To all the rest his music had become one with the moonbeams—caught by the jewels in Rada's hair. She appeared clothed in light, and dancing without volition of her own. The illusion of her being upborne and sustained by the moon's reflected brightness, roused superstitious awe.

No one save Rada knew when Stefan's voice had softly joined with the violin's, or when the violin began to hum a muted accompaniment to Stefan's song without words. But Rada had no need of words to know that his heart spoke directly to her heart.

As nobody looked at Stefan, he was not observed slipping noiselessly away over the grass.

Fleecy clouds slowly obscured the moon's face. Not one gave thought as to why the music called to them from such a distance. Spellbound, they stood while the dancing vision passed, wraith-like, beyond reach of their eyes, along a smooth ridge which crossed the meadow to a grove of trees.

Surprised, the Gipsies stood like statues—when the music stilled. Of a sudden the moon sailed brilliantly free of that misty curtain.

At that moment all eyes turned toward the grove, from whence came the song—a ringing song. No wordless humming this! That it was Stefan's voice, no one realized, for never before had he sung as now. The words told of a heart that had hungered, drearily waiting; not daring to hope that in all the world there lived one whose beauty could ever faintly suggest the glorious maiden, the vision of whom he saw dancing to such music as he heard only in dreams.

The feet of the listeners were powerless to move.

The song ended in a prayer—a prayer of passionate thanksgiving to all the benign gods, who must have conspired together in order that a miracle of such loveliness might come in human guise to dwell upon this poor earth.

Then the voice of Rada's father, outraged and furious, commanding her to leave the grove instantly; but that she heard him not, was made plain by the sound of her laughter, mingling joyously with Stefan's.

A youngish man, huge of stature and wearing the uniform of an officer, burst profanely through the crowd. Across the space cleared for dancing he fairly charged, followed by several Gipsies, and after them the crowd.

Some one, the fire-eating officer declared, had struck him down as he entered the wood. Then loudly he called on the crowd to give up the cursed *Tsigan*, who had put a disgraceful spell upon his fiancée.

But Stefan had disappeared. So had those several Gipsies who were close on the officer's heels when he reached the grove.

Rada had seen them dragging Stefan away. But, more pallid than moonlight itself, she made no answer to her father's demands. Nor did she pay heed to the officer, save to shrink from his touch. In dry-eyed, tragic bewilderment, she suffered her mother to lead her from the grove.

* * *

As the sun rose next morning, the Gipsies made camp beside a stream. They had traveled the long night through. Forgoing food, those not already asleep in the wagons, crept silently to rest. It was then the Chief discovered that Stefan was not with the caravan.

Quietly the troubled Chief sought out the blind old "teller" who had lived well past the century mark. He found her awake, mumbling her words of nearly a score of years ago: "On him is the invisible birth-mark! One of the gods—and which one I say not—laid a finger on his heart." And this was all she would say in reply to his anxious inquiries about Stefan.

The next night Rada's father dreamed of hearing music. That same bewitching music that had called her, dancing away to the grove. He dreamed that, dressed in the same costume, she stood by the barred window of her room, gazing into the moonlit night, listening. The shadows of those heavy bars fell black on the whiteness of her face and upon the creamy folds of her costume. And then, in his dream, she passed through the window as easily as though the bars offered no resistance firmer than the shadows, and floated joyously away, beyond his sight.

A preposterous dream! Rada's father, wakened by the sound of his own laughter, roused his wife, and, still laughing, told of his ridiculous dream.

But though Rada's mother laughed with him, the instant she was sure he again slept soundly, she ran to her daughter's room.

Without even glancing at the bed, she went straight to the window, and for a long time stood there in the moonlight. But the bars cast no black shadows on her face—

# A MODERN'S SEARCH IN SCIENCE

## *From Whatever Angle Wisdom Looks Forth, She Beholds and Reports the Same Vision*

S. T.

NO ONE in the world to-day has a more profound scientific knowledge than the author of the "Outline of Science"—Dr. J. Arthur Thomson. Yet it is obvious that science has fed, rather than dwarfed or discouraged, other sides of his life; that microscope and laboratory have nurtured rather than annihilated the artist, poet, philosopher and even the religious in him. In that beautifully proportioned mind that he opens up to us, its generous recognition and fine balancing of all the different means and paths to knowledge, we have a shining example of what should be the result of a true scientific education.

And the explanation of such a mind, is that its possessor has science and natural phenomena in their right perspective with relation to human life and experience as a whole. So has Bose this perspective; so has Lodge, so has Whitehead, Millikan, Pupin—so has every first-rate scientific thinker. It is only when you get into the second-class minds, in any department of life, that you find one-sidedness, dogmatism, bigotry.

One of the most interesting things to me, in this series of discussions by scientific writers, is the way in which—from such varying fields of research—each bears out the conclusions of the other. Sometimes it seems as though it were one man speaking, instead of half a dozen—telling us the same truths, in terms of mathematics, medicine, physics, plant life, natural history. From whatever angle Wisdom looks forth, she beholds and reports the same vision.

Thus the main points of Sir J. C. Bose's paper last month were: *the unity of all life* (throughout the four kingdoms) and *the creative power of man* over his further evolution and destiny. And this month Dr. Thomson states: "the most characteristic aspect of nature is that of *vital inter-relations*" and "the biggest fact of organic evolution is the trend toward greater *mastery of environment* and *increased freedom of self-expression*." Through greater knowledge and foresight, wiser control of life.

Dr. Thomson's theme is the influence of nature on human life, in its practical, esthetic, and intellectual aspects; and the enrichment of man's life along these three main lines, by the new worlds discovered to him through natural history. As we read his stirring review of the great names and great achievements that have made possible to us these discoveries; when we consider the centuries of patient indefatigable toil known as "scientific research," as result of which we stand to-day part of a great vibrating system of nature, opening up endless vistas of creative possibility and power—the first and overwhelming thought that must come to us, is our incalculable debt to science and scientific men. Surely they should be remembered and honored in our calendars of the future, quite as much as other great souls and selfless benefactors of the race.

And the second thought: How could any one study the wonders of science and nature, and not be religious? How could a younger generation brought up on the glorious beauty and thrilling drama of that world Dr. Thomson describes, ever become morbid, unwholesome, or artificial? "The coral, the sea-lily, the butterfly, the gemmeous dragonet, the humming-bird, the ermine amidst the snow, the fluorescent fronds of seaweed, the feathery moss, the cedar of Lebanon, the blue-bells tinkling by the wayside, the royal fern by the waterfall . . ."

How many children—or their parents—have any intimate knowledge of these unutterably lovely things? A few flowers in a vase, to make "a nice note of color" in a room. Now and then a sunset, the sea, or a mountain peak, casually admired. Geology or botany taken in college because it was a "snap course." Later, in business or one's profession, natural forces to be used, conquered, chained to the chariot wheel of personal power and supremacy. Is not this, with the golf course, the extent of most moderns' acquaintance with or interest in nature?

* * *

Many of our complex social and political difficulties are due, as Dr. Thomson points out, to our unnatural divorcement from the vital natural world; from the false perspective we acquire from the life of brick and steel, offices and apartment houses. Within their narrow confining walls, we have come to a hard and unnatural concentration on our tight little box of a personal life—we have lost the saving sense of union with that vast, fluid universal life "out of which we emerge, and without which we are unpicturable."

Life lived in sky-scrapers can easily make one believe in a mechanical universe. But who in the green peace of a country field, can look at the humblest dandelion or beetle's wing and conceive of the world as a soulless mechanism?

We come through awe of the beauty of created things, to conviction concerning the Creator. "Every advance in science," says Troward, "consists in discovering new subtleties of connection in this magnificent universal order which already exists, and only needs our recognition to bring it into practical use. If then the highest work of the greatest minds is nothing else than the recognition of an already existing order, there is no getting away from the conclusion that a paramount intelligence must be inherent in the Life-Principle which manifests as this order. And thus we see that there must be a great cosmic Intelligence underlying the totality of things."

"The new natural history," says

Dr. Thomson, "is demonstrating to man that the system of animate nature to which he belongs, is a world congruent with the religious mood: a world in which the religious spirit can breathe freely, and possibly at times enjoy the vision of God."

Dr. Thomson makes very clear his conviction as to the relative functions of science and religion. In an address in London last year he said: "So much time and trouble would be saved if people would refrain from making false antitheses between scientific description and religious interpretation. Science never gives more than descriptive formulations of laws of nature. It never raises the question of meaning or purpose; for the answers to these questions of meaning, purpose, significance, cannot be given by the scientific method. Interpretations can only be given by philosophy and religion. Of course interpretations must be congruent with the facts; but there can be no radical antithesis between a transcendental statement congruent with the facts, and a scientific description.

"Science, majestic as it is, is the outcome of fishing in the sea of reality, with particular kinds of nets which we call chemical, physical, microscopical and others. But there may be—and there are—many creatures in the sea of reality which slip through the meshes of the scientific net. Science is only one of the rights of way to reality. It is not the truth, but only a contribution to the truth."

Lord Haldane made the same statement in his article on relativity: "Reality is much more than an assemblage of lines and curves, numbers and equations, electrons and protons. There are levels of experience which belong to reality just as much as do the principles of men of science. Every one of us knows that there are times when we seem to be lifted above ourselves—which means that above the level of our minds there is a higher world. The symbolical language in which we express our experience of this state, does not contradict science. It says the same thing, but at its higher level.

"Science and the divine do not contradict each other, because their categories are of wholly different orders, which accordingly can never come into conflict. It is only in their narrow and too conventional aspects that they can even seem to do so. Science has a place, a great place, but still only a place, in the hierarchy that also embraces morals, art and religion."

In these days of continual assertion as to the inevitable contradiction and mutual destruction of science and religion, it is heartening to read these assertions from the foremost scientists themselves. In requesting them to write these papers, we made not the slightest effort to direct or influence their thought. We simply asked the questions: "What in your opinion is the relation between science and religion? Do you think the one contradicts and destroys the evidence of the other?"

We have heard the answers of a mathematician, a great physicist, a botanist, a natural historian; and during the months to come we shall hear from the anthropologist, the chemist, and the medical man.

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All these are important phases of the modern's search in science. But most important, I think, are the two points mentioned at the beginning, and that all our scientific contributors are emphasizing: the unity of all life, the interrelatedness of all living organisms, and the increasing power and responsibility of man in connection with his further evolution.

Last month Sir J. C. Bose said: "Sensation is modifiable. The external is no longer overwhelmingly dominant. Man is no longer a passive agent in the hands of destiny. It rests with him whether the channels through which the outside world reaches him should at his command be widened or closed. By opening himself to such stimulation as he desires, he can make of himself what he wills."

And this month Dr. Thomson says: "Nature is not against us but with us. Nature is friendly to man, and of the greatest assistance. Nature has given man lesson after lesson in vital chess-playing, but he has not been too willing to learn."

In the past we have blamed nature for many things that have been due only to our own ignorance and stubbornness to learn. I heard Maude Royden preach an amazing sermon in which she reviewed the "natural calamities" and "acts of God" which could have been entirely prevented by the insight God had given to certain men—whose fellows would not permit them to use it. Hangings, persecutions, dungeons; libraries burned, the precious research of years destroyed by the fanaticism of a mob in five minutes.

I heard Professor Turner (Professor of Astronomy at Oxford) say, "we have not yet mastered earthquakes, but we fully expect to do so."

And who knows how many years ago this and other conquests might have been made, banishing the larger part of man's cares and misery—but for the stubborn resistance to knowledge and change by the ever conservative standpatters, down the centuries?

We shake our heads over the incomprehensible past, and fondly fancy that such ignorance and blindness could never recur in the enlightened age we live in. Yet probably at no time in history has human knowledge and human evolution generally been more seriously threatened than at the immediate moment. Senator Borah in presenting the Kellogg Peace Pact, told the Senate that the treaty is a step toward the preservation of peace which must be taken "lest civilization be imperiled as it has not been since the evening of the Dark Ages."

And Dr. Thomson gives us some very straight facts about the Dark Ages. "There was darkness for over thirteen centuries [one thousand three hundred years!]. Men lost the desire to see for themselves or to make new knowledge." Why? "Because of extreme preoccupation with the tasks of war and peace." Principally war. The chief occupation of the world during those thirteen centuries—during feudal life generally—was fighting. Result: "mental stagnation, superstition, magic-mongering."

And if to-day, with the deadly inventions of modern warfare, such a period of darkness should close down . . . no one in any country round the world dares to contemplate it.

Our knowledge—like everything else we have and are—rests upon our relations with one another. In those relations lies our salvation—or our extinction. And we, all together, determine what those relations shall be.

◆

In his great picture of the perpetual circulation and reincarnation of the elements, Dr. Thomson says: "The world is a flux of powers from guise to guise. Living creatures make no energy, but are merely its transient transformers." That, to me, is a tremendous "merely." It says that we can choose the form which we will give to energy, and therefore the state of consciousness in which we will experience life.

For the experience of every living creature depends upon an inseparable trio of factors: activity, instruments, consciousness. Experience depends on the form in which we are concentrating energy. If we are using our energy in physical form to fight, we are not using it in intellectual form for scientific investigation. And the resulting realms that we perceive in the two cases are not the same. The world of which the Crusader of 1300 was aware, was a very different world from that before the vision of Charles Darwin. And the world of Charles Darwin, again, was no doubt different from the world as it appeared in the vision of a Buddha or of a Christ.

What makes the same world—this same whirling galaxy of elements and energy—look so different to different kinds of creatures? Difference in the instruments through which they behold it. The relative expansion and clearness, or darkness and narrowness of the beholding mind. And what makes that instrument clear and comprehensive, or dark and narrow? The habitual activities of species and individual creatures.

◆

We saw last month through Sir J. C. Bose's experiments, how continued stimulation affects nervous tissue and in time creates an organ. Everybody knows how continued struggle at a certain kind of action—muscular action for example—develops an organ; and how disuse of an organ causes it to atrophy. The nature of our activity, therefore, in the long run determines the nature of our instruments. And it is these instruments that determine our perception of and relations with the outside world—nature, other men, the whole range of sensation and experience. We can, by definitely chosen and steadily maintained activities, build such instruments and experience such a state of life as we desire. This, to me, is the most tremendous fact of existence.

But we cannot do it as individuals—though part of the work is through the individual will. The other part must be by conscious coöperative action. You and I may firmly decide to use our energy for intellectual and spiritual development rather than for physical fighting; but if to-morrow a troop of men come tearing into our homes, smashing our microscopes and measuring rods, and forcing us to defend ourselves, we shall not be able to use our energy in the form we had decided on. This sure and uninterrupted use of energy in a certain form can only be by common agreement between all the different groups of men.

Individual direction of will, conscious coöperative action—these are the two factors involved in our evolution from this point.

It is as though each individual carries a tiny torch—the light of his individual consciousness. When all these individuals are running about helter skelter, dashing into each other, blindly whirling or definitely attacking one another—the light from their individual torches is scattered, blurred, extinguished. We are putting out each other's light. And no one of us can see anything but the dust and confusion of the battle.

But when we stop our fighting or aimless whirling, and the units are marshaled together—when our individual torches are massed into one united field of concentrated consciousness, that field becomes a sea of light in whose illumination we all can see clearly.

We beat our breasts and pray to heaven for succor. We look everywhere for a saviour, a creator, a deliverer from the pains of this world. It is a hard saying but true, that we ourselves are that creator, and we must be our own saviours and deliverers. For *we are creating our own experience*. Science, religion, metaphysics, philosophy, all tell us this, in their different languages. If we want more knowledge, we can get it. If we want a different relation between the life inside and the life outside, we can get it. But we can do so only by ceasing to fight and rush about haphazardly; by massing and intelligently reorganizing our energy.

This world is not a machine going it blind, unless we permit it to be. Behind that perpetual circulation and reincarnation of elements, behind that trinity of energy, instruments, consciousness—is what? Individual and universal will. Have you not here a very broad hint to the answer of the eternal mystery: what is the creative power behind all existence?

◆

We hunt everywhere for a philosophy, a religion, an explanation of life. In the simple facts going on before our eyes, we have, it seems to me, the grandest explanation and philosophy that any soul could wish. We see life playing in all these different combinations. Play of any sort involves "rules of the game"—voluntary limits within which the players make their moves. These rules depend on the nature of the elements with which the play is concerned: the ball and its properties, the earth and its form, the force of the arm, and so forth. Not your caprice or mine, but the nature of the elements we have chosen to play with, makes the laws governing their action.

If we were condemned to play any game for the rest of our lives it would speedily become our hell instead of our pleasure. But the delight of it is, that the limits we impose on ourselves are voluntary. We can use our energy in another form at any moment we choose. We are free.

So it is in this incredibly gorgeous and varied play of life. Every state of life is bound by its own laws—the laws the Infinite Life has decreed unto itself, the voluntary limits it has set itself in that state. But—here is the liberating clause—each state of life and each set of creatures has the power to transcend its own state: by renouncing the use of power in a "lower" (grosser) form, for power in another form that it can develop.

The animal can become the primitive man, the primitive man can become the divine man, the divine man the god. No life is permanently bound. The principle of growth, expansion (and contraction) is in every organism. Infinity is within every atom.

In the vision of the seer there are no "lower" and "higher" states. They are just "different." The laws of pathology are as beautiful as the laws of health. To the all-comprehending vision, all is beautiful and all is perfect. And the all-comprehending being has only to choose which state or vision of life he will experience.

*Suggestions for Further Reading*

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| Science and Religion | J. Arthur Thomson | *Scribner* |
| Religion in the Making | A. N. Whitehead | *Macmillan* |
| Science and Human Progress[1] | Sir Oliver Lodge | *Allen & Unwin* |

These are three of the best books I know for people in the thick of modern argument and spiritual confusion.

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| Plant Autographs and Their Revelations | J. C. Bose | *Macmillan* |

For those who want to go further into the fascinating experiments of the great botanist.

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| The Reign of Relativity | R. B. Haldane | *Yale Press* |
| Relativity | G. Birkhoff | *Macmillan* |
| The Nature of the Physical World | A. S. Eddington | *Macmillan* |
| Psychical Research | Article in Ency. Britannica | |
| Psycho-Therapy | Article in Ency. Britannica | |
| Psychical Research, Science and Religion[1] | Stanley De Brath | *Methuen* |
| Phenomena of Materialisation[1] | von Schrenck-Notzing | *K. Paul, Trench-Trubner* |
| A New Form of Matter | J. Beresford | *Harpers Magazine, May 1919* |
| Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research | | *American, 15 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.*<br>*British, 31 Tavistock Square, London*[1] |

There are also Sir Oliver Lodge's books to which he referred in his article, and other standard works on this subject.

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| Human Personality | Frederick Myers | *Longmans, Green* |
| Contact With the Other World | James Hyslop | *Century* |
| Science of the Future Life | James Hyslop | *E. P. Dutton* |
| Modern Psychic Phenomena | Hereward Carrington | *Dodd, Mead* |

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[1] English books may be had in most public libraries.

# LENINGRAD'S LUCKY HOUSE

## *Or the Story of the Golden Fish*

WALTER DURANTY

LENINGRAD once had a Lucky House. Through its story flows the stream of life in modern Russia. Beneath new laws and customs lie old things unchanged. Even an ancient fairy-tale is there—the Golden Fish.

In Leningrad in '22—they called it Petrograd then, before Lenin's death—there was a dingy little house on the outskirts of the city. In it lived thirty-seven "souls," as the Russians say. Since the landlords had gone, the adults were grouped in a tenants' coöperative, according to Soviet rule.

They did not know how to manage very well, and got into debt. It was only fifteen rubles, but that was a big sum in those days for the poor. By an urgent and thorough canvass they raised twenty-five rubles, and for the first time had a surplus. In pride the coöperative voted to buy a ten-ruble ticket in the new state lottery loan.

One chance against millions. But miracles happen in Russian fairy-tales, and their ticket drew first prize—a hundred thousand rubles.

Fifty thousand dollars in real money for a tiny tenement. The whole city, indeed all Russia, was excited. Memory of the black "hunger years" and currency inflation was still sharp, and real money was a novelty. Every man, woman and child of the thirty-seven souls was broadcast and interviewed and photographed and paragraphed.

In its first enthusiasm the association donated ten per cent of the prize to the fund for homeless children. They then began to think about how they should spend the rest. At once, it seems, the cares of wealth began. Nearly all Russian city dwellers are only a generation or two away from the country, and the ten adult members of the coöperative found themselves with more kinsfolk than they knew they had. Every living relative, up to cousins of the twelfth degree, wrote letters of affection, or hurried to the city bearing gifts, in the hope of sharing the golden flood. The money had not yet been paid, but in the Lucky House there was babble and feasting as they talked over their plans.

The spinster school-teacher on the third floor, who had lost her job when her school was closed by lack of pencils and paper and fuel, was greeted by a brother-in-law, all smiles. He came with a suggestion about a small flour-mill which was lying idle in his village.

The Georgian couple on the first floor, who had been dancers but now lived by an older profession still—although the lady's charms were fading—found a warm friend in an uncle from Tiflis, who brought two plump goatskins of Naperiolui, red and potent as Burgundy. He had his eye on a dance-hall in the care-free capital of the Caucasus, where men are bold and wild, and women are wild and fair.

In their room was a lodger, Vasilli Petrovich, aged eighteen. Vasilli knew what he was going to do with his money. There was a girl in the factory where he worked—Vera, her name was—and if only they could have found a room they would have been married already. But rooms cost money. And, beyond that, Vera's people were old-fashioned. They wanted a proper wedding, in church, and a feast afterward. They could not believe that signing the Soviet Register was enough.

If Vera's father had not hurt his spine when he fell off a truck in the war, or if her mother had not been unwilling to leave him alone while she went out to work, perhaps Vera's ten rubles a week would have been her own to spend. She might have agreed to drop the feast and the priest, and just get registered, and pay only the small fee of fifteen kopeks for the stamp on the marriage certificate, and share Vasilli's narrow quarters in the tenement. But she had refused to leave her parents, and the boy had despaired. Now, of course, it was smooth sailing for both of them, and for her parents too.

The unskilled metal-worker with his wife and four young children in the stuffy cellar decided at once upon three square meals a day for a month. Then they would buy some clothes, and squeaky, shiny, leather shoes—that sign and proof of success in the Russian village—and with them they would go back home to the country.

They could get from the village soviet an allotment of the land which was lying idle because it needed a few hundred rubles for drainage. Their brothers and sisters and cousins had longed for this land, and so had the metal-worker himself; but the desperate pains of living on the soil had driven him to Petersburg to work fourteen hours a day in the factory. When they had drained the land it would be the richest in the village. The former *mir* had often talked about getting the work done, and once had even tried to raise funds for it from the *Barin*. But the *Barin* had had a bad season at Monte Carlo, and nothing ever came of it.

Now, with six souls in the family, they could get eighteen *dessiatins* (about forty-five acres), three apiece, as the law said. There would be fifteen *dessiatins* more if their five unmarried relatives would join them to help them work it. Already they saw themselves as *kulaks* (rich peasants), perhaps even with a slate roof on their house, asking the village priest to dinner after church on Sunday—and the priest eager to accept, so rich would be their fare.

Upstairs, in a passage corner no bigger than a dog-kennel, was Marfa Sergeyevna with her three young children, one already doomed with tuberculosis. There was hope for the other two, the doctor had said, if they could go to a sanitarium in the Crimea. But Marfa belonged to no Union, and the reference signed by her late mistress, saying that she had served seven faithful years as scullery maid in the big house on the English Quay, was no recommendation in Soviet eyes; nor yet that her dead husband had won the Cross of St. George for holding back some brief while longer the German troops from Warsaw.

But now Ivanusha would breathe the soft salt air, and watch the sea rippling blue, and the dark straight cypresses, and the feathery palm-trees, to soothe his dying. And the two little ones would live and get strong—the doctor had promised it—once they reached the Crim.

* * *

So it was that each one in the Lucky House had a dearest hope, of love or comfort or greed or health.

And then, alas, the foul smoke of Capitalism crept into the idyl. A discussion arose, at first mild, but growing in acerbity, between two groups of tenants. How, exactly, should the money be divided? The party of the first part, henceforth known as the Capitalists, contended that the division of the prize should be in proportion to the floor-space occupied by each member of the tenants' association, irrespective of the number of his dependents. On that basis, the Capitalists argued, they paid their rent.

The party of the second part, henceforth known as the Proletarians, claimed that the proper course was to divide the prize equally among all; that even the smallest babe was, *ipso facto*, a tenant, and therefore had the same right to a full share as anybody else. The discussion became a dispute, the dispute a crisis. Finally they went to law.

The People's Court settled the case in short order. "Whereas: the prize was won by the tenants' association as such, composed, as the record shows, of ten members, here as follows enumerated . . . the Court decides that the prize shall be divided among said members according to the area of floor for which they pay rent; that is, in proportion to their stake in the aforesaid tenants' association, irrespective of their progeny or dependents."

What joy in the ranks of the Capitalists! What bitterness in the Proletarian camp! Nine thousand rubles for the Georgian couple. That would start two dance-halls in Tiflis. But for the metal-worker and his wife and their brood of babes, only a thousand rubles by this rule of floor-space. How would that drain the farm, and buy seed and plows and horses, and cows and pigs and poultry, and the solid slate-roofed house?

And what of Marfa and the dying boy who shared her mattress in the angle of the passage, and the two smaller children slung in their basket overhead? Passages are not counted in the calculations of Russian floor-space. Marfa paid no rent, and was, in fact—in fact and in law—no more than a courtesy member of the tenants' association. The Communist judge had dealt justly according to his lights, but his verdict stole life and hope from the fatherless and the widow.

Only Vasilli did not care. As subtenant of the Georgians, he would receive for his corner of their room, which was the largest in the house, fully three thousand rubles, perhaps more. Vera and he had found an apartment, with two clean light rooms, sharing kitchen and actually a bath with only three other people. Why, if Vasilli got only a thousand he'd have more than enough.

But up in her attic the spinster teacher Maria Nikolaievna brooded. The long drafty room, the bare uneven boards were transmuted by this verdict into gold. A full member of the tenants' association, she occupied—it was there in the record—not less than a quarter of the floor-space of the whole tenement. Her share was therefore twenty-two thousand five hundred rubles, exactly. Her brother-in-law had embraced her when he heard the court's decision, and his fat daughter had danced gurgling around them.

Now, in her attic, Maria Nikolaievna brooded. What claim had her brother-in-law and his fat child on her anyway? Not a word or a line until now. What good would it do her to get twenty-two thousand rubles if they were only to go to these strangers? And that Georgian woman, how she had gloated when the verdict came. . . . Nasty creature, with her oily husband. . . .

Gradually, subconsciously almost, she came to a decision. The money must be distributed equally among all the tenants, young and old. The verdict must be upset. . . . The Proletarians had found a champion.

Beginning with no clear motive, Maria Nikolaievna soon found herself aflame with the passion of a Joan of Arc. Her eager speech rallied the Proletarians to new effort. From factories and clubs she collected petitions. She besieged offices and anterooms, importunate as the widow of Scripture.

At last a retrial was ordered. The Appeal Court, packed with workers, heard the whole case from the beginning, probing every detail. Then came the verdict, wise as Solomon's in its neglect of Law's letter for the spirit of Justice.

"Whereas: the verdict of the People's Court," read the presiding judge, "was based upon a narrow interpretation of the law determining the status of tenants' associations, and neglected to take into due consideration the basic principle of Soviet jurisprudence, namely, that the interests of the poor and humble shall be protected, said verdict is declared null and void. The Court of Appeal holds it important that in this case of universal interest there should be demonstrated the equality of all Soviet citizens, irrespective of sex or age. Furthermore, it is undesirable to permit discriminations of an economic or financial character to operate to the detriment of the weaker members of this communal group. The Court therefore decides that the prize shall be distributed equally among the thirty-seven souls domiciled in this building."

The Proletarians had triumphed! Maria Nikolaievna was a heroine—to all save her brother-in-law.

But, as the Bolsheviks have learned, the demon of Capitalism is not so lightly exorcised. After the first shock of dismay, the adversaries rallied. The uncle from Tiflis had a compatriot, high-placed in the Commissariat of Justice in Moscow. Let them, he said, take the case to the Supreme Court there, away from the atmosphere of popular agitation which had influenced the Appeal Court of Petrograd to its scandalous verdict, and all would yet be well. What was more, he added, the decision of the Supreme Court would be final. If they won in Moscow, that would end it; there could be no reversal.

And so at last the case came before the five judges of the Supreme Court of the Soviet Union. No vociferous witnesses here, no eager public, no impassioned words. Quietly, at leisure, the judges pondered the facts; and, aloof and icy, gave their verdict.

Both the lower courts, the verdict stated, had failed to remark the essential feature of the case, namely, the status of the tenants' association as an entity or legal personage. It was erroneous to assume that the prize belonged to the individuals who composed it. The title to the money was vested in the association as an entity, and the funds must be devoted uniquely to the purposes for which said association existed in Soviet law; that is, to the maintenance of the premises concerned and to hygienic and cultural measures for the welfare of the tenants.

In other words, Leningrad's Lucky House might shine with tiled bathrooms and polished plumbing, might blaze with electric lights and gaily painted walls; there could be a reading-room with a bust of Lenin in eternal bronze, and instead of the filthy court a garden pleasance ennobled by a marble Marx. But not one single solitary kopek might any one, single or married, adult or child, put into his individual pocket or spend for his own ends.

Is not this the story of the Golden Fish, which every Russian knows?

A poor fisherman lived with his wife in a hovel by the sea. One day he caught a fairy fish, who promised to gratify his desires in return for life. The fisherman went home and told his wife of their good fortune. She wished for a stone cottage, a cow and a horse, poultry, and a pig. The fisherman went back to the shore and called aloud upon the fish, whose golden head emerged at once from the waves. The wish was granted.

But the woman's appetite grew with eating. Soon she sent her husband to demand a fine house, with plate glass windows and powdered flunkies. Again the fish performed the miracle.

Again the wife became dissatisfied. She rose by rapid stages from rich bourgeoise to noble, from noble to czar, from czar to that distant figure whose medieval fame reached darkest Russia, the Pope of Rome, with power to bend the proudest monarchs of Christendom to his will. Here was the final miracle; the fat peasant woman a-seat in St. Peter's chair, with the papal tiara on her brow.

But over the Pope there is One Master. Drunk with ambition she craved divinity. For the last time the golden head of the fairy fish gleamed among the waves.

"Back to your hovel!" he cried, and vanished.

And the couple ended where they first began.

# WHEN THE READER WRITES

My dear Editor,

I am financially unable to subscribe for THE CENTURY at this time. I am farming, and, as some articles in your magazine indicate, that is rarely a lucrative profession. If a bachelor I suppose I should raise the fee in some way, but a wife and children have prior rights over my personal interests.

That I value THE CENTURY is the main reason I am writing. I would not have you think otherwise. If it has any peer among periodicals the "Geographic" alone can claim it, and the "Geographic" deals with a different field.

Just as soon as circumstances permit you will find me on your mailing list again. The loss of the intervening issues will hurt me more than the lack of subscription does you.

Sincerely yours,
KENNETH J. BROWN

Pathlow, Sask.

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My dear Editor,

A fascinating tale you published, that of Elisabeth Cobb Chapman's "Walls Have Tongues."

One of the most absorbing little stories I have chanced upon in many moons. The author through some fictional magic robs the reader of his identity and makes him an obscure person in the narrative. There is a nicety in her expression and her descriptive manner is elegant.

I had the feeling when I finished with her story that I had gotten into my possession some priceless old bit of Florentine handiwork. She creates the tempo of pleasant reality which crowds out any strained attempt for the old Gothic effect. She has given life to a character or two worthy of canvas and oil.

Let me tip my hat to the author, using you as my proxy and let me add that THE CENTURY is a reference with me in its choice of equally charming stories.

Yours very truly,
RICHARD M. CALDWELL

Sapulpa, Oklahoma.

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My dear Editor,

Mr. Long Lance's article in the December CENTURY deserves praise for the courage with which the author faces the bureaucratic criticism of army officials. In spite of the fact that Mr. Long Lance is no longer in service, he will no doubt be a target for the shafts of criticism from officialdom at West Point and at Washington as well.

The two conditions responsible for the decadence of standards at West Point should receive immediate and serious attention from the public at large. If the annual stipend of $1,072, together with the unquestioned honor and opportunity connected with the appointment, does not secure the highest type of manhood for our small army, the public has a right to ask whether money is not being misappropriated for the support of West Point. Why should a "ticket system" of admission to one of our finest institutions be maintained merely to supply political patronage for Congressmen to distribute? Furthermore, why should any young man who has not mastered the equivalent of a first-class high-school curriculum ever be permitted to enter West Point?

Graduates of West Point should be adequately supported. Meager pay for expert technical service has always been a failing method to attract the personnel desired for the particular service. Girls nineteen years of age graduating from two-year courses in our best teachers colleges often secure positions with salaries equivalent to those stated for the men graduating at West Point after four years of arduous study. West Point men should be required to give evidence of high ability at entrance, and paid adequately upon graduation.

JOHN W. CHARLES

Cedar Falls, Iowa.

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My dear Editor,

But we can't all do what Mr. Robinson says in his article, "Nigh On To Thirty" in the November CENTURY—there's the everlasting necessary dollar for the taxes, the street assessment, the insurance whether you live in Philadelphia or Woodstock.

However, his article satisfied a hunger which cannot be satisfied in reality. I must write for readers so some one else may have royalties and I may have a check at the end of the month.

Impulsively,
NELL GLEASON

Philadelphia, Pa.

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# THE SCIENCE OF CUSTOM

## *The Bearing of Anthropology on Contemporary Thought*

RUTH BENEDICT

ANTHROPOLOGY is the study of primitive peoples—a statement which helps us to understand its bearing on contemporary thought as little as if, in the time of Copernicus, we had defined astronomy as the study of the stars, or biology in the time of Darwin, as the science of bugs. It was not facts about stars that made astronomy suddenly of first-class importance, but that—quite casually, as it were—the Copernican scheme placed the earth, this planetary scene of human life, in a perspective of such infinitesimal insignificance. In much the same way the significance of anthropology to modern thought does not lie in any secrets that the primitive has saved for us from a simpler world, with which to solve the perplexities of this existence. Anthropology is not a search for the philosopher's stone in a vanished and golden age. What anthropologists find in the study of primitive people is a natural and well-nigh inexhaustible laboratory of custom, a great workshop in which to explore the major rôle it has played in the life-history of the world.

Now custom has not been commonly regarded as a subject of any great moment. It is not like the inner workings of our own brains, which we feel to be uniquely worthy of investigation. Custom, we have a way of thinking, is behavior at its most commonplace. As a matter of fact, it is the other way around. Traditional custom, taken the world over, is a mass of detailed behavior more astonishing than any one person can ever evolve in personal acts no matter how aberrant. Yet that is a rather trivial aspect of the matter. The fact of first-rate importance is the predominant rôle that custom plays in experience and in belief. No man ever looks at the world with pristine eyes. He sees it edited by a definite set of customs and institutions and ways of thinking. Even in his philosophical probings he cannot go behind these stereotypes; his very concepts of the true and the false will still have reference to the structure of his particular traditional customs. John Dewey has said in all seriousness that the part played by custom in shaping the behavior of the individual as over against any way

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in which he can affect traditional custom, is as the proportion of the total vocabulary of his mother tongue over against those words of his own baby talk that are taken up into the vernacular of his family. There is no social problem it is more incumbent upon us to understand than that of the rôle of custom in our total life. Until we are intelligent as to the laws and the varieties of customs, the main complicating facts of human life will remain to us an unintelligible book.

The first concern of the anthropologist is always for an understanding of this affair of custom: how each society comes to be possessed of whole systems of it, how it is stabilized, cross-fertilized, how it is inculcated into all the members of the group among whom it flourishes. In other words, the business of the anthropologist is with the great ideational systems of language, social organization and religion of which every people on earth finds itself possessed, and which are passed on to every child as it is born into the group, but of which no child born in any other territory could ever achieve the thousandth part.

This matter of culture, to give it its anthropological term—that complex whole which includes all the habits acquired by man as a member of society—has been late in claiming scientific attention. There are excellent reasons for this. Any scientific study requires first of all that there be no preferential weighting of one or another of the items in the series it selects for its consideration. Anthropology was therefore by definition impossible as long as those old distinctions between ourselves and the barbarian, ourselves and the pagan, held sway over people's minds. It was necessary first to arrive at that degree of sophistication where one no longer set his belief over against his neighbor's superstition, and it is worth considering that it is barely one hundred years ago that any one took his superstitious neighbors seriously enough to include them in any general purview of serious belief.

In the second place, custom did not challenge the attention of social theorists, because it was the very stuff of their own thinking. We do not see the lens through which we look. Precisely in proportion as it was fundamental, it was automatic, and had its existence outside the field of conscious attention. The custom of greeting a guest by an array of weeping women who sit in his lap and embrace him, may not need more or less psychological elucidation than the handshake, but it communicates the necessary shock, and the subject of the handshake will remain unexplored long after we have mustered our efforts toward the understanding of the tears-greeting. We have only to admit alien customs to the same rank in regulating human nature that our customs have for us, and we are perpetually galvanized into attention.

It is not fair to lay our blindness to custom wholly to the fact that it is closer to us than breathing. Primitive people are sometimes far more conscious of the rôle of cultural traits than we are, and for good reason. They have had intimate experience of different cultures, and we have not. White civilization has standardized itself over most of the globe. We have never seen an outsider unless he is already Europeanized. The uniformity of custom, of outlook, seems convincing enough, and conceals from us the fact that it is after all an historical accident. All our observation reinforces the testimony of our easy assent to the familiar, and we accept without any ado the equivalence of human nature and of our own cultural standards. But many primitives have a different experience. They have seen their religion go down before the white man's, their economic system, their marriage prohibitions. They have laid down the one and taken up the other, and are quite clear and sophisticated about variant arrangements of human life. If they talk about human nature, they do it in plurals, not in the absolute singular, and they will derive dominant characteristics of the white man from his commercial institutions, or from his conventions of warfare, very much after the fashion of the anthropologist. If civilized Europeans have been especially dense to the scientific implications of custom, it has been not only because their own customs were too familiar to be discernible, and because they resisted the implication that their culture belonged to a series that included the customs of lesser people, but also because the standardization of their own culture over the globe has given an illusion of a world-wide uniform human behavior.

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What is it that anthropologists have to say about this matter of custom? In the first place, it is man's distinguishing mark in the animal kingdom. Man is the culture-making animal. It is not that insects, for instance, do not have complex cultural traits like the domestication of plants and animals, political organization, division of labor. But the mechanism of transmission makes them contrast sharply with man's particular contribution of traditionally *learned* behavior. Insect society takes no chances; the pattern of the entire social structure is carried in the cell structure of each individual ant, so that one isolated individual can automatically reproduce the entire social order of its own colony just as it reproduces the shape of antennæ or of abdomen. For better or worse, man's solution has been at the opposite pole. Not one item of his tribal social organization, of language, of his local religion, is carried in his germ-cell. His whole centuries-evolved civilization is at the mercy of any accident of time and space. If he is taken at birth to another continent, it will be the entire set of cultural traits of the adopted society that he will learn, and the set that was his by heredity will play no part. More than this, whole peoples in one generation have shaken off their patterns, retaining hardly a residual vestige, and have put on the customs of an alien group.

What is lost in nature's guarantee of safety, is made up in the advantage of greater plasticity. The human animal does not, like the bear, have to wait to grow himself a polar coat before he can adapt himself to the arctic; he learns to sew himself a coat and put up a snow house. It is a direct corollary of this difference in the mechanism of human culture that, as Professor W. M. Wheeler tells us, ant societies have been stable for sixty-five million years, and human societies are never to-morrow what they are to-day.

Anthropology has no encouragement to offer to those who would trust our spiritual achievements to the automatic perpetuation of any selected hereditary germ-plasms. Culture, it insists, is not carried in that fashion for the human race. We cannot trust any program of racial purity. It is a significant fact that no anthropologist has ever taught, along with so many popular theorists, that high civilization is bound up with the biological homogeneity of its carriers. Race is a classification based on bodily form, and the particular cultural behavior of any group is strikingly independent of its racial affiliations. We must accept all the implications of our human inheritance, one of the most important of which is the small scope of biologically transmitted behavior, and the enormous rôle of the cultural process of the transmission of tradition.

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There is another analogy with the animal world which has to be laid aside in the study of culture: no less than the idea of evolution. The modern anthropologist at this point is only throwing in his lot with the psychologist and the historian, emphasizing the fact that the order of events in which they all deal in common is best studied without the complications of any attempted evolutionary arrangement. The psychologist is not able to demonstrate any evolutionary series in the sensory or emotional reactions of the individuals he studies, and the historian is not helped in the reconstruction of Plantagenet England by any concept of the evolution of government; just as superfluous for him also, the anthropologist insists, is any scheme of cultures arranged according to an ascending scale of evolution.

Since the science of anthropology took shape in the years when the "Origin of Species" was still new, it was inevitable that there should have been this attempt to arrange human societies from this point of view. It was simplicity itself. At the summit of the ascent was placed our own culture, to give meaning and plan to all that had preceded; to the lowest rungs was relegated by hypothesis all that was most different from this consummation; and the intermediate steps were arranged as these two fixed points suggested. It is important to insist that there was never any argument from actual chronology; even in cases where it could have been ascertained, it was not considered of such importance that it could compete with the *a priori* hypothesis. In this way the development of art, religion and marriage institutions was classically charted. It is a monument to the force of a theory that asked no proof other than its own conviction.

Now if there is no positive correlation between culture and an evolutionary scheme, is there any order and arrangement of any kind in the diversity of human customs? To answer this question it is necessary to go back to fundamentals, to man's equipment of basic responses to environment. These responses, as anthropologists see them, are mere rough sketches, a list of bare facts; but they are hints that may be illimitably fertile. They are focal centers which any peoples may ignore, or which they may make the starting points of their most elaborated concepts. Let us take, for instance, the example of adolescence. Adolescence is a necessary biological fact for man and for his animal forebears, but man has used it as a spring-board. It may be made the occasion for the major part of the ritual the group practises; it may be ignored as completely as Margaret Mead has recently shown that it is in Samoa. It may be seen, as among the African Masai, as one item of an elaborate crisis ceremonialism that institutionalizes not only adolescence but provides, for instance, a ceremony for putting the father on the shelf after his son has attained young manhood. It may be, on the other hand, a magic occasion that will, in after life, give back as from a mirror every technique that is practised at this time. So a girl will pick each needle carefully from a pine-tree that she may be industrious, or a boy will race a stone down the mountain that he may be swift of foot. The rites may be limited to the young girls, or, it may be, to the boys; the period may be marked with horror and with torture, it may be a consecration to the gods. It is obvious that the physical fact of adolescence is only the touch to the ball of custom, which then follows grooves of thought not implied in the original impetus.

What these grooves are we can sometimes account for out of the cultural history of a people; more often we can only record the facts. We know that traits that have once found themselves in company are likely to maintain that association quite apart from any intrinsic fitness in their nature. So bone head-scratchers and the pursuit of a supernatural vision may go hand in hand over a continent, and the absence of foot-gear may coincide with carved door-posts.

What we do know is that there is no one of the bare reactions of the human animal that may not be selected by some people for a position in the very forefront of its attention and be elaborated past belief. It may be that the economic facts of life, as for instance the buffalo herds of the Todas of India, may be singled out, and the whole life of the people may turn on the ritual of perpetuating and renewing the sacred *pep*, the soured milk saved by the Todas from day to day as the continuum of their culture, and used to hasten the next day's souring. The dairymen are the priests, anointed and sacrosanct, the holy of holies is the sacred cow bell. Most of the taboos of the people have to do with the infinite sacredness of the milk.

Or a culture may, instead, elaborate an item of the social organization. All people over the earth recognize some forbidden degrees within which marriage may not take place. These are alike only in the common idea of incest; the degrees themselves differ entirely. In a large part of the world you may marry only one variety of own cousin, say your mother's brother's daughter, and it is incest to marry the other variety, say your father's sister's daughter. But however unreasonable the distinctions may seem from our point of view, some concept of forbidden degrees all men have, and animals, it seems, have not. Now this idea has been taken up by the aborigines of Australia and made the basis of a social system that knows no restraint in the elaboration of its favorite pattern. Not satisfied with stipulating one cousin group within which, and no other, one must find a mate, certain of these tribes have heaped the incest taboos on lineages, on local groups, on all who participate with them in certain ceremonies, until even in the specified cousin group there is no one who is not touched by some one of the taboos. Quite in keeping with the violence of their obsession with this detail of social organization, they are accustomed to visit death upon any one who transgresses the fantastic rules. Do they pull themselves together before they have reached the point of tribal suicide and reject their overgrown anti-social rulings? No, they get by with a subterfuge. Young men and women may escape together to an island which is regarded as asylum. If they succeed in remaining in seclusion until the birth of a child, they may return with no more than a formalized drubbing. So the tribe is enabled to maintain its ethics without acknowledged revision, and still avoid extinction.

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But it need not be incest that has run away with itself in the culture of a group; it may be some trick of ritualism, or love of display, or passion of acquisitiveness. It may be fish-hooks. In a certain island of Oceania fish-hooks are currency, and to have large fish-hooks came gradually to be the outward sign of the possession of great wealth. Fish-hooks therefore are made very nearly as large as a man. They will no longer catch fish, of course. In proportion as they have lost their usefulness they are supremely coveted.

After a long experience of such cultural facts anthropologists have made up their minds on two points. In the first place, it is usually beside the point to argue from its important place in behavior, the social usefulness of a custom. Man can get by with a mammoth load of useless lumber, and he has a passion for extremes. Once his attention is engaged upon one trait of behavior, he will juggle his customs till they perforce accommodate themselves to the outward manifestations of his obsession. After all, man has a fairly wide margin of safety, and he will not be forced to the wall even with a pitiful handicap. Our own civilization carries its burden of warfare, of the dissatisfaction and frustration of wage-earners, of the overdevelopment of acquisitiveness. It will continue to bear them. The point is that it is more in line with the evidence to regard them as our equivalents of the fish-hooks or of the Australian marriage rules, and to give over the effort to prove their natural social utility.

For every people will always justify their own folkways. Warfare, as long as we have it, will be for our moralists the essential school in which justice and valor are to be learned; the desire for possessions similarly will be the one motive power to which it is safe to trust the progress of the world. In the same way, China relied upon reverence for one's ancestors. There are too many of these folkways. They cannot all be the *sine qua non* of existence, and we shall do better to concentrate our attention upon an objective appreciation of different schemes, and to give our enthusiasms to those special values we can always discern in the most diverse civilizations.

The second point on which anthropologists have made up their minds in this connection—and this holds true for all customs whether or not they have been carried to extremes—is that in any study of behavior it is these cultural patternings that turn out to be compulsive, not any original instincts with which we are born equipped. Even the basic emotions of fear and love and rage by the time they have been shaped over the different cultural lasts are well-nigh unrecognizable. Is there a jealousy of the mate innate in our sexual organization? Perhaps, but it will not dictate behavior except according to a cultural permit. Over a large part of the world, the woman is aggrieved if her husband does not take other wives—it may be to aid her in the duties of the household, or to relieve her of child-bearing, or to make plain her husband's social importance. And in other parts of the world, the male's virtues of generosity and of dignity are chiefly summed up in his practice of sharing his wife, and his calm acceptance of her desertion. Is there a maternal instinct? It will always be operative according to the conventions of the group. If there is great emphasis upon rank, women may voluntarily kill their children to raise their own status, as among the Natchez, or the Polynesian Tonga. If there is a pattern of seemingly meaningless adoption, most families will place their infants in other households, sometimes assigning them before birth. And how often have different apologists tried to give reasons for infanticide, when all the reasons they list are just as operative outside as within the region where this cultural compulsion rests upon the women.

Man evolves always elaborate traditional ways of doing things, great superstructures of the most varying design, and without very striking correlations with the underpinnings on which they must each and all eventually rest. It is only in a fundamental and non-spectacular sense that these superstructures are conditioned by their foundation in man's original endowment. And it is the superstructure in which man lives, not the foundation. The compulsion of folkways in a well-knit culture is just as strong as the compulsion of a style in architecture, Gothic, or Renaissance, or Egyptian. It fashions as it will the instincts of the people who live within it, remaking them in conformity with its own requirements. So it is that the cultural patterns are themselves creative; they take the raw material of experience and mold it into fifty different shapes among fifty different peoples. The traditional patterns of behavior set the mold and human nature flows into it.

It follows that man's established folkways are also his morals. Judgments of right and wrong and of the glory of God grow up within the field of group behavior and attach themselves to those traits that have become automatic in the group. Interference with automatic behavior is always unpleasant, and it is rationalized as evil. No people have any truly empirical ethics; they uphold what they find themselves practising. Even our own literature of ethics is far from being a detached survey of different possible solutions; it is a system of apologetics for the well-known scheme of our own culture. It is not that the anthropologist would subtract a jot or tittle from this preference for one's own customs; there are values in any way of living that can be plumbed only by those who have been born and bred in them, and in an ideal world every man would love best his own culture. What the anthropologist would have us add to our understanding is that all cultures have alike grown up blindly, the useful and cumbersome together, and not one of them is so good that it needs no revision, and not one is so bad that it cannot serve, just as ours can, the ideal ends of society and of the individual.

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And how is it with regard to religion? All peoples have been religious; it is only what constituted religion that has varied. There is no item of experience, from the orientation of a house, to sleight of hand or foretelling the future, that has not been somewhere, it seems, the distinguishing matter of religion. Surely it is not this heterogeneous content of religion that is its essence. The rôle of religion is its slow and halting exploration of the spiritual life. Often it has wedged itself into blind alleys and wasted generations of experiment. It made a mistake and included within its scope not only its proper field, but also all that area of existence that is better handled in secular fashion. Its special field of the spiritual life is still in the process of delimitation. In that field it shares with art and with abstract thought and with all enthusiastic dedications of the self, the spiritual rewards of life. What the future holds we do not know, but it is not too much to hope that it will include a reinstating and reshaping of the spiritual values of existence that will balance the present immense unfolding of the material values.

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What is the upshot of this analysis of custom for our contemporary thinking? Is it subversive? Certainly not, except in the sense in which Copernicus's demonstration of the stellar series to which this earth belonged, was subversive. The culture we are born into, according to anthropology, is also—as the earth is in the solar scheme—one of a series of similar phenomena all driven by the same compulsions. What we give up, in accepting this view, is a dogged attachment to absolutes; what we gain is a sense of the intriguing variety of possible forms of behavior, and of the social function that is served by these communal patternings. We become culture-conscious.

We perceive with new force the ties that bind us to those who share our culture. Ways of thinking, ways of acting, goals of effort, that we tend so easily to accept as the order of the universe, become rather the precious and special symbols we share together. Institutions that were massive Juggernauts demanding their toll become instead a world of the imagination to which all those of common culture have common access. For the social function of custom is that it makes our acts intelligible to our neighbors. It binds us together with a common symbolism, a common religion, a common set of values to pursue. In the past these groups have been geographical, and there has been little individual difference of choice among the members of a group. In the future there will be less geographical differentiation, more differentiation perhaps of voluntary groups. But though it will change the picture of civilization, it will not change the necessity in every sort of complicated human behavior of the cultural symbol, the framework within which alone our acts have meaning. The most individualistic rebel of us all would play a foolish rôle stripped of the conventions of his culture. Why should he make wholesale attack upon its institutions? They are the epic of his own people, written not in rime but in stone and currency and merchant marines and city colleges. They are the massive creation of the imaginations of generations, given a local habitation and a name.

We do not stand to lose by this tolerant and objective view of man's institutions and morals and ways of thought. On the one hand we shall value the bold imagination that is written in all great systems of behavior; on the other, we shall not fear for the future of the world because some item in that system is undergoing contemporary change. We know all culture changes. It is one of its claims upon our interest. We hope, a little, that whereas change has hitherto been blind, at the mercy of unconscious patternings, it will be possible gradually, in so far as we become genuinely culture-conscious, that it shall be guided by intelligence.

For what is the meaning of life except that by the discipline of thought and emotion, by living life to its fullest, we shall make of it always a more flexible instrument, accepting new relativities, divesting ourselves of traditional absolutes? To this end we need for our scientific equipment something of the anthropologist's way of looking at human behavior, something of respect for the epic of our own culture, something of fine tolerance for the values that have been elaborated in other cultures than our own.

# MAN FROM ONE ANGLE

## *Is He Any Good in Business*

### I. A. R. WYLIE

AN English journalist once remarked to me that women played the most essential part of his career. Because, though they were not exactly new, they were always news. In what is called in England the Silly Season—that depressing midsummer period when murderers cease to murder and the whole world seems to have sunk into a coma of reprehensible inactivity—the harassed hack-writer, seeking distractedly for copy, turns his mind to the one ageless and inexhaustible phenomena. And anon there will appear propounded in large head-lines such questions as, "Do Women Make Good Mothers?" "Do Women Love?" "Are Women Faithful?" It is to be noted that a question-mark is nearly always involved. Few writers have the temerity to make statements. The riddle of the universe appears insoluble.

Now this is curious. For women have been with us for some considerable time and it seems odd that they should still present such difficulties to the mind of man. Or is it perhaps that the mind of man has never been properly applied to the matter? Are men really interested at all in women as a sex? Do they honestly and sincerely want to know whether women make good wives? Since man's marrying capacity is so limited by Western civilization, has such a general question any significance for him? Is it not rather the fact that women themselves—who compose the major part of the reading public—have propounded these questions, taking this roundabout method of getting some one to listen to them? Or is it that men—who occupy the chief editorial and journalistic posts—have thus cunningly deflected attention from their own sex?

After a long process of investigation which involved much close mathematical reckoning—for I was anxious to apply the latest scientific methods to my subject—I incline strongly to the latter view. Of a hundred males, chosen at random, only one per cent responded definitely to the feminine stimuli. (This was a poor specimen and his interest in women as such struck me as a symptom of some obscure neurosis.) Fifteen per cent proved incapable of realizing the importance of my investigations and maintained obstinately that women were merely human; twenty per cent wanted to talk exclusively about themselves. Sixty-four per cent—the majority—were eager to discuss women, but on terms which I, having carefully analyzed their private and professional careers, could not but regard as symptomatic. As for instance, of those who argued freely on the subject of "Do Women Make Good Wives?" forty per cent had been divorced under most dubious circumstances, five per cent were wife-beaters and the remainder notorious tightwads. The question, "Are Women Good in Business?" provided even more illuminating data. For it emerged that thirty-five per cent of the men who spoke unfavorably, were bankrupt; six per cent had been in jail for various forms of commercial mal-practice; forty per cent were "rolling stones" and nineteen per cent were living on their wives' earnings.

With these figures in hand—and I am of course only giving the more obvious examples—I felt that the time had come to switch the search-lights of science in a new direction. Necessarily, with so large a field before me and owing to the fact that I am, as it were, a pioneer plowing virgin soil, I can, in the space of this article, only attack the subject of Man from one angle. And since Business is still mainly in masculine hands and is entirely masculine in conception, it seemed to me of vital importance to inquire whether men were really any good at it?

Obviously they think they are. But that is another matter. The truly scientific mind has no use for hereditary prejudices.

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Now in all investigations of this kind I have found it advisable to follow, to some extent, the well-worn path. I therefore made it my duty to visit the more important business houses in London and New York where women were in the habit of employing a large number of men and to obtain a symposium of their considered opinions. On one occasion I was able to gather at a round-table conference a woman lawyer, a woman bond seller, a woman advertiser, a woman editor, a woman art-dealer and the woman head of a large department store. Their remarks were extraordinarily illuminating, though I confess that I felt I had heard some of them before from other lips and on another subject—they had a familiar ring. Some of the anecdotes, too, showed signs of irreverence. But on the whole my informants appeared to be giving me a just and well-grounded appreciation of their employees and colleagues. I was not, however, satisfied to limit the range of my inquiries, and in order to investigate my subject *de haut en bas* I also made a survey of women employees in organizations controlled by men. Piecing my two fragments of information together, I was delighted to find they made a coherent pattern. Considering men both as employers and employees, the opinions were not unanimous, but they did unquestionably illuminate and complete each other.

The main trouble with men in business, it appeared, was that they were emotional, sentimental, vain, and irrationally ambitious. Their vanity in particular, was a serious drawback, for whether in a subordinate or a superior it had to be catered to if the subject was to function at all adequately. This experience appeared to be universal. The woman lawyer, for instance, told me of a case in which she was acting where both parties were anxious for compromise. A member of the opposing faction accordingly approached my legal friend with the information that in order to reach the desired end it would be necessary to soothe and "butter-up" the male lawyer involved, and, generally speaking, make him "feel good." "You've got to make him believe that he's the whole works," said my friend's adviser.

"I know," returned the woman lawyer promptly.

"How's that?" came the question. "Why you don't even know him."

"I know them all," was the sad answer.

Women in subordinate positions feel this peculiar characteristic keenly. They told me that the difficulty of making their employers believe that they were "the works" while at the same time doing the bulk of their employers' work themselves was the cause of the large percentage of breakdowns among women secretaries. It was enough, they considered, to have to run a highly complicated religion without having to run a temperamental god as well. Moreover, they complained that this vanity showed itself among the male subordinates in even less amiable lights. Men were so naturally convinced of their superior capacities that they dragged themselves up by the bootstraps—as one woman expressed it—into positions they were incapable of filling except with an effort that made them old men before their time and a total loss in every other capacity. This confirmed my own observations. For in my raids on Wall Street I had noticed that there were no young men. There were boys and elderly gentlemen with paunches, high-blood pressure and bald heads. In conversation with them at social functions they appeared, according to ordinary intelligent tests, mentally deficient.

On the other hand it was argued that vanity reinforced by sentimentality made men amazingly gullible. As long as a man was a classmate and a "good fellow"—which usually meant that he played up to the powers that be—they would tolerate not only inefficiency, but flat dishonesty. With the result that the best-run organizations were often built up with a dangerous amount of dead and rotten timber.

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It is now necessary to consider in greater detail the accusation that men, owing to their passion for success, do not carry their inherent sense of fair dealing into their public careers. Winning the game, it is contended, means too much to them. As in sport—which of late years has ceased to be a sport (that is to say, a means to happiness, health and good fellowship) and has become a source of bad temper, intrigue and dubious tactics of all sorts—so in business, the end crowns all. It becomes a fight for life—though what the victor gains is clear to nobody, since he has had to throw life overboard in the process of victory—and consequently every weapon, every hold and blow is justified. Of this there appears to be considerable evidence. The woman head of the department store assured me that there were several big firms in New York so honeycombed by intrigue as to make life almost intolerable, honest work impossible and to bring the business itself to the verge of insolvency. The women employees were frankly "beaten at the post" and figured only among those who "also ran." Not that they were superior to malice. But they appeared to feel that if they were going to commit moral murder it would have to be for something more important than a raise in salary. And here we come to a question of values to which I shall return later.

I must confess that in my own career the two serious instances of foul play that I have had to deal with were of masculine origin. The first instance was provided by a fellow author (male) who was jealous of what he regarded my undue success and whose endeavors to unhorse me were so "catty," and corresponded so perfectly with the popular conception of What Jealous Women Do, that I found myself involuntarily exclaiming, "How like a woman!" The other case involved the father of a friend of mine—a certain M. A., who in a financial crisis loaned a large sum of money to an acquaintance, M. B. This money M. B. was not able to refund, but he assured his benefactor, with tears, that should the day ever come when he could prove his gratitude he would indeed do so. Some time later he appeared before M. A. with the glad tidings that the day had come. He was, it appeared, in possession of secret information concerning a company about to be launched. If M. A. would only put his "shirt" on it, he would be a rich man. M. A. trusting in his friend's gratitude proceeded to put on shirt, coat and waistcoat—and for his confidence he lost all three of them. The company was bogus and had been launched by M. B. himself.

These incidents, of course, prove exactly nothing. Which is exactly what I mean them to prove. I am following a precedent merely to indicate its worthlessness. Examples such as I have given of male perfidy, were they quoted against women, would be regarded as typical. They are not, in effect, typical of either sex. Nevertheless my women informants did suggest that owing to excessive ambition, men were peculiarly likely to condone and practise business dishonesty. Under pressure of competition they lose their heads and their ethics. The few cases of graft and corruption that reach the courts, throw only a faint light on this subject. And men themselves are so accustomed to these manifestations that they have long since accepted them as inevitable. It is only when women, endeavoring to conform to standard, take a hand, that they are profoundly shocked.

Women are, perhaps, severe critics in this matter. For in the first place they bring into public life their private standards of conduct. This is a serious handicap, but they do not seem able to help themselves. If a woman is a cheat and a liar and a fool in private life, she will be a cheat and a liar and a fool in business. But if she is a decent, intelligent human being in her home, she seems constitutionally unable to behave as though she wasn't, in her business. Furthermore, she has a conception of business totally opposite to a man's. She regards it as a means to life. The moment it becomes life itself, she wants to escape from it. In other words it is very rarely that a woman finds business sufficiently important to throw her personal integrity or peace of mind to the dogs for it.

The woman bond seller at my conference gave me an interesting illustration of this point. She is, as it happens, a big success in her line, and had been offered a partnership in a new and very promising firm. The opportunity was unique; and she was refusing it on entirely feminine grounds. She realized, she said, that in the first place she knew more about business than her two male, would-be partners and that it would take all her time to prevent their finding it out. Also, in order to make the venture a success she would have to throw overboard her personal and human interest in her clients, and indeed her real life, which she considered was concerned with people, with books, with pictures, with music, with travel—and reckoning one thing against another she decided that it wasn't worth it. She had enough for what she wanted; and she had freedom to live. Fame and fortune could go hang. This refusal, she knew, would add one more piece of damning evidence against the sex. No man would have refused such an opportunity. Which proved, in her mind, that men didn't know their business.

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The woman advertiser declared that men were short-sighted and bad psychologists. They didn't know how to handle people, were unaware of the limits of their gullibility, and they didn't see further than last year's sales list. They couldn't see, for instance, that persistent overstatement and bluffing both as to themselves and their wares was a boomerang just about on its home curve. Advertising, my woman advertiser said, had been a success because it was in itself a legitimate means to a legitimate end. But pressure—the insane ambition of one firm to out-shout another—had driven it to such lengths that it had become a form of dishonesty, harmless only relatively because the public had come to realize that it was dishonest. The result however, in the public mind, was a growing cynicism that would sooner or later make advertising, honest or dishonest, a futile extravagance. The same was true of personal publicity, which successfully, if unintentionally, reduced every public character in the public eye to the level of a mountebank.

The woman advertiser admitted that she had had to play the game according to the rules. She was not strong enough to stand against the tide. But she maintained that the rules were rotten and the startling number of bankruptcies in American business proved that they were rotten. Also she was getting out. Bluff, she declared, may pay for a while. But in the end comes the show-down, the individual goes on the rocks and the business goes into bankruptcy.

The late-lamented war—and peace, for that matter—was, of course, one of the greatest show-downs in business history. But as it was a show-down in virtually every form of masculine activity it passed almost unnoticed. Its true inwardness of muddle, extravagance, waste and corruption will never be revealed. The war was run by business men. They were behind it financially. They supplied the goods. England, in the grip of the national obsession, clamored for business men in the Government. She got them. All that saved the Allies was that the Germans got theirs too.

There is the classic story of the barge-builder who sold the British Government a barge. The price agreed on was two hundred pounds. The builder received his check. At the end of the next month he received another check. Having been, up to then, an honest man, he wrote protesting that he had already been paid. The Business Government of a nation of shopkeepers retorted that there had been a mistake. It was not their custom to buy barges, they only rented them, and they would continue to pay two hundred pounds a month for the barge if they had to send its builder before a firing-squad to do it. So the builder, having given up the attempt to be honest, became a millionaire—and the British nation is paying twenty-five per cent income tax.

Of course the story isn't true. It isn't half true enough. And if Americans think it's a funny story, any Englishman can tell them the much funnier ones that exploded faith in American business methods for all time. England rocked with them.

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My woman department-store manager declared that her male colleagues were so bent on efficiency that they forgot what they were being efficient about. Their lives and their offices were so congested with efficiency gadgets that it took them all their time to keep them in order and to remember how to work them.

Which reminded me of a friend who was an efficiency expert. He came to tea with me one day, and after I had complained that I wasn't writing well, he asked me where I kept my pencils. I said I didn't use pencils, but he said that didn't matter. There would come an important moment in my life when I would need one. And where did I keep mine? After considerable trouble I unearthed several fragments which, as he pointed out, lacked the first essential feature of a pencil.

"What you need," he said, "is a pencil that is always ready—like mine."

And he took from his pocket one of those beautiful gold objects that unwind just the right amount of lead at the right moment, and began to unwind it. He unwound it for some time. Then he explained that such a thing had never happened before. It had always worked perfectly. He would send me one and it would make a great difference in my career.

He then went on to tell me that he was writing a book on efficiency. It was to be eighty thousand words long and it had to be written in a week. This feat of physical endurance was to be made possible by a system of pads which he had invented. The writer wore a pad wherever the strain was most severe, under the wrists, the armpits and in the small of the back—nothing was said about the brain. He said it was a grand system and would revolutionize writers.

That was six years ago. The book has not yet appeared. And he has never even sent me that pencil.

Now it is very hard on women to have to lose faith in men like this. All my women informants felt as I do about it. They felt defrauded. They wanted to believe; their bump of reverence ached to reverence. My own bump began life almost abnormally developed and it took years of bitter experience to reduce it to its present withered proportions. It was moreover so much easier and pleasanter to leave the world to men and imagine that as a consequence everything would be for the best. Not even the kindly males who when my car broke down would take it to pieces for me without showing any capacity for putting it together again, shook my belief that men did, in spite of appearances, know what they were up to.

It was only when I bought a house and tried to build on to it that I began to face the truth. Since I am a poor business woman myself I employed a first class London lawyer to put through the purchase, and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I discovered that he was innocently but resolutely handing over many hundreds of my hard-earned pounds to the wrong person. This little matter having been cleared up, with many airy flourishes on his part, I began to build. I had engaged a reputable architect and builder, and still having perfect faith, it was by the merest chance that I wandered up one day to see how things were getting on. To my surprise I found that the builder had built a kitchen without a door, so that in order to bring the soup to the dining-room it would be necessary to climb out of a window and make a detour through the rose-garden. Pointing this fact out I noticed that neither the architect nor the builder seemed particularly perturbed. A trifle like that appeared to be part of the day's work. Of course this was in England. But I had occasion once to make a structural alteration in my New York apartment and over that sad story I prefer to draw a veil.

Since then I take nothing for granted. I don't even believe my bank statements. When I give an order at a shop or a store I presuppose that it won't be attended to until I have given it twice and that the third time it will be done wrong. I don't go to a male lawyer or doctor, because I feel sure that if they don't know they won't admit it. The woman lawyer and doctor may not know either, but at least they will tell me so, and I shall know where I am.

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Inefficiency passes unnoticed because it is so general. We take our dirty cities, our slums, our poverty, our strikes and wars as though dirt, congestion and strife were inevitable and not merely the result of shortsightedness and bad management. It is as though a crowd of dull-witted children took hold of a fine game and played it with rules and standards of their own. Since they are all dull-witted together they don't know it or realize how much more gracefully the game could be played and with what superior results. Their own results are bad—generally and individually—but since they have no means of comparison they are unaware of the fact.

Take the average business man in America. He is quite sure that he is a good business man—the best in the world. He works hard—from nine thirty in the morning to six in the evening. If he is still in a small way of business he works even longer, and when he is in a big way he works all the time. A fortnight's uneasy holiday in the year is all that he allows himself. What he lives for no one knows—not even for the security of his old age; for according to the insurance companies only five per cent of his kind attain financial independence before they are sixty-five. I don't know what they look like when they are sixty-five or whether they ever attain that age. But I do know what they look like after they are twenty-five, and it is my mere woman's opinion that it isn't worth it. I remember once watching some boys belonging to an American military academy at drill. It was a lovely day and the fresh young faces and beautiful bodies were a delight to the eye. And then suddenly it occurred to me that something terrible must happen to all this glorious youth that it should vanish so completely.

"Where *do* these boys go?" I asked.

"Oh—mostly into business," was the cheerful and innocent answer.

To which I retorted sotto voce, "And very bad business too!"

Now this bad business is not an Act of God. It is not even an Act of the Devil. It is a demon that men have fashioned with their own hands. It is the necessity for honest work and reasonable reward perverted into an unnatural vice. And now there appears to be no escape. Having started as bad business men they seem doomed to go on being bad business men, to the end of the chapter. The situation they have created is such that even those who recognize the evil can't help themselves. The pressure has become so great that in order to make a bare living it is necessary to conform to the rotten traditions of the game. They have to swim with the tide or go under.

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The accusation therefore against men in business is that in the first place they are not efficient. They don't even do what they set out to do. In the second place, what they set out to do isn't worth doing. It has no relation to the realities. If there is any object in life at all, it is in human happiness and human progress. The accumulation of mere things whatever their nature, notoriously stands for neither. Slaving day in, day out, to create commodities that people don't really need, exciting artificial demands, forcing people, whatever their financial position, to live beyond their means—which is one of the inevitable rules of High Power Salesmanship—is bad business, morally, physically and financially. Some economists suspect as much. The more astute among them are beginning to ask what, for instance, is going to happen to a society over-burdened with luxuries that have not been paid for—when the slump comes. They are questioning whether this system of forcing business, besides being a disaster as far as mere human happiness is concerned, is not even more disastrous from the business angle. The writing is on the wall and is becoming faintly legible. Even in America the unemployed are beginning to line up. At present it is only a thin red line. It will widen and when there is enough of it America will have her red flag ready-made.

For society is supported by four main pillars—religion, law, politics and business. These four groups are man-made and organized. They are run by the same mentality. Business has set its seal on all of them. Religion is run on business lines and its most noted leaders make a boast of it. Law and business and politics are so closely interwoven that no one can tell t'other from which. And the result? It is this—that religion has lost its inspiration and its legitimate influence; the law is despised and distrusted; politics are beneath contempt, and business, for all that it swallows up three quarters of the population does not, in effect, enjoy public confidence. That in this game of business every man is out for himself first and the public good last, is taken for granted and, as long as the fat times last, good-humoredly. Indeed as long as the fat times last and everything is comfortable enough, the fact that society has no confidence in its four main pillars may not be important. But when the lean times come and it becomes essential that men should have well-grounded faith in the virtue of their institutions, then the rottenness of the structure will be a serious menace. Without exaggeration it may mean the end of our civilization.

This may be all to the good. It may be that it is high time something happened. But it is certainly tragicomic that those who profess to dislike violent change are the very ones who are making it inevitable. Business men profess to abhor disorder and discontent and riot. Yet by their methods they have fomented strikes. They have created Bolshevism. They are the secret organizers of revolution. That they are innocent in intention makes no difference. Ignorance of the law does not protect the offender from punishment. Slums and poverty, palatial and pompous offices and miserable homes, men essential to each other and to the general welfare living on the edge of nothing, or in the lap of an outrageous luxury—these circumstances may not be the result of malice. But they are the result of bad organization, inefficiency, shortsightedness, senseless ambition and a perverted sense of values. These failings are at the root of our human distress, both individually and socially. And of these failings, business men—since they created business—stand accused.

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My women informants did not pretend that as human beings they were either better or worse than their male colleagues. Human beings were, they felt, just human beings. But they did maintain that there were certain essentially masculine vices and virtues which in business had become abnormal and diseased. And they considered that the best service they could render society was to stay in business as women and if possible, and according to male standards, make a mess of it.

# VIEVE'S MAN

## *There Was But One Thing to Do*

### WILLIAM M. JOHN

HENRY was Vieve's man and Rose didn't have any right to him. He'd been Vieve's man from the day Ma died, and he come over to the house to see if he could do anything.

That was five years ago, and I was only eight, but I remember how we was all huddled in the kitchen together. The doctor had come out and told us Ma was dead, and that he'd have to leave, now, but he'd try to get back later. Vieve was holdin' the baby in one arm and had her other arm round Rose. I was hangin' on to Vieve's skirts with both my hands.

"There, there, Rose, stop takin' on so, and I'll get everything straightened out," Vieve said. She was always like that, even before Ma died. If Ma told Rose to go out and help hoe the corn, Vieve would say, "It's awful hot for Rose, Ma, let her stay in the house. I'll get it done." You'd of thought Vieve was Rose's ma, 'stead of just bein' her sister.

"Now, Julie, if—" Vieve started to say to me, when somebody knocked on the door, and she limped across to open it. Vieve limped most of the time, 'cause she never had any shoes of her own. There wasn't money enough for her and Rose both to have new shoes, and Vieve said Rose had such pretty feet, she ought to wear the new ones.

"Oh-o-o, it's Mr. Werkerd," Vieve said. "Won't you come in?"

Rose dried her eyes, and fluffed up her hair, and we both went over to the door and looked out 'round Vieve at Henry.

"No," he said, and rubbed the red hair on his wrist as if he was tryin' to cover up the part where the sleeve didn't reach. "I just come over to see if I could help you. The doctor told me about—about your ma."

"Yes, yes, about Ma. If you don't mind drivin' into Trinidad and makin' arrangements, it would be a big help," Vieve said in the big kind way she talks. "I ought to stay here with the children, and I've got to get the rest of the beans plowed to-day, or there won't be any crop, and we'll need every cent we can get."

"Leave the beans. I'll be home in time to do that for you," Henry said, and started to go. He stopped beside the cistern and looked back. "You've had a lot of hard luck of late, but if you'll just not get afraid of it, you'll come out all right yet," he called.

Well, we sure had had enough hard luck: Pa and Madge—Madge was the best work-mare we had and she was goin' to have a colt right away, too—was both struck by lightnin' and killed; Baldy, the horse we worked with Madge, got so scared when the lightnin' struck that he jumped into the wire fence and cut himself so bad Vieve had to shoot him with Pa's six-shooter; Ma took to her bed that night and Tuesday evenin' Jimmy was born; then Thursday mornin' Ma died. I don't mean to say that Jimmy was hard luck, for he ain't never been no trouble at all, but a baby ain't so easy to take care of with so much else goin' on.

Henry made arrangements, and Vieve told Rose she'd never seen as nice arrangements and as cheap. He brought his team over, and plowed the beans, too. Henry owned the claim next to ours, and lived on it alone, on account of never havin' any family that he could remember. He was tall, and not very wide any place, but, next to Vieve, he had the kindest eyes I've ever seen; the corners always looked like they was ready to gather up in a smile.

After that, Henry got to helpin' Vieve a lot with the farm work, and on Saturday nights he'd come set in the kitchen with her. Vieve would churn or iron or do somethin' she hadn't had time to get done durin' the day, and Henry would set there and watch her.

Rose laughed at Henry. She'd say to Vieve, "I suppose Handsome'll be over to keep you company, to-night. He's liable to talk himself to death some of these evenin's." It seemed to me Rose was either makin' fun of Henry, or complainin' about somethin', all the time. After Ma and Pa died she wanted Vieve to sell the claim and move into Trinidad. She said they could put me and Jimmy out to board, and they could both go to work; that it would be loads easier than starvin' to death on a dry farm. But Vieve would just shake her head and say, "I think Ma would want me to try to keep you all together."

That used to make Rose awful mad, and she'd shake her fist and say, "You think because you're twenty-two you know it all, but I'll show you. I'll get out and get me a job, or a man that'll buy me the things I want, one of these days. You bet, by God, I will." She looked pretty when she got mad that way. She was little, alongside of Vieve, and her hair and eyes was as black as coal, and she wasn't red and hot lookin', 'cause Vieve did all the outside work.

Vieve used to talk to Henry about Rose. One night when he was settin' in the kitchen with her, I heard her say to him, "If Rose would only be satisfied and do what's right, we'd get along fine, but she's so sort of wild. I can't understand it. She's gone to the dance with José, that Mexican boy, to-night, and says she'll run away and marry him, if I don't promise to sell the place and move into Trinidad."

Henry said, "I could be more help to you, maybe, if you could see your way clear to marry me, now."

I heard Vieve walk across the kitchen, but I couldn't see what she was doin', 'cause I was in the next room in bed with Jimmy. "Henry," she said, "I wish I could. I want to more than anything, but I can't—not—not yet—till I get the children a little further along."

"Well, I'll wait as long as you

want me to," Henry said, "but I'd like to be able to help."

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The mornin' Rose was eighteen, she come out in the kitchen and said, "Take a good look at me. It's the last chance you're goin' to get, for José's comin' by to take me into Trinidad this mornin'. Maybe I'll marry him if he can show me any good reason why I should."

"Oh, Rose!" Vieve said; then shut her mouth like she had pins in it. Rose went on back into her room and started packin' her clothes, and Vieve puttered 'round the kitchen. Every once in a while she'd stop and push back her hair with both hands, as if she was tryin' to remember somethin' she'd forgot.

Rose stood by the window and looked out, for a long time after she got her clothes packed; then she went outside and walked back and forth in front of the house. "I'll show that greaser, if he don't come pretty soon," she said to me when I went out with Jimmy.

"I wouldn't go, if I was you," I said. "Vieve don't want you to, and she's stirrin' up a cake, 'cause it's your birthday."

Rose laughed at that; the way you laugh when somebody tries to make you believe plug tobacco is licorish.

When Vieve had dinner ready, she come out and asked Rose to come in and eat, but Rose said she wasn't hungry. Vieve had the cake all iced and settin' in the middle of the table, but when Rose wouldn't come in, she took it off and said we'd better save it for supper, 'cause Rose might feel like eatin' then.

After I'd had my dinner, I took Jimmy and went out in front of the house again. It was fun to watch Rose walkin' back and forth like a coyote Pa'd caught in a trap once.

Pretty soon we seen a dust raisin' down the road, and Rose run into the house and was out again with her suitcase and coat, quicker than a rabbit jumpin' into a hole.

"I'm goin'," I heard her yell to Vieve, and without lookin' at me or Jimmy, she run down to the fence by the road. Vieve come to the front door and stood there holdin' it open. Her chin was in her hand and she was bitin' her fingers. The dust kept gettin' closer and closer, and in a minute I seen it was Mrs. Smith and her kids goin' into Timpar.

"Goody, goody," I yelled at Rose. "It ain't José. Goody, goody." Vieve shook her head at me and closed the door.

Rose stood there like she was one of the posts in the fence and didn't even wave to Mrs. Smith and the kids. She stood there for a long time, then took her suitcase back into the house, and I heard her in her room cryin'. She had took Ma and Pa's room, after they died, and me and Jimmy and Vieve slept in the other room.

We didn't have the cake that night for supper either, on account of Rose bein' so mad at José she wouldn't eat. The next mornin' when Henry come over to plow, Rose put on her big hat and went out to where he was workin'. She stayed out there with him all mornin' and at noon she come to the house and got him a fresh jug of water and a piece of the cake.

When Henry quit work that evenin', he come in by the house. We was all in the kitchen, and he started askin' Vieve about how much land she wanted plowed, when Rose stopped him by sayin', "You'd better come in and stay for supper, Henry."

"No," Henry said, lookin' at Vieve, "I'll take the team on over and do up my chores."

"Henry's goin' to drive me in to Timpar this evenin'," Rose said. "Ain't you Henry?"

"You're all goin' along, ain't you?" he said, still lookin' at Vieve like he was kind of ashamed the way Rose was talkin'.

Rose laughed. "In that flivver of yours?" she said. "Why, we'd break the poor old thing down."

Vieve looked at Rose and then at Henry. "I think Julie and Jimmy and me had better stay at home," she said. "We'll go some other time."

"Oh, all right," Henry said.

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After supper Rose went into her room to get ready to go with Henry, and I took Jimmy and went with her, 'cause Vieve said she'd rather do the dishes alone, if I'd mind Jimmy.

Rose put on her best dress, and I said, "Gee, you must think Henry's goin' to take you to a dance."

"Men like to see a girl dressed," she said. "You can't catch a man in calico."

"But you can't catch Henry," I said, "he's Vieve's man."

"Oh, I can't, can't I," she said, dabbin' the powder at her face. "Well, you'll see and she'll see. She'll be glad enough to sell out and move away when she hasn't got any man to sit 'round with."

"I'll tell Vieve," I said.

"Go on and tell her now," Rose said, pushin' me and Jimmy out of the room. But when I got into the kitchen Vieve was singin', and I couldn't think of any way to start tellin' her.

Timpar ain't but four miles from our claim and there's nothin' there but a depot and a store and some adobe houses where the Mexicans who work on the section live. I didn't think Rose and Henry would be gone long, so I asked Vieve if I couldn't stay up till they got back. Vieve looked so tired, like if Rose's shoes was hurtin' her worse than usual. I thought maybe I'd be company for her. But when they didn't get back by ten o'clock, Vieve said I'd better go to bed and she'd wait up.

The next day Rose didn't go out to where Henry was plowin', once, but stayed in her room and rested almost all the time. She said she wanted to be fresh for the evenin', 'cause she was steppin' out again. Vieve's face turned a little redder and she wiped it on her apron, but she didn't say anything. I was mad, 'cause Rose didn't have any right to take Henry away from Vieve.

When it was about time for Henry to come, I took Jimmy and went out in front of the house. I wanted to tell Henry how mean Rose was and that he oughtn't to quit Vieve for her. The sun was just settin'; makin' everything look like a red dress after it's been washed and the color run. A brand-new flivver stopped outside the fence. The driver called and asked me if this was the place where Miss Rose Egerton lived. I said it was, and he got out and come in.

It was Slickey, but I didn't know it then, 'cause I'd never seen him before. Phil Caskey was the man's right name, but I called him Slickey on account of the way he looked; his face was white and smooth, and his black hair was combed straight back and always looked like he'd just wet it down. He was the new station-agent up at Timpar, and Rose had met him the night before when she went in with Henry.

Well, I was glad it wasn't Henry, and I kept gettin' gladder every day that Slickey had got the job at Timpar for if he didn't come down and get Rose every night, she'd borrow Henry's flivver and go up to see him.

José come by once and asked her to go to a dance. "I don't run 'round with greasers!" she said, and slammed the door right in his face. I asked Rose how about the day she waited for him to take her into Trinidad, and she slapped my mouth and told me to mind my own business.

She and Slickey went back and forth that way, all winter, and Rose never said anything more about takin' Henry away from Vieve, or sellin' out and movin'.

One evenin', when Slickey honked out front, Vieve said to Rose, "I wish you'd have Phil come in and visit with you here."

"Sit in a bedroom and visit! I'm afraid Phil wouldn't know how to behave," Rose said, and popped her tongue against the top of her mouth.

Vieve shook her head and said, "You could sit here in the kitchen and be warm and comfortable. I'd ask Henry not to come over any more, so you could have it all to yourselves."

Rose laughed. "Don't bother yourself, old dear, Phil ain't the kind to let a girl get cold," she said, and ran out to get in the car with him.

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Things went along fine till about the time Vieve started to put in the spring wheat, then Slickey stopped comin' down to see Rose. I didn't notice it at first, 'cause Rose kept borrowin' Henry's flivver and drivin' into Timpar every evenin'. But pretty soon she quit doin' that, and just set in her room and moped most of the time.

Then, one mornin', I come in to get a spoon for Jimmy to dig with and found Vieve pressin' Rose's best dress. She put the iron back on the stove and took my face between both her big hands. "We're goin' to have a weddin' here to-morrow," she said.

"Oh, goody!" I said. "You and Henry are goin' to be married."

"No," she said, and turned her face away, "Rose and Henry."

"Rose and Henry!" I said. "Why, Vieve, Henry's your man."

She leaned over and kissed me on the forehead. "But I want Rose to have him, honey, and you must be a good girl and help Vieve make a cake and fix up the house. We want everything nice. Rose and Henry are goin' to drive into Trinidad this afternoon to get the license."

"All right," I said, "as soon as me and Jimmy finish buildin' our pond, I'll come in."

I went on out back of the chicken house where Jimmy was and started talkin' to him about it and askin' him what he thought we'd better do. I told him Vieve had always give everything she had to Rose, and done everything Rose didn't want to do, but when it come to givin' away a man, that was different. A child four ain't much help when you are in trouble; he just kept sayin', "Dig, dig, dig." So I gave him the spoon to play with and sneaked back to the house and 'round to Rose's window.

The window was open and Rose was settin' on the bed, puttin' on a new pair of stockings.

"Rose," I whispered, "are you goin' to marry Henry?"

She jumped and dropped a stockin' she was puttin' on. "You little fool," she snapped, "what business is it of yours. I'm not marryin' him from choice and I don't care who knows it."

"What you marryin' him for then?" I said. "Just to get him away from Vieve?"

"If you'd learn to keep your nose out of things, you'd get further," Rose said.

"Would you rather marry Slickey?" I said.

"Damn Phil Caskey!" she said, jumpin' up and grabbin' the chair-rung out from under the window, and lettin' the window down with a bang. Then I seen her lay down on the bed and hide her head in her arms.

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Well, I couldn't think of but one thing to do, so I done it. I walked into Timpar to see Slickey.

His car was settin' out beside the depot, and he was puttin' things into it, when I got there.

"Hello, kid," he said. "What you doin' clear up here alone?"

"I come to see you," I said.

"Me!" he said.

"Yes," I said, "to ask you if you wouldn't marry Rose."

"She sent you up here, did she?" he said, throwin' back his head and smoothin' his hair. "And she told you I'd promised to marry her. Well, what if I did? A man's got a right to change his mind, ain't he? Any girl ought to know that much, and I've told her a hundred times I ain't goin' to marry her, now."

I seen it all then. Slickey had promised to marry Rose, and then when he quit her, it made her mad and she'd got Vieve to give her Henry, so's she could get married quick and spite Slickey.

He finished puttin' the things in the car and brushed off his pants with his hands. "Run along home, kid, and tell your sister to pick up another man," he said. "Tell her adios, for me. My relief's comin' in on number nine, and I'm leavin' for parts unknown."

I didn't know what to do, so I followed him into the room where he slept, at the end of the depot, and stood there watchin' him empty drawers and pile stuff on the table.

"Will you get to hell out of here, kid?" he said. "I can't be bothered."

That made me mad and I said, "Not till you say you'll marry Rose."

I seen a revolver stickin' out from under some shirts on the table, and I went over and picked it up. Slickey's back was turned and he didn't see me do it.

"You'll starve to death waitin'," he said, "for I'll never do that."

"Yes you will," I said, and pointed the gun at the middle of his back, "or I'll kill you deader than the lightnin' killed Pa or Vieve shot Baldy—and that was dead."

Slickey wheeled 'round, and when

he saw the gun pointed at him, he backed up against the wall and turned the color of milk that's been spilled on the ground.

"Put that thing down!" he said, and rubbed his throat like it hurt him. "It might go off!"

"It is goin' off," I said, "unless you promise to marry Rose."

"Oh, all right, I'll marry her. Now, give me that gun," he said, and come toward me.

"Wait a minute," I said, "not till you've told Rose and Vieve and Henry. We're goin' down now to do that."

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I set in the back seat of the flivver and Slickey drove. I was scared of the gun and I was scared of him, but I told him I'd kill him if he didn't marry Rose, and if he ever told any of 'em what I'd done. When we got almost home, I took a safety-pin out of one of my stockin's and pinned a kind of a pocket in my skirt where I could hold the gun out of sight.

Henry's flivver was in front of our house, and Henry was in the kitchen with Vieve when we went in.

Slickey looked at 'em both like he thought they was goin' to jump on him, and started stutterin'. "I've been—been moved to a—a station—down in New Mexico—and I wondered if—if Rose wouldn't marry me and—and go along."

Vieve and Henry didn't say a word, and I said, "Why don't somebody ask Rose?"

"I—I will! I will!" Vieve said and run into the other room.

Rose come back into the kitchen with Vieve, and the way she hugged and kissed Slickey, you'd of thought she'd never been mad at him at all.

Slickey said, "We'd better drive in and get married this afternoon, Rose. I've got to be on duty day after to-morrow."

Henry took hold of Vieve's hand and said, "Can't we go with 'em. The children are—are far enough along now, ain't they?"

Rose looked at Vieve and said, "Come on, you might as well. We'll wait for you." And she and Slickey went outside.

Vieve put her arms round Henry's neck and laid her head up against his shoulder and cried till I had to cough to keep from cryin', too. Then Vieve reached over and pulled me in between 'em, and they both hugged me till I forgot all about the gun and it made an awful clatter when it hit the floor.

# THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

*Have We Not Trifled with a Serious Matter Long Enough*

HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

AGAIN a naval construction bill has been before the United States Senate. Again public discussion has waxed warm on the desirability of building or not building cruisers. Again retired admirals have pointed to the "inevitability" of a war with England. Again pacifist organizations have scouted this contention and proclaimed that with the Covenant and the Kellogg Pact in operation warships are an anachronism. Again the public—and possibly some of the Senators—have been confused by the irreconcilable claims of the extremists. Yet through all the discussion there runs a thread of evidence that the real cause of Anglo-American naval rivalry is beginning to be understood, and the problem which underlies it is beginning to be appreciated.

This problem is summed up in the phrase "the freedom of the seas." But the aptness and the poetry of this phrase tend to conceal rather than reveal the nature of the problem. Most Americans know the outstanding facts and dates of the country's history. We know we had a war with England in 1812 that had something to do with our rights at sea. We know there was some dispute with England during the Civil War. We know vaguely that there was complaint against British high-handedness during the early years of the World War while we were still neutral. But few Americans have had occasion to read the history of their country sufficiently closely to realize how intimately this problem of the freedom of the seas has been interwoven with our national character and development. While our contentions have been generally the opposite of those of Great Britain because of the economic conditions which surrounded the two countries, the interest of all neutral countries—and even of Britain herself—in the ultimate acceptance of the American doctrine of the freedom of the seas, gives that doctrine a value which should prevent its being lightly discarded in the wave of righteous enthusiasm over the signing of the Kellogg Pact or in the general devotion to the ideals of peace.

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It would be hard to agree upon the exact date or the particular event which marks the beginning of the transformation of England into the British Empire. The development from the days of King Egbert of Wessex till the Imperial Conference of two years ago has been too regular to enable us to say with any degree of finality: "Here the British Empire begins." One factor in the life of England, however, has contributed as much as any other to the building of the Empire. That is her prowess on the sea. One great political power after another has risen to dispute the English mastery of the sea lanes. Although some of these have obtained temporary victories, in the final struggle England has sent one after another down to defeat. The path of British Empire is strewn with the wrecks of Spanish, Dutch, French and German naval power.

In this history was born the British naval tradition. The psychology of the British people has been colored for generations by the conviction that not only their progress, but their very safety and existence as an independent nation, depend upon their ability to maintain their naval supremacy. In the days when war and conquest were the fashion, British sea power was maintained frankly for war and conquest. In these latter days, since war has lost its respectability, the old naval psychology has been rationalized into an equally potent conviction that as Britain is an island dependent upon her shipping for two thirds of her food supply, she must still maintain her old supremacy to ensure her against starvation in a war which some one else may force upon her.

The center and soul of this tradition is the British Admiralty. Here are gathered in each generation the men who believe most deeply and single-mindedly in Britain's naval supremacy, and the men best qualified by their force and skill to keep that supremacy a living reality. The Sea Lords are born fighters. They spend their lives in a world of naval strategy. To them all politics become merely a matter of tons and guns.

The British Admiralty is made up of the heirs of the men who vanquished Britain's rivals on the sea. They are the successors of Drake and Howard, Nelson and Grenville. The Sea Lords, armed with the unanswerable argument of England's vulnerability in the matter of food supply, have attained an enormous prestige and a corresponding influence in English life. Their critics may demonstrate their fallacies, but they seldom manage to overcome their influence.

Nevertheless the Admiralty has had to make some concessions to the irresistible logic of events. For some time after the Napoleonic Wars, Great Britain was not only stronger than any probable combination of rivals, but was in a position to maintain her supremacy against all other nations combined. When this became expensive, the Admiralty adopted a three-power standard, that is a navy large enough to defeat an alliance of any three nations against Britain. Before long this gave way to the two-power standard. After the Boer war, even this seemed too expensive and the Admiralty called upon the Foreign Office for relief. There followed the alliance with Japan and the Entente with France. The Admiralty's problem was thus reduced to the necessity of maintaining superiority over the nearest competitor, Germany.

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The war eliminated Germany as a naval power but brought the United States into the foreground as a challenger of British supremacy on the seas. Obviously Great Britain, after the financial strain of the war, could not hope to win against the United States in an armament race. The American naval construction program of 1916, if carried out, would have put Great Britain definitely in second place on the sea. The Admiralty, therefore, promptly acceded to Hughes's proposal for equality, retaining a measure of supremacy in their own minds because of the more thorough training made possible by their twelve-year enlistment as compared with the four-year period in the American navy.

The Washington Conference, however, succeeded only in limiting capital ships, that is battleships, aircraft carriers and cruisers exceeding ten thousand tons displacement. Largely because of the opposition of France, no limitation was placed upon the smaller vessels. This omission gave the Admiralty a new opportunity, and such funds as Parliament could be induced to devote to naval construction were turned into cruisers. Since the Washington Conference, Great Britain has built, or is now building, nineteen cruisers. Of these thirteen are of 10,000 tons displacement and carry eight-inch guns—such ships as Mr. Bridgman, First Lord of the Admiralty, argued vehemently at Geneva were "offensive" and not "defensive" in character.

Of this class of cruisers the United States has completed not one since the Washington Conference. It has two building and has authorized six more. Thus with equality in capital ships as provided by the Washington agreements, it is quite clear, despite the controversy over the number and relative power of the smaller ships, that the British navy is considerably heavier than the American.

It is this situation which has aroused not only our "Big Navy" men but many others to demand that the United States build sufficient ships to restore equality between the American and British fleets. The Navy Department submitted a program in 1927 which would have placed the American fleet on a par with that of Great Britain. This program was reduced by the House of Representatives to a provision for fifteen 10,000-ton cruisers and an aircraft carrier. It was this bill which was recently passed by the Senate.

The supporters of the cruiser program have not always been happy in their choice of arguments in favor of new construction. The contention that we are obligated under the Washington agreements to maintain a navy equal to Great Britain's is hardly based upon facts. The wording of the Washington treaty is entirely restrictive: it nowhere requires the building of any ships at all. Equally unfortunate, in this day of constructive peace-making, is the appeal to national pride and prestige. The argument that we should have a navy as large as Britain's merely because we are entitled to it and can afford it, is quite as inconsequential as the pacifist argument that because we have signed the Kellogg Pact we no longer need any navy. The difficulty is not to be disposed of by such surface reasoning on either side. The real problem has its roots deep in the history of our country.

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In the early decades of its history, the United States was a small power whose people were bent upon developing the economic resources of its territory. One of the chief instruments of this development was its overseas trade. This trade was subject to constant interference, and was more than once cut to pieces by the belligerents in European wars. It was quite natural, then, that we should early insist upon the rights of neutrals as limiting the rights of belligerents. Our growing power soon designated us as one of the principal champions of what we called "the freedom of the seas." By this we meant the right of our ships and our merchants to carry on trade, contraband excepted, with any belligerent without interference from its enemies. At that time the conception of contraband was confined to supplies destined for use by the military forces of a belligerent. Except for one brief period the United States through all its national life has consistently held to its doctrine of the freedom of the seas. The exception was during the Civil War. The government at Washington contended that that struggle was merely the suppression of an internal rebellion. Great Britain, however, promptly recognized the belligerency of the Confederacy in order that British traders might avail themselves of our interpretation of maritime law. It was comparatively easy to run the blockade and reach Southern ports from the British possessions in the West Indies. Quantities of supplies were shipped from Britain to these British ports. The North therefore insisted that it had the right to stop cargoes consigned to West Indian ports which were obviously destined for the Confederacy. This extension of the "doctrine of continuous voyage" was quite out of harmony with our own arguments as to the rights of neutrals, and after the Civil War we returned to our old contentions.

We had need of those contentions during the early years of the World War. Great Britain, faced with the choice of offending neutral countries or limiting the action of the British navy, chose the offending alternative. Not only was the doctrine of continuous voyage seized upon and stretched far beyond our Civil War interpretation, but by successive Orders in Council the list of contraband was so extended as to include every variety of article that could be of the slightest use to the Central Powers. By these two methods American trade was decimated and American rights flouted as they had not been since Napoleonic times. The files of the State Department dealing with British violations of American rights during these years are much more voluminous than those dealing with similar German offenses. The old conflict would certainly have broken out again had it not been that Germany chose to ignore American life as well as American property rights and brought us into the war on the side of England. These circumstances compelled us to adopt the British practice during the War, but we did not adopt the British point of view.

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It is in the seemingly irreconcilable conflict of two points of view that Anglo-American naval rivalry is rooted. The British tradition, sacrosanct in the Admiralty's mind, demands that the British fleet shall be sufficiently powerful to protect British merchant ships in all parts of the world against any possible attack. This is a thoroughly understandable and fairly plausible desire. The difficulty is that a British navy strong enough to give such protection is by that very fact strong enough to drive any hostile navy off the seas. When the British navy has thus established control, history offers a virtually unbroken record of the use of that control not only to protect British commerce, not only to destroy enemy commerce, both of which functions are quite legitimate under the laws of war, but also to cut off neutral commerce with the enemy. When the British navy undertakes to cut off neutral trade with the enemy, its action is of course directed against that enemy: it has no desire to offend the neutral. On the contrary it would be glad to have the neutral pleased over the proceeding. But no neutral has ever been so amiable. For the cutting of neutral trade with an enemy of Britain works the same injury to the neutral as it does to the enemy. In the past, Britain—with an enormous preponderance of sea-power—has always decided to pursue her tactics of strangling her enemies even at the cost of offending the neutral nations and even at the risk of provoking an armed neutrality against her. Thus far such a course has always been successful. The control of the seas through sheer preponderance of naval power has enabled Britain in every war in which she has been engaged in modern times to lay down the law for the sea-borne commerce of all nations.

The burden of this British policy, as far as neutrals are concerned, has always fallen most heavily upon the United States, although the smaller neutrals, such as the Netherlands and the Scandinavian countries, have suffered in even greater proportion. During the decades when America's attention and energies were concentrated on the development of the West and the opening up of an enormous home market, her foreign commerce was a minor concern. She made her protests when Britain interfered with her overseas trade, but the matter never assumed sufficient importance to become a major issue and, except for the War of 1812, we have accepted such adjustments as Britain was willing to make.

Since the World War, however, the situation is quite different. The rapid increase of American productive capacity induced by the war has enabled us to supply with comparative ease the demands of our home market and to produce a large surplus for which we are seeking outlets abroad. This quest has been so successful that our foreign trade to-day runs very close to that of Great Britain. The figures for 1928, in so far as they have been checked, show the American total as $9,169,000,000 and the British total as $9,931,000,000. While foreign trade still plays a vastly greater proportionate part in British economy than it does in ours, the present situation gives it an importance for us which is quite new in our national life.

It is very well to say, in these piping times of peace treaties, that there is no danger to this commerce or that if there is danger it is not sufficiently great to warrant the risk of provoking a new competition in naval armament. The fact remains that if Great Britain becomes involved in another war and—according to precedent—the British navy is given a free hand to cut off trade with its enemy, this commerce will be treated just as American commerce has been treated in the past. So important has it become and so widespread are its ramifications in our own economic structure that an attack upon it would arouse a resentment in this country far more serious than anything we have previously experienced. This resentment would rapidly dispose of the complacent contention now widely accepted that war between this country and England is "unthinkable." The results of such a war may be unthinkable for both sides, but war itself is much more a matter of emotion than of thought. The time to do the thinking that will prevent a conflict is before the war emotions are aroused.

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It is difficult to see how the most fervid devotion to pacifist theory can affect in the slightest degree the fundamentals of this situation. The most generous gesture of disarmament would leave it untouched. Men fight as readily—perhaps more readily—when they have no weapons at all as when they are armed to the teeth. It implies no disparagement of the Kellogg Pact and the Covenant of the League to point out that neither of them carries any assurance of the prevention of war. The League Covenant virtually requires its members to go to war under certain circumstances. The Kellogg Pact is a mere naked promise which, as it recognizes the right of defensive war and constitutes each nation the sole judge of its own necessity to wage such a war, can hardly be considered as the final step in the abolishing of military conflict. Both of these documents give expression to the desire of the civilized nations to eliminate war. Taken together they constitute what is probably the greatest restriction on war yet devised. But there is danger in looking upon them not as what they are, but as what an ardent idealism would desire to have them. '

The League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact, however, while they have by no means eliminated the possibility of war, have introduced into the world political situation new elements which, if we can free ourselves from the dogmas of pacifist ideology, may be used as a means to further progress toward a real régime of peace. Each of these documents has a definite relation to the problem of the freedom of the seas.

The League Covenant contemplates an automatic union of the nations against an aggressor. This is still an untested hope, but it is a hope toward which the European peoples yearn with an eagerness born of unmeasured suffering. The realization of that hope would, of course, mean war, but it would be a war in which the humanitarian purpose was uppermost. It would in truth be a "war to end war."

One of the most important instruments for carrying out the League purpose in such a war would be the British navy. One of the chief deterrents to the success of such a united operation would be the insistence of the United States upon its rights as a neutral to trade with the aggressor nation. It is this possible limitation upon the effectiveness of the British fleet in a League war, which has helped to win European sympathy for Britain rather than America in the discussions over the relative size of their navies.

It will be noted, however, that this whole line of thought is based upon the assumption that Great Britain will never be the aggressor nation. There is no reason at present for designating Great Britain as a probable aggressor against other nations. She probably has as great an interest in peace as any country in the world. But there is nothing in history to indicate that if the conditions should be reversed Great Britain would not resort to war. In such a contingency, the effectiveness of the League would be highly problematical. In any such event there would remain little argument against the United States having a navy "adequate for all purposes," nor would there be any question that the nations of continental Europe would look with equanimity, not to say elation, upon an American navy able to hold its own with that of Britain. For then we should be supporting, not countering, the League effort.

The devotees of the Kellogg Pact maintain, of course, that having accepted the obligations of the Pact, Britain will never again resort to war. It is certainly arguable that this is the meaning of the Pact, but it is equally arguable in view of the extended explanation which the British Government has made of its understanding of the Pact, that there is a very considerable area in which Britain can make war to further her national policy under the ægis of self-defense. The relative value of these arguments is immaterial, because the effective decision on that point will rest with the British Government itself. The significance of the Kellogg Pact in the present discussion is not that it will prevent Great Britain from making war, but in that Britain must henceforth adjust her naval demands to the needs of her participation in a possible war on behalf of the League. This restriction of the British admissible needs must strengthen the demands both in Britain and outside for a settlement of the naval question. It does not, however, prevent a future British Government from resorting to war.

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Our naval problem, then, assumes an entirely different aspect according to whether the British navy is considered as an instrument of the League in a general war against an aggressor—what has come to be spoken of in Europe as a "public war"—or as an instrument of British policy in a war in which Britain itself might be the aggressor, that is, a "private war." To be prepared for the second contingency the United States should obviously have a navy of sufficient strength to cope with the British navy. In the first contingency our needs are not so clear.

A bona-fide effort by the League to suppress an aggressor nation is clearly an act in the interest of world peace. Our insistence upon the freedom of the seas during such a war, insistence upon our right as neutrals to trade with the belligerents on both sides, aggressor as well as the League, would hamper and might possibly defeat the League undertaking. On the other hand, if Great Britain should embark upon a "private war" we should inevitably be more insistent than at any time in the past upon the freedom of the seas, upon our right to trade with Britain's enemies. Constructive pacifists and supporters of the League should range themselves without question on the American side of such a controversy. It may be noted here, however, that the American side of the controversy would receive a very brief hearing at the British Admiralty unless it had in the background an American navy of sufficient size to hold the attention of the Sea Lords.

It does not follow that we are irretrievably condemned to participate in a naval armament race in competition with Great Britain. There is another way out which involves neither war with England nor a surrender of our national principle of the freedom of the seas. This solution was indicated by President Wilson in the second of his Fourteen Points. It may be well to recall it here: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside of territorial waters, alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants."

This proposal was made before the expressions "public war" and "private war" became current, but the idea behind those expressions is quite in harmony with the Wilson statement. Both clearly point to an equitable reconciliation of the British tradition of the control of the seas and the American tradition of the freedom of the seas. The compromise suggests itself. Let Britain pledge herself not to interfere with neutral commerce in a "private war" and the United States could surrender its right as a neutral to trade with an aggressor nation during a "public war" under the League Covenant.

Such a compromise is hardly to be obtained merely for the asking. Despite the tremendous power and prestige of the United States at the time of the Armistice, the British Government managed to sidetrack any discussion of President Wilson's second point at the Peace Conference. It put forward the rather weak argument that the point was not involved between the Allies and the Central Powers. But the real meaning of their argument was that the divergence of opinion in this matter would be, not between the Allies and the Central Powers, but between England and America. The British navy was at that time supreme on the seas and the British Admiralty had no intention of allowing a British Government to weaken its position by unnecessary diplomatic concessions.

The concession of equality at the Washington Conference was made under pressure, and was promptly retrieved by accelerating cruiser construction. This was quite in accord with the Admiralty tradition, and there is no ground for legitimate criticism of the Admiralty's course. In the same way, there can be no legitimate criticism, as far as the legal rights are concerned, of the position maintained by the First Lord of the Admiralty in the Three-Power Naval Conference at Geneva. One may question the desirability of the policy, but the Admiralty's position is not open to objection on other grounds. Policy is a matter entirely within the province of the Government as advised by its Sea Lords.

The point we as Americans must

consider is that there is very little ground for hope that the Admiralty will abandon its hallowed tradition of British naval supremacy until something happens that alters its estimate of the strategic situation. What that something might be they have very plainly indicated. It is the prospect of an American fleet as large or larger than the British. The most potent means of bringing the British Admiralty to the support of a naval limitation agreement is an American construction program which it cannot hope to surpass.

It should be fairly clear from the recent history of Anglo-American naval negotiations that the authorization of an adequate American construction program will not precipitate a race in armaments. On the contrary it would be the most effective means of putting a stop to the under-cover race which is already going on. As long as we do our navy building in driblets, the Admiralty can keep the British navy well ahead of us, even though it makes the appealing gesture of dropping a cruiser now and then. It can well afford to give up one or two cruisers as long as it can depend upon pacifist sentiment in this country to reduce our program by three or four times as many. Such tactics on both sides may slow down the race, but it neither stops it nor accomplishes anything toward putting an end to the resulting irritation and what Ramsay MacDonald calls the "unceasingly unhappy" relations between the two countries. Nothing could be better calculated to play into the hands of the Admiralty.

If we would but employ the obvious method which is open to us and adopt a construction program that would at one stroke place our navy on a par with that of Britain, the entire naval controversy could undoubtedly be brought to the point of prompt settlement. It must be remembered that there is already a strong sentiment among the liberal elements in England which demands a naval agreement with the United States. To this is to be added a steady pressure from the shipping interests who, with all due regard to the British naval tradition, realize that because of the development of the submarine and the aëroplane, British commerce would be in a very precarious position in a war fought on the basis of the British interpretation of maritime law. Unless in such a war British power was sufficient to control not only the surface of the sea but its depths and the air above as well, British supplies of food and raw material would be vastly safer if all the nations had previously accepted the American doctrine of the freedom of the seas.

It would seem as if we had trifled with a serious matter long enough. Muddling along a course dictated half by military realities and half by pacifist theories is rapidly developing an antipathy between the two great English-speaking nations which promises no good for their relations or the peace of the world. If in our desire to arrive at a régime of permanent peace we will frankly face the fact that potential force is still a factor in world politics and that a counter force, potential at least, is the only way to neutralize it and destroy its obstructive power, we shall make much more rapid progress toward the desired goal.

# THE GRAND BALL AT SITKA

## *When Alaska Was Russian America*

### BARRETT WILLOUGHBY

"AND that night the Governor, Prince Dimitri Maksoutov, and his wife, the Princess, gave a great ball in the log Castle on the Keekor!"

Last summer in Sitka, the old Russian capital of Alaska, I sat with Madame Legia Artamonova listening, as I had often listened when a child, to her recollections of those glamorous days "before the Americans came." For Madame was a citizen of the United States only "by purchase," having been born in the Territory while it was yet a possession of the Czar.

We were having tea in her long living-room, which was faintly sweet with the perfume of apple-trees blossoming outside the open window. The thick maroon carpet was squared with patches of sunshine that made high lights on rosewood furniture and on the brass *lampada* hanging before the ikon in the east corner. Madame, a tiny, alert old lady in a high-backed chair, was busy with the samovar on a table beside her. Her face was deeply lined and her hair snow white, but she had a delightful way with her little beringed hands; and the ivory-toned shawl of silk that had slipped from her shoulders had draped itself effectively over both arms of her chair. About her was that indefinable poise that clings to a woman to whom many men have paid court.

While she prepared my tea in the Russian way with conserve of rose-petals, I looked out the window across Governor's Walk—the main street of Sitka—to the Keekor, a high rocky headland rising precipitously from the sea.

It was on that historic eminence that Alexander Andreevich Baranov, the first governor of the Russian American Fur Colonies, had built his stronghold when he founded Sitka a hundred and twenty-four years ago. And it was on that same commanding height that Baranov Castle reared its log walls—Baranov Castle about which centered all Madame's daring and romantic stories of the days of the Russian occupation.

The Castle burned down in 1894, but the little lady remembered it perfectly: massive, ugly, sturdily Russian, built of great hewn logs that were copper-bolted and riveted to the rocks of the Keekor. When Sitka was the capital of the Czar's domain in the New World and the center of civilization on the northwest coast of America, the Castle, from its circle of mounted guns, dominated the island-dotted bay.

And below it trading ships from every sea came to anchor, while their captains enjoyed the lavish hospitality dispensed within the stockaded village.

In those days an armed sentinel paced continually in the cupola on the roof, and on winter nights a brown Aleut tended the four wide cups of seal-oil that burned before a reflector—the first lighthouse on the Pacific coast!

"That was in the early part of the nineteenth century, before I am born," explained Madame, as she handed me my tea. "But my grandfather, an officer in the Imperial Navy, who has come here with the first Russians, has related to me the charming way of life in those colonial days."

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In her soft, faintly accented English she went on to tell that while the light on the cupola flashed out over the dark waters of the bay, the Castle walls beneath it rang to the gaiety of balls and banquets which echoed the richness and military splendor then prevailing in the courts of Europe. For here were assembled from the Imperial Circle at St. Petersburg, a gallant, reckless crew of colonizers, among whom were nobles and cavaliers, who brought their elaborate manners across the world to bend above the slim hands of Sitka's beauties.

Death lurked every moment outside the log stockade where hordes of murderous Thlingets prowled watching for any slackening of vigilance on the part of the Russian sentinels; but within the new-world Castle flowed wines of regal vintage, silks and velvets billowed in the candle light, jeweled swords and gold-laced uniforms glittered, and the merry company, laughing at the danger, danced to the tinkling music of the clavichord!

But it was of her girlhood days that Madame was most eager to talk—days when Sitka was only vaguely aware that there was a civil war raging in the land the Yankee skippers called the United States. "Alaska has never since known such a splendor!" she exclaimed, with a proud lift of her chin. And I felt that though she had for over sixty years been an American citizen—by purchase—her heart was still the heart of a Russian.

"You see one of my aunts was married to an officer of the Russian American Company in Kodiak, and an uncle was captain on a ship in the fleet of commerce, so it was easy for me to travel when I was a girl. Thus I saw many things, both here and in Kodiak. But, oh! It was when I was going to school here in Sitka that I had so beautiful a time! There were four very fine schools here then—one for the sons of officers, and one for the daughters. Also there were the same number for people who were not of the nobility and gentry.

"That was in the time when Prince Dimitri Maksoutov was Governor of all Russian America, that which now is called Alaska. That was before the Americans came. I was fifteen years old, but already I was attending the balls at the Castle. Oh, how my heart beats when I remember those wonderful days!" Madame clasped her tiny hands. Her dark eyes glowed.

"On winter nights when the Castle was *en fête*, lights shone from every window out on the snow, and the long stairway of a hundred steps that leads up even to-day from Governor's Walk to the Castle hilltop—it was like a picture! Like a fairyland it was, with Russian officers escorting us ladies up the stairs.

"And those officers! They were of such a manhood! So tall, so straight, so handsome in their dark uniforms with the epaulets of gold on the shoulders, and buttons of gold. And the doctors with silver epaulets and silver buttons. And all with decorations on the breast; for they were of high rank back in Russia.

"And we ladies—shall I tell you how we were dressed? Décolleté, in silks and satins and velvets so beautiful, with the wide swinging skirts and the cloaks of sable and ermine. And all of us talking and laughing back at the ones below on the stairway. All of us so happy on that old stairway!

"And the nights—they were of blue crystal, with the islands and the winter stars reflected in the bay. Stars were bigger and brighter than they are to-day. And the northern lights—but I have no words to tell you how lovely, how whispering close they were above the white mountains.

"Sometimes we'd stop on the steps to look down at Sitka lying below us—Russian Sitka with great squared-log houses, walls painted dull yellow, roofs red, and the Cathedral of St. Michael the Archangel with its emerald spires sharp against the dark evergreen hills! All, all sparkling under frost in the starlight!

"Then, behold we are come to the top of the hill and are before the entrance of the Castle! The big doors are opened for us by the servants, and we all go laughing and talking up to the second story where is the ballroom. And in the small boudoir opening from it, we lay aside our furs. And we come out again.

"There to greet us stand Prince Maksoutov and his Princess. How we of Sitka love them! He so pleasant, so manly. She so friendly, so beautiful. She has, like all Russian ladies of that time who are married, the little cap on her dark hair. And when she smiles—ah, her teeth are like the pearls about her neck! Never was so gracious a princess, or one so democratic. She would dance with every man from the highest to the lowest in rank. And the Prince would lead out every lady to dance once during the evening.

"The ball-room? It was magnificent! All about the walls were cedar panels, and mirrors from Russia that doubled the hundreds of candles in the brass chandeliers. The splendid portraits of the Emperor and Empress—it was Alexander II who ruled Russia and Alaska then! The corner for the golden ikon and the *lampada*, all bright and shining! The silken red draperies, the heavy carved furniture that came all the way from St. Petersburg! Oh, truly it was of a splendor!

"Now, the servants pass with trays—little cakes, sips of wine, a bit of caviar. Or for those who wish, the steaming samovar in the small drawing-room to one side. After that—ah, the music!" Madame clasped her hands on her breast and swayed her little body. "The music of guitars, violins and piano—beautiful, entrancing! And the strong arms of officers to hold one in the dance! We have the lancers, the polka, the waltz in those days. And how the silken gowns of the ladies sway above their slippered feet! How gay the laughing, the whispering, the love making! And how bright the lights streaming from the Castle windows to the sea!"

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"Sometimes, on such a night," continued Madame, "a supply ship would come in across the harbor, and the captain and his officers would come quickly tramping, tramping up the steps of the Keekor. Come quickly tramping into the Castle and up the steps to the ball-room. 'Oh!' they would say, 'You Russian ladies make a light on the whole Pacific Ocean!'

"And then we would all gather about them while they told us the news from far lands. For it was a glorious time when a supply ship came in. It took one year from Europe round the Horn to Sitka in those days, and it always seemed like a crown to the happiness of the night when the captain and his officers joined us at a Castle ball."

"And after Alaska was sold to the United States, did the Americans give balls at the Castle?" I asked.

Madame's face lost some of its animation. "Yes," she said. "A few. . . . I remember the first night when Sitka is Russian no more. The Americans have a celebration. General Jefferson C. Davis, who is in command then, and Mrs. Davis, give a great ball at the Castle. I go. It is a rainy night in October—quiet rain with no wind. The old stairway up to the Castle is wet and all the elderberry bushes on each side are dripping.

"When I enter the ball-room after laying aside my cloak, my heart is like tears. I see standing to receive us the General and Mrs. Davis, and in the background, like guests, are the Prince and the Princess Maksoutov. She has taken off her little cap and has arranged her hair after the American fashion, with curls hanging down at the sides. We Russian ladies—it makes us very sad. But"—Madame shrugged and made a gesture with both little hands—"but the American ladies, they are dressed very beautifully. And in a few days we are doing our hair like theirs, too!

"The ceremony of the transfer of Alaska to United States? Oh, yes, I remember that day. The eighteenth day of October of the year eighteen sixty-seven—a terrible day for Sitka. Many of us Russians could not believe what was happening. Our country sold to foreigners! Soldiers in strange uniforms in our village talking their harsh foreign tongue! Carrying their strange striped flag through our streets! And that flag flying from their ships in our harbor! Those ships, I shall always remember their names: *Ossipee*, *Jamestown*, *Resaca*. Ah-h-h, there was much weeping and sorrow among our people that day. Even the Thlinget Indians were sad.

"And all that morning we watched our Czar's flag flying from the tall staff in front of the Castle—where you see that white marble shaft today. We watched it because they told us it was the last time the flag of Russia should float over Sitka. It was a rainy day in October—most melancholy. And in the afternoon a company of our soldiers in full dress uniforms of dark cloth trimmed with red, marched up before the Castle, under command of Captain Pestchourov. They took a place on the left of the flagstaff. And then the American soldiers marched up and took the place on the right. Because of the rain Princess Maksoutov and some other Russian ladies looked down from the Castle windows. The Indian chiefs in their war canoes watched from the water below the Keekor.

"Then slowly the Russian flag began to come down. Slowly . . . slowly. The American ship *Ossipee* set off guns pealing, crashing, echoing through the hills, so one could not hear the sobs of the Russians. The Russian battery on the wharf was answering when—behold! The flag of our Emperor has whipped itself about the ropes, close, close, and there it clings high up on the staff! It will not come down. No, not even when they pull on the ropes! It rips its border clear, and there it waves free, free in the wind and rain!

"Yet, it is only for a little while. A soldier is hoisted aloft and he detaches it. He does not hear the calls of Captain Pestchourov to bring the flag down in his hand. He drops it. And the banner of our country falls on the bayonet points of the Russian soldiers!

"There is a moment when no one speaks. Then the foreigner's Stars and Stripes ascends to the top of the flagstaff. Captain Pestchourov steps up to the American representative and says: 'By authority from his Majesty, Emperor of all the Russias, I transfer to the United States the Territory of Alaska!'

"Americans cheer. Russians weep. The Princess bows her head on her arms in the window and sobs. And it rains . . . rains." Madame pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Ah, that is a sad time," she continued. "All Russians are heartbroken. Many of them do not want to live under the new flag and become citizens of the United States, so they are preparing to go to Russia. And yet they are desolated at leaving their homes in Sitka where they have been born. Some have not the money to leave, and so they have to become Americans. Then comes a time of much—what you call commerce. The Americans are very alert, very rushing. They want to make much business. They mark the land up into lots, and they sell real estate. They want to buy and sell everything.

"They like furs and are eager to possess the fur mantles of our Russian ladies who are going back to Russia. We are not yet familiar with the new United States money, so an American soldier bought the sable cloak of my aunt and paid her three dollars in American money.

"Myself? Oh, after the transfer it is very lonely for me in Sitka. All my friends are gone. All the Russian officers are gone back to the home country. My father is at Kodiak, so I go back there."

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"And then, Madame? What happened to you then?" I asked.

Madame smiled—shrugged. "The Bishop of the Russian Orthodox Church in America is there in Kodiak. He has a younger brother. The Bishop sees me and thinks I will make a good wife for his brother. . . .

I do not care. . . . There is a Russian officer who is gone—" Madame's low voice broke, and suddenly she looked every one of her seventy-six years.

She was silent a moment. Then she shook herself gently and straightened her gallant little shoulders. "And so I marry!" she finished with a gay gesture. "And when I come back to Sitka again . . . it is all American. All American."

"Did you find it much changed, Madame?"

The little old lady smiled ruefully. "Yes. It is under the military rule of the United States then. And you see the soldiers and the Russians do not understand one another. No more do the Thlingets understand those American soldiers. We invite them to our homes to entertain them, and those foreign men insult us women as if we are squaws. We do not dare to go out on the street after nightfall, for they mistake our purpose. They commit great rudeness.

"They also rob our Church of St. Michael. And there is much outrage going on with the Indians. A distressing time it was for us. Then, when Sitka has been American for ten years, the troops are withdrawn. Oh, how we rejoice to get rid of those soldiers! Though, of course, we fear the Thlingets. Sitka is left in charge of the customs collector and the postmaster, and they have no real authority. So we think, certainly, that the men at Washington, D. C. will soon send us a more pleasant form of government, and some protection from the Indians. We are Americans now, and we must not look to the Czar for protection any more.

"Soon the Indians are rehearsing their wrongs at the hands of those American soldiers who are gone. There is much making of speeches and they all become inflamed with the desire to kill off the whites. We hear that the blood-thirsty Chief, Kat-lee-an, is planning to sack Sitka, kill all the men, and make slaves of the women. And we are helpless.

"We send petitions to Washington. But we get no answer.

"Meanwhile the Indians are becoming very bold. They say the Americans have abandoned Alaska and it belongs to them again. They begin to tear down the stockade and "pack" the doors and windows away from our empty buildings. Then we hear that Kat-lee-an is preparing a great feast before he begins his massacre. We talk of petitioning the Czar—but the Czar is far away. So we send instead a petition to the English Government at Victoria, British Columbia. Then while we wait to hear, we prepare for the siege.

"All the Russian women and children are barricaded in the House of the Bishops, where the priest lives. All the American women and children are in the Customs House, which is to-day the Post Office. Every man and boy is armed and watching.

"From our windows we can see the Indians dancing boldly through our streets in their blankets and war bonnets and death-masks. Oh, how we long for the protection of the Czar then! We worry. We wait for the American man-o'-war to come to our rescue. We cannot believe that our new Government will ignore our peril.

"We pray. But the man-o'-war does not come. The days go by. Kat-lee-an, remembering the firm rule of Russia, and the payment always demanded when the Thlingets took Russian lives, has to work up his courage to attack white people. But one day we learn that he is to attack that night. Oh, the terror and the praying in Sitka that day!

"But before night comes we hear the whistle of a vessel. 'We are saved! The Americans have come! We are saved!' we cry. And there, in the House of the Bishops, we are all shouting and clasping one another and laughing and weeping for joy.

"But . . . it is not the American man-o'-war. It is the British war-vessel *Osprey* that has answered our call for help from Victoria. She trains her guns on the Indian village, and the Thlingets, remembering the guns of Lisiansky's *Neva*, sue for peace."

* * *

"When did the American gunboat arrive, Madame?"

Madame smiled wearily. "It didn't arrive. But after the English had broken the siege for us, the American Government was ashamed. Later they sent us naval protection. And after that better times began for Sitka."

"And then who lived in the old log Castle of Baranov?" I asked.

"Ah! Who can understand the Americans!" exclaimed Madame Artamonova, shrugging her shoulders. "The Castle is left for them, furnished with all the beautiful things from Russia, but they do not care for it. No one lives there. Vandals break in and deface the mirrors, tear down the hangings. They steal everything that can be taken away—all the brass chandeliers for candles, the books from the library, the rosewood and mahogany furniture, the carved railings and the panels—everything goes. Where? No one knows. Up in the cupola where the great light burned to guide mariners at night—all that is made ruin too.

"And so it goes during twenty-seven years after Sitka is American. We Russians who are left look up to the Keekor where the Castle is standing empty, neglected, decaying, all the windows gone from their frames. We remember the splendid days of Prince Maksoutov, and our hearts drip with tears. And soon the only Russian who goes to the Castle is she they call the Lady in White."

The Lady in White, as every one in Sitka knows, was the daughter of one of the earlier Russian governors. In the log Castle on the Keekor she danced and sang and fell in love, but her choice was a handsome young under-officer, instead of the high commander who sought her hand with her father's approval. The Governor sent the lover away on a cunningly planned cruise into hostile Indian territory, a cruise from which he never returned. The girl was forced into a marriage with the older officer.

On the night of the wedding festivities, while music and laughter floated out over the peaceful waters of Sitka Bay, the bride disappeared from the ball-room.

They found her later in a small drawing-room overlooking the sea. The white satin of her wedding gown was stained crimson, as was the little hand on which gleamed the wedding-ring of the bridegroom she loathed. In her other hand she held the shinning dagger with which she had taken her life.

As long as the grim old Castle remained, so tradition says, the Lady in White came back to it each year on the night of All Souls. And during the days of the naval régime many a gay young American officer spent the night in the deserted mansion watching for her return.

"Is the story true?" I asked.

She smiled. "Who knows? I knew naval officers who declared they had heard the rustle of her wedding train as she paced through the empty rooms, and they assured me that she left behind her the faint sad perfume of Alaskan briar roses—those roses we women of the North use to perfume our garments. And some there were who claimed they had seen her standing at her window facing the sea, her wistful eyes heavy with tears, her slender jeweled hands outstretched in loneliness and longing to that young lover who never came back to her."

Little white-haired Madame Legia Artamonova sat silent for a while, looking out across Governor's Walk to where the hundred wooden steps mounted up through the elderberry bushes to the Keekor—the glamorous stairway which the laughing young hoop-skirted belle, Legia, had so often ascended on the gold-braided arm of another Russian officer who went away—and never came back.

## POET

### ELIZABETH ATKINS

She carries Katherine Mansfield's photograph
To barbers as a pattern for her hair.
She learned her softly puzzled, sobbing laugh
From hearing Miss Millay. She doesn't care
For Willa Cather or for Clemence Dane;
Such faces, dominant—assured, cannot
Have known the etherealizing power of pain.
Although so young, so sheltered, she has sought
The grief that truly is the artist's mother;
A callous criticism of a theme
Bruises her as a bludgeon might another. . . .
What bleeds so piteously as a dream?
She pants to publish soon; her subtle passion
May any day go wholly out of fashion.

# TRIAL BY JURY

## *A Guilt-Determining Substitute in Criminal Cases*

PENDLETON HOWARD

THE recent failures of American juries to convict in notorious cases where the evidence of guilt appeared to be conclusive, have gone a long way toward shaking public confidence in the entire administration of criminal justice. And the conviction is widespread among both lawyers and laymen that the jury trial is largely responsible for the interminable delays that have done so much to discredit our machinery of criminal law enforcement. Making due allowances for the crusading zeal of a certain element of the daily press and the perfervid rhetoric of superheated individuals who would doubtless welcome the adoption of an inquisitorial mode of procedure coupled with increasingly severe penalties, the fact remains that a considerable body of intelligent opinion in the United States is skeptical of the justice and efficacy of the criminal jury. Critics of the institution maintain with constantly increasing audibility that the complex conditions of modern life render it a cumbersome, unreliable and ineffective method of determining guilt.

Partizans of the jury, on the other hand, usually respond with a glowing eulogy of its past services in the cause of the liberties of English-speaking peoples and refer to it as the "crowning glory of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence." They stress vigorously the point that it is incumbent upon those who join in the chorus of censure to find a substitute that will both safeguard the legal rights of defendants and better serve the interests of society. They fulminate against the "devastating influence of the reformer who would substitute experiment for experience."

Now it may seem extraordinary to the American defenders of this time-honored guilt-finding device that a substitute for jury trial has actually been found in the very country that gave it birth some six hundred years ago and that nurtured it through centuries of social strife and institutional change. Yet no fact stands out more clearly in any contemporary study of the English system of criminal law administration, nor is there any that is susceptible of more convincing proof.

Criminal statistics are frequently misleading, but in this instance they are both conclusive and eloquent. In England, during 1926, the last year for which statistics are available, no less than 69,695 defendants charged with *indictable* offenses—roughly ninety per cent of the total number—were dealt with in courts of summary jurisdiction, leaving only

7924 to be committed for jury trial at the higher courts. It is of especial significance that most of the cases disposed of without juries did not result from trivial infractions of the penal law, but were prosecutions of serious offenses which, in most jurisdictions of the United States, would be tried before "twelve good men and true." If we take into further account the large number of defendants who plead guilty when their cases are called for trial at the higher courts, it is probable that not over five per cent of the indictable cases in England actually reach juries. As an eminent English jurist told me: "The criminal jury is smoldering to extinction without protest and with but little debate."

The statistics just cited will be more easily understood if we bear in mind that the old common-law distinction between felonies and misdemeanors is no longer of any vital significance in England. Crimes are classified as *indictable* and *non-indictable*, a practical distinction based upon the mode of trial. Non-indictable, or minor, offenses are tried in the great majority of the cities and counties by benches composed of lay justices of the peace. In London and a few of the larger cities the same types of cases are heard by professional police-court magistrates. These non-indictable cases, being tried without juries, are said to be dealt with summarily; the hearings are called summary trials and the courts themselves are referred to as courts of summary jurisdiction. Indictable cases, on the other hand, may be subdivided into two classes—crimes of the utmost gravity, such as murder and manslaughter, which the law still requires must be tried only before juries, and a large and constantly growing number of important offenses that may now be dealt with summarily, providing the prisoner waives his right to a jury trial and the bench of justices before whom the matter is pending considers such disposition expedient. The tendency of Parliament within recent years to enlarge the powers of courts of summary jurisdiction to hear and determine indictable offenses, is the most important development in the administration of English criminal justice during the last half-century. It has resulted in the obsolescence of the jury, speedier trials, greater expedition in the business of the courts, a material saving in public expense and an elimination of unwholesome publicity in certain classes of cases. May we not in the United States, where there is such widespread dissatisfaction with the administration of justice, study with interest and profit this English substitute for the criminal jury—a substitute that is the product of both experiment and experience?

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Prior to 1847 courts of summary jurisdiction could try only petty, or non-indictable, offenses. In that year Parliament passed a law permitting persons not more than fourteen years of age charged with certain forms of theft to be dealt with summarily, with the consent of the accused. Such cases had previously been tried only before juries. This legislation was frankly experimental and was followed eight years later by an act extending the process of summary trial to adults in some of the less serious types of larceny. Since that time there has been a slow but steady encroachment upon the province of the criminal jury. Not only have newly enacted offenses of a serious nature been made triable summarily with the consent of the defendant, but some of the most common of the old indictable offenses have been subjected to the same alternative method of procedure, under conditions rendered from time to time less stringent. In the words of the present Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Archibald Bodkin: "The history of the development of the summary jurisdiction of justices over indictable cases shows with what trepidation Parliament at first substituted a bench of justices for a jury, and how as experience produced confidence in that tribunal, summary jurisdiction was from time to time extended."

Before the close of the nineteenth century it was possible, under prescribed legal safeguards, to try summarily all persons under the age of sixteen years in all cases except homicide. War-time legislation greatly accelerated the movement by permitting justices to dispose of many newly created offenses which forty or fifty years ago would unquestionably have been reserved for trial by jury. The treasonable offense of trading with the enemy, for example, along with certain prosecutions under the Defense of the Realm Acts, could be dealt with summarily. Under the provisions of the Emergency Powers Act of 1920, passed during the period of industrial unrest that followed the war, several new forms of seditious and treasonable acts may be tried in the same manner.

But by far the most sweeping changes were those effected by the Criminal Justice Act of 1925, which set up a new and enlarged schedule of indictable offenses triable summarily and simplified the whole mode of procedure. Among the most important of the offenses listed in the Act are the following: several common forms of larceny, including larceny from the person and in a dwelling-house; obtaining money and goods by false pretenses; receiving stolen property under circumstances which amount to either felony or misdemeanor; obtaining credit by fraud; falsification of accounts; false statutory declarations; certain types of forgery; assaults occasioning bodily harm; wounding or inflicting grievous bodily harm; indecent assaults on children or young persons under the age of sixteen years; indecent or obscene publications; and certain specified offenses against the postal laws and against the coinage. The maximum punishment that may be inflicted by the justices is six months' imprisonment or a fine not exceeding one hundred pounds, or both. Persons convicted summarily may appeal to a Court of Quarter Sessions on grounds of fact or law, or against sentence only; a further appeal may be taken from the judgment of the Court of Quarter Sessions to the High Court, on a point of law only.

The Criminal Justice Act indubitably resulted from a recognition by Parliament of the efficient manner in which courts of summary jurisdiction discharged their functions during the war period. It is significant that, outside of London and some of the larger cities, these courts are composed of unpaid lay justices of the peace—men of experience and judgment who represent all sections of the community and bring to the bench many of the qualities that an intelligent jury is expected to possess. The court of trial sometimes approximates in actual number the twelve good men who try indictments, although, of course, a unanimous verdict is not required. It is said that the justices have the tendency, sometimes so marked in a jury, to ignore considerations of strict law, upon which they are constantly advised by their professional clerk, in an effort to dispense what they consider to be substantial justice. That it is only a question of time until the jurisdiction of summary courts will be further enlarged is the opinion of most experienced observers of the situation. A recent commentator in an English legal review referred to the new law as "simply another long step on the road toward the replacement of the jury by the justice."

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Before resorting to a summary trial the court must be convinced such action is expedient. It must consider the nature of the crime, the character and antecedents of the prisoner, and the adequacy of the punishment which it has the power to inflict. If at any time during the preliminary hearing the court becomes satisfied that it is proper to assume jurisdiction of the case, the charge is read to the defendant and the following question put to him: "Do you desire to be tried by a jury, or do you consent to the case being dealt with summarily?" If he waives a jury trial, the clerk asks him whether he pleads guilty or not guilty. If he admits the charge, the court calls for a statement of the circumstances, hears the report of the arresting officer concerning the prisoner's record and character (which is invariably of a detailed and impartial nature) and assesses punishment. Where the prisoner denies the accusation, the prosecutor (in England the person who brings the charge) and his witnesses are heard. Contrary to American practice, there are no local officials employed by the Government to conduct the ordinary run of prosecutions. If the prosecutor is represented by private counsel the conduct of the prosecution will be left in his hands. If legally unrepresented, the prosecutor may conduct his own case, although in such an event he is usually assisted in the examination and cross-examination of witnesses by the clerk and the presiding justice. Where the defendant has no lawyer it is the duty of the court to remind him of his right to cross-examine each witness, and if necessary to assist him in the task.

The defendant is next called on for his defense, if he desires to present any. He is informed of his right to testify under oath in his own behalf, comment on the evidence for the prosecution, make any unsworn statement he pleases from the dock in justification of his actions, or bring forward any witnesses to substantiate his version of the facts. The prosecutor is not entitled to reply unless some point of law has been raised for the defense. But if the defendant has called witnesses, the prosecutor is permitted to introduce evidence in rebuttal. Upon the conclusion of the testimony no further discussion, except on points of law, is allowed. The court then considers the evidence and either convicts or acquits the accused.

The trial is conducted informally and expeditiously, but the spectator feels that justice rather than speed is the desideratum. It has the appearance of a serious and dignified official investigation into the facts, rather than a game of wits between two opposing sides with the court essaying the rôle of referee. In the majority of cases no lawyers appear for either prosecution or defense. This is one of the chief reasons why the ordinary summary proceeding consumes so much less time than a trial on indictment. In those cases where lawyers participate, however, there is no attempt to conceal relevant evidence by either side, no bellowing at witnesses, no dilatory tactics, no derogatory references to the accused, no appeals to the galleries, no judicial scolding, relatively few objections to testimony, and virtually no wrangling between opposing counsel. The court, or the clerk, frequently asks questions in order to clear up doubtful points and effectually terminates any attempt to befuddle the witnesses or obscure the issues. Logic and common sense prevail instead of rhetoric and confusion.

With all its advantages, however, the operation of the Criminal Justice Act has not been entirely free from criticism. There are a few High Court judges who have expressed the opinion that some cases are disposed of summarily which, because of their great importance and difficulty, should be sent for trial to the higher courts. The complaint is sometimes heard, moreover, that in order to bring the case within the jurisdiction of the justices there is a tendency on the part of the police, the prosecutor and the court itself, to ignore its more serious elements and to deal with it on a less serious basis, with the result that the culprit is inadequately punished. For example, where the circumstances justify a charge of burglary it is said that the charge may be reduced to "larceny in a dwelling-house" in order to make it cognizable by the justices and to enable the defendant to waive trial by jury. Most unbiased observers, however, believe that apparent defects in the administration of the law are far from indicating anything fundamentally wrong with the principle involved, and will be remedied in the light of fuller experience. They prophesy that the time is not far distant when courts of summary jurisdiction will be authorized to try even more important cases and to inflict even severer punishments.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the non-jury trial is its popularity with both parties to the criminal process. The prosecution favors it because the case is disposed of without delay, with less trouble and expense, and with no material witnesses left to disappear or suffer a lapse of memory during the interval between the committal and the trial. The considerations influencing the defendant are even more powerful. If the nature of the offense or the circumstances of its commission has aroused popular prejudice in the community, he is likely to fear its effects on the jury and will prefer being dealt with summarily. Under such conditions trial by the court offers an escape from some of the evils of "trial by newspaper." Nor is that all. Where the prisoner realizes that the case against him is a strong one he will be inclined to elect trial by the justices, with the certainty of a moderate punishment upon conviction, rather than take his chances before a jury with the possibility of a more severe sentence being meted out to him by the higher court. The story is told of a London police-court magistrate who had a pickpocket brought before him on the day after his own gold watch was stolen. Upon hearing the charge his indignation flamed up, and without listening to a word of evidence or ascertaining whether the prisoner desired a jury trial, sentenced him to three months' hard labor. The offender took it gleefully, as there was a "sure fire" case against him and a list of convictions which would have insured him penal servitude for a long period.

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That the adoption of the optional non-jury trial in the United States would materially relieve congestion in our criminal dockets seems to be a conclusion fully warranted by English experience. We need not, however, rely wholly on the results of foreign practice. Several States of the Union have already made an even more extensive use of trial by judges than is permitted under present legislation in England, and with equally satisfactory results. The fundamental difference between the types of summary jurisdiction resorted to in the two countries lies in the fact that in the United States the trials of indictable offenses are conducted by judges of the superior criminal courts rather than by justices of the peace or police-court magistrates.

Statutes sanctioning an optional trial without jury in prosecutions for felonies and misdemeanors have been enacted in Maryland, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, Washington, Wisconsin and Michigan. Four of these States—Maryland, Connecticut, Indiana and Michigan—go so far as to allow waiver in capital cases. The Michigan law, for example, enacted in 1927 as part of a new code of criminal procedure, provides that "in all criminal cases arising in the courts of this State, whether cognizable by justices of the peace or otherwise, the defendant shall have the right to waive a determination of the facts by a jury and may, if he so elects, be tried before the court without a jury." The Washington statute expressly excludes capital cases and the New Jersey act does not apply to indictments for murder. In Indiana and Washington the consent of both the prosecuting attorney and the judge must supplement that of the defendant in all cases. In New Jersey it is within the court's discretion to grant or deny the prisoner's request to be tried without a jury. In Maryland, Connecticut, Wisconsin and Michigan, however, only the consent of the accused is required.

In its Outline of a Code of Criminal Procedure, drafted in 1926, the National Crime Commission recommends optional non-jury trials in all except capital cases. Similar indorsements of the plan have emanated from the Missouri Association for Criminal Justice, which recently published a survey of law enforcement in that State, from the Judicial Council of Massachusetts, the New York State Crime Commission, and the Joint Legislative Committee of New York on the Coördination of Civil and Criminal Practice Acts, which submitted a concurrent resolution proposing an amendment to the State Constitution authorizing waiver legislation.

Since both the Federal and State Constitutions contain certain clauses guaranteeing the right to trial by jury, it follows that the validity of laws permitting waiver depends on the construction placed by the court on the particular provision under consideration. The constitutionality of this type of legislation has thus far been sustained. In a recent exhaustive study of the question Professor S. C. Oppenheim concludes that "most constitutional provisions support the construction that jury trial is a *privilege* intended solely for the benefit of the accused and one which he may forego at his election, provided there is legislative authority for so doing." In other words, it is probable that waiver legislation may be enacted in most States without constitutional amendments.

According to the Baltimore Criminal Justice Commission, the great majority of criminal cases in Maryland is dealt with by judges, ninety-three per cent being thus tried in 1925. The criminal courts of Baltimore are able to dispose of ninety-two per cent of the cases within three weeks of arrest—a record perhaps unparalleled in the United States. Judge Carroll T. Bond of the Maryland Court of Appeals writes that "charges of a revolting nature, as crimes against women and girls, seem to be tried more frequently before the court" and that negro prisoners "frequently prefer this method of trial to avoid any race prejudice in the jury box." In Connecticut, where the law has been in force since 1921, it is reliably reported that about seventy per cent of all criminal cases are tried before judges without juries. The Clerk of the Supreme Court of Errors at Hartford states that the plan "certainly saves very considerable time and money and is apparently preferred by a decided majority of the accused." Reports recently received from court officials in Wisconsin, Indiana and New Jersey indicate that a considerable proportion of cases in those States are tried without juries with satisfactory results. In Michigan the act is of too recent origin to justify definite conclusions in respect to its effectiveness. It seems that only in Washington is the statute rarely made use of.

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It is perhaps inevitable that a civilization such as ours, dominated largely by material factors and quantity production, should be unduly optimistic of the working of mechanical contrivances in the science of politics. Nor do we sufficiently realize that the successful operation of our criminal-law machinery is dependent on the character of the public servants who operate it and on the social and ethical standards of our society. Those who expect any radical curtailment of criminal activities to result solely from such simple expedients as procedural reforms and increased penalties are likely to suffer rude and permanent disillusionment. But the baffling complexity of our problem of crime and the extent to which its causes are rooted in the social organism, are only additional reasons why we should perfect, wherever possible, our machinery of law enforcement.

The English people are not unmindful of their debt to the jury trial. It served in the past not only to combat the exercise of arbitrary power by a despotic executive, but to mitigate the rigors of one of the most barbarous penal codes in history. Yet gratitude for its historic services has not prevented the passage of legislation sanctioning a gradual but none the less certain encroachment upon its province.

The breakdown of American criminal law administration is a challenge to the intelligence and organizing genius of our people. One trouble is that we are attempting to solve with far less workable judicial machinery, infinitely more complex problems of law enforcement than those which confront England. The success of summary jurisdiction in that country demonstrates that governmental devices fashioned to serve the political and social requirements of a distant past, ought to be reconsidered and evaluated in the light of modern conditions and the tested needs of the present. The antiquity of an institution is no adequate proof of its utility.

## SWIMMERS

ANNE LLOYD

Are we mere bits of flotsam floating free,
    Borne on a careless wave, hurled to the gloom
Of deep green-girdled caves, then giddily
    Swung to precipitous peaks of crested spume;
Beaten by rain and wind; incased in ice;
    Tangled in kelp; lifted to clear blue air—
Toys of a petulant sea that in a trice
    Tosses us on a beach to dry-rot there?

No. We are swimmers resolutely aiming
    At definite sands. Calmly and with slow breath,
Cleaving white water; ultimately taming
    Unbroken steeds that wildly race with death,
And holding, with our faces toward the sun,
Neptune in leash until the shore be won.

# THREE WAYS OF SAYING THINGS

## *Statement, Overstatement and Understatement*

C. E. MONTAGUE

IN THE innocence of second childhood *Mr. Justice Shallow* said to *Ancient Pistol:* "If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them." That, as other children say, was all that *Shallow* knew. For of uttering "them" alone there are three ways, apart from all the ways of concealing them. At any rate, there are three ways of trying to make them attractive when uttered. You may state them about twice as big as they are, or about half as big as they are, or, if you have skill and complete confidence in your skill, you may state them only just as big as they are.

Of these three methods, the most widely used is the first. News treated in this way yields a living to most of the world's party journalists—and not to the duffers only, but to some of the most capable and readable. You open the London "Morning Post," still a well-written paper, though somewhat battered by fate, and find this vivacious reflection on Mr. Lloyd George at the end of his war premiership: "He left, not this party, or that, but every political party, every respectable voter, and indeed every thinking man the world over, sick to the soul of 'Lloyd Georgeism' and all that it implied." You see—"every" political party—even his own special band of loyal dervishes. And "every" respectable voter—even that churchwarden neighbor of yours who never, never would hear a word against Lloyd George, the "man who won the war." And "every" thinking man, "the world over," "sick to the soul"—every pensive farmer in the rural wilds of Spain, every meditative friar in a rock monastery in Tibet—all hopelessly convulsed by the one nauseating vision of Mr. Lloyd George!

You may laugh. You may feel morally sure that no mere contemporary man, not even Mr. Charles Chaplin has ever occupied the mind of every thinking man on this globe; that no universal turning of the spiritual stomach has ever been effected, even by emetics as powerful as Horatio Bottomley. And yet the author of that fantasia knew what he was doing. Even you yourself, with your Greek liking for moderation, are a little tickled with the fancy that history would at any rate be amusing if it were really like that. And to many loyal fellow partizans of the writer—even to those who see how fantastic it is—it somehow gives just what they had wanted.

It "gets there," as they would say. They feel better after reading it.

After all it is the natural or the chosen method of the finest pamphleteer now writing in English. "Nine out of every ten clergymen have no religious convictions"; the medical profession is, "A conspiracy to exploit popular credulity and human suffering"; "the smattering of science that all—even doctors—pick up from the ordinary newspapers nowadays only makes the doctor more dangerous than he used to be." If you look at each passage by itself, all that you can say is, "What rubbish!" Yet, in their completion, the prefaces of Mr. Bernard Shaw, whence they come, can scarcely have been beaten for dynamic effect on people's minds, by anything since Huxley's lance breaking in defense of evolution. In fact, they have done much to turn the laughs against some forms of mean delusion and cowardice. By bringing in this Beelzebub of enormous, thousandfold exaggeration Mr. Shaw has routed out some quite sizeable devils. Or, like a rifleman, he has found that to point a rifle quite straight at a distant target on a windy day, is not the way to hit it.

In this he keeps good company. To interest people in his contention that there was a lot of bad work going on in the Rome of his time, Juvenal makes out that the whole place was only fit to be put into an incinerator or towed out to sea and sunk. To give an arresting flavor to his remarks on some human deficiencies, Swift through the *King of Brobdingnag*, puts it no lower than that the bulk of mankind are "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth." Almost every leader of an opposition, however talented, says of almost every big government bill which he has to oppose, that it is the most monstrous hash of crude and undigested proposals that he remembers in a long Parliamentary experience. A gifted Labor member who wants to say effectively that a new pensions bill should confer still more than it does on the pensioners, says that it is the most brutal insult ever flung in the face of the poor.

Nobody, speaker or hearer, thinks of believing these flourishes. Nobody would look up the previous hashes and insults referred to, so as to test the soundness of the eloquent person's comparison. No one imagines them sound. It is all a form, a flourish, a figure of speech, and yet somehow it does serve a purpose, if only to convey a vague impression of robust and salutary trenchancy. To minds jaded with debauches of over-emphasis, it does contrive to give a thrill. It bites, as a liquor three times as potent as whisky, might amuse for the moment a palate which has lost the power to be tickled by the common whisky of this world.

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An alternative sauce for assertion is hearty and spirited under-statement. "Not 'arf," says the Cockney, when wishing to say that a thing is an ample whole. "The time has been," says *Macbeth*, "that, when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end." The British school-boy has no terms of praise more emphatic than "Pretty decent," unless it be "Good enough."

To spring, in his audience, a vivid sense of the extreme barrenness of the Sahara, a British statesman describes it as "very light soil." To a woman brawling abuse from the door of an inn, Charles Lamb imputes certain "murmurs not very indistinctly or ambiguously pronounced." America does herself equal justice. She it was that first called the Atlantic "the herring pond," and "the drink," and Noah's Flood "the big rain" and said that a rattlesnake's bite would "do you no good at all." The Greeks had a recognized name for this ruse of saying much less than you mean, in the hope that your hearer's mind will make good even more than the large percentage of discount which you have deducted from the truth—cunning fellow, casting your bread on the waters, under the form of a kind of rebate, in sure and certain faith that it will return to you buttered.

Aristotle has warned us that when a great many people are found to believe in a thing, it is rash to think that you can just pooh-pooh it as bunkum, "and there an end" as *Macbeth* might have said. So when the children, the illiterate adults and the best writers of two hemispheres, in our time agree with classical antiquity in deeming a figure of speech to be worth frequent use, that figure of speech is no cipher. To that, as Stevenson's wise pirate says, you can lay.

Is it that others, besides lovers, find things more piquant when they are presented in miniature? Or is the proper analogy to be found on the stock-exchange? When we float some bubble statement, are we likely to secure a bigger rush of subscriptions from the credulous by putting our stock on the market amazingly much below par? Little I know—only that all but a few whimsical persons seem to be urged by some instinct of style either to overstate things by one hundred per cent or to understate them by fifty per cent, in order to make the statement tell better. The simple, unspoilt boy reports a certain dullness in a friend by calling him a "gibbering idiot." The simple, unspoilt Irish peasant merely says of an actual, a certified village idiot that "he's as apt to do one thing as another." Both only want to accentuate what they say—to give it a savor, like the best authors. Horses used to shy, says Mr. Kipling, when one of his characters smiled. Some other standard author would have tried to get the same effect by saying that the man was not exactly an Apollo.

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There is yet a third sauce but it takes canny cooking. Straight and narrow is the path and few shall walk therein.

The most rousing preacher in Oxford, a generation ago, was Benjamin Jowett. He never, as some preachers did, put it to two hundred healthy young men that, as a quite likely thing, they might die in the course of the next night and have to give God, about breakfast time, an account of their stewardships. Neither did he suggest, as other preachers did, that they were all going to live to be three score and ten. What he said was, "I find it set down in tables that the average duration of human life, at the age of twenty-one, is about thirty-six years. We may hope for a little more; we may fear a little less; but, speaking generally, thirty-six years, or about thirteen thousand days, is the time in which our task must be accomplished." For myself, and some others, at least, I can certify this: our young minds were so electrified by this quaint piece of precision, so unexpected from a pulpit, that they were instantly opened wide for the reception of what followed—that we should be shabby fellows if we spent any serious proportion of our thirteen thousand days in shirking or whining or sponging on the more manful part of mankind.

The late Lord Morley of Blackburn spoke once of "the irony of absolutely literal statement," and he used to practise a kind of Quakerish finesse of accuracy, with a lively relish of its surprising and amusing flavor for the palates of readers surfeited with the common bawling and bungling, the wild overstatements and wild understatements of public dispute. It is true that this means of persuasion depends for a good deal of its force on the presence of a certain background. Anything stated with complete calmness and fastidious precision in the midst of a heated controversy has almost the effect of a satiric epigram. It gains, for your mind, an odd distinctness and authority; it has a cunning touch of flattery; it seems to summon you away from the company of these brawling fellows and to bid you use the brains with which it does you the honor of crediting you. If ever the supply of headlong over-staters and under-staters should run short, the effectiveness of literalism might undoubtedly languish. "It's blokes like me," the brawlers may say to the literalists, as the burglar said to the judge of assize, "that keep blokes like you." But of that loss of a favorable environment there seems to be no immediate danger.

Some years ago we read with singular pleasure a new guide-book, by Mr. A. G. Bradley, to the English Lake District. Its specific charm was simply that it left out all the gush. You felt that he loved the places he was describing, but he never tried to exhale more passion or pathos than there was in him; about John Peel he was not laboriously plaintive; he did not quote Wordsworth to death, nor assume that Wordsworth's spirit animated the whole lake population; he was not afraid to confess that in presence of some much hymned titbits of landscape, he had felt nothing more than a balked willingness to be bewitched if only they would bewitch him. In short, he never tried to make the waters of his sentiment rise higher than their source. And the result was a book as refreshing to read, after most books of its kind, as a cool bath is to take after much dusty walking.

Piquancy of a similar kind was sometimes attained in the verse of Lord Houghton. After all the sound and fury of the traditional tirades of slighted lovers against the beloved object's perfidies, one's mind would give a little leap of joy on reading a remonstrance tempered, for once, by a sensitive justice:

"And yet you were not wholly kind,
Nor altogether true."

Such a poet gives up much, but he may gain a choice quietude, a cool radiance of mingled sanity and sensibility, as moving to many civilized readers as a more Sapphic fervor.

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In one large province of modern letters a golden opportunity would appear to await the cook who knows how to vary his condiments. Let no one scorn the modern writer of advertisements. None of the trades that use ink has grown within living memory so wondrously as his. It is the one true Jacob's ladder of our time, the authentic Beanstalk. The middle-aged may remember the wonder and the friendly apprehensions of the Victorian period as it surveyed the ventures of the copious advertiser in those his salad days. They were the days of "Griffith, the Safe Man," of "Daffy's Elixir" for the ailing infant, "Good-morning," you were hailed from the walls of a thousand railway stations, "have you used Pears' soap?"

Most of the wise of the world would wag their heads in those early times and wonder would Mr. Daffy ever get back the money he must spend on his large square mileage of enameled tin? Would the public really buy the handiwork of Mr. Griffith, or would it merely think that the only man who needed an extra thickness of cool steel on the doors of his safes was the man who received the money that Griffith was using to beautify public places with his "slogan"? But time has vindicated the prudence of the Griffiths, the Daffys and the Pears. First-rate holiday resorts, even first-class European powers walk to-day along the trails blazed by these hardy pioneers in a relatively primitive age. Disputes between employer and workmen are waged in advertisement columns to-day; in the World War the Allies raised by copious advertisement both the men and the loans needed to finish the business, and the British and the German army advertised in each other's trenches for deserters; some British farmers with land beside main lines of railways are said to find big boldly silhouetted advertisements to be the most remunerative of their crops; advertisement was the means employed, not long since, by a man who wanted to find a woman to murder; even the stone warriors lying face upward on top of cenotaphs have before their eyes the names of "stunt" journals, daubed on the clear firmament in trails of smoke. Either it must pay to advertise much, or it must be vehemently imagined to do so. For advertising still goes up and up, like the *Ancient Mariner's* moon, and "nowhere" does abide.

Yet much of it is artless. Just look at the current advertisements of theaters. Every tube station in London is papered with unescapable assertions that some play is that which any tube traveler who cares about plays knows it is not. Any number of plays too notoriously dull to live long in London are cried about the other cities of the island as "the success of the London season." A farce universally known to be middling is mechanically affirmed on the bills, to be the most screaming ever seen, and "a roar from the first word to the last." With a few fascinating exceptions the trade in drama seems to be prosecuted in a world of perfunctory fibs which no one believes, and which no one supposes that any one can believe. In the textile trades of the North they sell goods not merely as of first or second quality but as first-rate, good, middling, middling to good, and many other fine shades. Clearly they do not think that it would be of use to copy the quack medicine merchants and praise all their wares in terms so extravagant that a sane buyer is instantly steeled against believing even that percentage of these praises which may perhaps be true. But most of the theater managers stand by the quacks, shoulder to shoulder; they still keep at a dead mechanical false pitch of emphasis, struggling feebly to arrest and thrill, and achieving only a sort of violent flatness.

Perhaps they feel that whether they like it or not, fate has set them to sell in a mart where all other sellers shout at the tops of their voices, so that unless they shout too, they will never be heard. Many non-commissioned officers have a firm belief that without a due admixture of curses, an order is unaudible to a private, or that it will skid lightly off the private's mind without biting on that unstable surface. These simple faiths generally arise from states of things which have already passed away, and which have themselves helped to create new states, by which their own validity is lessened. A private who has never known a sergeant that did not swear at him on all occasions, is apt to be fascinated, rather than left inattentive, by one who leaves out the "bloodies." The grand old damning and blasting sergeants have made the path straight for less richly expletory successors. By offering themselves as foils to the sergeant who swears not at all, or not much, they endow him beforehand with the charm of novelty; they give him, gratis, the advantage of the figure of contrast, so admirably used by Ovid—as the wise *Moses* says in the "Vicar of Wakefield."

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Why not try it on the playgoer? When will some shrewd manager be shrewd enough to perceive that in a world full of dull shrieking the still, small voice, the boast foregone, the falsehood dispensed with, the absurdity renounced, the fact understated, or stated with demurely delicate precision, have power to pique and almost to startle? Imagine a tube station wall on which half the plays running were puffed in the insipidly bawling old way and the other half were sized up, with a fastidious nicety and containment, for just what they were worth—a weak third act admitted, any comparison with real greatness disclaimed, but still quite an amusing piece on the whole, as pieces go now. With what a glow of respectful liking one's heart would warm to the play thus announced. One would feel the same trust that the Harley Street manner engenders, compared with the yells of hoarse cheap-jacks who sell at dockyard gates a pill warranted to cure measles, toothache and rupture. There, perhaps, lies the future of scientific advertisement—not in the capping of superlatives nor in trying to shout a whole stock-exchange down, but in the exploitation of the curious and conciliating quietude of the conversation of friends. The prudent advertiser may reflect that nothing he says can help his sales so much as the casual word of a man telling a friend that the goods are not divine perfection but that they have points and will not let him down. Why not say just that in an advertisement? Or try to make the distributed advertisement the very nearest thing possible to a distribution of actual samples of the thing advertised?

A daily newspaper or two, besides, might possibly sing to their one clear harp in somewhat more diverse tones than they do. Day differs from day in respect to the importance of the public events they bring forth. On one day, some years ago, there died both the heir apparent to the British throne and the most famous British ecclesiastic of the time. On many other days there really is no public news of much moment. No doubt we ought, in a high moral sense, to see importance in everything—amen. But still, humanly speaking, there are days rich in salient news and days far from rich in it.

What then shall the journalist do on the day poor in news? Accept and indicate the fact that history does sometimes sing rather small? Frankly say, as it were, to his readers, "No big news to-day; still, here's what there is, for whatever it's worth"? Or try to work up the illusion that the dull yesterday which he has to report was really a very remarkable and sensational day? Fasten on one of the trivial affairs that took place and cry it up, "feature" it and boom it as an event that is shaking, or will shake, the globe and the firmament? Both courses are followed by various English journals. But most of them follow the second. The larger number of editors seem to fear that they will have failed if they let any day pass without announcing some thrilling call upon the excitability of their readers. A few others cling to the notion that small beer is better chronicled as small beer and not as brandy or champagne. Perhaps neither school will prevail, within any reasonable time, to the point of ousting the other. For as they vary in nature so do their customers. There are readers of papers who actually do not find the absence of any special cause for excitement the same thing as dullness. They like the ordinary, average day, with its good human humdrum; they do not want to have its nature denied or obscured; they may enjoy the quiet, perhaps the humorous, record of its plain proceedings at least as well as that of days of European crisis, diplomatic affrays, hecatombic accidents, and celebrated cases in the courts. But there are also readers who would appear to have a sense of deflation unless they are kept well up to the mark with top notes and high lights, breakings of world records, and lickings of creation.

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So be it: this is a free country; I have no "abstract and friarly" question of morals to raise; only one of artistic expediency. If any one prefers either his beef without mustard, or his mustard without beef, let him be filled with the diet of his choice. All that interests me here and now is a certain slowness shown by the caterers of the newspaper press in following visible changes in the appetite of their customers. We may credit them with the warmest desire to do so, but desire will sometimes outrun performance. Since the World War there has been a fresh growth of the old habit of understatement in the conversation of British people. The war brought first a carnival of extravagance and exaggeration and then a somewhat Lenten fast from any delight in it. All the pots of rhetoric were first filled with foaming stuff, and then the froth was roughly blown away and, behold! the liquor was sour. Perhaps there never was a time when, in the mouths and minds of men and women of the nations lately at war, over-statement was so much out of fashion. But this might scarcely be guessed by a reader of those daily journals which are reputed to be fired, beyond their brethren, by a sincere desire for the pennies of their countrymen. They lose the scent; they flag; they fall behind the times, like those old-fashioned traders who still puff their goods as if their whole aim were to achieve a single transaction with each reader of the puff and then leave him disenchanted and cursing.

Have I betrayed a partiality for one of these three devices for getting people to mind what you say to them? Well, even a judge may have his likings, but still it would be unjudicial to set aside as common or unclean any of the various resources of emphasis used by sound artists. When Burke said that chivalry and honor had died out of the world at the French Revolution, he spoke bad history, but, as oratory, it was good. When *Gumbo* told the listening servants' hall at Castlewood that his mistress in Virginia had "fourteen eighteen" grooms, "twenty forty" gardeners, "twenty forty" footmen and "never could remember how many women servants—dere were so many:" no doubt he brought off a handsome effect of affluence, as was his wish. *Hamlet's* assertion that forty thousand brothers could not, all together, love *Ophelia* as much as he, may not be first rate science; but could you improve it as self-expression under the circumstances of the moment. High lights, half lights, low lights—all are useful in painting, and so are statement, overstatement, and understatement in letters. Given a congenial context, every one of them is right.

# WHITE AUSTRALIA

## *Are Her Days of Happy Isolation Ended*

### ANNIE OSBORN

A CASH customer in a great department store may be a more profitable patron than several who have charge accounts; but the heads of that store may not even know of his existence, while the credit customer is, necessarily, of very great interest to them.

Until two or three years ago, Australia stood to America in the position of the cash customer, with more than $150,000,000 required to square the ledger annually. But now that she has begun borrowing money from the United States, I am told by the official secretary for Australia in New York, Mr. David M. Dow, the bond-holders are growing ever more eager for information regarding the country in which they have a stake. From a publicity point of view the search here for money to "hire" has been entirely advantageous to my home in the antipodes.

When we first came to America, we were considerably surprised to find two impressions of our island continent apparently deep-rooted in the minds of many people on both the Pacific and the Atlantic coasts. The first was that Australia was settled by convicts; the second, that even now it is merely the largest of a swarm of islands in the South Pacific in which a handful of whites govern a horde of aboriginal blacks. It was not until we had been asked many times if we spoke or understood the Australian language that it dawned upon us what a conception of our home lay behind that question. I find it difficult to persuade people that there is amazingly little difference between life in New York and in Melbourne or Sydney.

The settlement of Australia had its genesis in the transportation of offenders against the existing British laws, it is true; but nevertheless Australia was not settled by convicts. It was annexed to the British Crown in 1770 by the intrepid Captain Cook; but it might be remembered that about that time Great Britain had considerable anxiety regarding an older daughter, and for a number of years found enough to do with America. Thus it was not until 1788 that the House of Commons awakened to the fact that possession had to be followed up by occupation, and some brilliant intellect suggested that it would be better to empty the prisons of petty offenders by shipping them to Australia rather than by sending them to Tyburn. Hundreds of offenses were classified as "capital" ones—as witness that harrowing story told by Dickens of a young mother sentenced to hang for stealing two loaves of bread, who was allowed to carry her baby with her as she rode on her coffin to Tyburn gallows, and was permitted to remain under the rope sufficiently long to nurse the infant for the last time.

This simple solution to the difficulty of emptying overcrowded gaols and thus minimizing the risks of the dreaded prison fever was hailed with delight especially by humanitarians. Soon all the political prisoners (and no American needs to be told how unwise the British were in their politics then!) and the debtors who were hopelessly insolvent, were traveling southward, in company with crowds of petty larcenists and other offenders against the peace who would to-day be dismissed with a small fine or tried in a juvenile court and placed on probation.

So trivial were the offenses charged against the great majority of the compulsory settlers on Botany Bay (New South Wales) and Port Arthur (Tasmania), that when the whole bad business was swept away, all—except a few real criminals—were not only set free but were given land and stock and the means for building homes; and were quickly absorbed into the general community. The order went forth that every document connected with the system should be destroyed, so that no busybodies of the future could unearth damnatory evidence against the forebears of some citizen who had attained eminence. One or two records were pilfered, and I have studied one in the possession of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Library, where the pathetic, even ludicrous pettiness of the "crimes" is proved beyond question. The story is told of one woman, described as the wife of a "pressed" service man, who was transported for seven years for picking up two handkerchiefs in the street and refusing to give them to "a gentleman of quality" when he ordered her to do so. Her defense was that she had as much right to them as he!

Australians are very sensitive about this phase of their history. When Earl Beauchamp, some years ago, arrived in Sydney to assume the duties of the Governor of New South Wales, he was so amazed at the high grade of the prosperous community he had stumbled upon, that in all sincerity he heartily congratulated the citizens assembled to do him honor upon having "got rid of every trace of their birth stains." The Australians so deeply resented this allusion that the noble earl was immediately branded "Birth-Stains Beauchamp," and to this day he is never mentioned out there in any other way. He had a rather unhappy, shortened stay among us although he deserved a better fate. Thus, it is well, when mixing with Australians, to remember that Americans and Australians are on a level in their attitude toward the politicians of the days of George III.

As a matter of plain fact, the settlement of Australia only began in real earnest with the discovery of gold by a Californian named Hargraves; and here, too, we have a strong link with America. Not all of the hosts of gold-seekers who were lured to California in the stirring times of '49 were successful. Many of them fossicked for gold for a few years, and then heard of the fabulous riches to be picked up in the new El Dorado under the Southern Cross; so in '51 they sailed there in great numbers, meeting as they landed the never-ending stream of Britain's young manhood, who were also drawn overseas by the fairy-tales of streets of gold. These two fine streams of migrants settled Australia, and by their daring scorn of hardships and their amazing resourcefulness made it what it is to-day—Fortuna's horn of plenty.

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In regard to the second current impression, that Australia is a land in which a handful of whites govern a horde of aboriginal blacks, one might well say, "Alas for the aboriginal Australian and his language!" The aboriginal Tasmanian is believed to have been the lowest form of human being upon earth, but he was so quickly exterminated by ruthless whites that science has no means of determining just how far he was inferior to his brother on the mainland. Two things are certain: both belonged to the Stone Age, and neither progressed in intelligence or mode of living after the prehistoric cataclysm took place which made Australia an island and isolated her from the rest of the world.

Professor Sir Baldwin Spencer has made an intensive study of the Australian aborigines, and has collected the entire range of implements used by the blacks prior to the advent of the white man. He presented this collection a few years ago to the Melbourne Museum, and side by side with every article the noted ethnologist has placed another stone implement unearthed in Europe or wherever the Stone Age man's relics were to be found. The layman cannot in any instance tell which is which, so perfect is the parallel in every case. Could there be a greater romance of the brotherhood of man, extending back through countless ages, than this most extraordinary phenomenon?

The mainland blacks were not ill-treated as were the Tasmanians, but the white man's diseases and the white man's fire-water decimated their numbers very quickly, until now it is as easy to find a Red Indian in Manhattan as it would be to find an aborigine in the populous south-eastern quarter of Australia. A few are slowly vanishing in mission compounds here and there; there are more in Central Australia; but these and the still-wild tribes in the tropics are steadily diminishing. Place-names alone remind us of the original inhabitants of our too-little known country.

Yet it is in that second misconception in the minds of American people that the origin of the White Australia policy is to be found. We live so close to those islands where a few whites do control the destinies of hordes of blacks, and we have seen so much of the miserably sordid but apparently inevitable results of such close contact, that we are determined to keep Australia white at all hazards. The fathers of Federation decided that there must be no possibility of a color problem for a United Australia in the future. They had not only the immediate example of the contiguous islands, they had also the experience of America to guide them, and not even for the privilege of having cheap domestic service would they run the risks of grave future danger.

If America had such great difficulty in assimilating the negroes, what would it have been like if we had attempted to assimilate a far lower grade of black people than the Africans—which would have been the case if the islanders had not been prohibited from settling there? Then, too, there were our neighbors next door but one—the teeming millions of Asia, who looked longingly upon our vast vacant spaces. Surely the time was ripe, when the six States decided to federate—the first year of the twentieth century—to make a pronouncement that would be unmistakable? Australia was to become, and remain, white. Twenty-nine years later, every Australian indorses that policy of the founders of the nation, and we would unhesitatingly call upon the might of both Great Britain and America to help us defend that policy to the death if it were seriously threatened. Australia must remain white—for the future peace of America as for our own.

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Until Federation, Australia was composed of six separate and independent States, each of which had a customs barrier against the other. The continent extends from tropical to near-antarctic latitudes, and comprises so many and such varied sources of natural wealth that the inhabitants have always been alertly conscious of their vast potentialities as a great nation of the future. We have an almost incredibly huge reservoir of ever-recurring wealth, from our countless sheep-runs where the finest wool in the world is annually shorn in great quantities; from the immense cattle-stations in the northern half of the continent; from Tasmania's ideal conditions for apple-growing and the southern half of the mainland for citrus and other fruits; from Queensland's prolific industry in sugar, bananas and pineapples; from dairying under the easiest conditions in the world in Victoria and New South Wales; from the golden granaries of Victoria, New South Wales and South Australia; from scores of other sources as well as from the, as yet scarcely-touched, hardwood forests where some of the most exquisite woods in existence await the cabinet-makers of the world, and from our mineral resources which are as varied as they are boundless. Even our pests turn to our advantage. The rabbit, which is so hated that it is a felony to harbor one as a pet, is yet so valuable that the United States alone pays us over $10,000,000 annually for its pelt!

For the proper exploitation of this wealth, Australia needs two things urgently: a greater population, and good roads. Our island is so nearly the same size as the United States that the difference is negligible, while our population is scarcely larger than that of California. It can therefore readily be understood what a gigantic task faces the people "down under." Not only this, but the coming of the gasoline age has found us unprepared to readjust our methods of locomotion. America and Great Britain did not find any insuperable difficulty in facing the obvious fact that the gasoline age has revolutionized the world as profoundly as did steam or the invention of machinery. In these countries the period of inevitable readjustment proceeded, or is proceeding, with astonishing rapidity and smoothness, mainly because the railroads are owned and operated by private owners on a business base, and business has a way of accommodating itself to the inevitable in as speedy and efficient a manner as is humanly possible. But we—we are saddled with State-owned railroads, built with borrowed money; and thus the new era has found us loaded down with a burden we cannot get rid of, however much we desire to do so. When governments operate any essential industry, annual deficits can be easily passed on to the taxpayers, with an airy promise of doing better next year; for this reason our railroads have been a liability instead of an asset.

With the staggering fact before them that the traction of the future is going to be rail-less and gas-propelled, our politicians are still imitating King Canute; but such conduct must sooner or later come to an end, and they will have to bow to the inevitable. Such huge sums have been sunk in our great mileage of railroads, and such enormous interest bills and sinking funds have to be reckoned with, that with every succeeding deficit a wail goes up that the service grows worse and the prices higher—that is, on all but the interstate and suburban lines. In the cities the vicious policy of taxing competition off the roads has been pursued hitherto; but the temper of the people will not endure much more of that. Infinitely worse for the progress of the country is the policy pursued in extra-urban territory. Side by side with the almost panicky dismay of the financial heads of Government over the new order of things, comes their determination not to help in the creation of good roads, because it might convert the myriads of local railroads into scrap iron. Yet in so vast a country where primary production is our very life, quick and efficient and cheap transit is the main essential. The first man who solves the problem of how to convert our already antiquated rural railroads into arterial roads for motor traction to the seaboard and the cities, will be transformed from a politician into a statesman; but we shall probably have to await a new generation before the leaders will be able to grasp or will dare to enunciate such a Napoleonic idea. When it is an accomplished fact, however, many of Australia's other problems will solve themselves.

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An ever-present problem is how to persuade young men to stay on the farms on which they were bred. We hear one cry so frequently reiterated that we have grown heartily sick of it, and that is for the city dweller to go "back to the land." We have a good deal of sympathy for the man aimed at when he retorts, "Go yourself!" Yet the situation is admittedly serious. About one half the total population of Australia is to be found in the six capital cities—Sydney, with its 1,250,000, and Melbourne with its even million, being far and away the most populous. Possibly another million is to be found in the various cities and towns elsewhere, and this leaves the burden of the vital producing interests upon far too small a number of people; but until the roads are built that will enable people to annihilate distance, they will continue to choose to live in the cities where they can enjoy the comforts and pleasures of urban life.

Another problem, not so vital perhaps, and yet one of paramount importance when we remember how immense an influence politics has upon the well-being of a country, is that of our over-government. It was bad enough before Federation, when each small sovereign State jealously made its own laws and kept an ever-watchful eye upon any threatened encroachment by its neighbor; but now, when all but purely local matters can be dealt with more efficiently by the Federal Parliament, we still carry on as before, instead of scrapping all the local parliaments and councils, and evolving machinery more practical and better suited to our needs. Our handful of people still seems to find it necessary to have seven imported Governors and their retinues (six State Governors and a Federal Governor-General), and any suggestion that we should do away with the system of importing State Governors arouses the cry that we are verging upon Unification instead of keeping to the ideal of Federation. And Unification seems to be a bogey that scares the powerful States with the dread of having to carry the weaker ones, and the weaker States with the dread of absorption by the more powerful ones. Lovers of Australia often sigh for that millennial dawn which is promised "when none shall be for party but all shall be for State"—when the good of the whole will be placed before the petty pride of the parts. Unification is in the offing, for Federation has done a great deal toward breaking down as well as building up, and when the jealousy of former times disappears we shall really become a United Australia.

The problem of population is the thorniest of all. Perhaps at the present stage of our existence the reluctance of the people to welcome any great influx of new citizens is justifiable. We have no ban against newcomers save that of color and a highly ingenious and yet satisfactory barrier against undesirables known as the "dictation test." If the immigration authorities have received information from a trustworthy source that an individual with a variegated history has left his country for his country's good and set sail for ours, it is permissible for them to subject such a would-be entrant to the "dictation test" before giving him permission to land. It sounds very simple and innocent. Forty words must be written down by the immigrant at the dictation of the official in charge. But—the law does not specify in what language this test shall be carried out, and it is entirely within the law for a Russian Bolshevik to be asked to write forty words in Maori, or for a turbulent Balkan to be given forty words from the writings of Confucius, or for a dyed-in-the-wool Communist from any place, to be told to transcribe forty words from the Talmud. There is no appeal for the newcomer, when such a test is judged necessary for our peace. The dictation test is there for that specific purpose! Some of us wish it could have been applied, occasionally, to fellow-subjects coming from the other side of the world, as well as to disturbing elements from alien lands.

Despite the almost desperate need of population to open up our new country we decided not only that no colored men need apply to enter our White Australia, but that those already there should be returned to their country of origin, unless they were lawfully citizens. In pre-Federation days there were a good many Chinese in the various States, but since few Chinese women were ever admitted, very few founded families, and with the withdrawal of permission for the Chinese to enter, those already there naturally dwindled with the passing of the years. Only in Queensland was there a color problem. There in the extensive cane-fields kanakas, as the inhabitants of the Pacific islands are called, were indentured for work in the semi-tropical conditions, since the aborigines were quite incapable of doing such sustained labor. The first requisite for a White Australia was the acquiescence of Queensland in the forcible repatriation of every kanaka. With the promise of abundance of white labor and an indemnity against loss, this was forthcoming. It meant the cessation of the trade of "blackbirding," a highly profitable calling for conscienceless owners of small vessels. It was really a form of press-gang indenturing, if not actually of slavery, for a limited number of years. The young men of Polynesia were tricked by various ruses into going aboard the small cruising vessels and were then carried off to the northeastern State of Queensland to work for longer or shorter periods on the sugar-cane plantations. They were paid a nominal wage and were not seriously ill-treated, but nobody could defend the practice and we all felt better when with the inauguration of the Commonwealth the fiat went forth for its death. Some kanakas had married and settled down to make permanent homes in Queensland, and they protested vehemently against their forcible repatriation, but the law was adamant. The resultant increase in the cost of producing sugar was provided for by a prohibitive protective tariff, and ever since then we have used none but home-grown sugar and have paid about double the price for it. This price was paid with more or less cheerfulness until recently—until, in fact, we began to feel the effects of America's immigration laws!

It might seem a far cry from America's immigration restriction act to a White Australia and the Australian working-man's standard of living, but the three have proved to be closely interrelated. In this way: When America decided to limit the number of immigrants she would admit annually, there were hosts of Southern Europeans who found themselves blocked from following their friends westward across the Atlantic. Where were they to go? They took boat in one of two directions—to Latin America or to Australia. They came to us with such peaceful penetration at first that we did not realize what had happened until they forced themselves on the public attention by knifings and bombings when vendettas were in the air—things hitherto known to us only through reading.

But the new arrivals have all been most industrious and eager for work. When they learned of the unlimited facilities for making a living on the cane-fields of Queensland, they willingly hastened there in groups and companies and settled down in various places as small communities. They worked hard and efficiently, and, "living on the smell of an oily rag" to use a favorite Australian expression, they soon saved enough, collectively, to buy a trifle of sugar-cane land as a community purchase. This they worked co-operatively.

To the original purchase they added another and yet another, and so the process went on until the Italians found themselves owners of considerable tracts of cane-field. Gradually they encroached upon the dominance of Australian owners, and when at last the full significance of their thrift, industry and foresight became obvious, the people of Australia began to grumble, saying that they were paying double price for sugar to enrich an ever-growing number of immigrant Italians! It is one thing to pay dearly that one's compatriots may establish a great industry, and to keep the ideal of a White Australia at the same time; but where are *we* going to come out if we penalize ourselves heavily for the sake of an unassimilated foreign element? Here is an opportunity for economists to prove that the bed-rock of permanent trade must lie in the intrinsic value of the commodity produced, and not in any kind of artificial bolstering, whatever ideal may be back of that bolstering.

The famous outburst of the ex-Prime Minister, the Right Hon. W. M. Hughes, P. C., in the Federal Parliament a few months ago, against the evils attendant on the unrestricted admission of Italians, had its origin in this and similar unpleasant complications; yet those who did not understand, believed it to be merely an unrestrained exhibition of racial spleen. The situation is growing more intense, despite the recent arrangement whereby only a definite number of Italians shall be admitted annually, and the solution is not in sight.

Not only on the cane-fields, the banana plantations and the pine-apple groves of Queensland, but elsewhere, have the alien immigrants been making their presence felt—Greeks and south Russian Jews as well as Italians. So closely does one phase of industry interlock with another that this influx of the frugal, untiring, aspiring, determined south Europeans is apparently going to prove the crucial testing point of the "Go Slow" policy of industrialist leaders, as well as of our much-vaunted and wholly admirable "standard of living."

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This "standard of living" is an elusive thing. It can really be best explained by what it does not imply rather than by what it embraces. It certainly has no room for poor or rough clothes, plain and simple food, long hours of work, or work at top-speed, cheese-paring economy, or no money for pleasure or idle dalliance. But how is it going to stand against the competition of men who have been used all their lives to such sacrifices, and who, in a land flowing with milk and honey, find golden opportunities to profit amazingly by their upbringing? A nation might prohibit the consumption of spirituous liquor, but it could hardly order its citizens who have been used to living on macaroni to give it up and eat beefsteak, in order to keep up the national "standard of living!"

For more than thirty years, in season and out of season, Australian working-men have been implored by their leaders to go slow; urged not to work themselves out of a job; conjured to keep themselves fit to enjoy their leisure hours, until these ideas have become fixed articles of their belief. But to maintain such a policy successfully presupposes that they have the entire field to themselves; that there will be no disturbing factor in the shape of rivalry. Only our isolation and our determined exclusion of cheap labor made it possible for the leaders of industrial unionism even to enunciate such a doctrine, which is always bound hand and foot with their first axiom, that the standard of living must be kept up. But who is going to make the South Europeans contented with a "come-day go-day" policy?

Even the all-powerful unions are powerless against these newcomers who are clannish to the last degree and sublimely indifferent to the usages of our countrymen. The workers say they would almost as soon give up the idea of a White Australia (as the Communists are always urging them to do) as to yield on this standard of living; yet it seems as if the days of happy isolation definitely ended with America's closed doors. Money is power the world over, in whatsoever hands it is held, and if the Italians and the Greeks, the Russian and Polish Jews are going to amass fortunes spectacularly, after the American fashion, as they have already done, at the expense of our easy-going native-born, something is going to happen that will be decidedly interesting to watch. For the young Australian is as bright, as intelligent, as resourceful and as determined as any man in the world, when put upon his mettle; and there are those who believe that America has indirectly taught him the one lesson he sadly needed to learn—that industry is a blessing; not a curse, and that when rightly applied it can be turned into enormous power.

(Next Month: *Idealism in Legislation*)

# THE ANNOUNCEMENT

*Strange, Yet All Agreed About the Facts*

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

MY Aunt Riah had been a teacher all her life. In her early sixties, she retired to the little "Cape Cod cottage" which had been in her family for two hundred years. She was a striking-looking woman; figure, tall, gaunt, with a certain look of power; eyes, hazel, thoughtful, fine; hair, black and heavy with sculpturesque dashes of silver through it.

This is the story she told me, late one October night, in front of the fire.

"What I am going to tell you happened nearly forty years ago, when I was twenty-eight. I have never talked about it to anybody else. I don't know why exactly. Everybody is dead who was present that night. Not that that had anything to do with it. It couldn't hurt anybody to have it known. There was nothing disgraceful about it. Indeed it was beautiful. I suppose it's only that one has a disinclination to tell something that isn't credible. Strange things happen to us sometimes—oh I've heard this from so many people. We know they happen—and yet we have moments of questioning the evidence of our own senses. This was like that. I know it happened. There were six others present. Afterward, we all agreed about the facts. And yet—

"I had been teaching for two years in Northwell. You know Northwell, a small place not far from Boston. When I first went there, I was lonely—awfully lonely. And then I got acquainted with a most delightful group. They sort of took me up. They were in the habit of having parties every Saturday night and they invited me to all of them.

"This group consisted of eight people. First of all, there were the Denmores. They were rather older than the rest of us, a fine pair. For years, he had taught Latin and Greek in a small college in the Middle West. He had a little money of his own and so had she. With their incomes and with what he had saved, he had enough to give up teaching. They spent their winters in Northwell and their summers in Europe. They were very cultivated, quiet, charming people.

"Then there were the Godfreys. Harry Godfrey was the cashier of the Northwell bank. He was not the most gifted person in the crowd, but I always thought he was the most amusing. His wife had a beautiful voice and she specialized in old English ballads. We loved to hear her sing and we never hesitated to ask her. Then—" Aunt Riah paused impressively. "Then there was Anthony John—"

"Anthony John?" I repeated. "Who was Anthony John?"

"Don't you know who *Anthony John* was?" Aunt Riah asked in a scandalized tone. "And we thought him such a brilliant novelist. Well I suppose nobody reads him now. He was writing his first novel that year at Northwell."

"Oh, that must have been thrilling!" I interjected, a little vaguely.

"It was," Aunt Riah agreed. "He used to read it, chapter by chapter to us. He wasn't so charming as Mr. Godfrey nor so amiable as Mr. Denmore. He was broody. But he was, as you say, thrilling. I'll tell you more about him sometime. I, being the only single woman in the group, always balanced Tony John at our little parties. Then there were the Nelsons—Rob Nelson and his wife, Edie."

Aunt Riah stopped and put a log on the fire. It was an unnecessary log and the action was absolutely mechanical. Somehow I knew that the mention of the Nelsons had stirred her emotions.

"They were a young married couple. In fact Edie was little more than a bride. Oh, I shouldn't say that. Perhaps they had been married five years. But Edie told me once that they had never been separated. She was one of those women that you think of as a perpetual bride. Rob was a thin dark man with handsome, regular features. When he talked, his eyes sparkled or flamed. It almost seemed as if his color changed like a girl's. Rob was in business, although I always wondered why he was; he had the soul of a poet. I hate to apply the adjective in the presence of your generation that I always applied to Rob Nelson. That adjective was *lovely*. Even then, I used to bite my tongue when it slipped out; but once I heard a man say that Rob was 'lovely.' Rob was gifted too; he sketched; he sang; he wrote very pretty verse. Edie worshiped him. Edie herself—"

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Aunt Riah started to put another log on the fire. She thought better of it and took up her story.

"It's hard to describe Edie Nelson. She was like nobody I've ever known. She had gray eyes and chestnut hair and a clear pale skin. She was big and her movements were all slow and, I thought, extremely graceful. She was large-featured, yet she was extremely feminine. She was delicate and fine and soft. Edie wasn't beautiful, but there was something about her—I used to tell her she was 'starry' and 'pearly.' And she worshiped the ground Rob walked on. Not that Rob didn't love her equally. He adored her. But an element entered into Edie's devotion that wasn't in Rob's, didn't have to be there—apprehension. Rob wasn't strong. He had some weakness of the lungs; he was going to a physician in Boston regularly. Edie watched over him like a mother. If Bob coughed, a look would come into her eyes, so anxious, so *tenderly* anxious— At those times she was really angelic.

"The Nelsons had come, just before I came, strangers to Northwell; and for a time they had been very lonely. Then the Denmores called and liked them so much that they started the Saturday night parties so that the Nelsons could get acquainted. How Rob Nelson enjoyed those Saturday nights! And no wonder—looking back, it seems to me we laughed all the time. We'd talk and play games. Occasionally one of us would read something from the 'Atlantic' or a recent book that had taken his fancy. Mrs. Godfrey always sang. About twelve we'd make a raid on the kitchen and get something to eat. They were very happy hours—the happiest of my life. They seem so innocent now when I look back upon them. We all enjoyed them; but to Rob Nelson, they were the very breath of life. There was a real friendship among us. No, I don't think 'friendship' is strong enough—a real love. I don't remember that anything disagreeable ever happened.

"Well, these little meetings had been going on all winter and all spring. School was about to close. That meant a separation, for the Denmores would go abroad and this year the Godfreys were going with them. Tony John was leaving for the West in a day or two. Rob Nelson's face used to get positively tragic when we spoke of these plans. Mrs. Denmore insisted on holding the last party at her house. She always gave a dinner. I call it a dinner. It would be very simple for these days. We had a soup, a meat, two vegetables and a dessert. No fruit course, no salad. And, we never had anything to drink but beer or cider. The Denmores' place was one of those Queen Anne houses that were just coming into style then; rooms on the ground floor all opening into each other; smelling of varnish and new paint. We always loved to go to the Denmores; they had the true spirit of hospitality.

"I had offered to set the table for Mrs. Denmore; so I got to the house early. About six, the bell rang. Mrs. Denmore was busy in the kitchen—she did all her own work—and so I went to the door. It was Rob Nelson.

"'I dashed over here ahead of time,' he said, 'to tell you that Edie hasn't come home yet. She went to Boston this morning to do some shopping and she expected to get back on the five thirty.' He went on to say that when she left, Edie had had a feeling that her shopping might take longer than she expected. It was only a feeling, he said, but apparently it had turned out that way. Edie had added, 'If I am delayed, tell the Denmores to go right on without me. I'll eat a quick dinner in Boston and take the first train I can get. I'll be with you for the evening anyway.' Rob didn't say much more than this. I could see he was awfully disappointed.

"Well, Mrs. Denmore and I were quite heart-broken. We were just beginning, all of us, to realize, I think, what a person Edie was. She had no accomplishments; she never talked much; yet somehow she set up pleasant currents in a room. It was like having a lovely big moon shining all the time. Finally Mrs. Denmore said, 'Well, we'll leave her place set up. Perhaps she'll arrive in time to eat some pie.' So I left Edie's place just as it was.

"Presently the others came. They were all just as disappointed as we were that Edie was not there. But when we sat down to the table, we got to laughing and talking as usual—we were always so gay! Mrs. Denmore had just served the soup—I remember perfectly the big Canton medallion tureen which had been in her family for years—when the bell rang. I answered the door. To my great surprise—and delight—there stood Edie.

"'Oh Edie,' I exclaimed, 'isn't this wonderful! How on earth did you manage to get here?'

"'Oh I managed!' she answered. 'It's a long story. I'll tell you later. I was determined that nothing would interfere with our last evening together. Rob so hates to have the Saturday nights stop. And he's been just counting on this one.'

"I never saw Edie look so disheveled—not hot, nor tired, nor dusty exactly, but excited-looking. She was paler than usual. And her hair—ordinarily it lay in the softest coolest waves—was *so* disordered. Every hair seemed to have blown away from every other. I told her that her eyelashes looked blown!

"She took off her hat and coat and placed them on the hat-tree. She smoothed her hair and suddenly—except that she was so wan—she looked the soft delicate Edie, as carefully preened as a bird, that we all so loved, her eyes like gray stars, full of love and tenderness. When she appeared in the dining-room, she received a regular ovation. Rob beamed all over, 'I'll tell you what happened later,' she called to him. 'Now let's go on with the party.'

"We went on with the party. It certainly was a hilarious evening. We continued to sit round the table long after we had stopped eating. The jokes just flew! And we laughed till our sides ached.

"I don't remember all we talked about, but I do remember most of it. What happened of course set it in my memory. If I've gone over that night once in my mind, I've gone over it hundreds of times. I remember particularly we discussed two books; both, it happened, by women authors. One was 'Guenn' by Blanche Willis Howard and the other was 'For the Major' by Constance Fenimore Woolson. Everybody talked—argued. Everybody, that is, except Edie. That wasn't unusual. Edie was not much of a talker. This night she seemed preoccupied. And that *was* unusual. She wasn't only preoccupied; she was troubled.

"Her eyes—oh, they were so abstracted—kept going to Rob's face. And then that abstraction would break in a look of such love—such *pitying* love—that every time it sent a sharp pang through me. I kept wondering— Suddenly—it was like a flash—it came to me what her mysterious business in Boston had been. She had gone to see Rob's physician. I didn't dare to guess what he might have told her; but I knew it wasn't reassuring. And that was why she had rushed so to get this last happy evening with the crowd.

"When Rob met Edie's eyes—Rob was very brilliant that night—the sparkle in his eyes changed to the warm glow which always came into them when he looked at Edie. That strange preoccupation of Edie's vanished the instant his eyes turned in her direction. I'm sure Rob never saw it once.

"The evening went on. We stayed later than we had ever stayed. The talk grew gayer and gayer; the laughter more frequent. Eleven o'clock struck, half past and twelve. Still we sat about the table, draining the dregs of our last night together.

To me, it seemed that Edie grew quieter and quieter, until she was like a still shadow.

"I don't know the exact moment that the bell rang—sometime after twelve. But it rang as though it had been pulled out by the roots. 'Who can that be?' Mrs. Denmore said in an alarmed voice. Mr. Denmore rushed to the door. We heard him say, 'Well, hello, Gillis! Come in, won't you?' Then we heard Mr. Gillis answer in a voice that brought us all to our feet, 'Is Rob Nelson here? I must see him at once. There's been a frightful accident—'

"I don't know what Mr. Denmore said, or if he said anything. The next thing I knew, Gillis, white as cheese and shaking like an aspen-leaf, was in the dining-room. He didn't speak to any of us. He didn't look at us. His eyes went straight to Rob. 'Nelson,' he groaned. 'Oh, Nelson! For God's sake brace yourself. It's just come over the telephone in the bank. There's been a terrible accident on the five thirty. A lot of people were killed. Your wife— Your wife— Your wife—'

"'My wife, man!' Rob echoed. 'What are you talking about? Why my wife's here.'

"We all turned to Edie," Aunt Riah concluded. "We all turned to Edie," she repeated. "We all turned to Edie," she said for the third time and now her voice was shrill. "But Edie's chair was empty. There was *nothing* where Edie had been sitting. Edie was not in the room—or anywhere. . . . Edie had gone. . . ."

## SOLITUDINO

(*Capri*)

JULIAN STREET

Your eyes, and mine, have seen Solaro's heights
  All green and golden in the noonday sun,
Your eyes, and mine, on scented summer nights
  Have sought the sea and watched the fishers' lights,
    Like spangles fallen from Aurora's gown.

Your feet, and mine, have found the island ways
  Where bloom narcissus, rosemary and heather,
Your heart, and mine, have warmed to tropic days
  And burned through tropic nights with stars ablaze—
    Your heart and mine, but not, but not together.

# TABLE TALK

DURING a period of eight years the Collector of Internal Revenue refunded over two billion dollars in income taxes, chiefly to large corporations. A single item of twenty-six million dollars was refunded to the United States Steel Corporation; six million dollars was handed back to the Reynolds Tobacco Company; and the staggering total of these abatements (as the refunds are technically termed) has so embarrassed the Treasury that at this writing there appears to be danger of a deficit in the departmental budget for the current year.

Despite the protests of Messrs. Mellon and Mills that their house is in order, testimony to the contrary filters in from high sources. An investigation conducted by the Senate Committee on the Judiciary reveals the interesting fact that after the assessments had been levied on the U. S. Steel Corporation "the Solicitor and one of his assistants resigned and were admitted to the practice of law before the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and that soon after, they filed a proceeding before the Bureau to obtain a refund of taxes which had been assessed in part while they were connected with the Bureau." "We find," the report continues "that this case [the U. S. Steel refunds] was tried in secret, passed in secret and virtually paid in secret. . . . Your committee feels that this method of repaying funds is so slipshod that it ought to be corrected, and cases of this importance should be settled in the open before an impartial tribunal." In the open, by all means.

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IS ANY good purpose served by flaunting the horrors of cancer before a lay public? Dr. James B. Murphy of the Rockefeller Institute believes there is not. Dr. Murphy, whose work on malignant tumors renders him the leading American authority on cancer, is violently opposed to any campaign, under any auspices, that will keep before the public the menacing threat of this incurable disease. He says:

"If cancer, like tuberculosis, could be diagnosed in its first stages and if such early diagnosis could lead to therapy, either by surgery or radium, I should be heartily in favor of keeping this terror alive in the public mind. But I am of the opinion that when cancer makes itself known, it is usually too late to employ remedial measures. A sprinkling minimum of surface tumors may be treated, yes. But the overwhelming majority of internal carcinomas are at present beyond our skill to cure. What painful breach of faith then, with a trusting public, to promise therapeutic miracles which can rarely be performed, even when attempted at the earliest discoverable stages of the disease. So far from curing cancer, we do not even know what it is. After working with it for fifteen years, I am only beginning to form a hypothesis as to its nature, and will probably spend my life revising this hypothesis. Let us wait then, for more precise knowledge of this scourge before we begin to spread a falsely encouraging propaganda regarding its treatment and cure."

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"TABACOL," a new poison extracted from tobacco by an Italian chemist, is so insidiously potent that a single drop will cause instant death, making it appear at the same time that the death was due to natural causes. Whatever commercial or scientific value this drug may have, we depose not. But we suspect that *Philo Vance*, *Dr. Thorndike*, *Peterfield Ayscough*, and the thousand-and-one other scientific detectives will soon have a new phial in their chemical closet, and a new shiver for their armies of readers.

◆

THE Public Prosecutor is not, and cannot be made a sympathetic character. While we agree that conviction of criminals is the business of a good prosecutor, and that society is endangered unless he secures such convictions, yet we are revolted too frequently by the methods he employs to obtain them.

A pitiful abuse of the prosecuting power was dramatically revealed in York County, Pennsylvania, a few weeks ago, when a fourteen-year-old boy was sentenced to life imprisonment for a crime of darkest ignorance—a witchcraft murder. The lad was obviously the instrument of an older man, himself a superstition-ridden relic of another age. Both of the defendants (or the boy at least) should have received clinical treatment—or a grammar school education. But the prosecutor for York County, in the performance of his duty, demanded and received the maximum penalties for both the accused. He is welcome to whatever honor may accrue from these convictions. But the real voice in the York County trial, the crying utterance that will not down, was that of Harvey Gross, lawyer for the fourteen-year-old defendant. Replying to the prosecutor's plea for a life penalty, Gross said:

"You squeeze the last drop of blood from the hearts of ignorant people to vindicate the honor of York County!" Oh, dubious vindication, and questionable honor that requires it!

The prosecutor of York County, and of every other county in the United States, is probably a just and worthy man in private life. But his office is a political one, and his advancement depends upon the number of his convictions. He must overwhelm the voters by the number of persons he has sent to jail or to the electric chair. Now for justice and human life to be so inextricably knit up with political ambition, seems a curious and unfortunate state of affairs. Take the prosecutor's office off the ballot; put it on the appointive list. Or let the State retain attorneys, as she sometimes does in highly specialized cases. Any system would be preferable to the essentially unjust methods of prosecution as revealed by the York County trial.

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GEORGE GERSHWIN and Paul Whiteman, America's liaison officers between jazz and—er—music, have been demoted, outplayed and completely overturned by one Ernest Krenek, a young Austrian composer. Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf" (Jonny Strikes Up) was recently produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company amid batings of critical breath and the frank enjoyment of a typical mid-season audience. In Berlin, vegetables had been hurled; New York had only enthusiatic applause for a vastly original and striking production. *Jonny*, the colored hero, sails through a series of breakneck and amorous adventures for possession of a famous violin, which he uses to broadcast his shuffling jazz tunes over the radio. The rightful owner of the violin recognizes the inimitable tone of his instrument issuing from the loudspeaker . . . and then complications begin to sprout thicker than huckleberries in a damp August. "Jonny" is livelier, gayer than the gayest of the old light operas; it outshines the scenic and lighting effects of many a musical comedy. But as opera? There are indignant cries of "No, No" from the conservative wing of music lovers. Most middle-ground listeners agree, however, that "Jonny" has struck up the most significant piece of music yet generated by the jazz germ.

◆

WHEN Commander Byrd communicated *via radio* with New York, from an airplane three thousand feet in altitude and ten thousand miles away, the world was thrilled, emotionally and mentally, by the feat of the intrepid explorer. To establish this communication all the resources of science and adventure were fused into one splendid experience; the two most exciting phases of modern life joined hands to let Byrd's message issue from the frozen south.

Men will continue to penetrate the ice-capped polar regions, but it is no longer necessary that the blanketing depths of polar night should silence their voices. We march with them now; they are never far away. One thinks of the contrasting fate of Robert Falcon Scott and his companions, immured in the vast tomb of the polar circle for more than a year, gradually starving and freezing to death while the world thought them already dead. We were happy to hear from Byrd, and when the Commander and his men set up their radio in antarctic quarters, no doubt they will be happier still to hear from us. Salutations and greetings, friends in the icy south! Though you are ten thousand physical miles away, we are no longer conscious of the isolating breach of distance. From half the world around, you speak to us, and the scientific miracle is forgotten in our joy that your expedition prospers.

◆

TO BE a first-class crusader you must above all things be intemperate, even though the crusade is in the cause of temperance. This generalization is inspired by the recent interesting activities of Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who—duck and dodge as she may—cannot avoid the spotlight. It was she who recently trotted out the faithful Federal Conspiracy Clause in an effort to confer longer prison terms on New York's lady and gentlemen night-club proprietors. But for once the conspiracy racket didn't work. And now comes Congressman John J. Boylan with the statement, delivered on the floor of the House and later incorporated in the Record, that the committee investigating Federal prisons had failed to mention in its report what the investigation is alleged to have developed—that Mrs. Willebrandt has planted spies in Federal prisons. What the spies are to spy upon was not made clear in the Washington despatch, but Representative Boylan is clear in his own mind that Mrs. Willebrandt is puffed up with a little brief authority—at least he hopes it is brief—and that she should be headed off before she turns us into a nation of "spies, snoopers, Benedict Arnolds and agents provocateurs." Mrs. Willebrandt certainly seems to have the crusading complex.

◆

IT HAS been said of us as a people that when we look on beauty we look with the eyes of six per cent. This of course is a slander unworthy of repetition, and it appears here only as a handy introduction to the following remark overheard at a recent performance of Mr. Ziegfeld's very beautiful "Show Boat."

The taller and more distinguished ladies of the chorus had just appeared, bedecked with far-distending bustles and draped in bounding, billowy skirts that gracefully touched the floor. A lovely spectacle they presented with more of what is known as dress-goods meeting the eye than the eye has met in a long, long time. And at this moment a voice of suppressed enthusiasm, a voice that betokened the Ohio valley, exclaimed in words that betrayed the draper—"Gosh, if we could have that for just one year! Oh, boy, that's yardage."

# JIMMY YEN

## *His School Has Five Million Students and a Hundred Thousand Teachers*

GRACE OVERMYER

TWENTY-FIVE hundred years ago the great sage, Confucius, said to his disciples: "The scholar who is bent upon studying the principles of virtue, yet is ashamed of coarse food and bad clothes, is not yet fit to receive instruction."

In China, it is said, there never has been any lack of living examples of the positive principle of this maxim, the Chinese scholar being ever an idealist. But to-day, for the first time in history, the opportunity of proving their faith in the Confucian ideal of scholarship is extended to the masses of the Chinese people. Due to the inauguration less than a decade ago of the Mass Education Movement, millions of previously illiterate men and women, old and young, in many parts of China, are now receiving the fundamentals of a Chinese language education. More poorly fed and clothed, many of them, than the humblest Americans, impelled by an eagerness which only deprivation could inspire, they assemble in village homes, in temples, shops, police stations, not infrequently in barns, hugging humble little "readers" to their hearts, and becoming in the broadest and in a certain high sense, scholars.

That the much-heralded "new day" in China should bring the dawn of literacy to the Chinese of those classes which have been unlettered for ages, might seem to have been inevitable. Yet the Chinese Mass Education Movement is coincident with, rather than a direct product of, the Chinese political revolution. It is the working out of the idea of one man—an idea of almost accidental, or at any rate, unpremeditated, origin. China's long years of internal warfare apparently decisively concluded, she finds, upon entering her reconstruction period, one essential feature of a successful democracy—popular education—intelligently organized and operating widely, and only awaiting more settled and prosperous conditions to receive adoption everywhere throughout the nation.

The originator and present director of the Chinese Mass Education Movement, Y. C. James Yen (popularly among thousands of American students and educators known as "Jimmy" Yen), unites in his unassuming person the best of the old and the new in Chinese culture; in experience and training he combines the best of modern East and West. Thoroughly grounded in the "Four Books" and "Five Classics" of the

Chinese classical curriculum, and a graduate of the University of Hongkong, he also holds degrees from two American universities, Yale and Princeton; but it is no disparagement of his individual achievements to say that the most remarkable detail of his personal history is that relating to his ancestry.

One may have heard of Oriental princes who measure their genealogy in millenniums, but to meet in the flesh a man whose grandfather, eighty generations removed, was actually known and praised by Confucius, is an experience which causes the Westerner no small degree of amazement. One had not supposed that such a person could exist. Yet Jimmy Yen, upon questioning, modestly acknowledges a remote forebear who won the imperishable distinction of mention in the Confucian "Analects."

In nearly any English translation of the "Analects"—even in some of the greatly abbreviated gift editions current in this country—one may find a paragraph which reads something like this: "The Master said, 'Yen Pin Chong understands the meaning of true friendship; however old the acquaintance may be, he always treats him with the same respect.'" And after the name of Yen Pin Chong (or Yen Tze, as it is sometimes written) there may be an asterisk leading to a footnote which explains that the bearer of that name was a statesman and philosopher, and "minister in the neighboring state of Ch'i." It is from this thrice venerated ancient, immortalized for his high conception of friendship, that the leader of China's new learning is descended.

Even before one knows about his ancestry, one looks at Jimmy Yen and feels a certain timelessness about him. Obviously he is a young man, but one would scarcely venture a guess as to his years. After one realizes that he traces his pedigree over a period of time which, as a family record, is fairly staggering to the Occidental mind, one seems to see a reflection of eighty generations of wisdom in his placid yet sensitive face; one imagines unusual evolutionary significance in the delicate, expressive hands. Quite incidentally one begins faintly to understand the psychology of Chinese ancestor worship.

"My people have never had much money," says Jimmy Yen, simply. "From generation to generation they have had little to pass on except trunkfuls of books."

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It was not the boyhood ambition of this man of distinguished scholarly lineage, reared in an atmosphere of idealism for which the Western world has no counterpart, to lead the masses of his countrymen out of the wilderness of illiteracy. Though modern China, politically and socially, has for some years been ripe for a broad educational experiment, it required the intervention of that doubtful blessing, the World War, to unite the task, the time and the man.

The time came in 1918, when Jimmy Yen, then a last year student at Yale, was asked by the War Work Council of the American Y. M. C. A. to go to France to work among the Chinese "coolies," some 200,000 of them, imported by the Allies for trench digging and other menial labors in the war. It was the plight of the men of these Chinese Labor Battalions—miserable and homesick, unable to speak or understand the languages spoken around them, unable to read books or newspapers or to write to their families at home—that first awakened him to the greatest need of the people of his country. It was through his efforts to relieve them that he came to realize, as he says, their tremendous possibilities.

"I had never associated with the laborers before the war," says Jimmy Yen. "We of the student class felt ourselves altogether apart from them. But there in France I had the privilege of associating with them daily and knowing them intimately. I found out that these men were just as good as I, and had just as much to them. The only difference between us was that I had had advantages and they hadn't.

"Seeing the situation as I did, I decided that the most helpful thing I could do for these laborers was to give them the fundamentals of an education in their own language. So right there in the labor camp I began my first class of forty men. There was no textbook, so I had to write one. There was no other man available to teach, so I had to teach. After a few months I found, to my great surprise, these laborers—ranging in age from twenty to fifty years—not only eager but able to learn. They were soon able to ink simple letters to their folks in China. Later I published a small paper in very simple language, containing news about their home districts and the war.

"When the other laborers in the camps found out that those who attended my classes had the extra advantage of learning about China and the war, I didn't have great difficulty in enrolling more laborers. The work went on so well that later I was asked to go to Paris to take charge of the educational work for all the Chinese laborers in France. The progress of this large-scale effort was so satisfactory that I was urged to start a larger newspaper, entitled 'The Chinese Laborers' Weekly,' published in *Pai Hua*, the simple, plain language of the people."

One day, as a result of starting the newspaper, Mr. Yen received a letter from one of the laborers who had learned to read in France—a letter which he declares "the greatest revelation of his life." Since it proved to be one of those little things upon which may hang great destinies, this quaintly worded missive may appropriately be quoted:

"Mr. Yen, Big Teacher:

Ever since the publication of your paper I began to know about everything under heaven. [This, Mr. Yen explains, is 'the Chinese way of putting it.'] But your paper is so cheap. It costs only one centime a copy. Maybe you have to close down your work very soon. So I inclose herewith 150 francs, which I have saved during my last three years of labor in France."

"The result of that letter," says Jimmy Yen, "was that right then and there I decided to give my life to the education and enlightenment of millions of my fellow-countrymen who had been denied a normal opportunity of schooling."

Returning the next year to China,

he began the experiment in popular education which, in the midst of the greatest combination of afflictions ever visited upon a people—wars, floods, famines, political chaos and business bankruptcy—had up to the spring of last year enrolled between four and five million students and more than one hundred thousand volunteer teachers. Further, it has enlisted the enthusiastic support of the finest minds in China and the interest of educators all over the world.

For the anomalous fact that China, with its proverbial reverence for learning—China, the country which gave the world the art of printing and which had a minister of education two thousand years before the Christian era—should come to modern times with an overwhelming proportion of its vast population unable to read or write their own language, Mr. Yen mentions two major reasons.

The first is the centuries of monarchial rule, under which education for the entire people was considered neither necessary nor desirable, being even made all but impossible by the emperors of the dynasties. The second is the Chinese language itself—the *Wen Lie*, or classical language, for centuries the only recognized literary medium, to learn which, with any degree of proficiency, required virtually a lifetime of study. Because of the difficulties of classical Chinese, the farmers and laborers—who constitute four fifths of the population, and who have extremely little time for any occupation after the winning of the daily "rice bowl"—have been automatically ruled out of the ranks of the educated.

Fortunately, however, for the Chinese Mass Education Movement, the *Pai Hua*, or peoples' language, has, of recent years, due to the efforts of the "New Tide" movement in China, achieved the standing and prestige of a written language. Newspapers and magazines, as well as some of the best of the newer Chinese novels have been published in it. "It is unquestionably going to be the national language of the new China," says Mr. Yen.

Elucidating the wide variance between *Pai Hua* and the classical, or scholars' language, of China, he adduces a comparison which is as vivid as it well need be.

"Imagine," says he, "your American business men reading their newspapers and their mystery stories in Latin, and you have some idea of what it would mean for the Chinese people to read the literary language of their country."

But the *Pai Hua*, simple as it is, was not yet simple enough to teach to great masses of people either too poor to pay for an education or too busy to attend school. One of the first things that had to be done at the beginning of the Mass Education work was to simplify it still further. The reduction of the Chinese vocabulary, of forty thousand characters, to a foundational vocabulary of thirteen hundred essential characters, and the publication of textbooks, called "The Peoples' Thousand Character Readers," have gained for Jimmy Yen and his associates the credit in some quarters of having invented a new and greatly simplified Chinese language. Their work, however, has been less invention than adaptation, though the rating of *Pai Hua* words and characters for frequency of use involved the examination of some two hundred kinds of literature and occupied the attention of a score or more of meticulous Chinese students during some four years' time.

As a result of this elaborate and painstaking process, a highly efficient educational tool has been evolved, by means of which, in four months' time, the average man, though previously entirely illiterate, is enabled to write business letters, keep accounts and read *Pai Hua* newspapers intelligently. The busy farmer or laborer has to spend but one hour in a classroom to learn one lesson in the peoples' reading course; one hour a day for four weeks is required to complete one reader, which comprises three hundred of the fundamental characters in *Pai Hua;* and four months for the entire course of four readers. With the assistance of the four thousand character "Peoples' Pocket Dictionary," training in the use of which is given in the last month of study, the more ambitious or gifted graduate of the Peoples' Schools can read virtually anything ever printed in *Pai Hua.* The price of each reader being three cents, and instruction being free, the total cost of this fundamental schooling is but twelve cents. While it is probable that so effective a schooling for so low a cost never was offered before, yet to obtain it the student must often make great sacrifices, since twelve cents, in the poorer districts of war-torn China, is no trifling amount. Recent press despatches from interior China tell of families existing on a weekly income equivalent to seven cents, United States money.

Once the movement for establishing the peoples' schools finds its way into a community, it goes of its own momentum; but the first introduction of the idea necessarily involves some organized effort.

"It was clearly understood at the outset that in promoting mass education no spasmodic or individual attempt would be of much avail," says Mr. Yen. "In the cities, organized and coöperative effort, in the form of city-wide mass education campaigns, aimed at enlisting as many volunteer workers as possible and coördinating all the forces available in a community, was essential."

To test out the practicability of organized educational work, the first campaign was held in Changsha, in the province of Hunan, central China, in March, 1922. Here all the leading citizens and students became promoters of the work, and public interest was aroused to such an extent that in two afternoons fourteen hundred illiterates from ten to fifty-six years of age were enrolled, and the services of eighty volunteer teachers, including gentry, business people and local scholars, were obtained with little difficulty.

The Chinaman hungry for an education is no quitter. Of the fourteen hundred enrolled in this first campaign in Hunan, twelve hundred stuck to the last and had the courage to come for the final examination, which was supervised by the governor of the province; and nine hundred and sixty seven passed the examination successfully. "Literate Citizen" diplomas were distributed by the governor, and the proud graduates had a parade through the city with their sheepskins in their hands

—old men and little boys marching side by side; sons of local merchants, elaborately dressed in Chinese fashion, keeping step with youths barefoot and in rags.

But the leaders of the Mass Education Movement were too far-sighted to believe that a favorable result in one province ensured the success of the work until it was repeated in others. The campaign was accordingly moved on to Shantung, in North China, birth province of Confucius. From Shantung, to East China, then to South China, then to various other sections, all purposely at some distance from one another, in order that in its initial stages the work might achieve a truly national scope. In August, 1923, the National Association of the Mass Education Movement was formed, with headquarters at Peking, and a directing board consisting of two representatives from each of twenty provinces. It is in this national board that city, provincial and village branches now converge, all branches being supported by local volunteer subscription and responsible for their own finance.

A partial listing of the Chinese personages who are actively engaged in or giving freely of their time and energy to this work, is indicative of the support which it is receiving among the best people of the country. Three former presidents of national universities are now on the national staff. The head of the national work on Peoples' Literature and Civic Education is Chen Chu-san, a specialist in political science and philosophy, who holds degrees from Chinese, Japanese and American universities. A former senator in the first parliament of the Chinese Republic, he grew disgusted with politics and became dean of the National Law University. Three years ago he gave up his deanship to cast his lot with the movement for educating the people. The head of the Department of Visual Education is Cheng Jen, an artist of nation-wide repute, and founder of the National Art College, at Peking, who refused the office of head of the Art College of the newly organized government Metropolitan University, to stay with the Mass Education Movement. Cheng Jen has taken upon himself the far-reaching task of making every picture which appears in the Mass Education textbooks and other publications, artistic in itself, with the object not only of making reading easier and more attractive, but also of developing the esthetic sense of China's new scholars.

A very important branch of the Mass Education Movement is the agricultural section, through which efforts are made to bring to the farming population not only the fundamentals of literacy but also a knowledge of improved and practical farming methods. A ten days' newspaper, called "The Farmer," containing news of current events, stories, poems and practical suggestions for the farmer, is among the publications of the national association and has a wide circulation. It is the first farm paper ever published in China.

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There are classes in China, but no caste system. Though the traditional ranking of scholar, farmer, artisan and merchant, has placed no social barrier in the way of a peasant's son entering the ranks of the scholars, it is comparatively rarely that such an opportunity occurs. The farmer, the villager, has remained unschooled, though often reflecting in character and bearing, the traditional philosophy and culture of the scholar class. The possession of these qualities, plus his patient industry, has caused the Chinese farmer to be praised by scholars, travelers and historians of many lands. That the farmer "undoubtedly has the best stuff in him for the making of a great citizen" is the opinion of Jimmy Yen, and the view is apparently shared by other persons who have studied the Chinese situation most carefully.

A leading spirit in the program of agricultural improvement is Dr. R. Feng, a Ph.D. from Cornell, who has supplemented his researches by work in Germany and Denmark, in the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome and with the United States Department of Agriculture. The head of the Division on Rural Education is Dr. Paul F. Fugh, likewise a Ph.D. of broad international training, no small portion of which has been received in the United States. So impressed are these two scholarly gentlemen with the importance of the farmer to the future of China, so in sympathy with the problems of these humble folk, that both are now living in the country, facing the very conditions of life that the hard-working and often sadly impoverished farming population has to face.

To the by no means negligible query, "What is the Mass Education Movement doing for the women of China?" the answer would be that as far as the movement is concerned, women receive the same treatment as men, though the traditional conservatism of the Chinese prevents their enjoying its advantages as fully. Many women and girls, however, are enrolled in the Peoples' Schools, but usually in smaller numbers than the men, and in the country districts virtually all the women's classes are conducted in homes. Yet the chairmanship of the National Board of Trustees is held by a woman—Madame Hsi-Ling Hsiung, wife of a former premier, who was one of the three elder statesmen of China. A woman of broad philanthropic interests, Madame Hsiung, after participation in commencement exercises of the Peoples' Schools in Shantung, relinquished all other connections, even resigning the presidency of the National Women's Red Cross and the Chinese National Women's League, to devote her life to the Mass Education Work.

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In this day of political change in China it is not to be expected that any movement enlisting the interest of progressive Chinese would neglect consideration of China's future as a nation. Anybody acquainted with the Chinese students in America during the recent years of their country's crisis, knows of their ardent concern in the outcome of the struggle, their self-abnegating loyalty to the revolutionary cause.

The Mass Education Movement, therefore, is inevitably bound up with the political rebirth of China. Its broader aim, as its originator states it, is "not merely to make an illiterate artisan a reader of books, nor yet to make a peasant a scientific farmer, but to create citizens for the ideal republic of the future." As a first step toward this end, a descendant of an ancient scholars' line seeks to overthrow the tradition which exalts the scholar above all others in the nation, and to give every man an opportunity to become a scholar if he so desires.

It is not claimed that there are no obstacles in the way of this Utopian outcome; and one of the most interesting is a product of the very opportunities which the movement seeks to create. When all China has become literate, what is China to read? The existing supply of *Pai Hua* literature, although considerable and constantly increasing, will not suffice four hundred million readers, unless much more is produced. But this is an obstacle that is likewise an opportunity—a problem which, as it is self-created, may confidently be expected to provide its own solution.

A more pressing and immediate problem is the ubiquitous question of finance. Though the operating costs of the Mass Education Movement are relatively low, they must necessarily increase with the growing complexity and usefulness of the work. And for the present China's material wealth is quite largely sealed away in the pockets of her war lords and the tombs of her everlastingly repudiated kings.

Considering the immensity of the task he has inaugurated, it is well for Jimmy Yen that he is fortified by the philosophy of his fathers: a philosophy which neither demands nor promises material reward, and in which the consideration of time does not enter.

# THE INESCAPABLE GALILEAN

## *II—Jesus in Human Experience*

### WINIFRED KIRKLAND

IT HAPPENS that I do not make a daily practice of reading the written life of Jesus, probably because it is his unwritten life that more and more interests me. Out of the Gospels he came to me, but he has grown too great for me to put him back. It is as if he himself had rolled away the stone, and out of his obscure tomb, those Gospels before which I stood reverent and waiting, he had appeared with his eternal Easter challenge of life to death. But I cannot put the living Jesus that I know back into his tomb, although I may from time to time enter that broken and imperfect chronicle to contemplate the divine gesture which imperiously flung away the grave-clothes and with august finality folded the napkin once constricting the radiance of his face.

I believe that my own experience of Jesus in relation to the New Testament is perhaps typical of his method of revelation for all humanity and for all history; that is, we receive from the Gospels the first flickering hypothesis of a divine man who suggests a divine intention for all life. But until we ourselves have made trial of that hypothesis, neither that divine man nor that divine intention obtains any reality. I mean these words most literally. God does not just happen, in vulgar cheapness, unsought for, unfought for. For his discovery, God requires a curious and most reluctant key, an adventurous humility. I believe an adventurous humility is the key to all human achievement. At this moment the greatest current achievement of the human race is in science. The reason is that science employs this fundamental psychological law of all progress, a convinced humility. Science sets forth on its quest with no more self-conceit than a two-year-old possesses who toddles forth alone from his bed into some black mystery of midnight hall and stair, forbidden door and open sky. "Except ye become as little children," trite words, but the man who once used them is a scientist, a scientist of the soul. To-day it is scientists who set the example of humility and bravery, while Christians are still enfeebled by complacence and caution. Science but reiterates the pricelessness of the method Jesus has always demanded. Just as long as science remains humble, its gifts to the race are beyond computing; just as soon as it ceases to be humble it ceases to be scientific. Science abrogates the very essential of its advance the moment it becomes pontifical, the moment it abjures that reverence before the unknown which reveals every honest laboratory as a holy place, and declares there are no realms for exploration except those it has staked for discovery. Christianity and science have at present a vital interrelation if each could only be modest enough to accept light from the other. Science is the study of the creation, religion is the study of the creator, but the technique of these two studies is identical, for the key to all human advance is an intrepid humility.

Jesus issuing from his scripture tomb in history can be observed challenging every follower to a hazard essentially scientific. In those dim, earliest reaches of Christian story, he can be seen first only as a flickering shape, his very form conditioned to the mind of the observer—gardener, wayfarer, fisherman—precisely as to-day I myself conceive his essential character to be that of a Friend, stimulating beyond conception. But my method of discovering Jesus I regard as fundamentally scientific since it is the putting to proof of an hypothesis. Out from a crude first century tomb issues a man who says:

"I have the secret of life. Come live with me and see if I am true. It is the law of my reality that you cannot know me by looking at me. You cannot know me except by the scientific adventure of an hypothesis. This hypothesis of my reality, like every hypothesis of science, is first conceived in the imagination, and then established by bold experiment. First conceive me, the actual Jesus two thousand years dead, as a living though invisible man beside you, and second make the blind adventure of guiding your thoughts and conduct as if I, this actual historic Jesus, were speaking in your ear, and thus by following the inalienable law both of scientific and of religious discovery, you shall discover God."

This is Jesus's announcement to me from his scripture tomb. And this is why, the more I come to know him as an ever-enlarging fact and personality, the less I can ever again confine him within his written biographies. In fact it is the Jesus I have come to know outside of the Gospels who now goes back with me into those narrow sacred precincts once conscribing him and makes those early words shine with the glory of two thousand later Easters.

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I believe that the sequence of Christ-experience is as true for Christianity—word pitifully defiled both by its adherents and its opponents!—as it is true for the individual Christian. First the flickering hypothesis of a divine man as challenging Example to all the race, then the laboratory experiment of imitation, leading to the only sort of assurance we shall ever have that God is a reality. Christianity has long compromised with the example of Jesus, accepting it in some things, utterly repudiating it in others, and thus attaining only an imperfect knowledge of God and, as relentless consequence, exhibiting in its practices only an imperfect imitation of God's purposes. But to-day Christianity is not dead. It is waking to the inexorable need of new and bold alinements. The laboratory testing of Jesus in conduct is becoming matter for the public as well as for the private Christian conscience. But both Christianity at large and each Christian in particular must remember that the discovery of God resembles the discoveries of science in this, God is invalidated the instant we proclaim to ourselves that our discovery is final. The essence of pharisaism is the fallacy of a God finite enough to be casketed in a creed. The tragedy of pharisaism is that it is perennial, the tragedy of Calvary is that it is recurrent. It is possible for even science to descend to a pharisaism as destructive as the pharisaism of religion. The moment psychology asserts that behaviorism or any other *ism* or *logy* is its final word, psychology itself is building a wall against all further investigation of the laws of human conduct. And the instant I say of the Presence beside me at this moment, "This and this only, is the God you, my agnostic friend, must receive," or far more momentously, the instant I announce to myself, "This is the perfected conception of Christ that I myself shall always accept," in that instant I am building a wall between myself and an ever-expanding God, who if he be God at all, must ever both satisfy and elude my finite aspiration.

It is witness to mankind's unacknowledged conviction of a beneficent deity that we demand that the Ineffable shall reveal himself to us for less dedication of self to a purpose than goes to the buying of a cabbage. God is the only commodity we expect to get for nothing. No astronomer sits down with folded hands and gazing into space expects the secrets of the heavens to drop into his mind. He first imagines there are hidden stars; then, with unbelievable ingenuity he constructs a telescope and with incalculable devotion trains his sight; thus, employing both implement and eyes, he discovers new constellations. Columbus did not expect to establish the fact of a western continent without using a ship. We sometimes read of a doctor who has gone to his death to prove that a certain germ exists; but when do we read of a Christian of to-day who has gone to his death to prove that a certain God exists? Yet this is precisely what Jesus did. Jesus of Galilee imagined that a God of love exists and he lived his life and died his death on that hypothesis. It is a flat, scientific fact absurd for any Christian to deny, that the only way to know Jesus is to use our imagination as he used his. But it is equally absurd for any scientist to disparage the use of imagination in religion, seeing that no smallest discovery of science could be made without the use of imagination. Without imagination, no hypothesis; without hypothesis, no science. And it is equally true that if science stopped with hypothesis, there would be no science. There would be no aviation if Icarus and the Wright brothers had not risked their lives on a dream. Take out of the world to-day all that came into it when Jesus of Nazareth risked his life on a dream, and just what would be left?

I believe that every honest scientist, standing alone, eye to eye, with the Galilean, recognizes the scientist in Jesus. Yet science accuses Christians of being visionary, and the charge is just for Christians, but not for Christ. The difference between the visioned man and the visionary is that the visioned man dares to put his hypothesis to proof. Science is now blaming Christianity for not being sufficiently humanitarian. To whose cowardice is it due that the real reproach of science is not that we Christians believe a dream, but that we do not believe it enough to live it, as science lives its dreams? Until we dare to live our vision, we shall never convince a doubting world of its reality, but far more significantly, we shall never convince our doubting selves of its reality. The way to know is to dare. To know Jesus we must first obey him, and in that *first* lies the whole law of method for discovery. No other knowledge is bought without risk, yet we expect religion to come to us in that tame and supine way! How many times did Jesus say, Only by doing the doctrine shall you know its truth! Yet we are very proud of discussing and discussing and discussing religion and religions, curiously enough seeming to believe this to be a scientific manner of approach. Yet any scientist would be thought a fool who expected to know chemistry without ever performing an experiment or to know astronomy by pulling the shades and closing the doors and arguing with a group of others as ignorant as himself the possible existence of the sun.

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The law of all human knowledge from the day the first ape tottered upright, has been, first, hypothesis, then experiment, then conviction. If we had not obeyed this law we should never have known anything of the sky and air and earth or of the body we briefly inhabit; and yet in that most momentous knowledge of all, the knowledge of God, we expect to abrogate this method. If there be a God beyond our human senses, would he have chosen a way of revelation that was effortless and an insult to our powers, or a way difficult and audacious beyond reckoning? Fouled with familiarity yet deathless, a command has been blazoned across our darkness. There is no risk in the world so intrepid as to love our fellow-man. Yet across the blackness of human bewilderment, still burns that fiery command. First, risk your own soul in love for your fellows, and then perhaps, perhaps, you shall discover that even so does a God of love risk his own soul for his faith in us!

Throughout his thirty-odd years of earth, Jesus of Galilee walked, unswerving and intrepid, a dizzying path of conjecture. Unless we, faint and blind and doubtful of our capacities, shall attain some few steps along that path, we shall never come near enough to him to know who he is. Jesus in human experience is a more mysterious phenomenon than is Jesus in human history. The question, "Who is Jesus?" has always been too profound for the limitations of theology, or of scholarship, or of science, so that for any individual, either of the first century or of the twentieth to delegate the answer to the theologian or to the scholar or to the scientist has always entailed the rejecting of a personal adventure, and the declining of a strangely personal association. Not in the scant records of Scripture, not in church tradition or church dogma, not in all the material all history affords, shall we discover Jesus of Galilee unless steadfastly we employ the same methods he employed for discovering himself. The method by which we come to see Jesus is more significant for his identity than is the actual historical material out of which he is shaped to our sight. Because for nearly two thousand years that method has been neglected, Jesus remains only an abortive influence on human affairs, and Christianity remains only a mockery of its protestations. But to-day something new has happened, a new attitude of mind toward all subjects. Science is now setting Christians an example of applied method. From the scientists of our era we may learn the courage needed to approach Jesus. It is the science of our day that is emboldening Christianity to free itself from the cerements of the past, and once again to enter history in a confident resurrection.

There is a patriotism due to one's period as well as to one's country, an allegiance and an enthusiasm due to that era as well as to that land which one is privileged to inhabit. We are living in a day when science has made the whole world new. Science has unveiled new constellations. Science has taught us to ride the air, and to descend into the sea and paint pictures of its secrets. Research has laid bare a hidden past, so that great kings pass before our eyes in all their golden splendor, or pressing into that darkness back of all kings, back of all men, we can watch strange reptiles unfurl giant wings, or a behemoth plant its giant feet. Science has revealed the incredible intricacies of the human body, and the more incredible subtleties of the human brain. Science has ripped away the curtains of space and annulled the laws of time, so that a ten-year-old schoolboy knows how to penetrate the air and listen to voices speaking in San Francisco, and may presently with some home-made apparatus be photographing a live African jungle. Merely to be alive in a period of such accomplishment makes the blood leap with pride! And yet to my own mind, as, all humbly, I dare to scan for myself the astounding achievements of our day, I seem to see an even greater contribution of science to civilization. Science has performed miracles beyond the mind's believing, yet its miracles are physical, its discoveries are material. But the method used for all its miracles, for all its discoveries, is still greater than any one of its miracles, than any one of its discoveries, even though these are the greatest the human mind has made in all its history. The method of intrepid hypothesis, of intrepid experiment wrought as now into the very texture of all human thinking, is destined for future achievement that we cannot yet measure or compute. Not *what* we have discovered but *how*, has enfranchised us for all the days to come. And the profoundest import of scientific method is something not yet clearly perceived, for this method of audacious and exhaustless adventure, now forever established as the law of all advance, is applicable not only to the body and to the brain, but also to the soul. Seeing all about him what man's intellect has accomplished, and how, the Christian is beginning to ask himself, "What might man's spirit also accomplish if released by the same technique?" It may be that science in some far future may exhaust all its present limitless domain.

Some day the clouds may have become sordid with our treading, some day the earth may have been sifted to its last grain, and the cells of our brain shredded to the ultimate atom, but the method by which science scrutinizes cloud and earth and cell may have emancipated the race of man to a spiritual achievement which shall be exhaustless.

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It is impossible that science should be dominating all our era and that Christianity remain much longer dull to the challenge of its example. All these centuries Christianity has gone crippled because it has failed to practise the law of action as the means to conviction, that law of Christ the boldest scientist of all—first *do*, then *know*. Already there are signs all about us that Christianity is waking. Not only in general stimulus to bravery, but in many specific ways science can now be seen assisting in the cleansing and renewing of a long-cowardly Christian faith.

Two tendencies of present-day religion may be traced directly to science and with these tendencies the liberal Christian is in complete sympathy. One of these two tendencies is the decay of authority. Everywhere around us we can observe the discarding of outworn standards. Social, moral, religious, governmental, artistic—all age-old commandments and prohibitions are being questioned. Experimentation is being applied to every department of life. But when all the time-worn standards go crumbling, a man must look to his own feet. Never did any period afford such incentive to individual discovery. Creed and dogma are being reëxamined as relentlessly as are the mechanics of sight and sound. Just as each one of us will be forced to adjust his daily living to the physical fact of television, so on any day we may see dogma and denomination relentlessly swept away because some scientist of the soul has discovered a religious television which suddenly brings each man of us face to face with God. Old authority is decaying. In every realm, discovery, experiment, invention, is taking its place, establishing a new authority adjusted to meet neglected facts. Before to-day's revelation of new physical forces, any lonely investigator may bring forth new discoveries, may invent new mechanisms, of inestimable value to the race. In all the reaches of science, there is this sense of ever-imminent discovery. No one knows what any man may disclose on any day. The Christian also, like the scientist, is at this hour stimulated, set quiveringly expectant, by the decay of old authority, and the imminence of new energies to be released in religion. Perhaps the Christian of to-day, no longer comforted by ancient ecclesiastical authority, but standing, lonely and needy, in the mysterious laboratory of the soul, may discover both for himself and for others new forces in faith, new methods in chaining and employing those forces, which shall constitute a revolution in religious thinking as epochal for Christianity as the newly revealed energies of the atom have been for physics.

Words and wordy emotion no longer characterize the Christianity now in process of renewal. Logic and austerity distinguish the religious books of to-day, and when were there so many religious books written and read as now? Where can you find closer-knit argument than in Canon Streeter's "Reality" or more clear-cut arraignment than in Reinhold Niebuhr's "Does Civilization Need Religion"? or Dick Sheppard's "Impatience of a Parson"? To-day Christians are not afraid to think. They are afraid not to.

Science is contributing its clarity and its virility to the whole range of Christian opinion and Christian decision. Alinements once hazy are becoming unavoidably clear. We are perceiving the humor of any one's going about with a Bible in one hand and a bayonet in the other. The grim satire of this equipment has been revealed to us by those realistic habits of mind which science inculcates even in the kindergarten. We are beginning to chuckle if an industrial magnate grinds up a child worker in his mills, but standing in church shouts lustily to be cleansed by the blood of the crucified one. The personal salvation of such a man no longer seems to us important. The straddle is rapidly becoming not merely an unpopular Christian gesture, it is fast becoming an impossible one. That little label Christian is not the easy label it used to be. In a scientific age, we Christians are ourselves holding it to its true significance.

The relentless logic imposed on us by a scientific upbringing has suggested that gunboats are hardly the best support for the missionaries who carry the gospel of love, and almost overnight missionaries themselves rejected this policy of protection. Of late, church investigations have gained from every one a new respect for the church. Church researches into prohibition, into the condition of the steel mills and of the mines, and into divorce have exhibited an impartiality and exhaustiveness that reflect the spirit of the laboratory. It is the logic and honesty learned from the test-tube in high school and college that preach to every clear-headed Christian, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." The service of twentieth century science to twentieth century Christianity may be to release it from that spirit of compromise which for twenty centuries has helped to seal the spirit of Christ in his tomb.

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In addition to a new virility and candor of thinking, science is contributing two specific aids to the emancipation of a resurgent Christianity. And as I write these words I am not picturing Christianity and science as two opposing and mutually exclusive systems. Rather I am thinking of the interrelation of science and religion, within the Christian's own mind. Not our reply to some scientist in the press or on the platform concerns us, but our reply to that scientist resident in our own cranium. It is this scientist within himself that is now offering to the Christian two challenges to reorient himself in his own faith. The first challenge lies in the immediacy and practicality by which science reckons its achievement. Can the Christian faith also be measured by its practicality for the present, or does its claim belong to a doubtful past or to a still more doubtful post-mundane future? The second challenge lies in the fact that the physical miracles of science now surpass the physical miracles of Jesus; therefore, in the light of the signs and wonders now being performed by material agencies all about us, what is the present relation of Christian faith to the miraculous element in the gospels?

These are the two questions science is asking Christianity to answer, and Christianity is answering them, but in ways that rend the cloak of dogma, and test theology to the bone. Religion is always shy about casting off grave-clothes. Christianity is still so swathed in medievalism that even a well-informed scientist can in this morning's paper reproach Christians for a Kingdom of Heaven built not on earth but in the sky. The essence of all medievalism is evasion, but what live Christian is to-day thinking of the Kingdom of Heaven as located in the firmament or in the future? The middle ages put it there because they were thus wholly exonerated from building it. It will be long before the church of Christ is wholly extricated from cramping medieval conceptions, but we may be grateful to science for that spiritual clarification and emancipation which are now driving us to reëxamine Jesus's own conception of his kingdom. Nothing about Jesus is so mysterious as his reverence for the world he lived in and for that humanity he shared. Nothing has so delayed the establishment of Jesus's social order as the cowardly relegating of it to some misty post-mundane future. An intricate hierarchy, an elaborate association of spirits, is associated with the word Christianity, but what words of Jesus justify this? What honest scientist, what honest Christian, can read the words of Jesus and accuse him of formulating either the medieval Heaven or the medieval Hell? Both were for the medieval mind ways of escape from Jesus's dynamic and immediate command for this earth, Love one another. Because science is challenging us within our own minds, we Christians, now reëxamining our faith, are discovering in it its burning Now and Here. It was because Jesus perceived in earthly life the possibilities of a beauty no other man has ever seen that he suffered as no other man has ever suffered at the thought of leaving this our earth. What was the temptation in Gethsemane except the temptation to stay and himself build his kingdom upon earth rather than to die, trusting us to build it for him?

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Never, I hope, do I lose sight of the fact that I am speaking only for one Christian, only for myself; and yet I cannot help hoping that I may be speaking for others also, as I seek to analyze my own attitude toward the miracles of science and toward the miracles of Jesus. As I glance from the pages of the "New York Times" to the pages of the New Testament, the prodigies accomplished by modern science seem to me greater than any marvels recorded of Jesus. The effort to believe the physical wonders accomplished by science requires a greater exercise of sheer credulity than to believe the physical wonders accomplished by Jesus. Therefore it cannot be the mere degree of miracle we stick at, but something else; and I wish both scientist and Christian might begin to acknowledge the truth that Jesus of Nazareth has never been either accepted or denied on a basis of pure miracle, but rather on a basis of explanation of that miracle. This truth he himself was the first to perceive clearly. In a decade when science by a voice from a telephone can animate a mechanical man to unfurl a flag or press an electric button, it should involve no strain on credulity to believe that a voice once animated a dead man. A mechanism from which life has departed is no more dead than a mechanism into which life has never entered. It is, therefore, not the mere obedience of a dead body to a voice that we object to. The crux is that the voice of Jesus has been held to be the voice of God, and the telephone call makes no such claim.

An age accustomed to gliding on air may not with honesty quibble about walking on water, for any man may be doing that to-morrow. What we really refuse to accept is that Jesus had spiritual power to tread the waves. Has an age that calmly discusses ectogenesis any right to deny the possibility of parthenogenesis? What we do deny is the divine intervention implied. The pulmotor has achieved greater prodigies than the raising of Jairus's daughter. The telephone is a greater wonder than making the dumb speak. Television is a greater wonder than making the blind see. The modern doctor has performed greater healing than Jesus. "Greater works than these shall ye do." We have done them.

Seeing the miracles of modern science the modern Christian has been forced to reëxamine his faith in order to ascertain how far it is affected by the miracles of Jesus. For myself, merely one Christian of many, I discover that if every miracle of Jesus were deleted from the New Testament, I should still find the character of Jesus the greatest miracle the world has ever witnessed. Whence did this man come? How did he make himself what he is? Why is he still here? The marvels of modern science outshine the marvels of Jesus in every way but one—their motive. Every miracle of science can be explained on the basis of a purely physical universe, and possibly even the miracles of Jesus will eventually be thus explained. But Jesus himself cannot be thus explained.

The greatest gift that modern science has given to civilization is not the material but the method of its discoveries. The greatest gift that modern science may give to Christianity is this method of fearless hypothesis and fearless experiment. The greatest gift that modern science has already given to many a Christian, a gift to be proved only by intrepid adventure, is the realization that the Christian faith rests not on any physical miracle, but rests forever on the miracle of a Personality.

(Next Month: *The Great Conjecture*)

# RIVERS OF GOLD

## *The Romantic Story of Our Basic Industry—Wheat*

AGNES C. LAUT

IF A resident of Mars could look down on our little planet with a super-penetrative vision, he would see flowing ceaselessly every month of the year over land and sea a tidal wave of pure gold—the purest gold in color known to man except the light that clothes the sun. He would see this golden tide tossed to the wind in restless waves from the plains of the Saskatchewan and the Mississippi to the Plata in South America, and from the Volga to the Nile and the mountain-shadowed rivers of India. He would see this great sea of gold converge to narrow channels belting the globe from the Pacific through the narrow neck of Panama across the Atlantic to Liverpool, or threading over the blue surface of the lakes from Duluth and Fort William and Chicago down to New York and Philadelphia and Baltimore and again across the Atlantic to Hamburg and to Rome. Ten thousand little rivulets and feeders from Argentine, from India, from Australia—all gold as the gold of the sun—he would see pouring into the main great tidal current across the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic, the Pacific.

And if he asked, what is it?—this gleaming river of gold belting the earth—the Martian would learn that we call it *wheat*.

If he had a knack for figures and took his pencil and did some reckoning, he would learn that if all this Wheat Thing produced in a single year were heaped in one pile and all the metal gold of the world mined in the same period were dumped in another, the wheat pile would be seven times as valuable as the metal pile.

This is not a poetic fancy. It is a mathematical fact. The world needs something over three billion bushels of wheat a year—this it must have, although, if it can get it, it will take more. Put the value at one dollar a bushel—it has been higher for three years. The world seldom produces more than four hundred million dollars' worth of metal gold a year, and often less. Figure it for yourself.

Yet more—he would find, this Martian onlooker, that the annual wheat crop of the United States was twice as valuable as all the gold produced in the world in a single year; that the wheat of Canada also exceeds this annual world gold in value, and that the wheat of India year in and year out is about equal to it. Again figure it out for yourself.

If he asked, What is this wheat?—the Egyptian would answer, a gift of the god Osiris to the Nile away back before 3300 B.C.; the Greeks would say, a gift of Demeter, certainly as early as 2200 B.C.; the Romans would say it came from Ceres; and the Hebrews would say it came from a single strand with a single ear found at the foot of Mt. Hermon. Indeed if our astronomers were archæologists as well as mathematicians, they would find on the tiles of Babylon as early as 2200 B.C., and in the traditions of Rome as far back as Latins know their own origin, that there was a day when the value of metal gold was measured by the value of wheat gold—just the reverse of our day when we measure the value of wheat by the standard of gold. When the caravans of Ethiopia and India came to sell their jewels and precious metals, Romans and Babylonians both valued gems and metals according to their weight against wheat. The royal priests of the great trade temples put one or more grains of wheat on one side of the scales and the metal or precious gem on the other; and the barter was made according to the standard of the grain of wheat. That is where our Troy measure of weight comes from. Wheat was the standard for gold; not gold the standard for wheat. And this is equally true to-day in another and more subtle way. In every era of tight money in the United States, 1837, 1857, 1871, our own war period, it was the wheat going out to world markets that brought gold coin back to America.

Just as in the Arab legend gold was called "solidified light," so the Hebrew called wheat "the bread of life," "the bread of Heaven," "the staff of life." One of the greatest achievements ascribed to Abraham in Hebrew legends is the invention of the first seed-drill. An old plaster tile shows the pictures in 1900 B.C.—a contrivance like our single-horse corn-dropper attached above the plow, behind the plowshare, to drop the seed as the furrow turned. The legend runs that when Abraham, a boy, was sent out to sow the grain by hand-broadcasting, he had to waste so much time "to fray the birds away," the rooks and the redstarts round the swamps of Ur, that he invented the contrivance of a box seed-dropper.

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Though seventeen varieties of wheat have been found in the mummy-cases of Egypt back to 3300 B.C., not one—wild yarns to the contrary—has ever been made to sprout. Both Flinders Petrie and Wallis Budge, the great Egyptologists, have tried it, again and again, under every favorable condition that science could devise. Wheat on an average loses its life-germ within ten years. There is no record in science of wheat retaining its life after twenty-five years.

Yet, wheat has the closest resemblance to human life of all known plants. It has its birth, its death, its resurrection, which Paul quotes in the Epistle: "Except it die and shed its coat of skin, it cannot live again." It has a host of terrible weed relatives. It is really only a cultivated wild grass. Wild wheat has but one grain of hope in it; but from this humble ancestor all our civilized wheat has developed—and now two square feet of it, properly nurtured, will produce one loaf of bread weighing a pound. It needs tireless care in its birth, in its growth, in its harvest to protect it from inherited disease, parasites and weather. It reverts to wild strains with amazing persistence, flattens out and becomes a ground-runner with empty glumes and dwarf seeds and earth-stained flour. Smut is an inherited disease harking back to some bad ancestor. Rust is a parasite sapping its strength.

Insect pests can be overcome only by "plowing up your fallow ground," and if that fails, by fire, as the Bible says, over and over again. Even wheat, too, has its purgatory to burn its sins away.

But give the little spark of life a chance; and there isn't a gold-mine on earth can yield such dividends. It robs no man and yet its returns leave any plutocrat looking cheap. Here is what has been done with wheat by actual experiment: One seed has produced one hundred shoots with one thousand grains: sixty-three wheat-ears have yielded 2473 grains; eighty ears have grown 4522 grains; 130 ears have grown 6855 grains. Fourteen straws from one seed are good for mass growth; but here is what a scientist, Miller, did in 1765. On June 2nd, he planted a grain. On August 8th, he lifted the little roots and sprouts and got eighteen different plants. He repeated this in October and got sixty-seven different plants. He kept up this process all winter and had five hundred different plants going by spring, from which he harvested 21,000 ears, or forty-seven pounds and seven ounces of grain, equal to more than fifty loaves of bread. There is no miracle in the Bible surpassing that scientific achievement. No such returns from care and culture are known in all life except in the human sphere. One sometimes wonders how pioneers on the Pacific Coast had the courage to cut clearings amid the giant firs, where it took one season to chop and saw down the colossal trees, another season to burn out stumps, each big enough for a center table, yet a third season to plow up and let the sunlight oxidize the sour humus, before the tiny oasis in a wilderness forest could be planted. I asked an old lady of the great migration of the eighteen fifties that question; and here is her answer. "My husband and I planted a few grains of wheat to see what they would do. Only one or two survived the crows. We counted the grains from a single seed; there were almost four thousand. We were utterly discouraged, but after that we decided to stay. Soil, which produced such a yield, would feed the world." Two cities have grown up where that bride and groom came to a wilderness in the fifties.

At a luncheon of business men in the West, I brought the wheat strands and heads from a single seed. Sixteen of us guessed how many kernels would total up from that one seed. The guesses ran all the way from seventy-six to five hundred—though we had the heads in front of us. "Might as well make a wild guess," laughed the man who had said five hundred. Then we counted, there were over 3500!

Do you wonder that to the ancients wheat symbolized a divine and deathless life?

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Wheat grows everywhere except in the tropics and the arctics. In the tropics, heat and rain drive it back to all grass and no seed. In the arctics, long sunlight would force perfect growth; but soil is lacking. Wheat must have the perfect balance of cold winters and warm dry summers, with just enough rain in spring and fall to give the roots one third as much water-nourishment as they get from sun and soil. Like man its roots strike back and down to the unseen forces of earth; and like man, its growth reaches up for higher nourishment to the eternal light.

First, is the seed-bed. Somewhere on the earth every month of the year, wheat is either being planted or harvested, and the seed-bed must be mellow and fine as flour and free of all weeds and fungus and parasites. Sounds easy, but it isn't. Rains may prevent fall plowing. Hot winds may cake the earth to a cement, or blow the mellowed soil in dust drifts, whirling across the field of the good farms the weeds of the bad farms next door. And the work must be done with relentless speed; no eight hour day, no looking at the clock from four in the morning to six and seven and eight and nine at night as long as daylight lasts; for wheat not planted early enough to get the spring rains cannot acquire the strength to withstand the shattering winds of early summer; and fall wheat must be in early enough in the autumn, to get strong roots in time to resist heaving frosts and winter cold. Swivel-chair critics sometimes say the wheat farmer has "a soft snap" because he works only five months of the year—from May to September. A laugh goes with every such statement. The farmer must begin his labors in March and his crop is not all delivered until December; and if you add up his hours, from four in the morning to six in the evening you will smile at the town man's opinion. Then it takes the two winter months for the careful farmer to put his implements and harness back in shape for the next year's race against wind and weather.

The seed-bed ready, he may plant by hand or drill, ten acres a day, or fifty, according to his man-power or gasoline power; but what seed shall he plant?

All the wheats grown in America are descendants and variables of the great families—Durums and Fifes; and the origin of each is full of romance. We no longer regard spring and fall wheats as two varieties. You can take a soft fall wheat of Kansas, plant it in Athabasca, or on Peace River, and in a year it will develop into a hard spring wheat. But Durums and Fifes are another story. A poor backwoods farmer got a little handful of wheat from a Scotch relative, who had been traveling in Russia. One version has it, the man's name was Fife; another, that he came from Fife. Anyway, in the dank forest mold of his backwoods farm, he planted the handful. Only a few ears survived the forest-shaded light, the wandering cow, the inquisitive pigs, the busy hens. Those he treasured as he would grains of gold. They *were* grains of gold. They were the beginnings of the vast river of wheat that flows from North America to Europe. From those few grains have been developed the wheats which wave in a sea of gold west of the Great Lakes.

But the Fife wheats could not survive the scant rainfall of the

Southwest or the drought of the arid upper plains. Could a wheat be found to resist both drought and rust? The search began about fifty years ago by the Department of Agriculture. Some say our original Durums came from Nicaragua, others, from Russia, and the chances are the homeland was Russia, leading back to Egypt. Anyway, by cross-breeding these wheats from dry lands and carefully selecting the best seed each year, we have developed the drought-resistant Durums.

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Now we go back a bit to 1858–59. We were producing then about eighty-eight million bushels of wheat a year, less than a tenth of what America produces to-day, when a prophet of woe arose, a Mr. Klippart, a second Malthus, who warned us we were going to starve. Population was growing faster than wheat. Wheat could never be grown north of Ohio, or south of Kansas, frost killing in the North and heat killing in the South. Yet wheat is now grown from Alaska to Panama, and if needed, America could to-morrow grow all the wheat the world eats. She grows half now. One of the tragedies of wheat farming is that, even though the aggregates are so colossal, the yearly yield an acre goes lower and lower. When wheat yields less than fifteen bushels to the acre, only a freak high price can pay the farmer costs.

Averages in North America are to-day the lowest in the world. It is rather alarming to study them:

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|---|---|---|---|---|
| Germany | 32 | bushels | an | acre |
| Great Britain | 32 | “ | “ | “ |
| France | 20 | “ | “ | “ |
| Canada | 19 | bushels | an | acre |
| Hungary | 19 | “ | “ | “ |
| Rumania | 19 | “ | “ | “ |
| Italy | 16 | “ | “ | “ |
| United States | 14 | “ | “ | “ |
| Spain | 13 | “ | “ | “ |
| Australia | 12 | “ | “ | “ |
| India | 12 | “ | “ | “ |
| Russia | 12 | “ | “ | “ |
| Argentina | 11 | “ | “ | “ |

While such countries as Spain, Australia, India, Argentina, can live on averages below fifteen bushels an acre—the wages being low and the climate so hot or mild or dry that wheat does not require storage—northern countries with high wages, long hauls and expensive machines to outrace the short season, cannot live on averages below fifteen bushels. All that saves the American farmer is that machine-power lowers costs. Low yields and low prices are tragedies no wheat farmer can survive. When they come together in one season, banks crash, the wheels stop going round; and we have hard times. Only the miracle of a big wheat crop saved us from a financial debacle twice in the last fifty years.

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By hand or drill, the farmer plants his wheat; and then begins one of the most beautiful dramas in nature's cycle; sentient and wise as Maeterlinck's or Fabre's bees. In three to ten days the grain sprouts. A tiny blade, tender as a baby's finger, cleaves the soil. No, it is not a blade. It is a gay young soldier's sword-sheath. Out of the sheath comes the blade. The Indians say it is a young warrior god born to try his skill in the great tournament of rain and frost and light. A single root goes down to suck moisture and food from the soil; but as the wind blows, the little plant puts out five or six guy ropes to anchor it more safely to the soil. How does it know that it should put out those guy ropes against the ramping winds? How does it know as it grows higher above the soil that it should form little rings or nodes in its straw—reinforced hoops to strengthen the hollow straws against the day of the flattening wind? Do you wonder the Irish believe there are fairies and pixies at work in the glowing fields of emerald green? From five to seven of these nodes you can count in the tall straw. At first, like the child, the plant draws its milk from the parent seed; but later with food from sun and soil, it "stools" or "tillers" out to three, four, five, ten straws each with a head.

If too much seed has been planted, the straws are crowded and fail to mature. If too little seed is planted, the straws grow too high and are frail against the wind; for the hot winds come just when needed to force bloom and ripening. Only the farmer who gets his crop in early enough to have strong growth can now defy heat and wind; and even his hopes may in an hour be blasted by a hail storm. The drier the weather now, the more "stools" or strands come up. As the strands go up, glumes or cases for the blossoms, form at the tip and when the glumes open, the flowers blossom, the pollen dust scatters, and a new cycle of life has begun. Down at the root, the old seed is dead. It has shed its coat of skin; but a hundred new lives have been born from it, up in the light.

The first blossom opens at the base of the ear, the wind blows—down scatters the pollen dust. In five minutes the glumes have closed shutting out insects and parasites. Up thirty little spikelets to the ear, the quiver of life and birth runs.

At what hour does the wheat blossom?

Long ago, when there were few barb-wire fences from the Lakes to the Rockies, I used to go riding between five in the morning and eleven. The wheat reached to my saddle girths. Sometimes just as the sun rose in a blaze of glory, I would rein in to a stop and watch and listen. A ripple of wind ran over the wheat like the hand of an invisible presence. Yellow-throated meadow larks, redstarts and bobolinks sang, and an odor, faint and elusive, perfumed the air. Then—it was broad day; and the beautiful mystery had passed. What it was, I did not know then. I know now. It was the blossoming of the wheat. I would know that faint perfume again if I met it in Paradise; for though the wheat blossoms every hour, for three to five days, the most of the blossoming is from four to seven in the morning.

I didn't know what had happened; but I know now.

A new cycle of life quivered and ran round the earth.

# A MODERN'S SEARCH IN SCIENCE

## *When There Shall Be But One Family, with the World as Its Home*

S. T.

Dr. Benedict, the anthropologist, writing on the science of man in the Century science series, chooses for her title, "The Science of Custom." This in itself tells a story.

The theme of Dr. Benedict's paper is *the creative power of tradition* in the shaping of life; *the plasticity of the individual* under the molding power of traditional ideas, and *the overwhelming influence of* his cultural *environment* as contrasted with the influence of hereditary instincts.

"Anthropology has no encouragement to offer to those who would trust our spiritual achievements to the automatic perpetuation of any selected hereditary germ-plasms. Culture, it insists, is not carried in that fashion for the human race." Man learns the set of cultural traits of that society in which he is placed—whether that society be the one into which he was born, or adopted.

Even the basic emotions of fear and love, we are told, are developed according to cultural patterns, and express themselves in behavior according to cultural permit. This strikes a blow at some of the modern psychoanalytical theories which would ascribe supreme power to the primitive instincts; and convinces us of the superior power of transmitted ideas.

It is these cultural patternings, Dr. Benedict tells us, these traditional institutions and ideas, that turn out to be compulsive, fashioning the instincts of the people who live within them. "They take the raw material of experience and mold it into fifty different shapes among fifty different peoples. The traditional patterns of behavior set the mold and human nature flows into it."

What these ideas and institutions to be transmitted shall be, becomes then a matter of the first importance. Hitherto, as Dr. Benedict points out, custom and tradition have developed blindly, unconsciously, following upon some purely natural reaction or biological event in man's life—round which grew up an elaborate ritual, resulting sometimes in permanent, unreasoned obsession.

Thus the blind creation of habitual *grooves of thought.* How many of us live, for even a small fraction of our time, independent of these automatic habitual grooves? Do we wear and eat what we individually and thoughtfully consider to be the wisest possible food and garments—or do we put on and take in what is suggested to us by the unreflecting majority of our group? Have we ever tried to think out—conscientiously, perhaps painfully—for ourselves, honest religious, political, economic or moral values?

Most of us, whether officially dubbed "conservative" or "radical," repeat the phrases and attitudes that have been most impressively conveyed to us, by the most imposing set of people. We are playing with one another a game of perpetual circles of suggestion. But how useful, how desirable, how truly worthy of perpetuation are all these fixed ideas and customs that we continue to pass back and forth?

Once more, by the avenue of anthropology, as in previous months by other avenues of research, we are brought to the realization of our own power—and responsibility—with regard to this life, of which we usually consider ourselves the helpless victims. Dr. Benedict tells us that tradition makes us what we are—and we make tradition. "Everything we now are," says Sir J. C. Bose, "is the outcome of previous stimulation; and man by opening himself to such stimulation as he desires, can make of himself what he wills." "The biggest fact of organic evolution," says J. Arthur Thomson, "is the trend toward greater mastery of environment and increased freedom of self-expression through greater knowledge and foresight—wiser control of life."

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The acrostic of science, along whichever line we read it, spells the same thing: the plasticity of matter, its swift response to stimulation; the creative power of individual and group to mold that plastic life-stuff into what forms they will. And that the wise course, the only possible course from now on, if we are to survive, is to use that creative power consciously and intelligently. This we can do only by individual self-examination and self-discipline, then by coöperative and united action—instead of the old ruthless competition.

Not the preachers and idealists only are telling us this now, but the "hard-headed" scientists and psychologists, out of their systematized investigations. Every scientist who has written a line for this magazine—the mathematician, the physicist, the botanist, the biologist, the anthropologist—brings in the same evidence, no matter by what line of experiment and approach.

Every science says the same thing. Every science points the same "way out" of human problems and difficulties. And that way (of intelligent conscious spiritual and moral self-determination) is not different from, but identical with, the way of psychology and of religion.

Instead of contradicting one another, as popularly supposed, these three great branches of human knowledge—science, psychology, and religion—we find constantly confirming and supporting one another, in their major conclusions. It is only as interpreted by narrow and dogmatic minds, only when confined to some limited theology or special theory—that they can be made to appear to conflict.

We are creating our own experience. We are the product of our own tradition. Very well. Then let us create that experience as intelligently as we can. Let us start the circle of suggestion moving in reverse order, and repeat and perpetuate such ideas, establish such customs and traditions, as will make better creatures and a finer and happier civilization.

The science of anthropology has blazed the way for us to investigate and compare these institutions that we have been automatically and unreflectingly passing on. Not necessarily with the idea of tearing down what we have, any more than of blindly accepting; but of studying patiently and impartially to find out what is worthy of acceptance and perpetuation. Not with the purpose of proving my civilization and my culture "right" and all others "wrong"; but with the purpose of scrutinizing the experiments of different sections of the race under various conditions, to see what has been the outcome of following this dominant idea, that special exaggeration; and in the light of these illuminating experiments, and this wealth of experience of all the human family, to choose more discriminatingly our individual or group path.

In China, for example, we have a civilization built round the dominating idea of the family system—the effacing of the individual before the claims of the clan. A civilization developed according to the spartan ideal of strictest self-discipline, and morality for its own sake—do your duty, serve your ancestors, and do not inquire or speculate. To-day the young Chinese are criticizing some of the results of that culture, and its over-conservatism. They see grave flaws, which they are intent on removing. But they are by no means ready to throw over the fine aspects of that culture for a hybrid and wholesale Westernization.

In India, we have a civilization built upon the ideal that life is primarily a spiritual, not a biological, experience. A civilization that has endured for five thousand years, that whatever its faults, still has had the tenacity to keep the cart and the horse (spiritual values and material instruments) in their logical sequence; and toward whose general philosophy the Western world is, ironically, turning, just as India's own modern sons are saying, out of their disillusion, "it doesn't work!"

China built round learning and the family. India round spiritual experience and realization. France round beauty and artistic perfection. England round the code—and responsibility—of the class. America round individual opportunity—a better chance for every child, a more abundant life for everybody. Here they all are—we could follow along through every country round the globe, and ask: can we afford to lose the fineness, the special gift and rich contribution of the experience of any one of them?

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People of every nation to-day—dissatisfied, probing—are asking what will be the civilization of the future. I believe that it will be a universal civilization, incorporating the best from each—and the best for all. I believe this not as a vague "sometime" ideal, built of my own desire, but as an imminent fact, built upon the incidents of my immediate experience. When I sit at a committee table in Geneva, next to Dr. Cheng, a Confucianist senator; on the other side, Dr. Tomoeda, a Shinto professor from Tokio; farther down, Dr. Chatterji and Dr. Datta, two Hindus; across the way Dr. Forell of Sweden; Dr. Hauer of Germany; Henry Atkinson of New York; Yusuf Ali of Lahore; and hear their eager planning and discussing, not for China or India or America, but *for us all* (that we all, round the world, may be free of war, and of economic burdens and social complexes, and have a better life and a happier understanding)—I know that there before me I see the civilization of the future, already in operation, a going concern. For this is not a forced and formal commission appointed by politicians, to make the shrewdest deal possible, each for his special "interests"; but a voluntary grouping of kindred people, come together because they want to, because their hearts and minds and interests are already consciously one.

Not two or three, but scores of such committees and voluntary groups are meeting together to-day. All summer long, in every big city of the world, these international foundations, conferences, alliances, and best of all the young people's international student groups by hundreds of thousands, are spending friendly and thoughtful days or weeks together, talking over mutual problems. Through common pain, and common terror (of universal destruction), has come the realization of a common life and a common destiny. And when the hearts of people have come together in these strong shared sentiments—such as the hatred of war, the determination for peace, and a better state of things generally—it is only a matter of time until the outer institutions shall follow the imperious urge of public feeling.

As Dr. Benedict says, and as I know out of my experience in the life of many different countries, geographical is giving way to spiritual grouping. There are still plenty of stand-pat nationalists in every country. There are in every country groups of men bound together by a common greed, a common desire to be on top, to have personal or national wealth and ascendency, at no matter what cost to anybody. These, very naturally, believe and preach the gospel of power, and the survival of the strongest; and that it will be "a long, long time" before the weaker are "fit" to rule, or to speak for themselves.

Others there are, from out every nation, to whom love of comrades and responsibility toward the weak, the desire to help instead of to dominate, to work for more life, knowledge, and happiness for all—is the ruling motive of existence. These kindred spirits will form your "tribes" and countries of the future. But must not the day come, eventually, when the most reluctant separatist will have realized that that way lies destruction—when at last the peoples of the earth shall be one family, with the world as their home.

# MORE THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR

## *The Story of Vallonges Tapestries as Told by the Antique Dealer*

### EMERSON TAYLOR

HALF-WAY up the Rue Cherche Midi, they spied a weathered, white-and-black sign: L. Billot, Antiquités et Meubles.

"There it is! Let's cross over."

But his bride laid her hand on Carter's arm. "Oh, no, Chris! Heavens!" And she walked along briskly without so much as a glance in L. Billot's direction.

"What's the idea?" Carter was hot; his feet ached. He could not keep his thoughts from the glorious letter burning in his pocket, which he had not had time that morning to show to Hope.

"You must never go straight to an antique dealer's," she admonished. "The creature would simply be lying in wait."

"The life of a shopper!"

"It is rather intricate," Hope agreed contentedly. "You win your tricks in such funny ways. Unexpected." She sketched an enchanting little gesture, airily, with a smile for her faithfully plodding husband. "Men lack the strength for it."

"What happens next?"

"We go up the street, cross to Billot's side, come back, and pop in before he can size us up through the window." She turned lovely eyes on her husband in passionate appeal. "Promise not to buy a thing at the price he asks, Chris."

"I understood," he chuckled, "that we weren't buying anything at any price this morning."

At which his bride tilted her chin disdainfully. "Do you ever keep good resolutions in Paris?"

"Never. Tell me again what we're going to see."

"Two panels of Aubusson tapestry. The ones De Bessigny spoke about last night at dinner. But we ask for Breton milk-cans. May I do the talking?"

"You bet." He was scouting for a chance to cross the roaring street. "This is your show. I don't begin till it's time to order luncheon. Now—!" And they plunged through an apparent gap in the traffic, which was instantly filled by a truck, two speeding taxis, a postal van and a push-cart, all dashing full tilt in different directions.

"And he's the most interesting old rogue this side of the Seine," said Hope. One would have thought her strolling in a rose-garden. "Indifference!" she was whispering a moment later. And she paused, to appraise with a bored and careless glance the litter of trinkets Billot displayed in his dusty window.

"Doesn't look like a place where you'd find a thing worth while," observed Carter after an interval.

"Keep it up. Hope he hears you,"

he heard his wife approve. "Oh, well, we may as well go in. It'll pass the time till luncheon."

A harsh bell jangled just over their heads. Within the shop reigned a most discouraging gloom. The glass of the door being hung with faded lithographs, the window cluttered with a thousand trumpery curiosities, what daylight did succeed in dodging through, was thinned and pale. A low, broad table filled the center of the room, heaped with dog's-eared prints and etchings escaped from two sprawling portfolios. To the left stood a show-case, with a meager display of yellowed lace. There hung on the air a smell of dust, of mice, of fruit.

Of Billot there was not a sign. Carter felt like a guest at a funeral who has arrived too early.

"How about it?" He had promised Hope a morning of shopping on the Left Bank, but he did so want a chance to tell her about that letter! Such a marvelous opening for a junior like himself! The company wished to make him district manager for New England, beginning September first. He had taken his bride abroad to stay till November; but, good heavens, a man couldn't pass up an opportunity like this one! "What d'you say we—?"

But Hope, for answer, turned her bright head a trifle toward a door in a corner and nodded.

"He's watching us," she murmured ecstatically. "Can't you feel it? Isn't it thrilling? Why, here's one of the plates from 'Le Bon Genre,'" she added aloud. "But they're not the least bit rare."

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There was a little movement behind them, less emphatic than a drift of air. A man entered from the door at the rear, which he softly closed. He wore the expression of one contented with the progress of a project which is infamous and risky yet satisfying.

"Monsieur Billot?" cooed Hope.

The man bowed. He glanced from the girl to her husband in swift appraisal. His visitors being obviously American, he naturally addressed himself to the lady, since the man would be merely a treasurer. Miserable looking devil, thought Carter. Poverty lay on him like a blight. He had a yellow skin stretched too tightly; his eyes were two drops of ink. From his thin, stooped shoulders hung a filthy smock.

"What may I show madame?"

"We noticed some china in the window," Hope replied, apparently forgetting her intention to ask for Breton milk-cans. "Have you any peacock Delft?"

"But yes," Billot assured her.

She smiled like an angel. "Didn't you mean to say," she suggested, "that you'll show us magnificent specimens, if we'll return this afternoon?"

The dealer matched her for placid sweetness.

"Madame will pardon me, but I think it fatal to send a client away with promises only. They are seduced by other dealers, or forget to return. I wish to sell you something immediately."

"That's business," approved Carter.

"I have been dealing in antiques for many years," said Billot.

"We've heard of you *so* often!" Hope flattered. "And—the Delft?"

"Delft?"

"The peacock pattern." It was as though Hope desired Dutch china more than anything on earth.

"But Delft is for the kitchen, madame. I cannot believe you are interested in cottage-ware. You, a collector." He reached down from a shelf in the shadows a little piece of eighteenth century porcelain—lovely, yet sad in its elegant frivolity. He set it on the table, stepped back a pace. "Ah! Now—that! Here is a piece you would take pleasure to own."

"It doesn't interest me a bit," Hope riposted. Her words fell like wooden blocks, dull and lifeless. Carter chuckled again, silently, at Billot's evident chagrin at losing the first round.

"Madame," he declared, returning to the battle, "you cannot duplicate this piece in Paris. I assure you of its authenticity. There is no duty on an old piece like this. I would offer it only to a genuine collector."

"Ah, monsieur—these hallowed phrases!"

That look of cool amusement on her face! Billot didn't have half a chance, poor devil, thought Carter. But it was queer somehow that a girl could get a kick out of matching wits with a dingy old bird like this.

"If madame will but regard it!" Billot waited an instant. "No? It is a pity. But of course a work of art like this is never appreciated by tourists." And he picked up the figurine almost roughly.

"You needn't put it away," said Hope quietly. "How much is it?"

"Twelve hundred francs."

"Oh, monsieur! For a reproduction?"

"An original, madame. I guarantee—"

She shrugged admirably. "They use the old molds," she informed her husband callously. "But it is rather decorative. I might consider paying four hundred, monsieur, but—"

"Madame jests," reproved Billot icily.

"On the contrary. Four hundred francs is all it's worth."

"You *are* Americans?" the antiquary inquired, after a dramatic pause.

"Oh, yes."

"To a British lady, I would refuse entirely. But to you, an American—"

"*Allons!*" invited Hope.

"Sacrifice!" Billot sighed. With a hissing intake of his breath, he nerved himself to a supreme effort. Picking up the bit of china with a flourish, he offered it with a bow. "She is yours!" he cried.

But Hope waved it away.

"What?"

"Of course not!" she cried, with a contented little purr of laughter. "That was only a game, monsieur. You asked a frightful price, because you thought we were American tourists. I beat you down, because—because we've heard that you're one of the most experienced antique dealers in Paris. And I won. *Sans rancune*—eh? But really you mustn't expect me to buy rubbish."

She was radiant. Too bad they would have to cut Paris short, thought Carter.

Billot examined the floor, a spot on his smock, the palm of his hand after he had rubbed the spot.

"Monsieur," he said to Carter ruefully, "I permit myself to congratulate madame on her proficiency. She knows how to buy."

"Some shopper!" grinned the bridegroom. But somehow he was glad that the little scene was played out. Bargaining. It was all right, if Hope got some fun out of it. But after all, it takes two to play any game. Billot had changed color.

"And now," said Hope cordially, with the kindness of a generous victor, "now that we understand one another—"

The dealer looked up. He had the queerest expression imaginable in his eyes—as if he had been mortally injured in his pride. The look smudged his pasty face like a storm-cloud, only to be succeeded, so quickly that Carter could no more than sense his odd malevolence, with the sunny radiance of a Santa Claus.

"Ah," he warned with an appearance of good-nature, shaking his bald head, "madame must not flatter herself on a victory won in play. The wiles of a curio dealer are as many as his customers, alas, are few."

"That's all right," interrupted Carter. He disobeyed orders. He was tired, bored most intolerably. "Look! A friend of ours told us you had a pair of old tapestries."

"I have no tapestries," declared Billot shortly.

"Then we'll be getting along."

Hope looked at him, unbelieving. She turned to Billot.

"I permit myself to tell monsieur," she softly fluted, "that the tapestries hang on the left-hand wall of the room behind this. Or they did, yesterday afternoon. Come. Shall we look at them?"

"I—I am routed," groaned Billot, flinging up his arms. "Against madame I have no defense. Tapestries? Yes. If monsieur-madame will follow me, I will show something of interest indeed. To madame—who is young and a bride," he hazarded hardily. And without waiting for their assent, he twisted his way to the little door in the rear.

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"You—you were awful, Chris." Hope reproved, as they moved away. "Actually, you told an antique dealer what you wanted to buy. And—I love you," she whispered.

"Look out you don't get him too mad."

"Nonsense." She laughed aloud—American and confident, very handsome and young.

"But he *is* mad—don't you see? Because you got the best of him."

"What a crazy idea!"

"All right. But look out he doesn't put something over."

The room in the rear had been arranged at some time for showing pictures, to judge from its coloring and from the disposition of the lights which Billot switched on as they entered. To the right hung half a dozen faded canvases by fourth-rate men of a previous generation. Across the opposite wall was stretched a curtain of faded green material, closely hiding whatever was behind it. A couple of doubtful armchairs stood in the middle of the room; in a far corner was propped the ruin of what once had been a very elegant Empire console.

"If monsieur-madame will be seated," invited Billot, pulling about the chairs, once more the attentive shopman, "I will show all that is most beautiful."

"But—this is simply fierce," grumbled Carter, as Billot fussed endlessly with the tangled cords of the curtain. "I—I know I promised, but—when do we eat, Hope? Honestly."

"Just a minute longer," she pleaded. Ah, but she was irresistible, this bride of his! "Truly, I won't stay long."

The curtain slid back on its rusty wires.

"Lord!" exclaimed Carter. "I take it all back."

Hope nudged him.

Exquisitely softened by age, but glowing with color, of a design which, while rich and intricate, had still a monumental breadth and sweep, the gorgeous weave astonished him. What was unusual, the figures in the woven pictures were curiously interesting in themselves. The designer had not chosen, like most of his guild, to record an event in the life of a legendary hero, or the doings of noble patrons decked out as gods. The first panel showed a little medieval lady seated under an apple-tree, in conversation with a ragged suppliant. In the second, the same little heroine, with a serving-maid at hand, watched from her window a column of knights and men-at-arms. A recurring motive in the design of the graceful border was a coat of arms, born on a lozenge, surmounted by a ducal coronet.

"The pictures," began Billot in the drone of the professional guide, "represent the Duchess of Vallonges. She entered the Benedictine order and died a nun. The tapestries were designed and executed by order of the lady's grandnephew, Arnould Sieur de Leysterie. Late sixteenth century."

"But what are the pictures about?" asked Carter.

"Chris!" Hope remonstrated. "Look at the color, dear—the line—the masses."

"I'm looking at the girl," returned her husband jovially. "Heroine of romance. How about it, Billot?"

"The design of the tapestries commemorates an incident in the life of the Duchess," resumed the dealer in his guide-book manner. Did his black eyes rest on Hope for a second? Measuring. Planning. "The panels were made for the adornment of the château at Vallonges-sur-Somme, destroyed during the war. They were saved by the caretaker, when it was necessary to evacuate the château in August, nineteen fourteen. They came into my possession directly from the estate of Monsieur the late Vicomte de Leysterie, captain of artillery, killed in action."

A silence came down. Carter shuffled his feet, shifted his position in the too narrow arm-chair. Lord, for the chance to *do* something!

"How much?" he asked roundly.

If Billot was surprised at the promptness of the question, he instantly recovered.

"Fifty thousand francs."

"I think they're great."

"Examine them closely," urged Billot, with a wave of the hand. "Monsieur-madame will excuse me an instant? I seem to hear a possible customer in the shop." And with a shopman's bow, he swiftly turned and disappeared.

* * *

"Queer card," commented Carter, when he and Hope were alone.

"Marvelous old robber, isn't he!"

"Did I behave all right? I just had to exclaim about those things."

"You're a lamb," said Hope.

She drew her fingers across her husband's cheek, as she moved forward to take a closer view of the panels. Bewitched, he followed at her heels. The room was very still. Even as she examined the beautiful weave, she had, as it were unconsciously, leaned close to him. Even as she held the edge of the panel in her hand, head bent low to test the weave and color, her shoulder was laid back against his own. The fluid curve of her pretty side just touched him, was withdrawn, was softly replaced. Through her flimsy summer frock, he could feel the stir and life of her.

"You darling!" whispered Hope's lover.

She glanced round the point of his shoulder, leaning back her head.

"He's gone."

"Sure?"

"Of course."

"Love me?" she whispered, nibbling his ear.

Ah, this bride of his! Thrilling, he watched her as she returned to her study. He stood just behind her, a little to one side. All his—such beauty, such spirit and charm. Again, as every day, the thought swept over the man how priceless love was to both of them. He never could do enough for the girl who loved him so. Too bad, that offer coming when it did; but, confound it, a man can't spend all his time—

"Like them?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, Chris, they're gorgeous." She let the tapestry fall into its place almost reverently. "But it's an awful price. We never could afford—"

"I'm asking—do you like 'em?"

"Of course. I'm mad about them."

And at that instant Billot crept silently into the room.

Carter nodded to him decisively.

"I'll take them," he said without any preamble. "Present for my wife."

"Chris!" Delight submerged her face like a rosy, sunny wave. Then came a veil of cloud, swiftly. "I'd adore them, but—"

"Well?"

"Fifty thousand francs for those?" She shook her bright head. "Truly, my dear, I'm not entirely crazy."

He was disappointed; a little of the fine edge of his pleasure was dulled. More bargaining. But if Hope wanted it that way, all right.

"It's a lot of money," he acknowledged.

"Ah, but in dollars—nothing!" put in Billot. "And to you Americans—?" He blew the amount off his palm like a pinch of thistledown.

"Too much," said Hope.

"Don't you know," asked Carter, "that it simply enrages an American to have you people assume we've got all the money in the world?"

Billot shrugged. "It is known you have most of it, monsieur."

"Well, it doesn't follow we adore spending it," rapped out Hope severely.

"Yet—here you are in Paris. And newly married."

"How'd you guess it?"

At which the three laughed together comfortably.

"All the same, monsieur," smiled Hope, "fifty thousand francs is out of the question."

"May I ask what monsieur is willing to pay?"

Carter waved his hand. "Talk to madame."

Hope sought his eyes. "Do you think—?"

He laughed comfortably. "You're attending to this little deal."

"Twenty thousand then. For the pair."

"Madame!" gasped Billot. "Pardon me, but you cannot mean—"

"Exactly."

"But—but I must secure what the goods are worth," cried the dealer. "You, monsieur, as a man of affairs—"

"You won't get a centime more, not if my wife's doing the buying," said Carter pleasantly.

There was a short silence.

"Very well then—take them!" Billot cried in apparent desperation. "Twenty thousand—anything. I give them to you." Checking the flow of his lamentations, he regarded Hope with another of his queer, half-threatening looks. "Are you never afraid at all, madame?"

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of the cost of such bargains."

"Not a bit." She laughed. "That is, I've never been badly stuck."

"Sometimes," he suggested, "you get more for your money than you think."

"Really?" She laughed again.

"Sometimes," said Billot.

They went through the usual formalities about shipment, payment, delivery, insurance. Carter looked up with a humorous cock of his handsome head.

"There's one thing we haven't attended to. Remember?" he asked Billot. "You haven't answered my first question, monsieur."

"No—?"

"My wife thinks I'm old-fashioned wanting to know what a picture represents, but—"

"Sometimes the subject gives an added value," said the dealer sententiously.

"Tell us what those are about—what they mean."

"Yes, do," cried Hope generously. "I'd love to hear the story. It'll make the pictures seem more—"

"More like scenes of real life—eh?"

"Maybe," suggested Carter with a wink, as Billot hesitated, "the story's not suitable for young persons."

"There you go! Don't you think I'm old enough to—"

"Old nothing!" Lovingly, he gathered her close, as she perched on the arm of his chair. "Go ahead, Billot. Shoot."

"One instant." He shambled across the room, jerked open the drawer of the console, returned with some sheets of closely written manuscript. "A legend," he announced with a curious relish. "To accompany the pictures of the little Duchess. A story in the antique manner." He made Hope a bow. "For you, madame."

"Who wrote it?" inquired Carter.

"One who knew life," returned the antiquary with another of his smiles. "An English author who, like you, saw the Vallonges tapestries, and—was interested."

"It's awfully good of you," said Hope appreciatively.

"Oh," smiled Billot, "I read to you with pleasure."

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Standing just before the tapestries, where the light from the reflectors shone down on his yellow baldness, he started his task. As he scanned the lines, his head shuttled from side to side endlessly. His nasal singsong was utterly without expression.

"'In the time of King Louis,'" droned Billot, "'there lived a noble lady, widow of the Lord of Vallonges who fell in the war against Burgundy. When her lord was slain, her seventeenth year was just in bud, and her hair was the color of midnight in winter, her bosom softer than white roses, her figure as slim as the new moon at evening. And at heart was she still a maid, God wot, for the Lord of Vallonges departed for the wars the day after his marriage. Thereafter did many sue for the lady's hand, but to all, with gracious words which did salve the hurt, she gave courteous refusal. And she abode in her tower, and did exercise an excellent rule over her fat fields and villages, and daily like a good Christian she heard Mass, and daily was she to be seen on a mettlesome barb, now visiting the poor and needy, now following the deer. And wisely, sitting in her great hall, or after the manner of King Pausolus of blessed memory seated beneath a tree, did the Lady of Vallonges adjudge the cause of the wretched, the oppressed, and the deceived. And did her steward advise that thus and thus the law did read, were the law contrary to what the noble lady divined as best for all, then the worse for the law. Unto the noble lady, sitting thus in judgment of an afternoon of tender June beneath a flowering apple-tree, there was haled one caught red-handed stealing grain from the lady's granary, and his offense was the greater for the reason that the oats which the wretch purloined were intended for the pleasure of the lady's favorite palfrey. Wherefore the lady's steward did plead that the wretch be hanged incontinent. Upon which the lady appeared to fall into deep meditation, steadfastly regarding the kneeling prisoner, and then did she require of her attendance and of the guards that they should absent themselves till she should call. And alone with the prisoner, she did require his name, and he told it to her, and she further inquired, in a voice which was softer than the south wind in the blossoms and warmer than the sunshine, the reason wherefore he had done this heinous crime. And the wretch, lifting his eyes to hers, did say that only by such means could he have won the honor and glory of looking on the Lady of Vallonges and of hearing her speak. And the lady doubted if this were the truth. But he swore it was the truth. Now the wretch was a stripling, in years not three more than her own, and exceedingly comely, and he bore himself right gallantly and gently notwithstanding he was ragged. And the lady arose from her seat of judgment, and pronounced that the stripling should be kept in duress pending her decision. And he was led away. And that night, by what means this chronicler knows not, he was conducted from his prison and made to deck himself in samite, silk, and miniver, and thence, being blindfolded, was he led to a place which he was informed was his place of execution. And he said now God receive my soul a sinner who dieth happy having spoken with the lady, and he waited with courage for the noose. And the bandage was lifted.

And he perceived that he was alone with her whom he had trodden many weary leagues to worship. And she was seated in a high and cushioned chair. Her vesture was azure and argent, and her hair lay on her shoulders. And he made obeisance. And she laid her hand in his. And with no word said, stooping, she laid her lips to his. And there was no sound in the room, nor any light save from a single candle. And their love was in truth a first and flawless love, for their hearts did yearn to one another, and they were very young. And the stripling swore that now his life was perfected. And she asked did love truly fill a young man's heart enough and forever, and he swore that this was true. And every night they learned a new chapter in the book of love. And so did the summer pass. And with autumn came sounds of war, and the lords prepared for war. And the lady, looking from her window, said this is not for us. And the stripling watched from her side the passing of the marshaled knights in bravery of war, the archers and the pikemen. And she said this is not for you, since love for you is everything. And all that day the heralds blew their trumpets in the market-place, summoning all men of strength and courage to the great king's war. And on that night when she was warm for love and longed to give of her love like wine and gold, the youth came not to her. And with the dawn the lady looked again from her high window at the passing horse and foot, and she espied a rider young and gay who rode with his helm at the saddle-bow. And though sweet love called him to remain, yet did the stripling smile in answer to the clamor of the trumpets. And he rode away. And to the tirewoman asking what colors would the lady wear that day, wearily the lady answered black, black, black.'"

"Humph!" Carter glanced at his bride. "What's the point of the story?"

The antiquary spread his hands.

"Those who buy from Billot often obtain more than they reckon."

They were standing outside the dingy shop once more, in the refreshing sunshine.

"Well, where do we go from here?" inquired Carter cheerfully. By golly, if Hope wanted to, he'd stand for some more shopping. It was great, giving her the kind of fun she liked—as long as they could stay in Paris.

But Hope was looking down the Rue Cherche Midi. At nothing.

"I don't care," she answered absently. "Listen, Chris," she said. "You'd never—"

"What's the matter?" he asked his bride tenderly. "Tired, honey?"

"I guess I must be," said Hope.

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Billot at the bride from behind his dusty window.

# FEMINISM AND THE NEW TECHNIQUE

## *Strike for the High Places*

IDA CLYDE CLARKE

A SURVEY of the recent activities of women throughout the world compels to the conviction that feminism has taken a sudden and definite new trend. This trend is indicated by a rapidly developing international-mindedness, and the use of a new technique.

To understand the new feminism one must consider the new feminist. She is not the impassioned reformer of three generations ago whose life and works were dedicated to one all-absorbing "cause." The typical new feminist, the 1929 model, is a well rounded, perfectly balanced, thoroughly informed and highly intelligent person. She manages her home, holds her job, and so on, in the normal way. She is, in principle, a forthright feminist, because she is convinced that the tempo of human progress will be speeded up when women share equally with men the privileges and the responsibilities of civic, social and political life. The average 1929 feminist is one hundred per cent feminine. (Even the modern militant uses the feminine technique.) And she is young, not young as men apply the term to women, but well under the age when men consider men to be "in their prime." For example, Alice Paul is thirty years younger than Andrew Mellon.

The modern feminist does not *assert* her equality with men, she *assumes* it, and proceeds accordingly. With more wit than logic, Lady Astor said recently, "We are not talking about superiority—we've had that all the time. What we're talking about is equality." Playful as the remark was, it is suggestive of the new feminine psychology. The old feminine inferiority complex that Dr. Anna Howard Shaw used to talk so much about, is rapidly disappearing. The new feminist is perfectly sure of herself.

Though the militants we still have with us, the majority of women believe that the time for militancy—if, indeed, there ever was a time for it, as the conservatives still doubt—has passed; and that further advancement in the position of women must be achieved, not through emotional appeal, but through the application of cold reason and common sense. Feminists of "the forties" wailed, "See how downtrodden we are!" Feminists of to-day exhibit bright good humor—not self-pity, and they say to the men, "You are very clever, but after all you are men and not gods. You need us and we will help you." It is undoubtedly true that the almost spectacular progress that women have made during the past few years has been very largely due to the sanity and the calmness, and the cool, unanswerable logic with which they have presented their case—and in some degree to their good-natured but persistent assumption of equality.

There are two tenets in modern feministic philosophy. The first is that woman is not a "human second," that hers is not an "auxiliary sex," nor is woman in any way congenitally inferior to man. The second is that there is no subject or issue that can conceivably come within the scope of national and international deliberation that is not equally the concern of women and men, and that national and international councils that do not include women on an equal footing with men are not truly representative of groups or nations. In these two tenets are found the sum and substance of the new feminism. The first is a familiar one, but in the second may be found the key to the new feminine technique. "Begin at the top—strike for the high places and the lower ones will take care of themselves."

Women consider that the first of these statements has been so conclusively proved and is so definitely registered in the consciousness of both men and women, that it is not debatable. But leading women's organizations in almost every country of the civilized world are concentrating their forces in an effort to establish permanently the second article of their confession of faith, and to inspire women everywhere to use the new technique.

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The newer philosophy of feminism has also taught women that woman's place is no more in the home than man's place is in his office, when the business of humanity is being attended to by national and international bodies. Men have always found it expedient and convenient to leave their business in the interest of their business, and women are finding that they can leave their homes in perfect safety when their presence elsewhere is necessary in the interest of their homes. This is one of the most important lessons women have learned during the past decade. And because they have learned it we find, by a study of the programs of various organizations, that women's range of interest is now as wide as that of men, the chief difference being one of emphasis. Women have underscored as major some of the problems that men have considered as minor. Problems of equal moral standard, the unmarried mother and the nameless child, system of family endowments, legal position of married women, employment of women in police departments, equal opportunities in the professions, in industry, in public service—these are the planks in the platforms of women's organizations throughout the world. The culture club flourishes still, but discussions of international relations are more popular than papers on the minor poets of the eighteenth century. And so, the idle, middle-aged spinster, of independent means, nursing a pet cause—as the man-drawn cartoons used to present the female reformer—is as much out of style as the fashions in "Godey's Lady's Book."

It would be futile to theorize as to the various causes that have contributed to this unmistakable widening of women's horizon. The souls of women were profoundly stirred by the ghastly tragedy of the World War, as were the souls of men. But what men learned from fighting together on the battle-field was very different from what women learned from praying and suffering and working in a common cause, in their homes, and their communities. War, no matter how noble the cause in which men fight, engenders bitterness, and war can never do less than strengthen whatever brutal physical instincts fighting men may have. But the women of the world were unified and exalted through spiritual suffering of a common sort. Back in the bereft and lonely homes of the world—in cabins and palaces alike—women fought their silent battles of the spirit, day by day and night by night. And they emerged from the ordeal with all of their deeper human impulses strengthened. Man's revolt from war, as expressed in the patient and persistent efforts of present day statesmen to find a substitute for war, is a mental revolt. Man has seen the stupidity, the futility and the human and economic wastefulness of the war system. Woman's impulses toward peace may be more emotional, but they are based on humanitarianism. Men attack the problems of war as they attack the problems of peace, from a standpoint of economics; while women lay the emphasis on humanics. Men think in terms of armies, while to women every soldier is some mother's son.

Since economics and humanics are inseparable and interactive, how necessary it is that men and women, representing the two natural divisions of the human race, should pool their resources of mind and spirit and work together for the common good. At any rate, this is the viewpoint of post-war feminists. And, holding this view, women decided that the place to make a real beginning was at Geneva.

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It was in 1919 that organized women served their first and official notice to organized men that woman was now ready to enter into full partnership with man in the conduct of the world's business.

At the invitation of the International Suffrage Alliance the women of the Allied Nations had met in Paris to see that in the peace negotiations the interests of women should not be overlooked. The original draft of the Covenant of the League of Nations had been drawn up at Paris, and no mention of women was included. A joint deputation of these Allied Women waited on the Commission, presided over by President Wilson, with the result that the following clause was inserted in the Covenant: "All positions under and in connection with the League, including the Secretariat, shall be open equally to men and women."

That single clause marked the definite beginning of a new era in the history of the women movement. It was women's great charter in the League. That simple sentence gave women courage and hope and they made plans to take immediate advantage of the new opportunity—an opportunity never before accorded to women in the history of the modern world.

While modern militants complain of the scant recognition thus far accorded to women in the League of

Nations, many women of deep insight and calm judgment feel that progress, if slow, has been definite and sound. During a single decade a tradition of the centuries has been wholly upset, and women are almost ready to give and men are almost ready to receive whatever contribution women can make toward world peace and human progress.

The militants look at the hole in the doughnut. They say: "While women may enter freely as stenographers and the lower clerical grades, binding themselves for a seven years' term, one finds men entering all branches in assistant and junior administrative positions, an avenue leading to high and responsible promotion in both national and international politics. With this initial barring of the entrance it is natural that very few women have reached the top in the higher ranks.

"A few there are who have arrived so far, but most of those who are higher up have been appointed, often only temporarily, to represent their nation on some one particular occasion. The Assembly itself, up to 1926, had no woman delegate; there have been a few substitute delegates, a few technical advisers.

"Since the League's division into committees, six in number, the first committee has had one woman; the second has had two women; the third, none; the fourth, none; the fifth, the Humanitarian Committee, which deals with the traffic in women and children, child welfare and kindred subjects has had four women; the sixth, none."

On the other hand the only way properly to evaluate these facts—dark as they appear—is to put them in their proper setting and relationship. In the first place the new idea had to be "sold" to the various nations comprising the League before any definite results could be hoped for. And, had the new idea of women representatives in the League been immediately applauded all over the world—and it was not—it would hardly have been expedient or wise to rush large numbers of women in where angels—and even men—feared to tread. What the sagacious women leaders did was to decide on the place in which a woman could really do the most good—not for the cause of women, but for the cause of humanity. And the next was to find the best woman for that difficult place. The place selected was the Social Section of the League, which deals with various social and moral questions, such as the suppression of the traffic in women and children, the suppression of the opium traffic, and the assistance of deported women. The woman selected was Dame Rachel Crowdy, of England, who was first made a member of the Health Section and was later put in charge of the all important Social Section. As a direct result of Dame Rachel's splendid work, the League of Nations now counts among its greatest tasks the suppression of the traffic in women. In the sphere of equal morals, the evil system of the regulation of vice is nearly everywhere discredited and is rapidly disappearing; and many of the heretofore neglected questions that organized women consider vital ones are receiving attention.

In order to judge the size of the hole it is necessary to consider the doughnut itself. As a matter of fact seven countries—Great Britain, Australia, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Rumania—have included women either as substitute delegates or technical advisers in their League delegations, and nine women are members of the Ninth Assembly. Dr. Kristine Bonnevie, of Norway, and Madame Curie, both noted scientists, sit as the only women members of the Commission on Intellectual Coöperation. In the field of economics Frau Emmy Freundlich, who has been a member of the Social-Democrat party in the Austrian Parliament since 1920, is a notable figure, though there is discontent over the fact that she is the only woman on a commission of fifty-six members, and formal protest has been made. Froken Henni Forchhammer, of Denmark, has acted as technical adviser to the Danish Delegation in the Assembly since 1920, and since 1925 she has been a substitute delegate. These and other women of great capacity who are holding responsible positions in the League are doing much to advance the cause of women and to demonstrate their ability to serve in high places; and if the positions they hold are not yet of the highest, they certainly stand on stones by which they may step to higher things.

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Since that memorable day in Paris ten years ago when the Allied Women presented their protest to President Wilson, women have been increasingly interested in international affairs. In January of this year the Fourth Conference on the Cause and Cure of War was held in Washington. "At our first conference," said Mrs. Catt, the moving spirit in this effort on behalf of world peace, "there were many emotional appeals from the floor, much pouring forth of noble sentiments, pious hopes, fervent dismays over the futility of war. This year not a single speech of that kind was made. The delegates have gotten away from the field of superficial impressions. They realize now that they must know the facts before their views can carry weight." At the 1928 Conference addresses were made by the Secretary of War, and representatives of the State and Navy Departments, and certainly this was an innovation in women's peace meetings.

As early as 1922 women made their first move toward Pan-Americanism. Simultaneously with the meeting of the National League of Women Voters held that year in Baltimore, a "Pan-American Conference of Women" was called. This conference had a distinctly feminine flavor, as the social functions received wide publicity; but various round-table discussions were held, between "parties." Some time later Mrs. Catt made a tour of South America for the purpose of studying the status of women and interesting them in the new organization. Three years after the Baltimore meeting, a second "Pan-American Conference of Women" met in Washington at the call of Mrs. Catt. From this meeting emerged the "Inter-American Union of Women," whose purposes are high and noble even though no practical plan was suggested for carrying them out.

But in Havana in July, 1928, steps of far-reaching significance were taken by the militants, marching under the banner of the National

Woman's Party. At the Fifth Conference of the Inter-American States, held in 1923 there was placed on the agenda for 1928 "the civil and political rights of women," but as the time for the meeting approached, feminists decided that the item was mere "eyewash" and that it was unlikely that it would even be mentioned in the proceedings. Thereupon Doris Stevens, a brilliant and effective militant of the third generation, accompanied by Mrs. Jane Norman Smith, President of the National Woman's Party, sailed for Havana. Other first-rate feminists came to the assistance of the North Americans, and "for the first time in history" they presented an "Equal Rights Treaty," which, they say, "will be presented at all international gatherings of official standing and at other suitable international meetings, of whomsoever composed, wherever assembled." The effective clause runs as follows:

"The contracting states agree that upon the ratification of this Treaty, men and women shall have Equal Rights throughout the territory subject to their respective jurisdiction."

Although the Conference of Inter-American States rejected the Treaty, it did appoint an Inter-American Commission of Women, charged with the task of studying existing laws as they peculiarly affect women in the twenty-one republics of the Pan-American Union, and to report to and recommend to the 1933 Conference how equal rights for men and women of the twenty-two republics concerned may best be obtained. This was indeed a step forward. Doris Stevens was made chairman of the Commission, which has opened headquarters at Washington.

* * *

Women voters of the United States joined with women of Great Britain, France, Germany and other foreign countries in a world-wide campaign for the adoption of "Senator Kellogg's Plan for the renunciation of war." Miss Ruth Morgan, of New York City, Vice-President of the National League of Women Voters and prominent in many peace movements, went to England last July and conferred there with Mrs. Corbett Ashby, President of the International Association for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship, and various women from other countries. The result of these conferences was a strong resolution passed at a mass-meeting in which the support of the plan was strongly urged upon the governments of all countries.

Meanwhile the signatories of the Kellogg Pact were meeting at Paris, at M. Doumergue's summer château at Rambouillet, and no sooner had they arrived there than Doris Stevens and her group of militants put in an appearance also. In England they had been reinforced by Lady Rhondda and other forceful and well-known women. They asked Mr. Kellogg and M. Briand for a ten-minute hearing in which to present their "Equal Rights Treaty." But as the women themselves expressed it, "Unfortunately neither Mr. Kellogg nor M. Briand showed sufficient understanding to appreciate the opportunity, which they refused with scant courtesy."

Then the women fell back on the outworn Pankhurst technique. They took their stand at the gates of the palace and stood there, "picketing," just as in the good old days Doris Stevens and the other youthful martyrs "picketed" the White House. History repeated itself. The women were arrested—"jailed for freedom" is the phrase they prefer.

"What Lady Rhondda and her colleagues attempted in Paris," to quote a well-known English feminist, "was to obtain a hearing from the women's standpoint with a view to the study of women's position in Europe in the hope of finding an international remedy for remaining injustices." To an unbiased observer the incident is interesting as showing the ineffectiveness to-day of a technique that was used with some success a decade or two ago.

The next gesture made by women toward internationalism was in the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference held in Honolulu in August, which was "the first meeting in history called to consider all questions of interest to women from an international viewpoint." This Conference was not expected to bring about any reforms or even to make any definite plans toward reforms. But it did bring together, for the first time, women experts of the Pacific countries for the interchange of ideas, and those who watched its proceedings can but believe that its influence will be immediate and widespread. There was no drum-beating or waving of flags or dramatic features of any kind. The meeting was characterized by dignity and calmness. A continuation committee was appointed to study certain matters, and another conference will be held in 1930 to take definite action.

The International Association of University Women is attacking certain problems vigorously, through international action and otherwise. It maintains club-houses in many countries which are centers of information and activity. The Association has concerned itself very definitely with the legal status of married women engaged in the professions. The Chairman of this division, Mme. Suzanne Grinberg, of Paris, recently sent a questionnaire to twenty-three national associations regarding the status of married women in their respective countries. The result revealed that marriage is an obstacle to a profession in Ireland, Italy, South Africa (to some extent), Holland and Switzerland. In Australia and Canada there is no general rule. Accounts from New Zealand are conflicting. In India the question arises only in regard to certain educated women and Jews, as well as lower class women, since Hindu women are not permitted by their customs to work.

Marriage is not an obstacle to a profession in the United States, Sweden, France, Belgium, Hungary, Bulgaria, Austria and Finland. In Norway the tendency to employ only unmarried women is established. The class most discriminated against is the teaching profession. The salary of the wife belongs to the husband only in Quebec. In Holland, the wife may reserve the right to dispose of her earnings in the marriage contract. In Belgium the wife may only use her earnings for the benefit of the household, unless she is in business.

With these facts in hand the National Associations in their respective countries are urged to work for their natural rights, of which some members are deprived, as follows: first, the right to exercise a trained intellect usefully, without reference to family circumstances; second, the right to follow a career without marital authorization, since the career is the result of a training already known to the husband; third, the right of the wife to dispose of as she will the proceeds of her personal labor.

The well thought out and very concrete program of the University Women is typical of that of international organizations in various fields. Within ten years women have learned that through international coöperation they can eliminate an enormous waste of time, money and effort.

Of striking significance also is the decisive and expertly managed protests that have been voiced recently by women in industry. Elizabeth Abbott, Chairman of the Open Door Council in England, attended the recent International Labor Council in Geneva as representative of five women's organizations. Sweden, Denmark, Belgium and Hungary asked to be represented in her appeal to the Conference for recognition of Clause 7, Article 427, of the 13th part of the Treaty of Versailles, the principle that men and women should receive equal remuneration for work of equal value. It was urged upon the Conference, "That the Draft convention concerning minimum wage-fixing machinery should take into consideration the principle of equal pay for equal work."

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It is obvious that this new technique that women are using—this determination to be heard in international councils and the internationalization of their programs of work and study—has had a quick, decisive and favorable reaction on women themselves. And this effect in itself is of priceless value to feminism, even though the actual goal—equality of representation on all national and international bodies—must be achieved by slow and sometimes discouraging stages.

Though suffrage is yet to be won in South America and in many of the smaller countries of the world, France remains the only one of the great nations that has not enfranchised its women. That fact, coupled with the unmistakable and rapid internationalizing of the feminine mind, has wrought a change in feminine psychology that is amazing to the feminists of another generation.

The subject of existing legal inequalities between men and women was discussed recently by Miss Phipps, B.A., standing counsel for the National Union of Women Teachers of England and editor of the "Woman Teacher," who summarized them as follows:

The Throne: Although there is no Salic law in Great Britain, brothers take precedence of sisters.

House of Lords: a seat in which is denied to the twenty or thirty peeresses in their own right.

Trade unions: who do all they can to keep out women printers, tailors and so on.

Smile if you will, gentle reader, but here she stands, revealed in all of her pristine prettiness, level of head, clear of vision, strong of will, and yet, none the less feminine for a' that.

# I'VE BEEN READING

*The Snake Pit, The Case of Sergeant Grischa, The Biology of War, Orlando, English as Experience, The New Image, The Life of Space, Seven Brothers*

ZONA GALE

THERE must be a great number of readers who are silent. There must be readers, tolerant, ready for new values, who yet do not believe that all the accepted New necessarily has value. Their lack of will to receive this and that as literature, is offset by a profound and touching desire not to fall behind the times, not to be dismissed as Victorian, or even as modern Georgian; not to be discounted by the younger generation of readers; above all, not to be discounted by their own children. When, for example, "Bad Girl" or "Circus Parade" is mentioned, these readers listen, hear about "good American stuff unashamed," sometimes ask "But is all Americana literature?" and after that fall silent. There are tables at which parents of forty-five, of seasoned literary taste and of reasonably modern standards, sit turning toward their college-bred children, harassed faces, sit trying to agree, wanting to participate, smiling a little to show that they really are not outside. Here and there are accomplished but robustious readers—sometimes parents—who complain, but they often complain in terms of ethics and not of style and so might as well have said nothing. But countless readers are keeping still.

If they spoke, might they not say something like this: "It is true that more and better literature is being written in America to-day than ever in its short literary history. We speak now not of that, but of the books accepted and praised which do not represent the finest taste of the nation. There are folk sensitive to English, to subtleties in the fitting of material, to rhythm, to balance, to scope, and infinitely sensitive to human beings. Yet when these—creative workers, faculty members, professional or business men and women of liberty and vista—when these doubt the validity of material which is being classified as Literary America coming of age, there is a clear and vital response from young and vital voices, saying, 'This material proves that Literary America *is* coming of age.' This slow approach of a distant maturity is evident, but when Literary America does come of age, may not its first task be to regard with enormous tolerance some of these symptoms of its early teens?"

It is true that, when you think of the hundred and twenty millions of people, these symptoms are produced by a very small group, and by a small proportion of even Literary America. And it may be true that the only contribution of these symptomatic books is to release material never before used. Perhaps the great, the imperative task of American fiction has as yet hardly been approached by such books—the task of being neither boastful nor self-conscious about their material, but of taking it for granted, using it or leaving it, and going on to stronger stuff.

For example, going on down a long road to such writing as goes into "The Snake Pit," by Sigrid Undset. Here is one who is writing quietly, using situations whose baldness and terror have been outdone by no American literary invention, even the most impudent; and who treats of all as if she were the planet itself, weaving, unrolling, producing, denying, slaying—with no time to boast of its own "daring," or to stress it, or even to confess it, but merely to include it. *Olav's* unshriven murder, his turning from *Ingunn* his wife to *Torhild; Ingunn's* slow wit, her own memories, her fatherless son, the pity and terror of human relationship—all are there, as the fjords are there, as the mystery of life is there. This woman accepts the universe, then takes it for granted, then writes about it. Everything that America is jubilantly discovering is there, as a matter of course. Five hundred years ago she might have discovered disillusion, might have known sophistication, might have been expected to enjoy a shudder, or to forget to shudder—but that was long ago, and she has forgotten those exercises, and now she stretches her canvas and paints on. She is not even loath to acknowledge beauty. She can paint and neither hate nor love, and long ago she has forgotten the very newest toppling of the very oldest standards. *But now she can feel*, as the planet might feel its children, if it were an organism. Human beings, it is of us that she writes, somewhat as God might regard us. To come of age in fiction is like that.

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Millions of men and women and among them a filtering flow of books, thin for all the pounding of the presses, since those who ever read the books or, reading, remember, form but a fraction of the people. And from that filtering, in a season, one extracts the six books, the twelve, which, for him, fall into the fold of those that matter. The rest, for him, are silence. In stressing those which he has chanced upon, and remembers, there is a vast impertinence toward the books he has not discovered.

But there are inevitabilities—books that are not chanced upon, but are there, like a sun. Such a one, at the moment—and, one hazards, for time to come—is "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," by Arnold Zweig. With the peace pact signed by many nations, as a great contribution in the process of forgetting physical wounds and death as a means of settling social difficulties—here comes another and unconscious contribution, in a light-hearted recounting of the way that men act under war. Not in war, but under war, as a system. A good-natured recital of the things that men do and become, told much as one might tell about monkeys scampering, or herds of bulls after their prey, or a city of men either drugged or goaded, and still reacting to the stimuli of relationship. Here are monkeys or here are bulls, or here are drugged or goaded men—and his men and women, as Mr. Zweig handles them, are presented not more with conscious design than are bulls or monkeys. There they are, there they are! He has written of men under war with virtually no comment on their reactions, without a word about the system, without a hint of indignation or any other attitude on his own part; and yet nothing could so have shown men to themselves, to be looked over, as does "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." That Russian private, with average intelligence, average standards, average aims, escapes from a prisoners' camp, takes another's name, is caught in the machine of war, and without a moment of actual fighting, goes to his death. Charged with the crime of the dead man whose name he has taken, proved to be *Grischa* and not that man, yet he is caught in the web of the feud of two old army monarchs, and is executed. But the book is a book of civil life too, because all down his progress, *Grischa* precipitates, like a *Pippa*, like any man or woman, the destinies of those whom he touches. "War and Peace" this book might be named—but it is done by the hand of a man who, now once at least, proves himself greater than Tolstoy. For there is not a page of boredom in all *Sergeant Grischa's* story. No dull talk, no needless detail. Instead there are suspense, climax, arresting characterization, tale within tale, humor, irony apparently unaware, and the permeating energy of beauty. Yes, Arnold Zweig's sunsets are golden, not sallow; his cows are plump, not scrawny; his marshes and cut-over lands have their ancient mauve and ocher and are not dank and corpse-like. He has written a book modern to the last syllable, and yet he has not deliberately celebrated any ugliness. In fact, he has not done anything, apparently—so great is his art—save to tell a rattling good story. Even his style runs like warm wax round his forms, now is molded, now is colored, now becomes brittle, now falls away leaving the bare metal. A modern book, yet never conscious, never querulous! And deep within, the sword of truth.

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That unconscious theme of Zweig's is consciously treated with scholarly power, by Dr. G. F. Nicolai in his "The Biology of War." There is no known book which can stand reading once a year, but Nicolai may be read once—with attention. As when he says: "No isolated occurrences have any importance save as phenomena, and so it is with war." Compelled to escape from Germany in an airplane after writing that book, Dr. Nicolai might now see his thesis as casually treated as any tale of modern love.

The Nicolai book—a manifesto to the civilized world—is excellent reading: Dr. Nicolai's closely reasoned conclusions concerning "The World as an Organism," his contention that there is no biological justification of war; that war is not unavoidable like earthquakes but preventable like smallpox; that its presence implies a defective sense of responsibility;

that the problem is not how bloodthirsty animals became peace-loving human beings, but, contrawise, how it happened that man, the social animal, Aristotle's "Zoon Politicon," became war-like. There is nothing sentimental in his presentation. His scorn is great for the objection to war on grounds of loss of life, and he insists that the effect of war on the duration of human life is relatively unimportant, when, "the workingman attains an average age of at most forty years"; but he coolly pricks the praise of war as an opportunity to sacrifice life—an act of moral superiority—when it does so only in an endeavor first to sacrifice as many other lives as possible—an act of moral degradation.

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To take up Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" is like turning from raw life to a distillation of life. Here is not "genius at its task, happy and absorbed," as in "Grischa," but a great gift lifting like the colors of driftwood from a chosen fuel. Conscious, mannered, aware of every delicacy of reaction, tempering and balancing, contrasting and offsetting, weaving a shadow below form and lifting form from the wash of shadow, bethinking abruptly to thrust forth some naked barb or swathed implication for a dissonance prescribed, the history of *Orlando* moves, timeless, through centuries, through sexes, through the flow of form. *Orlando* now of a day Elizabethan, now of a day of the Restoration, now of 1928, *Orlando* now man, now woman, *Orlando* thus freed of the color of period or personality, moving down life. Stream of consciousness plus stream of the ages—and the stream of man-and-woman reaction, in one being. A fantasy perhaps, but more truly a parable of The Human Being, the one, the only, on its way, writing for eternal periods its poem, a poem always buttoned safely under its changing cloak.

It is a new thing, "Orlando," and for it one is deeply grateful; but it is, perhaps unavoidably, a conception so large that it repeatedly eludes its author. It is difficult enough to sustain a handling of tempo in a book covering a short period, what with episode looming and connective tissue stretching. But when a book assumes to cover four centuries, the accents upon episode and upon "passage of time" are inevitably difficult to balance. It is impossible to employ Katherine Mansfield's fashion of dramatizing the passage of time by the usage of incident so nicely graduated that time *does* pass; it is impossible in any way at all to give the illusion of the passing of time. There is nothing to do but to escape by the process of literary legs from one time and place to another. In "Orlando" this escape is often awkwardly performed—a barrel-organ strikes up, and you could swear that Mrs. Woolf at her desk heard a barrel-organ playing or a clock striking, and with vast relief put on the moment as a cloak, and so got out. Perhaps it would be right to assume that such irrelevancies have always, in her mind, tone-color, a meaning beyond the event, beyond the word. If so, one has to trust her to great lengths, for while sometimes these aids serve openly as cæsuras, oftener they appear merely to cut in. Also such transitions are effected by Mrs. Woolf under cover of reflection, but the illusion of the passage of time is thus created *in the reader*, not in the actors on the page, even though these reflections always cunningly issue from the minds of those actors and never from Mrs. Woolf's own mind. And such reflections! Whether these are of love or are conclusions concerning Victorian literature, they have the full importance of sheer occasion in the hands of another. Perhaps hers are difficulties not to be solved on such a vast canvas. But it is a gallant attempt to give life to the vast figure, living in all time—man-woman. And in "living" Mrs. Woolf of course never accents events. Events, as is her custom, are here compressed into mere mention, not quite so crudely as when, in "To the Lighthouse," she killed her principal character in a parenthesis, yet all obscured in favor of the real business of life—that is, reactions, forming the being, cell by cell.

But the form of this novel is of far greater value than is its content. In "Orlando," more than in most other books, one chiefly sees the novel groping out for its new forms, synchronizing its own powers with those of its day, a day when science and the plastic arts, psychology and an old order loose their tethers and go to sea in beautiful sea-green boats. "Orlando" is such a boat, and he who reads aright will ride.

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Such an adventure suggests "English as Experience." This engaging title lies upon the cover of a book by Professor Henry Chester Tracy, California biologist and teacher of English, according to whom a book should "convey, embody and otherwise recharge and set into active motion that which is called human experience." This phrase recalls a phrase concerning beauty in an earlier volume by Professor Tracy—beauty which is not merely written about, but which "takes one, in actual experience, to the actual plane" of which it treats. In this book he seeks to prove that English, understandable now in known forms, offers a pageant of progress in expression, a pageant in which all may move as actors, and that there is no real reading without this inner reliving of that which was lived in the written words. "All else is a shifting of sham properties." This heightened activity in a reader amounts to participation, "a sharing of the values which come into any good piece of writing, values of which the world seems childishly unconscious." For, "Debarred by 'good average' education, 'good average' fiction and 'good average' reviews from acquiring any discrimination whatever as to what constitutes quality of value in literature, Mr. or Miss Average Person can only say, at age sixteen, 'I like So and So,' and at age twenty-six, 'I *like* So and So,' and at age thirty-six, 'I do like the works of So and So, they are so entertaining.'"

It is Mr. Tracy's belief that the non-professional in English, the amateur at large, could use and enjoy his language not as an art, but as an actual livable experience, when he reads, when he speaks, when he writes letters, if only he could be shown how, as he would be shown how to play golf or cricket or a saxophone. For, "Latin was the language of learning, but English is the language of living." He predicates an

English so conditioned, so employed that it will heighten perception to the point of participation. That is his demand. It is also the expectation of Stravinski, and of the other new orchestral doors to experience; it is the demand of Joyce; it was the hope of Amy Lowell and of her Six Poets; and it is the commonplace of Antheil. Only these depart upon paths which touch toward new mediums, and Mr. Tracy would use the medium that we know—English, in its familiar sequences, but with new power to seize upon us because we shall have developed that which we have not now: Original seeing.

"That a man may be schooled without being spoiled, illuminated without being disillusioned, socialized without being tamed, is what is here demonstrated. . . . Thoreau was a pioneer of original seeing, an explorer in the continent of perception. . . . His perception was contributory to art, was in fact elevated to the rank of art, through the long practice of associating it with language. . . . His journal . . . is a memorial not of the person, but of experiences in human perception . . . to discover that discovery may be made daily and that the capacity to make it is the great gift."

Experience in perception, in association with language, evaluates the poet as our only potency for completion, and a man is "complete in a poetic moment because experience is then real to him." But if the reader lacks the mental organization, he cannot share the valid poetic experience—just as the average American high-school boy cannot, even yet, read "Moby Dick," and adults are often in the same plight—for perception does not develop unless it is fostered, and "there is no known substitute for creative effort in the man himself, no effort to formulate what he perceives." Moral values Mr. Tracy takes out of the domain of both choice and convention, since the most spiritually edifying perception of values is that which does not perceive them as "moral" values, but "simply perceives them with a greater intensity, as real values." Thus man the seer, and the articulate seer, would settle many a vexed question—not by "learning," whatever that is, but by experiencing.

Thus there is: ". . . A new kind of literature which is not science, yet deals with natural fact; which is a literature of impression, yet does not deal in illusion or exhaust itself in literary form; a literature which *corrects* a real world to our view. We begin to see this world as self-existent, not beholden to us as our world of business, of sport; but carrying a tradition in which we are intruders, spoiling what we do not use."

Mr. Tracy's "humanistic conclusion" is that: "This world is real in a sense none have dared yet to communicate, insomuch that entrance to it is like a new birth. If its earlier forms seem strange and forbidding, the fault lies with those who failed to train our ear, in youth, to enjoy the rhythm and sound of words, our minds to move in an engaging 'imagined' world."

To see English with such possibilities, akin to those of the Romance languages and the tongues of the East, is as astonishing as to hear that Western religions, too, may have their esoteric sides. It is as astonishing as two chapters in an earlier book of Mr. Tracy's, "Towards the Open," chapters called "A Critique of Satisfactions" and "A New Life of Education," in which he considers both art and education as the actual domain of the amateur not less than of the sophisticate. And that is a conception as amazing, in this land where all are equal, as those earlier conceptions in Europe that religion is for the unlearned too, and that the franchise exists for those without lands as well as for the landed.

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A world unseen and divinable is also the theme of Claude Bragdon's "New Image," a book which can be "experienced" by no brief comment, but only by slow reading, even as its exquisite geometrical illustrations—of tonic, supertonic, subdominant, and mediant—cannot be transmitted to vision save by sight.

Maeterlinck, in his "The Life of Space," writes a book succeeding his "Wisdom and Destiny" and "Unknown Guest," of years ago, as conviction succeeds wonder. And his convictions breed new wonder. This is a book to place in the hands of a new generation, years hence, when the present generation has been subdued into parents who wish to say to their Offspring: "You do not divine all that is divinable!" Or perhaps, by then, children will so be charging their parents, secretly. In such connection there is always to be mentioned "Beyond Behaviorism" by Robert Courtney—a book considerably less likely to have been outgrown by that time than is "The Life of Space." The titles perhaps tell why this will be so, since behaviorism is always more intriguing than is space.

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After all, it is by its fiction that a literary period is known. And in the flow of fiction, too thin, for all the pounding of the presses, to reach more than a fraction of the people, there comes now a translation of the great Finnish novel, "Seven Brothers," by Alexis Kivi, achieved by Alex Matson. It is a saga—and it is the people of the north who seem able to use the saga as lyric utterance, as the sailor uses a deep-sea chantey, and, too, with something of the immemorial wash of the sea, and roll of earth and swing of stars. In the names of the brothers are the pulse of Finland—*Juhani*, *Tuemas*, *Aspo*, *Simeoni*, *Timo*, *Lauri* and *Eere*. In their adventures are the thunder and wallowings of men emerging from clay—the four days spent by the seven brothers on the great rock, surrounded by forty bulls, whom at last they slay in the dusk and flay in the dark, by the light of burning stumps. Seven brothers and all the race, wrestling with the earth. It is a book not to be omitted from any list of European fiction, with the beat of its prose, its sudden inevitable drop into the form of drama—the name of a brother preceding his measured and musical speech, and its slow subduing of that wild farm of *Impivaara* and of the mother-farm of *Jukola*, and of the human heart.

Men reacting to one another and to light and darkness. And the fiction, written with power, which shows men to one another—this matters and no other fiction matters at all.

# WHEN THE READER WRITES

"The daily patter of existence upon our minds and hearts is bearable only because of the rarer moments when our souls are uplifted and we really ive"—Arthur Hobson Quinn, in the December CENTURY.

In endless patter of unmeaning things
The paltry moments of the day pass by;
Like pallid ashes on dead hearths that lie,
Pale hours move in unmarked patternings.
O heavy hearts that should mount up like wings,
On Beauty's pinions strong be lifted high,
Let not blind eyes and deadened ears reply
To everlasting songs the spirit sings—
Who calls from billowy, sky-blown clouds that float
With streaming hair gold in the sunset glow,
Or sighs in murmurs soft of wood-winds low,
While trees and grass and stars repeat the note
Of things divine in earth and air and sky,
Kin to ourselves, that will not let us die.

GERTRUDE DARLING

Plymouth, New Hampshire.

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My dear Editor,

A few details from the excellent article of Bessie Bunzel in the November CENTURY call for correction. It was not in the fifties but in the thirties that Oberlin offered its opportunities to women, and this was before, not after, the founding of Mt. Holyoke. Also, the marriage rate of college alumnæ, called fifty per cent in the November article, is too low for the latest returns, founded upon the most complete data. Professor Louis Hartson of Oberlin, comparing the reports from Wellesley, Smith, Vassar and Oberlin, finds that "at the present time the proportion of alumnæ who marry is about sixty per cent in all of these colleges."

FRANCES JULIETTE HOSFORD

Oberlin, Ohio.

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My dear Editor,

I have read with interest Mr. Pollard's article "Five Out of Nine" in the January CENTURY.

I think it is a very sound exposition of the uses and abuses of the fourteenth amendment. Mr. Pollard undoubtedly has given the subject deep study and it is gratifying to see such a logical analysis of a question which is not often explained adequately to the "lay reader."

It is with great interest that I shall look forward to similar articles from the pen of a writer, who, in these days of political misconception, can so well present his views.

Sincerely yours,
A. E. RENNER

New York City.

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My dear Editor,

I want to express my appreciation and gratitude for Lewis F. Carr's paper on "Unknown America" in the December CENTURY. Walter Page and Professor Branson belong to a generation that is passing off the stage. I am glad of the evidence you afford that the torch they carried is handed on by men of the time to come.

Faithfully yours,
G. S. DICKERMAN

New Haven, Connecticut.

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My dear Editor,

President Hibben of Princeton writes me that there is an error in my article, "Religion Goes to College" in the January CENTURY. He says regarding the seats back of the high altar in the Princeton chapel that "no one ever sits there except at the time of the Communion Service." His own regular seat is back of the choir in a very inconspicuous place immediately at the right as one enters the nave. I regret that I misapprehended the object of these seats. I have a high regard for Dr. Hibben and the dignity of his office.

HERBERT PARRISH

New Brunswick, New Jersey.

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My dear Editor,

S. T.—whoever he may be—imparts a certain gracious "aura" to your magazine only contacted in the writings of those who have attained to—at least—a modicum of wisdom; so rare in our Western world of men. I feel with a feeling approaching solemnity that S. T. and your magazine are pioneers destined to do much in your proposed new field just starting, making, indeed, for "modern righteousness."

Cordially,
GEORGE N. RAGAN

Omaha, Nebraska.

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